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STORIES OF THE BONTOC IGOROT PEOPLE IN ALAB

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Luzon, the northernmost island of the Philippine group, is traversed on its western side by the beautiful mountain range, the Cordillera, and on its eastern coastline by the Sierra Madre Mountains. Between these two mountain ridges flows the Cagayan River which drains most of the northern half of the island. The hill country through which flows the Cagayan and its tributaries is the home of the Igorots, the "mountain people". The eastern ridges of the Cordillera, known as the Cordillera Central, run in a general north and south direction from near the western sea coast and the Ilocano province of La Union, which is about halfway between Manila and the north shore of Luzon, to the northern sea coast. The Mountain Province comprises practically all the territory of the Cordillera Central. For convenience in the administration of this section, the province has been divided into five sub-provinces which roughly correspond with the distribution of the primitive tribes which inhabit them. Around Baguio is the sub-province of Benguet, peopled by the Igorot tribe of that name; northeast of Benguet is Ifugao, home of the Ifugaos; in the extreme north is Apayao; south of that, Kalinga, inhabited by the Kalingas; and in the central part, Bontoc, the country of the Bontoc Igorots.

The word Bontoc, or Bontok, has come to mean several things. It is the name of a subprovince. It is the name of the town, the capital of the Mountain Province, in that subprovince. The town Bontoc has a population of about 2,500 Igorots, many lowland Filipino government officials, teachers, and trades-people, a few Japanese, and about a half-dozen Americans and Europeans. Within the capital of the Mountain Province is a section known as the Bontoc *ili*. This is the native village, the ancestral home of the Bontoc people, and in it uneducated natives only are living in smoke-blackened, thatched huts in the crude fashion which their people have known for centuries. This village has given its name to the larger town, to the subprovince, and to many of the surrounding people. Professor Jenks used the word, Bontoc, in still another sense. He spoke of making his investigation in the "Bontoc culture area" which nearly equalled the old Spanish Distrito Politico-Militar of Bontoc (Jenks 1905). The Spanish Distrito was considerably smaller than the American subprovince, but Professor Jenks' term is still a very useful one because there actually does exist a Bontoc culture group. In this are Igorot towns rather near Bontoc where the people speak a dialect so nearly like that used in the Bontoc *ili* that they can all understand each other in spite of local differences, where they have many of the same traditions and much similar folklore, where the whole way of life is very much the same. The Chico River, one of the branches of the Cagayan, serves as a passageway making it easier for these people to have some contact with each other. The word Bontoc is often used to describe anything which pertains to this whole group as well as to the natives of the village of Bontoc.

Leading into Bontoc are now several roads which have been built over Spanish or Igorot trails. One of these passes through the old port of San Fernando and follows the sea coast through parts of the provinces of La Union and Ilocos Sur and then turns east and north until it reaches Bontoc. Another goes from Baguio, one of the best known mountain resorts of the Far East, in a more direct northeasterly direction

until it meets the other road at Sabangan, a town about twenty kilometers south of Bontoc. On this main road between Sabangan and Bontoc is the native town, Alab. Alab is in the subprovince and culture area of Bontoc; one of the stories in this paper tells how the people believe that their ancestors came from the village of Bontoc. In the past this relationship did not always keep the two towns from fighting against each other but at the present time there is some intermarriage and the Alab people call themselves "Bontoc Igorots." Alab is built on both sides of the Chico River, and on both sides of the Bontoc road. On the west side is the section called Donguan, in Igorot tradition the oldest part of the town; on the east are Baboi, Matao, Belig, and Data. All of these will be mentioned in the tales that follow.

Almost everyone knows that the Philippine Islands lie entirely within the North Torrid Zone. Bontoc and Alab are about 17° north latitude, but in spite of the fact that they are in the tropics, the altitude of about 2,900 feet at the level of the road in Alab makes the climate delightful throughout most of the year. There are two seasons. The rainy season begins usually in the latter part of March and ends about the last of October; the other four months are generally very dry. Fortunately the warmest months of the year come toward the beginning of the rainy season so the afternoon heat is tempered by showers. During December and January the thermometer in the early morning is sometimes at 47° or 48°F in Alab, but by noon one can only feel comfortable in the usual light summer clothing. During the rainy season the mercury goes above 90°F but the nights are always cool. All of Luzon is in the typhoon belt so at any time during the rainy season there may be the wind and torrential rains which indicate the center of a typhoon is not far away. The heavy storms cause landslides in the mountains and frequently wash away rice fields, but Igorot huts are built close to the ground so they are rarely destroyed. The changing seasons and the growing crops of rice make the mountain slopes scenes of ever varying loveliness. Alab is built up the steep sides of two mountains which rise like great walls from either bank of the narrow Chico River valley. Groups of rice terraces form giant steps that reach almost to the pine-crested summits. Before the planting begins, these flooded fields gleam and shine in the sunlight; a little later the seedlings turn them a pearly gray green, but this rapidly changes until through most of the year the steps look as if they are carpeted with strips of vivid green velvet. Of course, the green in turn becomes the pale gold of the harvest time. In the dry season the rice paddies are surrounded by grass which is burned a dingy yellow by the sun, but when there is more rain they are set against a background of deep green grass and foliage. The rains, too, keep creating new waterfalls in unexpected places. The natives' huts are built in groups on shelves of rock, or on terraces of earth which are not fertile enough for the all-important rice.

It is generally accepted that the aboriginal inhabitants of these islands were a dwarf people whose descendants, the pigmy Negritoes of today, still live along the eastern coast of Luzon, in the Zambales Mountains northwest of Manila, in Palawan, and in Mindanao. At a very early period, probably from the nearby coast of southeastern Asia, groups of people came to the Philippines and drove back the older inhabitants. In the Census of 1918, seventeen tribal groups of these earliest invaders were listed. They are usually known as Indonesians. After the Indonesian immigrants came successive waves of Malay invaders bringing with them a superior civilization. Their descendants make up the great mass of the present-day Filipinos, and some authorities also number among these Malay invaders four groups of barbarian or semicivilized people. Among the four are the Bontocs (Forbes 1928). Other authorities call the Bontocs Indonesians (Kroeber 1928), but whether one calls them more advanced Indonesians or more primitive Malays, I believe that all anthropologists consider them the descendants of Philippine invaders who came earlier than those whose offspring are now represented by the lowland Filipinos. The Bontoc man believes that his ancestors always lived in the country

which is now his dwelling place and I have found only one tale among the myths and legends suggesting a way of life which would assume a slightly different environment. That tale is the Alab flood story. Even after the flood the Igorot girl used a betel nut, while the Bontoc people of today never chew betel.

The people of the Bontoc culture group represent physical types not as delicate generally as those characteristic of any civilized race, nor as coarse as those common among the Negritoes and other very primitive tribes. Since there is no appreciable difference between the physical appearance of the natives of the Bontoc *ili* and of those who live in Alab, I can safely quote the body measurements which Professor Jenks (1905) made in Bontoc. The men average 5 feet 4 1/2 inches in height, while the women average 4 feet 9 3/8 inches. They are usually mesaticephalic. Professor Jenks found the average cephalic index for men to be 79.133, for women 79.094. Most of the people have the medium or mesorhine nose, although there are some who have narrow noses and some who have very broad, flat noses. Neither men or women who live the usual out-of-door life become corpulent, but some of the older girls who live in boarding schools grow decidedly fat. The Alab young people who earn their living in the rice fields usually have almost perfectly developed bodies. Both men and women carry with apparent ease burdens that weigh more than 100 pounds. The sunburned Igorot is a dark bronze color, but there are many who work less outside whose bodies are scarcely darker than the bodies of Chinese and Japanese. Most of them have coarse, straight, black hair, but there are several in Alab, as in most other towns, whose hair is wavy or curly. There are also a very few dark brown haired people. Practically no men or women have any long hair on the face or body; I have seen only two men in Alab with short beards. The eyes are brown or almost black, and one may often see the slant eyes so common among Mongolians. The Alab people have no record of years, so none of the older ones can tell their ages, but most workers in this section have thought that Igorots grow old and die at a much earlier age than most civilized people. It has been commonly thought that the Bontoc man is old at forty or forty-five, and that few live to be sixty or seventy. The baptismal records of All Saints' Mission, Bontoc, which now extend over a period of a little more than twenty-five years, seem to me to be tending to indicate that this belief is not true. In another fifteen or twenty years we shall have definite enough data to tell something for certain about the average length of life of the Igorots, but until then I can merely say that the records seem to point toward a life span more nearly approximating that of the civilized races of the world. Bontoc boys mature at about fifteen or sixteen, and the girls a year or two earlier.

There are, unfortunately, no accurate census statistics for the tribal peoples of the Philippines. In 1913 the Honorable Dean C. Worcester, Philippine Commissioner whose knowledge of the primitive people in the islands was very extensive, estimated the tribal peoples of Luzon to number 440,926. The only census of this part of the country was made in 1918, and at that time there were supposed to be 966,290 non-Christians in Luzon (Forbes 1928). This figure is most unsatisfactory as an estimate of the primitive people because many of them are baptized while they have hardly changed their way of life at all. Nevertheless all who were baptized were supposed to be numbered among the Christian and civilized Filipinos. In the last ten or fifteen years there has undoubtedly been a great increase in population as a result of the cessation of inter tribal warfare, a very slight improvement in sanitary conditions in some instances and the provision of medical care. In the records at the Bontoc *presidencia,* Alab is supposed to have 907 inhabitants. As a result of a house-to-house canvass made last year to secure the names of all the baptized persons in the town, I believe that there are about 2,000 people in Alab. It is difficult for anyone to get accurate figures, because Igorots live out-of-doors much more than they live in houses, children are almost never at home, and no one has any idea that exact information might be important.

Of the way of life of the Alab people, the

following tales will give a more complete picture than any description could give. To me Igorots are most attractive, lovable people, and they reveal their characters with a child-like lack of self-consciousness in their stories.

Stories of the Bontoc Igorot People of Alab

Among these primitive Igorot people, living as the only person not of their tribe in the community, I have had a happy opportunity to share in their lives and learn their folklore. My interest in their stories dates from the time soon after my arrival in Bontoc in August, 1929, when my language teacher, a Bontoc boy, told some myths of the god, Lumawig, as a means of teaching the native dialect. A year later I moved to Alab, eleven kilometers south of Bontoc. I then began seriously to collect the stories which play such an important role in the life of the village. As the collection grew I tried to determine which tales had permanent value, which could give pleasure to American children, which ones a western story-teller could successfully use with a group of children or adults in an American Settlement or Community House. Some stories were obviously too crude, but could they be rewritten? Only students read Hesiod's *Theogony*, but children the world over love adaptations of his tales. In this paper I am writing all the stories which I have been told by Alab Igorots, retaining as nearly as possible in another language the original statements of the Igorot boy or girl, man or woman. A. E. Jenks in *The Bontoc Igorot*, adds slightly to a few tales "by giving them some local coloring," while Dr. Carl W. Seidenadel (1909) has written in Bontoc dialect with an English interlinear translation nine stories told him by Bontoc people at the time of the World's Fair in Chicago. It seems to me that I can give the feeling of the original story best by describing the scene before I attempt to tell the tale. Dr. Seidenadel's method is surely best only for a person who is chiefly interested in the dialect (Dr. Seidenadel was), not in the subject matter. I shall try to point out those stories which I think could be used for western children in almost their original forms, and to suggest possible changes in a few others.

Margaret Mead (1928; 1930) has made fascinating studies of the ways in which two groups of primitive people educate the youthful members of their tribes. The Samoans, the Manus of New Guinea, and the Alab Igorots demand far different aptitudes and skills for successful adjustment to life from the members of an American community. Days in a Cleveland public school and late afternoons in a Settlement would tend to make an Igorot unable to live as he must if he is going to stay in his own country. An education in Alab must prepare children to walk up the steep sides of mountains carrying loads that the average white man could hardly lift, to work from sunrise to sunset knee-deep in mud and water with cold winds, driving typhoon rains, or the blazing tropical sun beating upon their naked bodies. It must prepare them to build stone walls which will keep their rice fields from slipping away when terrific rain storms make waterfalls or landslides at every weak point. It must teach the boys to hew boards and mortars, little buckets and heavy coffins from solid tree trunks, to work with other men in building a house or thatching a roof. The girls must learn to strip the soft inside bark from trees and twist it into thread, then to weave from it, or from cotton from the Bontoc market, strips of cloth, and to whip these strips together to make skirts, G-strings, and blankets. In short, children must be taught so that a man and woman working together can get from the earth or the river, or make with their hands, everything for the life of a family except salt, iron and pottery.

Physical strength and skill in the necessary forms of manual labor are the first essentials if an Alab Igorot is to be well adjusted to his environment. The Igorots feel this very strongly themselves. Recently a little boy fell out of a mango tree and broke his wrist. He was not taken to the Bontoc Hospital until his hand had become infected. The physician in charge said that the child could not recover unless he had his hand amputated. The doctor and some of the missionaries did all they could to get the child's parents to consent to the amputation, but the Igorots replied to every argument, "It is

useless for a child to live without a hand." Almost always Igorots are devoted parents, and the mother and father of this little boy were no exception to the rule, nevertheless they allowed their son to die rather than have him live without one hand. Several feeble-minded but physically strong people go about as honored members of the community.

Although in a place like Alab the struggle for existence must eliminate first the physically unfit, there are certain character traits which Igorot children are supposed to develop. In a community where there is no privacy, where all the boys and unmarried men live in one dormitory, and all the girls in another, where all work must be done with other people, cheerfulness, amiability, the knack of getting along with everyone is most important. An occasional bad-tempered boy or girl must sometimes suffer the ignominy of going unmarried or of being deserted by wife or husband. It is necessary to be energetic and industrious because in the Igorot country it is literally true that the man who does not work cannot eat. A lack of respect for Lumawig, the god, and for the spirits of the dead, and a refusal to share in religious ceremonies merit swift punishment. Married people must be faithful to each other. Little tots from the time their backs are strong enough to support a tiny baby must be reliable baby-tenders, and on through life the indulgent care of children is a virtue. Stealing is undesirable, but so many things are used in common that it is usually difficult to make a distinction between stealing and borrowing. Lying is hardly a sin. Obedience to the commands of the old men, the rulers of the town, to the desires of aged parents, and a careful attention to village custom are characteristic of the Alab "good man."

The arts and things of the intellect are least important. The Alab people have only three arts: dancing, music, and storytelling. Hardly any Igorot lacks the graceful, disciplined body needed for the group dances because babies learn to dance as they learn to walk. The most common music, beating on large, round, brass gongs, or *gangzas*, as an accompaniment to the dance, all little boys learn when they first begin to play about with other children. Only boys and men play on the *gangzas*. Nose flutes and pipes-o-Pan seem to appeal only to certain individuals, but skill in playing them seems not to be regarded as an accomplishment deserving particular praise or attention. The Igorots have chants like the old sailor chanteys in that a leader will sing two or three verses and then a group will join in the refrain. Leaders often improvise verses to suit the particular occasion. A good leader is recognized by the Alab people as a person possessing an unusual and worthwhile talent. Story-telling is a favorite recreation wherever a leisurely group has formed. There are no individuals set apart as story-tellers, but old men who are no longer able to work hard in the fields, and who are supposed to know best what happened "long, long ago" are most often the center of groups of attentive listeners. A man who knows many stories has some little claim to distinction above his fellows, but I have heard too that it is not good for a man to be fond of telling stories because a clever story-teller is not likely to be a good work-man in the rice fields.

This summary of Alab standards is to give some idea of what character training here is supposed to achieve; that is, of course, the training which the Igorots themselves give their young people. While I have been chiefly interested just in making the collection of stories, I have also tried to see how this group activity helps in building the characters of Alab boys and girls. Sara Cone Bryant in *How to Tell Stories to Children* (1924) has a chapter on "The Purpose of Story Telling." Miss Bryant says:

> What is a story essentially? Is it a textbook of science, an appendix to the geography, an introduction to the primer of history? Of course it is not. A story is essentially and primarily a work of art, and its chief function must be sought in the line of the uses of art . . .
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> The message of the story is the message of beauty, as effective as that message in marble or paint. Its part in the economy of life is *to give joy* . . . . To give joy: in and through the joy to stir and feed the life of the spirit; is not this the legitimate function of the story in education?

Does story-telling among these primitive people

help them to grow by giving them the joy that can feed the life of the spirit? Or is the story-teller to them a sort of living textbook? In this community possessed of natural resources which make a standard of living above mere subsistence impossible, where children have practically no play free from baby-tending, or some other responsibility, does storytelling give the little groups a form of much needed play? How do the stories seem to help in training the minds, the memories, the reasoning powers of Alab people? Can the native stories expand the spiritual or ethical lives of the listeners, develop their attitudes toward social relations? And, finally, is there anything about the use of stories among the Igorots which might be suggestive for group work here or in other places?

No other investigator has written Alab stories, but Professor Jenks in *The Bontoc Igorot* has written some parts of the Lumawig myths and seven tales which he found in the Bontoc *ili*.[1] I have found Alab versions of five of these but in no case have all the facts of the story been exactly as Professor Jenks gives them. This means, I am quite sure, that different ways of telling the same story are common in the different towns. Lumawig is the only god of the Bontoc Igorots and myths about him are common throughout this region. The usual Alab versions are in several respects different from the Bontoc renderings. Professor Jenks tells parts of the myths as I have heard them in Bontoc, but I shall use the form common here. Professor Jenks (1905) says:

> The paucity of the pure mental life of the Igorot is nowhere more clearly shown than in the scarcity of folk-tales.
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> I group here seven tales which are quite commonly known among the people of Bontoc. . . I believe these tales are nearly all the pure fiction the Igorot has created and perpetuated from generation to generation, except the Lumawig stories.

In this last statement Professor Jenks is decidedly mistaken. The Igorot does not have a poor store of folk tales, and I hope to give many which Professor Jenks did not find. In *Balonglong, the Igorot Boy* (1907) Professor Jenks has retold several of the stories which he used in *The Bontoc Igorot*.

Dr. Carl Wilhelm Seidenadel in *The First Grammar of the Language Spoken by the Bontoc Igorot with a Vocabulary and Texts* has written nine stories. He has told some of the Lumawig myth and three of the same stories which Professor Jenks told: "Tilin," "Kolling, the Eagle." and "The Monkey." I have not been able to locate any of his other five stories in Alab. I have discovered no other writers who have published tales belonging to the natives of the Bontoc sub-province. Before I write the stories which have also been used by Professors Jenks and Seidenadel, I shall mention the ways in which the ones which I have heard differ from their versions.

In making this investigation I have had all the stories told me in Alab dialect. This dialect differs a little from that used in Bontoc since every small village in this region has a slightly different way of speaking. I have learned many of the stories from my two language teachers, Andrew Kitongen and Crispin Dapuyen, both of them Alab boys who speak some English. Because of the fact that many of the stories employ words and expressions little used in ordinary Igorot conversation, while my knowledge of the dialect still does not include very many of the terms used only on special occasions, I have had most of the tales told in English as well as in Alab Igorot. Some of them I have heard several times from as many different people; some I have been told by old men as I sat in front of their houses; some I have learned as I sat on the wall of the *ato* discussing with the town leaders some affair of interest to the village. The Lumawig myth which is part of the native wedding ceremony I have heard at weddings. It is very difficult for me to describe any definite plan of procedure because I have gained so much through ordinary friendly intercourse. I am here primarily as a missionary, not as a student of Alab folklore. These people invited me to live among them, and many of

them are very dear friends. They come to visit me and I visit them, and they always invite me to any weddings or other special events which take place. When I first asked a man who had had no education to tell me a story, he objected, saying, "It is not good to tell our stories to Americans," but recently people have seemed very willing to tell me whatever they knew and some even seemed to take a sort of pride in getting me thoroughly educated in native folklore. I did no definite thing to overcome opposition. Usually I have not paid for stories, but I gave one man some tobacco, and another told stories for several evenings as a means of earning an old shirt which I had to give away. I have sometimes found it useful to tell certain stories from the Old Testament and some of the simpler Greek myths as a means of suggesting stories which the Igorots might have. I have questioned them about their religious ceremonies and about certain superstitions. It always seems to me unwise to take notes when entirely uneducated natives are talking, so in the instances where I have heard a tale as I visited in the *ili* I have had to depend on remembering it until I reached home. When stories have been part of my language lesson I have always taken notes both on the dialect and the subject matter.

In telling these tales I shall try not to use Igorot when there is a reasonably good English equivalent, but many things are mentioned which are peculiar to the Igorots and for these it will be necessary to employ the native dialect. I shall explain each Alab word the first time it is used in the context or in a footnote, and at the end of this paper place a page of Igorot words with definitions.

The tales which the Igorots seem to tell most to foreigners are those about their god, Lumawig. The Igorots are monotheists although Lumawig is married and has many children. I have never heard any names given to these children or to Lumawig's wife. The wife seems very unimportant, and she is very much in the background in all the myths. The children have certain divine properties which the stories will indicate, but they are never worshipped. The youngest son who, according to the Alab tradition, visited the earth is sometimes, as the story is being told, called Lumawig, but if you question the person who uses that name the reply is, "No, not Lumawig, the son of Lumawig." In the Bontoc *ili* Lumawig himself is supposed to have visited the earth. The Igorots may have some feeling that the son, the possessor of certain divine properties and the representative of his father can, to that extent be identified with the father. Lumawig, as the name of deity, can be applied to that which represents or manifests the divine.

To appreciate the story which follows, a person needs to know something of the ritual of which it is a part. Before the first wedding feast takes place, the young couple usually know that they are to have a child, but it is not always necessary for them to have had such a trial marriage first. The elaborateness of the fiesta depends to some extent upon the wealth in rice fields and carabaos (Philippine water buffaloes) of the parents of the bride and groom. If they are very wealthy, relatives will go to the mountain pasture the afternoon before the feast and kill one or two carabaos, but a pig, a chicken, or enough salted meat and rice to feed the relatives and friends are the only necessities. Pork has been salted away in jars for years in preparation for such an occasion. In the late afternoon before the feast, near relatives must also cut a young pine tree about ten or fifteen feet tall and bring it to the house where the feast is to be celebrated. This is usually the home of the parents of the bride or groom, although the house of another relative or the house which the young couple occupy may be used. The pine tree will be placed, early the next morning, against the high-pitched, thatched roof of the hut. I have often asked what the pine tree is supposed to symbolize, but no one seems to think that it has any special symbolical significance more than being "the sign of the marriage." The people merely say, "Lumawig taught us to do that." If one may judge from the ideas of other peoples with similar religious customs it would seem that the pine is a symbol of fertility (Frazer 1930),

but the Igorots have practically forgotten its significance.

Early in the morning, with the rising of the sun, the ritual begins. The older relatives have spent the night in the house with the bride and groom and the guests arrive before it is light. The young couple sit under the low-hanging eaves of the hut on a big pine log while the guests sit on the ground surrounding them. Imagine a tiny, smoke-blackened hut with a high grass roof with eaves that come to within three or four feet of the ground; a Malay girl dressed in a hand-woven skirt of red and dark blue which has a wide white stripe just below her waist, a blouse of some cheap, gaily printed stuff which she bought at the Japanese store in Bontoc, perhaps six strands of large carnelian beads wound through her black hair, and heavy gold earrings hanging from her ears; beside her on the log, a boy in a pale blue loin cloth over which he has placed a heavy brass chain, his long hair held up by a tiny round hat like a basket on the back of his head, and in his ears or tied about his neck gold earrings that match his bride's; squatted near them wrinkled old men with large earrings but scant filthy rags for loin cloths; on the outer edge of the group, women wrapped in gay, striped blankets and with beautiful carnelians in their very obviously dirty hair; and, running about, paying little attention to their elders, the ever-present, badly behaved, naked youngsters. In the cleared space in the midst of the group the story-teller stands. He is always a male relative and usually the father of the bride or groom. As he takes his place, clay jars of salted meat are brought to the doorway and he prays that Lumawig will grant the family enough meat so that no one may leave the feast hungry. Then he begins the story of the first wedding feast, and as he talks other men light the fire which must be kept burning for at least a week and often longer if healthy children are to bless the marriage, and friends kill the sacrificial chicken and little pig.

The First Wedding Feast

Long, long ago when Lumawig was feasting with his many children, he noticed that his youngest son had left the group. This son was a favorite with the god so he immediately went to search for him. Lumawig found the young man looking longingly toward the earth.

"Father, I have wanted so often to go down there, won't you please let me visit the people on the earth? " he asked. "I can no longer enjoy myself here."

After a while, Lumawig yielded to his son's pleading, but he determined to guard him as much as he could.

"You must go where I show the way," the god said. "I will throw my spear and you follow where it lands."

Lumawig hurled his spear and it struck the ground on the peak of Mount Kalowitan. Hastily taking up some meat and rice and his pouch of tobacco, the young man jumped after the spear.

From Kalowitan he could see towns far away: Alab, Bontoc, Tukukan, Mainit, Sagada. But before he began his exploring, he wanted to build a fire to warm himself and to cook some food. He no sooner wished for a fire than it was blazing and ready for him. He placed his meat on a spit and held it over the flame. As quickly as his fire had been made ready his meat and rice were cooked. Everything that he wanted immediately appeared for him.

While he ate his lunch he looked about, wondering where he should go. He remembered four squash seeds which he had in his hat. "I shall plant these, one to the north, one to the east, one to the south, and one to the west. When they grow, I'll try to pull up each one. The vine that resists my pulling I'll use as a guide and go in the direction in which it grows," he said to himelf.

The vines grew long, each one stretching out in the direction in which it had been planted. He pulled the vine toward the west; it yielded readily. The southern vine came out as easily. The one toward the east required more effort, but it too came out by the roots. The vine toward the north could neither be pulled up nor broken.

So he went northward until he reached the summit of Mt. Apo. There he rested and began to look about. Great was his surprise and joy to see two young women in a field below him

picking cowpeas. He hurried to their field at Lanao, and greeted them, "You must work very hard. Do you have many baskets of peas to pick today?"

"Oh, no, we are poor. There is only one basket of peas in this whole field," answered the younger sister, whom he noticed was very beautiful.

"I'll help you," said the visitor.

When it came time to go home, what was the girls' surprise to see that instead of one basket of cowpeas they had five!

As they neared the sisters' house, the son of Lumawig said, "I can rest here in your granary while you go ahead to tell your father that he has a guest."

The sisters went on alone and told their father, Batangga, of the attractive stranger who had helped them pick so many cowpeas; rather, the younger sister told about the guest because the older woman did not seem to like him. Batangga went out to give a cordial greeting to the newcomer and to ask him to stay in his house.

The son of Lumawig as he lived in the little house grew very fond of the young girl, and before very long he asked her father if he might marry her. Batangga was glad to have such a fine young son-in-law, so a few days later the couple were married.

Lumawig's son wanted a great wedding feast, but his father-in-law said that he had no meat or rice to feed everyone in the town besides the relatives from other places who would have to be invited. Then the husband of the older sister began to taunt the bridegroom because he had nothing for a feast.

The young man said, "I'll have a feast anyway," and he asked some of his friends to go to the mountains with him to get firewood.

When they returned, he commanded the people, "Build five great fires and fill the rice pans with water."

Then he took a small handful of rice and, sprinkling a little over each huge pan, it was immediately filled with rice. While the people were standing about in amazement, he turned to the east and called, "Pigs, come forth!" A herd of deer came running out of the mountain. "Go back; I want pigs," he said.

He turned to the west. "Pigs, come forth! " he said again, but instead of pigs, many carabaos rushed toward him. "Go back; I want pigs," he said.

Turning toward the north, he commanded a third time, "Pigs, come forth!" and this time a great host of pigs came toward the town. "Each man catch a pig for himself," he said, "but save the sow for my brother-in-law."

Each man easily caught a pig, but the brother-in-law, no matter how fast he ran, could not catch the sow.

"Catch her yourself!" angrily shouted the brother-in-law to the son of Lumawig. Easily the young man caught the pig.

"It's easy to catch her when I've made her tired," said the brother-in-law.

"Well, I'll let her go. Then you try to catch her again." answered the son of Lumawig.

But a second time the brother-in-law could not catch the sow, while the young bridegroom caught her as easily as before.

In spite of the jealousy of his brother-in-law, the young man lived in Bontoc for several years. Nevertheless, he did not remain happy there very long because his neighbors began to show their jealous dislike for him. They often threw bones and old rags about his house. He lived long enough in Bontoc to have three children, but when the third child was able to walk he decided to return to his father, Lumawig, in heaven, and take his children with him.

He was for a time troubled about what to do with his wife because she was entirely mortal and so could not live in heaven. At length he hit upon a plan which would take care of her. He made a coffin which was really for his wife, but which he told her was for storing camotes. One time when his wife was asleep he picked her up and put her in the coffin, and tied the cover on tightly with rattan. To one end of the coffin he tied a dog, and to the other end a cock. He told the dog, "When your end of the coffin hits a stone, bark." To the cock he said, "When your end of the coffin hits a stone, crow." Then he put the coffin on his shoulder and carried it to the Chico River and tossed it into the middle of the stream.

As the coffin bumped along in the shallow water, the dog kept barking and the cock kept crowing. Before the water had carried its burden very far, a widower from Tinglaion who was crossing the river was astonished at the strange sight. He cut the dog and cock loose and carried the coffin to the bank. When he untied the rattan he found the young woman. He liked her so much that he took her to his home in Tinglaion and married her.

In Tinglaion they had two sons. When the two boys were large, their mother died and the children decided to follow the Chico River to Bontoc so that they might visit their grandfather. They lost their way by following a small stream instead of the main source. This brook led them to Kaneo, and the Kaneo people, who thought they might be enemies, killed them.

When the Bontoc people heard of this, they went to Kaneo to get the bodies of the two children to bury them in Bontoc. Meanwhile Lumawig had spoken to the Kaneo people, saying, "These two boys are my relatives. Because you have killed members of my family, the population of your town will never be increased. Only enough children will be born to take the places of those who die. Although your town will always be small, you will be the bravest of all people in war, and although you are greatly outnumbered by your enemies you will never be defeated."

The Kaneo people gave up the bodies of the two boys so the Bontoc men could take them home for burial.

After the son of Lumawig had provided for his wife by sending her off in the coffin, he gathered his children together. He built a short ladder which immediately stretched itself up to heaven. Before he went up the ladder, he said to his oldest son, "You stay in Bontoc and care for all people who are sick or injured by giving them food." After that, the son of Lumawig took his two younger children and climbed up to heaven. The oldest remained in Bontoc caring for the sick until the day he died.

So we have today a wedding feast and kill pigs in accordance with the custom which the son of Lumawig began for us at his own marriage.

The story-teller often makes gestures to suggest the action, but this story is told with more restraint than some of the animal tales which the people seem to enjoy far more. The account of the first wedding feast is so familiar that both *raconteur* and audience often seem bored with the telling. The children are always noisy, and make listening difficult. It is customary for each couple who can afford to have three big wedding feasts, each one larger than the preceding. The second feast should take place two or three years after the first. It is marked by two pine trees against the house instead of one, but otherwise the ritual is the same. The third feast should be ten years or so after the original wedding, and when the couple have growing children. For this, four pines stripped of leaves and bark are planted in a square formation in front of the house and a bamboo platform is built on them about on a level with the tip of the house roof. Here the children of the couple sit and chant. At each feast this same story must be told at sunrise.

The second Lumawig story was first told me by an Alab boy, Andrew Kitongen, who had noticed its likeness to the Bible story of Noah. I have heard it from two other men. The most complete story, which I have used here, was told by Barnabas Banaang who knows no English, and who has told it at the birth of five children of his own. This myth, too, is a part of a religious ritual, that which takes place at the birth of a child. For about twelve hours after childbirth, the mother may not even see food. At the end of that time her husband cooks a little rice in a covered bowl. He brings the bowl to the mother and removes the cover so that she can smell the food but not taste it. The woman may take no food for about twenty-four hours, and then for three days more she is given only very small quantities of rice. This practice is to keep the mother's body from remaining big as it was before the birth of the child, and to make it possible for both mother and baby to work in the fields without getting hungry all the time. This ceremony from the time of birth until after the telling of the story which follows is called *ido*. Sometimes when children keep asking their parents for food and

seem hungry all the time, they will be told, "You act as if there was no *ido* when you were born." When it comes time for the mother to break her fast, the father of the child kills a young chicken, a cockerel if the baby is a boy, a pullet if the baby is a girl. As he holds the chicken over the fire to broil, the man tells this story in the presence of the mother and child only.

Ido

Long, long ago the world was flat; no mountains or valleys broke the level surface. Each night when the people came home from work, they found that their pigs had scattered far and wide. It was so hard after a strenuous day in the fields to have to hunt lost and stolen pigs that the people became angry and began to grumble against Lumawig.

When Lumawig heard this he grew angry and said to himself, "I will send a great flood to destroy all these complaining people."

Then the rains descended until the whole earth was covered with water. As the flood rose the people and their pigs were drowned, all except one brother and sister who had clung to some bits of driftwood. When the rain stopped and the water began to go down, the girl drifted to Mt. Polis and the man to the top of Mt. Kalowitan. The girl looked about and saw her brother on Mt. Kalowitan. She swam over to meet him.

They built themselves a house on Kalowitan, for the rushing torrent had heaped up the earth so that parts of it remained in the form of mountains. Although they had only one house, every night they slept in different places.

Lumawig saw the two people and came down to visit them. He said. "Why don't you marry and have children to repeople the earth?"

They replied, "We cannot because we are brother and sister."

Lumawig told them that that did not matter since they were the only people left in the world. Nevertheless, the girl kept objecting to marrying her brother. Finally Lumawig took a betel nut and with the juice stained the girl's nipples. He said, "Now you are already pregnant." Then he compelled them to live together.

Before he returned to heaven, he told the girl that when her child was born she should put the after-birth in a basket and hang it from the roof of the house. Later she should kill a chicken to celebrate the birth. Lumawig promised to return when he heard the child's first cry.

After the baby's birth the girl did as Lumawig commanded. When the god came to visit the child, he saw that it was a boy, so he took the after-birth from the basket and made from it a girl. He said, "These children must grow up quickly and marry each other so that people will again come on the earth."

The woman who had been saved from the flood had five sons. After each child was born Lumawig took the after-birth and made from it a girl. These children quickly grew up and married and had children of their own, so that the world was again filled with people. These people did not complain against Lumawig because there were stones on the mountains with which they could build pig pens to keep their animals from running away.

As each child came into the world, a chicken was sacrificed in accordance with the commandment of Lumawig. Even to this day we follow the god's directions.

The following stories are a part of no particular religious ceremony. They are frequently told as the men sit about the fire in the *ato,* the Alab men's club. The *ato* building is about eight or ten feet long and about six feet wide, while the peak of the roof is often no more than four feet from the ground. The low-hanging eaves at each side sometimes touch the earth. Unmarried men and boys sleep on the flat stone paving within. Although the married men sleep in their own houses, they retain membership in some *ato* because this "club" is the native governmental and religious unit. There is one *ato* for each fifty or sixty men. Boys are trained in village customs by the older men in the *ato* to which their fathers belong and to the full privileges of which they will be admitted when they are older. Most of the story-telling in the

town goes on in the little stone court in front of the *ato* building. The men sit about the fire smoking their pipes and talking and the little children play about their fathers' knees or sit on the surrounding stone wall. Women never go to the *ato.*

Why People Must Work for a Living

Told by Crispin Dapuyen

Long ago there were many gourds growing in Alab and people ate the seeds instead of rice. Only a few men had to work and the rest could easily steal enough from their neighbors to live on. When Lumawig saw how things were going he decided that there must be some change so that every person would receive what he had worked for. Lumawig changed the taste of the gourd seeds and made them so bitter that no one could eat them.

Then the people had to build rice terraces and work hard to grow enough to eat. Now no one can refuse to work and still live.

How Lumawig Taught Maiinit and Samoki

Told by Andrew Kitongen

Once upon a time, long ago, there were no people on the earth. Lumawig thought to himself, "It would be very pleasant to have many people in the world."

He went down to the earth and cut many logs of wood which he placed in a row in pairs. He commanded the pieces of wood, "Speak." Then the logs became people speaking in many different dialects. One log of each pair had become a man and the other a woman, and one man and one woman could always speak the same language. Lumawig told each couple to get married and, going to different towns, to have many children. In that way the world was soon full of people.

Lumawig saw that their food did not taste very good to them, so he decided to visit the earth again to improve the flavor. First he went to Alab. At Dantay he created a salt spring and he told the Alab people how to boil the water to extract the salt.

The next time he visited the earth he found that the Alab people had not made salt because they had not understood him. Then he went to Mainit and made hot salt springs there. He showed the Mainit men and women how to run the hot water over stones so that the salt would be deposited on their surface. He taught them how to keep the salt in little baskets.

These people understood him very well, so he told them to sell their salt to other towns. This they do today so that everybody may have salt to flavor his food.

Another time Lumawig went to Bontoc. He showed the Bontoc people how to gather clay from the river, how to form jars with it and how to harden the clay in the fire. When he returned to see if his teaching had been followed, he saw that the Bontoc people had not understood him. Then he went to Samoki and taught the women there in the same way. The Samoki women learned quickly to make good jars for cooking their food, so Lumawig told them to sell their pots to people in other places. This they still do.

The First Tools

Told by Andrew Kitongen

Long, long ago there was a brother and sister. Instead of working hard as people do now, they sat in their houses all day long. Lumawig, seeing them idle, came down from heaven to visit them. He said to the sister, "Why do you sit in your house all day when you should be working in the fields? "

"We sit here because we have no tools to work with," replied the sister.

Then Lumawig brought some iron to the brother and sister and told them to go to an *ili* far away where they would find a blacksmith.

They took the iron and did as he commanded them. With the metal the blacksmith made them a plow and a *ballita.*[2] As he finished the implements he said, "Go to the brook over there and dip the tools in the water to cool them."

The brother and sister went where they had seen the brook, but when they came to the place there was just a huge snake. The blacksmith who had gone with them said, "This is my water. Dip your tools in the body of the

snake." The brother and sister put their implements inside the serpent's body and held them there until the iron hardened.

Then they returned to their own town and began working in the fields with their new tools. From that time on their crops grew very well and they realized that Lumawig had come to them, and that the snake and the blacksmith were spirits.

The Alab people have numerous myths not particularly connnected with Lumawig. Professor Jenks (1905) has written a Bontoc account of the origin of head-hunting. The woman in his story is the moon instead of an ordinary human woman of Samoki as she is in the version which I have heard. He calls the Sun's child "Chalchal" while I use "Dardar". Different as the names sound, they are actually the same name pronounced as the name is changed in the different dialects. The Alab people use "r" more often than "l", while "l" is more common in Bontoc. All Alab "d" sounds become "ch" in Bontoc.

Why the Igorots Began to Take Heads

Told by Andrew Kitongen

Once an old Samoki woman was making jars. She was so busy bending over her work that she did not realize that someone was beside her. The child of the Sun had come to earth and he stood intently watching the woman as she molded the pottery.

Suddenly the woman looked up. Startled to see a stranger, she threw at him the wooden trowel which she was using. The trowel hit the little boy, Dardar, and severed his head from his body.

When the Sun saw what had happened he was very angry. He picked up the head and body of Dardar and fitted them together again. Immediately the child became alive.

But because an Igorot woman had killed his child, the Sun said, "From this day on the Igorot people shall be at war with each other and they shall try to take the heads of their enemies." From that day the Igorot people have been head-hunters.

Why There is a Black Spot on the Moon

Long, long ago the Moon shone all the time as brightly as the Sun, and the night was as light as the day. People did not grow tired at night as they do now, so they worked all night long as well as during most of the day.

One day the Sun said to a rich man whom he saw, "Why do you not work at noon?"

The rich man replied, "The middle of the day is very hot and the rest of the time is cooler."

"The people on earth surely have very little rest," answered the Sun.

As the Sun passed on, he picked up a handful of dirt. Soon he met the Moon. The Sun threw the handful of mud full in the Moon's face, saying, "Now the people can rest at night and work only by day."

That is why there is a dark spot on the face of the Moon and why the Igorots no longer work all night.

Why People Die

Told by Andrew Kitongen

Long ago everyone on earth lived forever.

One day a man in Alab became very ill. He felt that he was going to die, so he said to his wife, "I think I shall die very soon, but do not marry again for I shall come back to you." Soon after that the man died.

The woman waited many years but still her husband did not return. Finally she decided that he could not be coming back, so she married another man.

She had lived with her second husband for several years when, one day, she saw the husband who had died coming toward her. He was alive again. He spoke to his wife and asked if he might look for the lice in her hair. As he sat beside her killing her lice, he suddenly said, "You have married again."

"No, I have not married," answered the woman.

"I know that you have because I can smell that you have a baby," said the husband. Then the woman knew that she could not deceive him.

The man said, "Because you have married again when I told you not to, you, too, must die, you and your present husband, and all the people in the world."

The man who had risen from the dead immediately died again, and from that day on everyone born into the world must die.

Although Lumawig is the only god, the spirits of the dead seem to have more actual influence on Igorot life than he has. The regular religious worship takes place under the big trees which are supposed to be the homes of the dead. Here the Alab people sacrifice pigs and chickens so that the *anitos,* the spirits of the dead, may live by smelling the food. The following story of Okokati is not about the large sacred pines under which the dead are usually supposed to live, but about a very beautiful little group of bamboos which overhang one bank of the Chico River.

Okokati

Told by Crispin Dapuyen

Once at midnight three Bontoc men who had been *cargadores* to Sabangan were returning to their homes. They felt very hungry after the long journey.

They were passing through Alab when they saw a light in the bamboo trees at Donguan. They went to a house which they found there and asked the only occupant, a woman, for some food. The woman told them that her name was Okokati. She cooked some rice in a very small jar. The men, seeing the tiny pot, began to whisper among themselves, "See how she has such a little jar. We can't get enough food here."

When the rice was cooked, Okokati gave each man a little basket plate, and heaped up the food on each one. The men had plenty to eat and then they looked in the jar. To their great surprise they found it still half-full of rice.

After they had left the woman's house and were walking on toward Bontoc, they kept talking about the jar which had seemed so small but which had cooked enough rice for three hungry men. "That is such a wonderful jar," they said.

Several weeks later they were again *cargadores* to Sabangan. On their way to Sabangan in the afternoon they looked for the little house among the bamboo trees, but there was no house there. Then they realized that Okokati could not have been a living person. They told the people in Donguan that an *anito* was living in the bamboo trees.

Then the Alab people noticed that whenever a stick of bamboo was cut, a very strong wind would come up, so they killed a chicken for Okokati and asked her to stop the wind. No one is allowed to cut any of the bamboo about Okokati's house, and when there is a strong wind Okokati will bring a period of calm if a chicken is killed for her.

Alab is a very windy place so Okokati is a most useful *anito*.

The following animal myths are often told to little children by their parents. They are told with evident enjoyment and some very clever imitating of the calls of the animals. Professor Jenks in both *The Bontoc Igorot* and *Balonglong* uses a different Bontoc version of the story of the crow and the lizard. In his tales the crow and the lizard are young men who, after tattooing, are changed into animals because they fought with each other. Almost every Igorot child knows the story, and I have heard it from several people.

The Crow and the Lizard

A long time ago the crow and the lizard were friends. One day the crow said to the lizard, "Tattooing makes a person very beautiful. Let us get some soot and tattoo each other."

"I'd like that very much," agreed the lizard, so they found a pot of soot and went together to the river bank.

The crow agreed. Taking a needle, he carefully made intricate markings all over the lizard's body, and then rubbed in the soot.

The crow said, "Now I have made you very lovely; you must decorate my body, too." "Yes," said the lizard, "but first you must lie down and close your eyes so that I shall not drop soot into them."

The crow stretched out on the ground and closed his eyes. The lizard took up the pot of soot and emptied it all over the poor crow. Then the lizard ran away, leaving his companion beside the river.

That is why the lizard is covered with beautiful markings while the crow is as black as soot.

The First Snails

Once upon a time a woman went to one of her rice fields with her little boy to perform the usual sacrifice for the growth of the grain after planting.[3] When she reached the field, she saw that she would have to spend some time weeding, so she told her son to wait and not bother her while she worked. After she had been working for a little while, the boy came up to her, saying that he wanted food.

The mother answered, "It isn't time to eat yet. Go over to the falls and take a bath." There was a waterfall at the end of the field where the stream which watered the rice terraces came down.

The child ran off and stood under the water to bathe. A few minutes later he went back to his mother. "Mother, I'm hungry, please give me something to eat," he pleaded.

His mother had not finished although it was noon by this time. She told him to go back and wash himself again. He ran back to the waterfall. He stood there for a long time. Finally his body turned into snails. His skin and muscles became *ginga* (little soft snails without any hard covering); his bones became *ketan* (hard-shelled snails).

Late in the afternoon his mother went to look for him. She found his hair floating on the water, and many snails in the stream where he had stood. Then she knew that her son had been turned into snails.

I have heard two versions of the following story in Alab. Both Professors Jenks (1905) and Seidenadel (1909) tell a tale similar to the one which I shall tell first. Several people have told me the story of "The First Rice Bird."

The First Rice Bird

Once upon a time a little girl kept asking her mother for rice. The mother told her to keep quiet and wait until the rice was cooked, but still the child kept teasing for food.

Soon the mother had to go to the spring for water. When she had gone, the little girl decided to help herself to some rice, so she lifted the lid of the basket and put in her hand. Just then she tumbled into the basket and the lid came down on top of her.

When the mother came home she called for the little girl, but all she heard was something saying "Ngit, ngit" in the basket.

The woman lifted the cover and a little bird flew out. As the bird flew, it called, "Good-bye, mother; I am your little girl, and I have eaten all your rice. Ngit, ngit, ngit."

The First Rice Birds
Told by Crispin Dapuyen

Long, long ago a woman was pounding *duum*.[4] Her little girl kept asking for some to eat, but her mother told her to wait.

Then the woman went to the spring to get water. The child climbed into the end of the mortar and hid there while she ate the *duum*.

When the woman returned, she looked for the child but she could not find her. She went to the mortar and many little birds flew out. One kind of bird kept calling, "Ngik, ngik, ngik." These birds were *tilin*, the rice birds that eat the grains of rice. Another group of birds called, "Kisi, kisi, kisi, ting, ting, anak san moting."[5] These birds were *piti*, the birds who suck the juice of the growing rice. The third flock of birds called, "Keo, keo, pek, pek, sommen anak nan opek."[6] These were *kiabong*, rice birds, too, who suck the rice.

Then the mother knew that her little girl had been turned into birds.

Both Professors Jenks (1905) and Seidenadel (1909) have told the story of the first eagle much as I am telling it.

The First Eagle
Told by Andrew Kitongen

Once upon a time, two brothers went to the mountain to get wood. When lunch time came and they opened their baskets, they found that their mother had given them only bones instead of food. Nevertheless, they went on collecting fuel for their parents.

That evening their mother scolded them for getting so little firewood.

The next day they went to the forest again, and at noon when they were very hungry, they found only bones in their baskets. A little later they came to a very tall tree. The elder brother said, "I'll climb this and cut off some limbs for you."

The brother went up the tree and began chopping, but instead of a branch, his own arm dropped to the ground. Nevertheless, he called to the boy below. "Pick up that wood."

The younger brother shouted back, "But you have cut off your own arm! "

The man in the tree kept calling, "Pick up that wood! "

Frightened, the younger brother picked up the arm. Then the other arm dropped down, and one leg, and then the other, while still the elder brother kept saying, "Pick up that wood." After the legs, all the bones in the brother's body dropped to the ground, while always the voice from the tree kept calling, "Pick up that wood."

The terrified younger brother was gathering up the pile of bones, when, looking up in the tree, he saw in the place of his brother a great eagle. The eagle spoke, "Gather up those bones and take them to our mother. Do not be afraid. I shall go home with you."

With the pile of bones on his shoulder, the young man went home, the eagle flying above him. When the mother saw the load of bones she was so frightened that she tried to run away, but the eagle called, "I am your son. You see, I don't need your food any more." Screaming, "Oiyuk, oiyuk, oiyuk! " he flew away.

Professor Jenks (1905) has the tale of the first monkey but he tells of a group of boys who were watching rice instead of one boy guarding a camote field.

The First Monkey
Told by Crispin Dapuyen

Long, long ago a man and woman had one child, a boy. One day the mother died, and after several years the man married again.

The father cleared a place on the mountain side for a camote patch[7] and built a little shack beside the field. He sent his son to watch the garden, and to drive away the wild pigs who liked to root up the camotes.

Each day the boy's stepmother brought him his meals. At first she brought him good food, but one day she came with only burnt rice scraped from the bottom of the pot. Then everyday after that she brought him the leavings of burnt rice[8] or sour leftover camotes.

The child could not eat this food, so he dug a hole at one side of the little house and buried the spoiled rice and camotes there. Meanwhile he lived on raw camotes from the garden. Ten days he ate these, and then he discovered that he had grown a tail and that the only sound he could make was "K-k-k-k-k! "

When his stepmother came, he was sitting on the roof of the house. He called to her, "K-k-k-k, I am the burnt rice which you brought." His skin had become hairy, and black as the burnt rice.

The woman could not realize what had happened so she kept on hunting for her stepson. Finally he came down from the roof and dug up the hole where he had buried the rice and sour camote. When the woman saw this, she knew that the monkey was really her stepson.

Like the boy who had no other food, the monkeys still come out of the forests to dig up the gardens and eat the Igorots' camotes.

There are a few other "why" stories which are as much a part of the Alab Igorot child's education as "The Little Red Hen" is of the American child's.

Why People Have Their Scalps Fast to Their Heads

Told by Elizabeth Tudlong

Once upon a time men and women could take off their scalps and hold them on their laps to pick the lice out of their hair. One day an old woman was staying at home to cook rice. While she was waiting for the rice to cook, she sat outside beneath a mango tree to rest. Her lice began to bite, so she took off her scalp to kill the bugs. Suddenly she remembered that the rice might be burning. Hurriedly she laid her scalp on the ground, and went into the house to see to her cooking.

After she had removed the pot from the fire, she felt for her hair, and realized that her scalp was gone. She rushed outside just in time to see a dog running away with her scalp. She raced after the dog, and fortunately managed to rescue her hair in time. But she said, "It is very dangerous when people can leave their scalps about. From this day on, all people will have their scalps fast to their heads."

That is why people now have their scalps fast to their heads, and why another person must kill your lice for you.

Inodey Falls

Told by Andrew Kitongen

In Bontoc there lived a brother and sister who went each day to the rice fields to chase away the birds who tried to eat the rice grains before they could mature.

Each day as they left, their mother gave the girl a delicious lunch of rice, a vegetable, and some meat, but the boy had only dirty grains of rice that had been left in the bowls after the rest of the family had eaten, and a few scraped bones. For many days the boy had little to eat so he began to grow thin. He was even afraid that he might die.

One day the boy went to his sister's rice field to see her lunch. When he saw what good food she had, he said, "You have a very good meal while I have only bones and a few dirty grains of rice."

His sister felt very sorry as she saw his poor food.

Then the brother said, "Let's run away, and not go home any more. I have a ball of string which we can unwind as we walk so we can mark our path."

The girl agreed to go off with her brother. They walked and walked, crossing rice field after rice field, until evening came. As the sky grew dark, they found themselves at Inodey. They decided to sleep there since they felt cold in the gathering darkness. The boy told his sister to sleep on his left side since she had a skirt to protect her from the cold wind which blew from that direction. He had only his loin cloth. They fell asleep side by side.

When morning came, there were two rushing waterfalls, while the string which the children had trailed after themselves had become *baai* vines. Today the Inodey Falls still dash fiercely down the mountain and only the bravest man dares cross them for fear of the spirits which dwell in the water. The Bontoc women still gather the *baai* vine to make string. They know that no matter where they may find the vine they may take it, since it originally came from Bontoc.

Apon Laman [9]

Told by Crispin Dapuyen

Long, long ago, in Bontoc, a young man went to the mountain to cut sugar cane. He found a wild pig eating his sugar cane, but when he tried to chase her away she spoke to him, "Do not drive me away, but stay here with me and marry me."

The man said, "No, I don't want to marry you."

But the wild pig pleaded with him so much that the young man finally yielded. For several days they lived together in the field of sugar cane. Then the man went back to Bontoc, but a few months later the mother pig had a baby, a child just like any other Bontoc baby except that it had black hair all over its body like the hair of the mother pig. This baby boy lived among the wild pigs until several seasons had passed, and he could run about and talk like other children.

One day the child's father came with a group of other Bontoc men to the mountain with the sugar press, to press the juice from the cane. The pig mother then said to her son, "There is your father. You go to him and ask him to take you to Bontoc."

The little boy ran to his father, calling, "Father, father take me home with you."

But the man pushed him away. "I have no son," he said.

The child answered, "My mother is a wild pig; she says that you are my father."

Then the man remembered the wild pig with whom he had lived in the field of sugar cane, and he felt ashamed. "No, you are not my son," he said.

But the other Bontoc men believed the child's story, so they said to his father, "You should be proud to have a son. Take him back to Bontoc with you and care for him there."

At length the father agreed to take the little boy home with him. The child grew up in Bontoc, and when he became a man he married and had children of his own. Although the children of the son of the wild pig were just like the Bontoc people in every other way, they all had long black hair on their bodies.

Today Lamlaman who lives in Data[10] has much black hair on his body. That shows that his parents came from Bontoc, and that his father is one of the descendants of the wild pig.

Apon Anito[11]

Told by Crispin Dapuyen

Once upon a time, long ago, a young man went to his rice fields during the dry season to fill them with water from the canal. Other people had come to the canal before him, so he had to stay beside the field till night to await his turn at the water. Late that night he saw a house nearby which he had never seen before. He saw a light inside, so he went to visit the people who lived in the house. He found a man, a woman and a young girl.

The girl's father invited the Bontoc man to eat with them. As they were finishing their meal, the strange father asked the young man to marry his daughter. The man liked the girl so he agreed to the marriage, and planned to return several days later with his friends and relatives for the wedding feast.

On the day arranged for the feast, the Bontoc boy returned to the place where he had seen the house. No house was there. Nevertheless, he saw a chicken, a pig, and rice prepared for the wedding. A voice which he recognized as belonging to the girl's father greeted him, but he could see no one. Then he knew that the strange people were *anitos,* and that he had agreed to marry an *anito* girl.

The Bontoc people who had come to celebrate the wedding went ahead with the feast. They heard the voices of the young bride and her parents, but no one could see them. After the feasting and dancing, the anito father said, "Let us go now to Bontoc while I prepare a house for the newly married pair."

The people went to Bontoc, to a place where no house had been. Immediately a large new house appeared, and the storeroom in the roof was filled with rice. The Bontoc boy and the *anito* girl stayed in this house. Every time they wanted anything, the *anitos* brought it to them, so they soon became rich. They had many children and their descendants still live in Bontoc.

Several times I have asked Alab people what stories they had which they told just for pleasure, although the tales might be untrue. I have always been given the same reply, "We have no stories which are untrue. Of course some of the things we tell about could not happen today, but long ago (*idsangadum*) it was different. All of the incidents in our stories really happened then." Impossible as it may seem to an American to believe in the truth of these weird tales, I am quite sure that the most unnatural events seem very probable to the Igorot. Although I have tried to divide the following legends into two groups (1) those which contain so many unnatural or supernatural elements that they can have only the barest fragment of actual fact as a basis, if they have any foundation in fact at all and (2) those probably to a large extent historical – it is always

true that no such distinction exists in the minds of the Igorots.

It has seemed to me that the following story could be an account of the origin of one of the constellations. Perhaps it was at one time, but I have been able to find no one in Alab who thinks the group of star children represents some definite group of stars seen in the heavens. Since this is not told to account for anything, but merely as an interesting event which happened in the past, I have called it a legend rather than a myth.

The Star Children

Told by Andrew Kitongen

Once upon a time two brothers went to the mountain to dig their rice fields. They worked hard all morning, and had one field ready for planting when they stopped to eat their lunch.

As they sat quietly eating their meal, they suddenly saw what seemed to be a great cluster of stars falling out of the sky. To their astonishment, the stars fell directly into their rice paddy, but when they looked in the rice field, they saw many young girls were bathing there.

One brother was angry because the girls were playing in his rice field, so he rushed to the spot where he had been working. He then saw that the maidens were young girl stars who had flown down from the sky. Nevertheless, he threatened to kill one of the girls if she did not get out of his field.

The girl pleaded with him and said, "Don't kill me, but take me home with you and let me be your wife."

The man liked the star girl so he agreed to marry her. The other girls flew back to the sky, but this one stayed on earth until she had many children.

When she had a large family, she grew lonely for her old home so she said to her husband, "Let us fly up to the sky, and take our children with us. It is very pleasant to live up there."

The next night they all flew up to the sky, and there they still live.

The Star Girl

Told by Crispin Dapuyen

Long, long ago, a young girl star flew down from the sky. She met an Alab boy while he was working in his rice field. They decided to get married and live in Alab, in Bontoc.

At first the girl liked living on the earth, but one night while her husband was asleep, she woke up and saw some worms crawling on his buttocks. Then she looked at the pretty stars shining in the sky. She thought to herself, "What a dirty place this is! I'm going back to my old home."

The next day she found a piece of cloth and cut for herself a blouse with long, flowing sleeves. After that, every night when she saw that her husband slept, she got up and sewed in one corner of the blouse. She sewed until almost morning. For several nights she worked and worked. At last her blouse was finished.

The next night after she had completed her blouse, she crept out of the house quietly. She looked up at the stars again, and then she looked at the dirt about her. She put on her new blouse and spread the sleeves wide. Then she raised her arms and flew back to the sky.

The Donguan Woman and the Python (Version A)

Told by Andrew Kitongen

A long time ago a Donguan woman wanted to cross the river. There had just been a typhoon so the water was too high for her to walk through it. She was looking about for some way to cross when she saw what she thought was the trunk of a tree which had been blown across the river during the storm. She said to herself, "I can easily walk across the river on this tree trunk."

She crossed in safety, but when she reached the opposite bank, she saw at her feet the head of a python. She had crossed the Chico by walking on the huge serpent! She tried to run away, but the snake caught her and swallowed her. Inside the snake it was very dark, and she found it hard to move. After some time, she

saw a little streak of light at her feet, and she realized that this must be shining through the snake's navel. She had a small knife in her hair, so she reached up carefully and pulled this out. She thrust the knife through the little hole and quickly cut a place large enough for her to crawl through.

When she stepped out of the serpent's body, she was covered with green slime. Although she washed this off immediately in the river, she lived for only three days.

The Donguan Woman and the Python (Version B)

Told by Crispin Dapuyen

Long, long ago, a Donguan woman was cultivating *gabi* (taro) in a field just above the river. While she was busy working, a python came along and swallowed her.

She slid down into the body of the snake, and because the lower surface of the serpent was clear and transparent she could look out and see where she was going. The python followed the course of the Chico River until it came to Tinglaion. About that time the woman noticed a small hole in the under side of the snake which she realized must be the navel. She had a knife fastened in her hair, and she quickly reached for this and cut a hole large enough to climb out through. When she had gotten free from the python, she went to see the people of Tinglaion.

First she met a widower and told him her story. He liked the woman and asked her to marry him. She married the man from Tinglaion and lived with him until they had several children.

One day she happened to look at the river, and she saw floating there some leaves of the *towo* tree. She knew that trees of this kind grew nowhere except near her old home in Donguan. The *towo* leaves made her feel very homesick, and she began to think that if the leaves could drift down the river from Alab to Tinglaion, surely she could follow the Chico back to her old home.

One day she called her children to her, and told them that she wanted to go back to Alab. They agreed to go with their mother to see her home and their grandparents.

For several days they followed the Chico River until they finally reached Donguan. Everyone in Alab was glad to see the woman whom they all thought was dead. The Donguan woman never went back to Tinglaion, but she and her children stayed on in Alab, and her descendants live there in Donguan to this day.

The Sabangan Woman and the Python

Told by Barnabas Banaang

Once upon a time, a Sabangan woman went to the fields to gather gabi. While she was alone in the field, a huge python came along and swallowed her.

The snake went away from Sabangan quickly; it passed over Mt. Kalowitan, and came to a country which the woman did not recognize. She could see very well through the transparent undersurface of the serpent, and after they had gone a long distance, she saw that they came to a clearing on the side of a high mountain. Here the python coiled up to rest.

While the serpent was asleep the woman took her bolo and cut her way out of its body. She hurried away from the big snake, and came to a field where a man was planting millet. She stopped to ask him the way to Sabangan.

The man did not know of any trail to Sabangan, and he supposed her home must be very far away. He told the woman that she was near Naneng, in the Kalinga country.

The Sabangan woman noticed that the Naneng man was putting his millet plants in the ground very close together. She told him that his millet would grow better if he separated the plants. The man did his planting in the new way which she explained to him. He noticed that the woman seemed very intelligent, so he decided to ask her to marry him and stay in Naneng. The man was a widower so the Sabangan woman agreed to marry him. They went together to Naneng.

At first the Naneng people wanted to kill the woman because they thought she might be an enemy. The man protected her by insisting that she was friendly and that he intended to have

her for his wife.

Soon the Sabangan woman saw that all the Naneng people were planting their millet in the same wasteful way. She taught them to make seed beds, and then to transplant the seedlings two or three inches apart in larger beds later on. The Naneng people found that their millet grew so much better when they raised it this way that soon all of them were following the Sabangan woman's advice. She also taught them the proper way to plant rice.

She noticed that when children were born, the Naneng people did not allow them to be delivered normally, but instead always made an incision in the body of the mother to bring forth the child. The Sabangan woman showed them that children could be delivered so much more easily without an operation. All the women in Naneng were very grateful to her for teaching them this.

The Sabangan woman had children in Naneng and she stayed there until she died.

After her death, her children wanted to go to Sabangan to claim their mother's property. They spent many days on the way, but they finally reached Sabangan. There they told their mother's story, and the people in Sabangan knew that the story must be true because the men knew the names of all their grandparents and the location of their mother's fields in Sabangan. The woman's children were given their mother's property, and their descendants still live in Sabangan.

The Tukukan Family and the Python

Told by James Oloan

Long ago there was a large lake in Tukukan, and a great python had his home in this lake. The python was the terror of the village because every night he came up from the lake and went to someone's house to get a person to eat. He had taken children from many homes in Tukukan before one man thought of a way to outwit him.

At last the time came when this man saw the python coming toward his house. Instead of allowing the snake to come in and take one of his children, he had a fresh stick of bamboo ready. He placed this outside the door for the python, and then locked the door of his house very carefully. The snake swallowed the bamboo pole and slept peacefully outside the house all night. The next morning he went back to the lake.

Every day for a month the man fed the snake with a bamboo pole, but then he grew tired of cutting poles every day. He thought he must find some way to kill the serpent.

One morning he went to the forest and gathered a large bundle of bark. He soaked the bark in water and made it very soft, and then he dried it for three days. After he had finished preparing the bark, he collected a bundle of rice husks. He wrapped the soft bark about the rice husks, and shaped the whole thing so that it looked like a person.

He put this dummy outside the house door and sat down to wait for the snake to come. When he saw the python coming, he took a live coal from the fire and put it under the bark figure. The snake swallowed the dummy just as he had swallowed the bamboo. Soon the burning bark burst the body of the snake, and he went rolling down the hill into the river.

Animals besides pythons play an important part in many of the legends. The following is a favorite among the young men when they are telling stories in the *ato.* I have heard it many times and from several different people.

The Two Brothers and the Monkeys

Once upon a time two brothers went to the forest to cut wood. When lunch time came, the younger brother went to a nearby stream to get water. On his way he saw a cave, so he decided to stop there to rest. He was very tired and he almost immediately fell asleep.

It happened that this cave belonged to a tribe of monkeys. They came home and found the young man lying there asleep. They touched him and tried to move him about, but still the young man did not wake up. The monkeys thought he must be dead.

They decided to have the best funeral they could for him. They brought him a new loin cloth, a new hat, fine gold earrings, and a brass

chain with a large seashell to wear about his waist. When they had dressed him in all these fine clothes, they built the usual ladder-like seat in which the dead should be hung. Then they tied him in the ladder and fastened it up in the middle of the cave. The whole group of monkeys sat about him singing the chants for the dead. About this time, the man woke up, but he was afraid to let the monkeys know that he was not dead.

After they finished their chanting, they thought they should go out and get some food for the feast. Because they wanted him to be well cared for, they left one old female monkey in the cave to guard him while everyone else in the tribe went out.

As soon as the group left, the young man spoke to the female monkey. "I am not dead," he said, "I just fell asleep in your cave. Now you must untie me so I can go away."

At first, the monkey refused to untie him. She wanted to play with him, and keep him fastened in the ladder. Finally she did let him down. As soon as she had freed him, the man grabbed her and popped her into a jar of water which was boiling on the fire. He put the lid on the jar so that the monkey was scalded to death. Then the young man ran away and went back to his brother.

When the older brother saw the boy coming in such fine new clothes, he was very much surprised, and asked his brother where he had found them. The younger brother told him the story of the monkeys' cave. The older man thought he would go there, too, and get some fine clothes, so he started off.

Meanwhile, the monkeys returned and found the guard whom they had left scalded to death, and the man from Alab escaped. They were very angry, and rushed out to the forest again.

The older brother found the cave empty just as his brother had. He lay down and pretended to sleep. Soon the monkeys came back. They touched this man just as they had touched his brother. They pulled his ears and felt his lips. This time one wise old monkey touched his eyelids and saw them quiver. Then they knew that he could not be dead.

They took off his loin cloth and put in its place an old dirty ragged one. For his ears they made earrings of bark, and instead of a chain they put a piece of rattan about his waist. They tied him in the same ladder which they had used for his brother. When he was tied securely, they all went off and left him.

The man opened his eyes and saw what they had done. He tried for a long time before he could untie himself and get down out of the ladder. Then he had to go back to his brother in the old rags which the monkeys had given him.

The Owl Visitor

Told by Andrew Kitongen

When a snake comes to the house where a man is dead, the people are afraid, and they take a cup of *tapwi* (rice wine) and offer it to the snake, but they never drive the snake away. They believe that the *anitos* have sent the snake. It is necessary to sacrifice a chicken immediately or some other person in the house may die. After two moons a pig should be killed. Many people have the same belief even if someone is not already dead, and they perform the same sacrifices. Centipedes are also sent by *anitos*, and they may bring death if people do not make the necessary offerings.

One day a man in Bellili had just finished building a new house. Since many men had worked together in the building, it was finished in one day. On the evening of that day, an owl came and sat on the wall under the eaves. The man tried to chase the owl away, but it would not go, so he let it keep its place. The next night the same owl appeared, but this time no one tried to chase it away. On the third night the owl came back. By this time the man was frightened because he thought the owl might bring some dreadful disaster.

He went to the old men of the town and asked what the sign might mean. The old men told him not to be afraid because the owl would bring him good luck, and while he lived in the house he might expect to acquire much property. This made the man feel better, but he was still rather frightened. He decided to send his younger brother to consult the old men in some other towns.

The brother went first to Sagada, and there he told the old men his story. After the men had talked together, they told the brother not to be afraid. "The owl is a good sign," they said, "it will bring good fortune to anyone who lives in that house. The owner of the house will become rich."

After the young man heard this, he went to Antedao. There the old men told him the same thing. This made the brother feel sure that the owl must be a messenger of good fortune. He began to think to himself, "Why should I tell my brother what the men have said? If I tell him that the owl will bring him bad luck he will be afraid, and let me move into the house so that I can gain much property for myself."

When the brother returned to Bellili, he said, "The old men say that the owl will bring you much bad fortune and perhaps make someone die. Why don't you let me move into the house so that no harm may come? "

The older brother was very glad to do this, so the two changed houses.

While the younger brother lived in the house, everything went well with him, and he gained several rice fields. But one day the older brother visited Sagada. While he was sitting in the *ato,* some of the men asked him of the young man who had come to question them about the owl. They asked if success had come to the owner of the house as they had prophesied. The Bellili man was very much surprised. Then he told them that he owned the house but that his brother had said the owl would bring bad luck. All the men in the *ato* told him that everyone had foretold prosperity for the man who lived in that house.

When the man realized that his brother had tricked him, he was very angry. He hurried back to Bellili, and made his brother get out of the house that very day. As soon as the rightful owner lived there, he prospered more than even his younger brother had, and he soon became very rich.

Because of the good luck which this owl brought, Igorots are always glad to have an owl visit their houses.

The Rat and the Woman

Told by Crispin Dapuyen

Once upon a time a woman went to work her rice fields. The rice was almost mature. She found a rat cutting the stalks.

"Stop that, Rat," she said. "Why are you cutting my rice? "

"I need rice, too," the rat answered, "but I'll stop if you will come home with me. If you will, I'll give you everything you want."

The woman thought she would like to go home with the rat so they went off together. He had a house in a cave in the mountain, and there he took the woman. He showed her his granary full of enough rice to last for many years. He showed her big jars full of salted meat, and piles of camotes and millet. Then he asked her, "Would you like some carnelian beads?"

"Yes," said the woman.

The rat ran off and soon returned with six strings of beads.

"Would you like a fine skirt?" asked the rat.

"Yes," said the woman.

Soon the rat returned with a fine new skirt.

"Would you like some earrings? " asked the rat, and again he ran off and very quickly returned with two large earrings.

"Where did you get these?" asked the woman.

"From the house in Bontoc," he answered. "Now I'll get you a blanket." Off he ran again.

The woman waited many days for the rat, but he never returned. She knew that he must have been caught in a trap and killed, so she took all of his possessions and returned to her home in Bontoc. The rat had given her so much that ever afterwards she was a very rich woman.

The Men Who Carved on the Rock

Told by Andrew Kitongen

Long, long ago there were three men who went to the mountain to get wood, but when they reached their destination they thought they did not care to cut logs. Near them they saw Olon Bato ("Head Rock"), a large, round, smooth, bare rock.

"Let us carve something here with our axes," said one young man.

So with the points of their head axes they began to make figures on the rock. When night came they returned to their homes without any wood. Of course their parents questioned them, but they said they had just gone for a walk. For several days the same thing happened, until figures were outlined on the face of the rock, figures of a dog, a cow, and a carabao.

One day when the men were carving, they grew tired, and one of them said, "Let us each sharpen a stick and see who can throw it farthest."

They made three sharp-pointed sticks, and the first man threw as far as he could, but the stick dropped very near him. The second man could not throw his stick far either. But the third stick flew very far to a distant rice field where there seemed to be a large stone. To his horror, the man saw that what he had thought was a stone was really a pregnant woman weeding the rice. His sharp stick had gone straight through her body. The woman fell; then suddenly vanished into the air. He realized then that the woman was an *anito*.

Because the men were afraid, they hid in the cave where they had carved the figures. In the dim, cool place they soon fell fast asleep. While they slept, the *anito* brought a jar full of cow-peas, cooked ready for eating, and several long leaves of tobacco. These she placed near the heads of the young men.

When the men awoke and saw the peas and tobacco, they thought some young girls who liked them had left the food. They began smoking the tobacco, but soon felt that it was making them very dizzy, so they put it in their pouches for the old men in the *ato*. They ate the jar of cow-peas and then went home.

When they reached the village, they gave the tobacco to their fathers, saying that they had bought it. The old men tried to smoke, but the tobacco made them dizzy, too, so they put it in their pouches for someone else.

That night the three young men went to the *ato* to sleep. Before he lay down, one man told a friend how his companion had killed the *anito* woman. In the morning when the men of *ato* got up, they saw that the three friends seemed to be sleeping very late. Finally someone shook them. All three were dead.

At first the fathers of the dead men thought someone had poisoned them, but when the friend who knew how the *anito* had been shot told his story, everyone understood that the *anito* had caused their deaths.

The men of the *ato,* as they cut tree trunks in the forest for the three coffins, found the carvings on the rock. The three men were buried in a cave at Ganga, near the spot where they had killed the woman. One man who buried early in the evening of the day he died, the other at midnight, and the third early the next morning. With the coffins were placed jars of meat for the spirits of the men, *gangzas,* jew's harps, and the brass chains and shells that they liked so much to wear about their waists.

Even today one may see the carvings on the rock, and the three coffins side by side in the cave.

The Bogang Girl

Told by James Oloan

Once upon a time a young girl from Bogang died. Her father loved her so much that he thought he could not bear to have her go away from him. Nevertheless, her family put on her the skirt for the dead,[12] a white girdle,[13] and white blouse,[14] and then wrapped her in the *bandala,*[15] the blanket for the dead. They fastened her body in the ladder and sat about her chanting. At sunset they put her in a coffin and carried her body to a cave for burial.

After they had placed the coffin in the cave and were about to return to Bogang, the girl's father said, "I'll stay here all night and force the *anitos* to give back the life of my daughter."

All the other people went home, but the father of the girl stayed at the mouth of the cave. It grew dark, and still he watched. About midnight he saw three *anitos* come to the coffin. He jumped up to catch them. Two escaped, but he held one firmly in his hands. "Give me back the soul of my daughter," he said. "I won't let you go until you return her life to me."

"I'll take you to the place where you can

find her life and show you how to put it back in her body," said the *anito.*

The *anito* led him to a cave in the mountain side and said, "You go in here. Inside this cave, you will see many sticks of bamboo. Each one contains the life of a person. The sticks nearest the entrance are old and dry, but do not touch any of these. They contain the souls of those long dead. Walk until you see a stick that is fresh and green. That will hold the life of your daughter. Take that stick and bring it outside. You will find that one end of the stick will come off, but do not take it off until you get back to your daughter's coffin. When you are beside the coffin again take off the lid so you can touch your daughter's body. Then open the stick, and shake the opening over the girl's face and hands and body. You will see that her life will go back into her again."

The man let the *anito* go, and he went into the cave. He found everything there as the *anito* had said, the many sticks of dried bamboo, and, farther on, the fresh green stick. He picked up the fresh stick and hurried out. He went to the place where his daughter was buried and opened her coffin. Then he pulled the loose end off the stick of bamboo and shook it over the girl's body. He felt her face. It seemed to be flowing into them. He put his fingers on her eyelids, and he saw that they quivered. He began to rub her body, for he saw that her life was coming back into her. Finally her eyes opened, and she spoke to him. Then they went back to their home together.

The Son of the Guinaang Woman

Told by Santiago Pomekda

Once upon a time there was a widow in Guinaang who had a tiny baby. Not long after the child's birth the mother died. The baby was too small to eat rice so everyone felt certain that it would die soon after its mother. Since it must die anyway, the people decided that it would be best to bury it in the same coffin with its mother. The widow was laid out in the coffin and the child placed in her arms, and the coffin was buried in a cave beside the trail leading to Bontoc.

But the baby did not die as everyone supposed it must. For several days it drank the milk from its dead mother, and when the milk was gone it lived by sucking her blood. On this food the child gradually grew so strong that it became able to push up the heavy lid of the coffin. It happened that the cave in which the mother and child had been buried was beside a spring where people came to wash their camotes. While they were washing the vegetables, bits of the roots would be broken off and sometimes even small camotes would be left in the stream. As soon as the child was large enough to crawl out of the coffin, he went to the little brook and ate the bits of raw camotes which people had left there. He lived on this food until he was big enough to run about and talk.

One day he saw some men coming along the trail. He ran out and spoke to them, and told them how he had been living. The men were from Kayan. They took the little boy home with them and cared for him.

When he grew up, Lumawig blessed him very much and he became rich. Langoi, who was the richest and most influential man in Kayan until his death about three years ago, was the grandson of this child of the Guinaang widow.

The Sagada Children

Told by James Oloan

Once upon a time, five children came from Sagada to set their traps for birds on the mountain between Sagada and Besao. The following day they returned to look at their traps and found that the traps had been spared but their birds stolen. For three days this same thing happened. They knew that some men from Besao must have taken their birds because Besao was the enemy of Sagada.

They grew tired of having their birds stolen, and at length returned to their homes in Sagada. Their fathers were very angry because the children came back without their birds. They scolded the boys severely.

The scolding made the children feel so bad that they died. They were all buried in one cave near the Sagada trail.

After one year, their souls went to Besao. Two days later practically every house in Besao

was burned to the ground. Then people knew that the *anitos* of the Sagada children had burned the houses. It is always possible to tell an *anito* fire because it just seems to start by itself, and it jumps from place to place without anyone carrying the fire. Several times recently the Sagada children have started smaller fires in Besao.

The following story is very common throughout the towns near Bontoc. I have heard it told in several different ways. It is, I think, undoubtedly true that Dalogdog was a real Bontoc man who was killed in the last big fight between Bontoc and Tukukan, but the details of the story differ so much that I doubt if one may accept any more than that as historical fact.

Dalogdog

All the fighting men from Bontoc and Tukukan met and fought at Tukukan. A man from Tukukan stabbed Dalogdog, one of the Bontoc warriors, but the Bontoc men kept fighting about him so that Tukukan could not take his head.

Although Dalogdog had been killed, he kept talking. "Although I am dead, I'll keep fighting until I have my revenge," he said.

The Bontoc men took Dalogdog's body to Bontoc and on the way home he kept talking about the vengeance in spite of the fact that a Bontoc man did kill the Tukukan man who killed Dalogdog. This was Domingo, who later married Koway who is now living in Donguan.

Still Dalogdog was not satisfied. Not long after his death, many of the houses in Tukukan burned, and his *anito* spoke to an old woman, telling her that he had started the fire. To this day, Dalogdog starts a fire in Tukukan almost every year toward the end of the dry season, and as soon as the Bontoc people hear of the fire, they have a big fiesta to celebrate the revenge which Dalogdog is taking on their enemies.

Dalogdog also helps the Bontoc people when they are out on the trails by warning them of the approach of enemies. A Bontoc man who is caught anywhere alone can count upon Dalogdog's assistance.

Some Igorots say that Dalogdog was taken prisoner by Tukukan and tied to a tree. While he was tied, the Tukukan people cut off his hands and feet, then his arms and legs, and tried to make him eat his own limbs. Because of this horrible and disgraceful way of killing him, he can never be satisfied with an ordinary revenge.

How People First Came to Alab

Told by Andrew Kitongen

Once upon a time, long ago, there were only people in Bontoc, but none in Alab. In those days, great droves of wild pigs roamed over the mountains. But one time some sickness came to kill many of them. So many died that finally only one family was left. These pigs came from the east.

They wandered about the country until they came to Mt. Apa. There they stopped to look about. They saw that no people were in Alab or in Antedao. The boar said, "I shall go to Alab," but the sow said, "I'll go to Antedao."

When the Bontoc people found that a disease had been killing the wild pigs, two men with their wives started out to look for any pigs that might be left. The couples reached Mt. Apa, and from there they saw the pigs, one walking toward Alab and the other toward Antedao. They said, "Let us follow them."

One couple followed the sow; the other followed the boar. When one man and woman reached Alab, they said, "Let us build a house and stay here."

First they built a pen and caught the pig so that he could not run away, and then they built a house for themselves. They had many children in Alab, and from them are descended the Alab people of today.

The other couple went to Antedao and settled there. Even today it is evident that the ancestors of the Antedao people followed the sow while the ancestors of the Alab people followed the boar, because the Antedao people always eat very much just as the sow eats very much, but the Alab people, like the boar, require very little food. Antedao people can never

go to their fields without taking a big lunch with them, while the Alab people often take no food. One man and woman in Antedao will eat a very big jar of rice for one meal, but a man and woman in Alab need only a small jar of rice.

How Different Sections of Alab Were Settled

Told by Crispin Dapuyen

Once upon a time, long ago, Donguan was the only part of Alab in which people lived.

One day a mother pig with her litter of young ones ran away. When the man from Donguan, who owned her went to search for her, he found that she had crossed the river to Baboi and had settled herself there comfortably with her little ones. The man went back to his wife and told her where he had found the pig. He said, "I think this is a sign that we should move to Baboi."

His wife agreed that it would be better for them to move across the river since the pig had led them there. The man and woman moved to Baboi and had many children there. In this way Baboi was settled.

Belig and Data were settled when there were epidemics in Alab. Groups of people left Donguan and Baboi temporarily to avoid getting some disease. They found that they liked their new homes better than the old, so they stayed in Belig and Data.

Bellili[16] was begun when a group of lepers from Alab went there to live.

How Two Men Became Rich

Told by Crispin Dapuyen

Long ago two boys were left as orphans, and greedy relatives took all their property while they were still too young to protect themselves. Some neighbors took pity on them and gave them food until they were large enough to work for other people.

Since the brothers had no property of their own, people thought they would never be able to marry and have homes of their own. Then some people saw the brothers walking over the rice fields after the grain had been harvested. They went about picking up the tiny grains that the reapers dropped. After they did this, they went carefully along the paths to the town where the men and women carrying the loaded baskets had dropped grains along the way. By doing this the young men managed to get three or four large bundles of rice.

They kept this rice until the dry season had come and people were ready to pay a high price for it. For many years they did this same thing until they had saved so much that they could begin to buy rice fields. They were just as careful when they had fields of their own, in fact they were so careful that before they were very old they had both become rich men.

The Marriage of the Maiinit Man and the Bontoc Woman

Told by Crispin Dapuyen

Once upon a time a Bontoc girl wanted to marry a man from Maiinit. Her father objected very much to the marriage, so the girl ran away to Maiinit to the home of the man she loved.

The father sent five Bontoc men after her and told them to be sure to bring her back. He said, "If she won't come back with you, take her head and bring it to me."

"Take my head if you like," she said, "but I'll never go to Bontoc with you alive."

When she said that, the men were afraid to cut off her head, so they just returned to Bontoc and gave her father the message.

She married the boy she loved in Maiinit. Then the two of them went to live in Bontoc in a tiny old house because the girl's father would give them nothing, not even one rice field. They would have starved if the father of the Maiinit boy had not been rich.

Every night the young man went to Maiinit, and with some of his friends from his own town, carried rice or pigs or camotes to Bontoc. Soon the store room in the roof of his house was full. The pigs which he carried to Bontoc had many little ones and these never died of disease, so he soon had more pigs than anyone else in Bontoc. With the rice which he carried from Maiinit, and with his many pigs, he began buying rice fields from his neighbors, and always his fields yielded more than the rice

fields of others.

Lumawig blessed him with a child every year. After he had been living in Bontoc about two years, a group of Bontoc men who were friends of his father-in-law came to visit him. They expected to find him very poor, and with hardly enough food to feed his wife and children. To their surprise, they found more than a year's supply of rice in his store room. He brought out for them to see many jars full of salted meat, and he showed them his many pigs. He told them that he had carabaos feeding on the mountain. The old men knew then that Lumawig had blessed the marriage, and that it would be good for the father to acknowledge his daughter.

They returned to the father of the girl and said, "You should have a wedding feast for your daughter and son-in-law from Maiinit. You cannot hate them any more because they are becoming rich." Then they told the father about the supplies which they had found in the house of his son-in-law. The father was astonished, and he agreed that he could not hate his children when they were doing so well.

He decided to have a wedding feast for his daughter, and give her a share of his rice fields and other property. They had a great feast and everyone in Bontoc was astonished to see how much Lumawig had blessed the Maiinit man who married the Bontoc girl.

Panoi

Told by Douglas Dokalos

Panoi was an orphan who lived in Donguan. He and a girl from Baboi loved each other, but the girl's father would not consent to the marriage. The girl had four brothers; two were older, two younger than she.

When her father steadily refused to allow her to marry Panoi, the girl decided to run away. She knew only one place far from Alab, and that was Candon by the China Sea where she had gone with her brothers to get salt. She started off on the trail toward Candon, thinking that she would be killed on the way because she had many enemy towns to pass through. She reached the top of Mt. Bobub when she saw that her brother, Malekdon, was following her. Malekdon was the third brother in the family.

He said, "Please don't run away. You will surely be killed."

"I want to be killed," she answered.

"Never mind our father," he pleaded. "You marry Panoi, and I will be as a father to you. I'll help you get a house, but you can wait for your feast until after you are married."

Finally the girl agreed to return to Alab with him. There Malekdon found a little house which no one was using, and he cleaned it out carefully so that his sister and Panoi could live in it. All this time the girl's father ignored everything that was being done.

When the little hut in Donguan was ready, Panoi moved into it with his bride. Malekdon helped them build the fire which kept burning during the first days after their marriage. After they had lived in the house two days, Malekdon came to see them.

"Have you seen any rat?" he asked his sister.

"No," she answered.

"Then your children will not die," he said. "Have you heard an owl hooting?"

The young couple had heard no owls, so they knew that everything would go well with their marriage. They killed one chicken, and Malekdon told the wedding story.

Panoi and his wife lived very happily together and soon had one child. Nevertheless, they were very poor, and they had to work all the time for the rich people because they had no fields of their own. When he could get no work in the rice fields, Panoi went to the mountain and cut down trees to clear a place for a garden. In this clearing he planted camotes. Around the garden he dug ten deep holes which he covered with sticks and grass. He wanted to use these pits as traps for wild pigs.

He prayed to Lumawig, saying: "O Lumawig, send me many pigs. I am very poor, and I want to sell the pigs for food." Then Panoi killed some chickens for Lumawig.

The first night he caught three pigs. These he sold to some rich men for rice.

The next day he built a fence about his garden. The fence had one wide gate which he could close. That night fifteen pigs, lined up

like soldiers, came from Dalikon and went into the enclosure. Panoi set the fence on fire, and ran about knocking sticks together to frighten the pigs. The terrified pigs kept running about until they had all fallen into the holes.

Panoi was so tired then that he fell asleep until morning. When he woke up, he killed the biggest pig and carried it home.

He went to his father-in-law's house and said to him, "Come with me to my traps. I have caught many big pigs in my garden."

The father-in-law and his four sons went with Panoi to carry the pigs. When they brought them to the town, they found that one room was entirely filled by the wild hogs. Panoi gave one-half of a pig to each brother-in-law, but after he had distributed these he told Malekdon to return while the others were carrying home their shares. Then he gave Malekdon the biggest pig of all for himself. Panoi salted the meat that was left and sold it to the people in the town, but he kept the meat of eight pigs for himself.

Some time later his older brother-in-law was celebrating his third wedding feast. Panoi's wife said, "If my brother is having his last wedding feast, I'll follow him by having our first."

Her father agreed to this, but he did not invite any guests for her as he did for her brother.

Meanwhile Panoi and his wife pounded rice every night for the feast. They worked until they had eight baskets of rice ready, but no one in Alab saw them making their preparations. They were so eager to have enough for everyone who might come to the feast that they ate camotes themselves instead of rice.

Finally the day for the feast arrived. They had invited many Bontoc people, but the guests knew that Panoi's brother-in-law was having a feast, too, so they went to his house first. When they began to eat, they found the rice very watery. In the afternoon the sister invited them to come to her house, and there they found good rice and much meat for everyone. They praised Panoi and his wife, and sang and danced about their house. The other people heard how happy they were, and soon everyone came to Panoi's feast. The people were so pleased with the fine fiesta that they stayed all night dancing and singing.

After this feast everyone realized that Panoi was becoming rich. Before many years had passed, he was the richest man in Alab.

Malekdon, the Man Who Went to Tadian

Told by Douglas Dokalos

Malekdon was a man from Donguan who went to Tadian to work. The father of Kaligtan was building a house, and Malekdon helped with the building.

Just as the men had finished thatching the roof, an eagle flew down and perched on the ridge. The father of Kaligtan became very much frightened, and decided to go to another house immediately.

Malekdon said, "No, do not move. The eagle is a bird of good omen. If you stay in this house you are likely to become very rich."

The father of Kaligtan did as Malekdon suggested. Soon after the house was finished, the father of Kaligtan noticed that his pigs had very large litters. His pigs increased faster than they ever had before. With these pigs he began to buy rice fields and carabaos. Soon he became rich, and he realized that Malekdon had given him the advice which helped him to become rich. He sent Malekdon two G-strings and a blanket to thank him for his help.

Every year the father of Kaligtan gained more property until now his son is the richest man in Tadian. Kaligtan has more than five hundred cows and carabaos. He has never forgotten to be grateful to the family of Malekdon. Not long ago he sent some chickens to Malekdon's sons.

Digsi and Attiwag

Told by Lukas Fakiki

Digsi and Attiwag went together to Mt. Popwa to cut wood. Digsi was a poor man who had come from Bontoc, and Attiwag was a rich man from Donguan. Digsi had married an Alab woman.

They cut their wood and bundled it together, and with the bundles on their shoulders they started back to Alab. Digsi went first down

the trail. Part way down the mountain they had to go around a sharp, horseshoe curve. While Attiwag was walking, he kept playing with his spear, throwing it about, and seeing how well he could catch it. He was so interested in testing his own skill that he forgot about Digsi and the sharp turn in the road. Just as he reached the turn, he threw his spear, and there was Digsi immediately ahead of him. He shouted, but it was too late. The spear ran through Digsi's side, but fortunately it struck no vital part. The barbs caught in the flesh just under his right arm.

Digsi and his family thought Attiwag meant to kill him, so they tried to get revenge by killing Attiwag, but the old men of the town told Digsi to accept property in payment instead. Digsi did this, and from that time he began to grow rich, while Attiwag became poorer and poorer.

Digsi was the grandfather of Timothy Gatodan who is now in school, and Attiwag was the grandfather of Anthony Gaowang.

Todyog and Damokey

Told by Crispin Dapuyen

Todyog was a little short man from Alab who married a big tall woman from Antedao. After their marriage they lived in Antedao.

During the season for cultivating the rice, they went to their fields early in the morning and worked until sundown. Three Maiinit men saw them in the fields and followed them as they began to go home. Todyog and Damokey were climbing a rice paddy wall when the Maiinit men came upon them. The Maiinit men were on the ground, and the Antedao couple were some distance up the wall.

As soon as Damokey saw their enemies, she pushed her husband behind her and, taking stones from the wall, she hurled them quickly at the Maiinit men. In this way she killed one man; then the other two wanted to run away, but she shouted, "No, you stay here! "

She grabbed her husband's bolo and cut off another man's head. She handed the head to Todyog, saying, "Now, you carry this to Antedao." So Todyog carried the head which his wife had taken to Antedao.

The above story is always told with shouts of laughter. These head-hunting tales are, on the whole, I think, historical.

The Killing of the Five Maiinit Men

Told by Crispin Dapuyen

A group of men from Totopan went to clear a place on the mountain to plant camotes. When they began their work, they found some nests of the *nipil,*[17] so they returned to their homes and told the people that it would be better to plant sugarcane in that field. Then they returned to plant the cane.

When the sugarcane was ripe, they brought the press to the field to squeeze out the syrup. They pressed for three nights and three days. On the fourth night a Totopan woman went to boil the syrup. While she was cooking, five Maiinit men came by and saw her there alone. They thought they would sleep for awhile and return later to take her head.

After they had fallen sleep, the Antedao woman saw them. She took a big dipper full of the boiling syrup and poured some on the face of each man. In this way she killed them all.

At midnight she went back to Antedao and called the people to help her bring home the bodies. They wanted to send someone just to carry home the syrup, because they said, "No woman could kill five men."

She insisted that she needed a large group to help her, so many men finally went. They found that she had really killed five Maiinit men. They took the bodies home to Antedao, and had a great feast to celebrate their victory.

The Fight with Sapao

Told by Suposup

After the Spaniards left Bontoc, there was a period during which rebel Filipino soldiers wandered through the country until they were driven out by the Americans. When the American army was marching towards Bontoc, the rebels requisitioned twelve Alab men to carry their luggage from Bontoc to Benawi. Tatay, who died about two moons ago, was the Alab

counselor at that time. There was also one *cargadore* from Genugun, so our group numbered thirteen.

The first day we went as far as Bayo. There we had our dinner and slept all night. That is, all except two men slept. The father of Eli, Langba, Fagian, and one other man were so afraid to go on that they ran away. The rest of us decided to make our next day's trip from Bayo to Sapao, another friendly town.

Late in the afternoon, we reached Sapao. We went to a familiar *ato* and asked for food. Immediately some Sapao men went off, to go from house to house collecting rice and meat for us. When the food was gathered up, they returned to the *ato* and formed the rice into little balls before distributing it. They gave balls of rice and some meat to each one of us. Most of the men ate at once, but Daguin from Belig and I (Suposup) waited. Our waiting saved our lives. When a man eats with someone, he becomes his blood brother and puts himself in his power. Of course, your brother is morally bound to care for you, but if he does prove treacherous, you have no power to protect yourself.

Most of the Alab men were eating when the Sapao men suddenly stood up and began throwing spears. Most of the *cargadores* were killed at once, but Daguin and I were strong. We caught two spears as they flew past us and fought the Sapao men. I killed two and Daguin killed one. Then we ran away.

We ran and ran, and late the following afternoon we reached Sabangan. There we got some water. We hurried on again until we came to Genugun. At the *ato* there I asked permission to sleep a while and get some food. At first I could do nothing but sleep, but after several hours I woke up and told the men about the treachery of Sapao. The Genugun people agreed to fight with Alab to avenge the death of the *cargadore* from their town who had been murdered.

As soon as we had eaten, Daguin and I hurried to Alab. We shouted for all the people to come together, and I told them what had been done. Every one was immediately called in from the fields and we planned to go to fight Sapao. First some old men had to go to Mt. Oma to listen to the twittering of the birds. If the birds foretold good fortune, we knew we would be successful in the coming battle. Otherwise, we should have to wait for another time to fight.

This time the birds sang so that the old men knew we would be successful if we went at once to Sapao. We waited for the Genugun men and then set out toward Benawi. One night we slept at Ongud, and the next day we came within sight of Sapao. When we had almost reached our destination, we found Bangiay from Alab who must have died from lack of food after trying to run away from Sapao.

The Sapao men came out to meet Alab and Genugun. Spears flew all about. I dodged this way and that, and caught some as they were flying past. Binmokud from Alab, the grandfather of Karngan, killed one man and other people killed three. In all, four Sapao warriors were killed, but there were no deaths among the Alab men. Daraman, now the richest man in Alab, was almost killed but Bosenti from Bontoc protected him with his shield.

After we had killed four of their men, the Sapao people ran away. We came back to Alab and feasted for many days to celebrate the victory. We did not avenge all the Alab *cargadores* who had been killed, so we would have gone back again to fight, but just then the Americans came to Bontoc and they would not permit us to fight again.

The Quarrel with Banao

Told by Andrew Kitongen

Many years ago my father and three other men went to Banao to work to earn a carabao. After they had finished the amount that they had agreed to do, they asked for their pay, but the men who had hired them said, "I have a baby carabao which you will like very much, but why don't you wait first until it grows big?"

The men had agreed to work for a grown carabao so they did not want to take a young one. They decided to return a year later to get the animal that belonged to them.

The following year they went back to Banao. When my father reached there, he thought that something was wrong, because everyone in the town was at home. He told his companions that they had better go away and not bother about the carabao, but his friends insisted upon staying. Finally, when no one was looking, he went away himself. As soon as he reached the road, he began to run, but some women, who were hiding behind a rice paddy wall near the road, tried to kill him with stones. He ran all the way back to Alab and told the people there what had happened. His companions never came home.

Alab wanted to go immediately to avenge the deaths, but the Americans had come so we could not fight. After some time, the Banao people brought a blanket, a very good G-string, and some chickens to my father to make peace. This year we celebrated the final peace pact. The Banao men brought my father another G-string and some chickens to show that they no longer hate us. So we are now at peace with Banao.

Buleo

Told by Crispin Dapuyen

A long time ago one of the greatest fighters in Alab was Buleo. When Alab was fighting Maiinit at Dalikon, he stayed in the thickest part of the fight. He caught the spears of our enemies and kept hurling them back as quickly as they reached him. Sometimes he would be throwing spears with both hands at the same time.

In this battle, the Alab people were pushed back to Sapeng, and there twelve men on each side were killed. Still the Maiinit men kept driving the Alab people back. They fled to Fidelisan, to Sagad, to Bogang, and all the while the Maiinit men pursued them. Finally they came to Bagnen.

Buleo was hiding and when he looked about he found himself alone. He thought, "If I try to keep up with my friends I shall be killed. I'll go to Kayan and stay there."

It happened that Buleo had a wife in Alab but no children. When he did not return, the people told his wife that he had been killed, but she insisted that he had not because, she said, "If he were dead his spirit would visit me at night, but since he went off to fight I have never spoken with him." Of course, she *knew* that he had not died.

Buleo went to Kayan and married there, because he thought it would be better to take another wife so that he could have children there. Lingayan, a rich man in Kayan, is one of his children.

It seems to me that western children might enjoy several stories in this group in about the forms which I have used. The most interesting of these are some of the animal tales. "The Crow and the Lizard," "The First Rice Bird," "The First Monkey," "The Rat and the Woman," all give clever and amusing pictures of the animal heroes of the stories. They all give accurate representations of Igorot life while they have the brevity, the alive-ness, the humor, and situations worthy of some of the best animal tales. The longer Lumawig myths could not be used with the tiny children who might enjoy the animal tales, but "The First Wedding Feast" is a good story and children of eleven or twelve might like it in spite of the almost repulsively strange and very Oriental incident in which the young wife is sent off in the coffin. I should not want to change or eliminate that section in telling the story to Americans because the fantastic method of caring for the girl gives the story a strange eastern flavor which makes it more attractive. Interesting as the "Ido" may be to students of primitive peoples, it is hardly a child's story, but any of the five stories which follow it might appeal to some children. "Why People Die," "Apon Laman," "Apon Anito," "The Star Girl," "Why People Have Their Scalps Fast to Their Heads," "The Men Who Carved on the Rock," "The Bogang Girl," "The Son of the Guinaang Woman," "The Sagada Children," "Dalogdog, Todyog and Damokey," "The Killing of the Five Maiinit Men" all contain so much that is horrible, primitive and unethical that they should not be used as they are now written with any but mature persons. "The Star Girl" and "The Men Who Carved on the Rock" could easily have some of the rather

disgusting details eliminated so that they would make interesting children's tales. The story of "The First Snails" is repulsive to me, but young children, who often feel closer to the animal world than adults, might not think it so horrible for a child to be turned into snails. Unfortunately, the very charming account of "The First Rice Birds" depends for much of its effectiveness upon the exact words in the Alab dialect; so one cannot give in English anything that has the vividness of the original. "Okokati," "Inodey Falls," "The Star Children," "The Owl Visit," "How People First Came to Alab," "How the Different Sections of Alab Were Settled," "How Two Men Became Rich," all contain plots and incidents not too unfamiliar to the American child who knows the myths and folk tales of the European tradition. "The Tukukan Family and the Python" makes one think of Beowulf and the many dragon tales throughout Europe, although an Igorot hut is hardly as romantic as the great halls which the western dragons entered. The women who travelled about in pythons are surely no stranger to Jonah, but I doubt if a few more tales like that have anything more to give to children. The boy or girl who insists upon marrying against a parent's wishes furnishes a universal theme. To this the Igorot setting adds a new interest, but, of course, these tales could not be used before adolescence. "Buleo" contains too little to be worthwhile.

In Alab where there are no movies, no theatres, and no other forms of recreation which require merely attention of the person to be amused, story-telling holds a place which it could never hold in civilized life. The Alab people have no written language so that all history depends upon the memory of the story-teller. The "why" stories show the first efforts of a people to answer questions about the natural world, and so they form the Igorot's only "textbook of science." The Lumawig tales comprise the Alab Bible. I have never found an Alab person who would admit that any village stories were told just for amusement. Alab people say that they tell stories to teach lessons, to give the reason for the existence of something, to tell about Lumawig, and yet few of their stories are definitely didactic. From their tales they say they want history, science, religion, ethics, but they do not enjoy them. They would have little use for a tale frankly not based upon actual experience.

The Igorot's life is so restricted by the efforts to earn a living that usually he can think of nothing but that. The repetition of the theme, "How – became rich," shows how absorbing the economic struggle is to the Alab people, and this unnecessary concentration probably tends to make him regard even his pleasures in a utilitarian light. But in spite of the emphasis on the physically useful, one cannot doubt that Igorot lives are made richer by joy in the story-telling art. Faces which show only the "emptiness of ages" during long hours of bending over rice plants light up with interest and amusement during the telling of some funny story. A person need only sit on the outskirts of a group when a story is being told to feel the joy which both raconteur and listeners derive from it. There is no passive sitting still in the audience; the story-teller will be interrupted every few minutes by someone who wants to be sure of every detail. A particularly effective point will be emphasized by many head-shakings and exclamations of approval or dislike. The humorous narratives send the audience into gales of laughter. Although Miss Bryant is undoubtedly correct in saying that the story feeds the life of the spirit by giving joy, certainly in this primitive community that is not its only part in the economy of life.

Laura F. Kready in *A Study of Fairy Tales* (1916) discussed them as play forms. She says that stories are a kind of play. Alab children have practically no native games except an imitation of their village dance. This is probably because children must work in the fields as soon as they are old enough to chase rice birds, or they must guard the house while their parents go out to work, or they must feed the pig, or tend the baby. Childhood here is not a time of carefree play, but children of all ages do come to the *ato* with their fathers. There they hear the frequent story-telling and laugh gaily at the fun of the old men. The manual work required of them develops their bodies, and

perhaps in the *ato* they find a substitute for the imaginative games which seem so conspicuously lacking in their lives. I have not been able to find instances where they have attempted to dramatize any of their own stories, but they do enjoy telling each other tales like "The Crow and the Lizard" and "The First Rice Bird," and sometimes I have found them imitating the tones and gestures of some old men whom they have heard telling a certain story. When I say that Alab children have few games or little play free from responsibility, I do not mean to imply that they are unhappy or lacking in childish gaiety. They run about and romp playfully together, but native games similar to the organized games of western countries have not been developed.

Life demands so little of an Igorot except physical strength and he usually wants nothing that is not easily obtained except material wealth. He is practically never required to reason out any problem; he almost never has to count more than ten. It is certainly true that story-telling requires more mental effort than anything else that he has to do. Of course children hear the same stories over and over, and so the brighter ones learn the most familiar tales. As one might expect, the cleverest men in Alab are the best story-tellers; that is, the men whom I found learned most quickly when I tried to teach them anything, and who seemed the most astute in business deals, knew the most stories. These are probably naturally bright men who have developed in the only ways their lives permit whatever intelligence they possess. Determining just how great a part these stories play in keeping such men mentally alert would be a thesis subject in itself but when we realize that what stupid people do satisfies village standards, and how little there is in the work of the Igorots to develop their minds, we must realize what almost the only memory work they have may do in helping them to keep their minds slightly active. Then too, their tales grow and change practically each time one is told. Some man must tax his little-used imagination or power of reasoning to work out the dimly remembered details. The women do not so often tell stories, partly because they have no place as conducive to story-telling as the *ato*.

Ethically and spiritually, what can these tales give the Alab children? Can they help to train them according to Alab standards? The stories hardly mention physical strength, but everywhere an adequate body is assumed. Here we have no ugly ducklings, no little lame boys. Nothing arouses our pity for the physically undeveloped, although some horribly deformed people manage to live in the native village in spite of ruthless natural selection. Skill and dexterity are greatly admired. Buleo was a hero because he could throw and catch a spear well, not because he was brave or a good leader. He had no admirable mental or moral qualities. The good fighter was always the man who could manage his spears well, or think up some cunning way, no matter how cruel, to conquer the enemy. No uneduated Igorot could understand the spirit that held the Greeks at Thermopylae, or the feeling that is making a song to three young Japanese soldiers, men who deliberately gave their lives to cut the barbed wire entanglements in front of the Chinese lines in the recent fighting in Shanghai, almost the only song that a tourist now hears in Japan. But the Alab people have no precious civilization to guard. Their lives have been their most valuable possessions.

A moral quality which is exalted is industry, the industry that will make you wealthy. "How Two Men Became Rich" is one of the few stories with a definite lesson, because it has the lesson which Igorot children most need to learn if they are to survive. Several tales tell of calamities which follow ill treatment and neglect of children. Neglect is regarded in a most elementary way, however. The only conduct condemned is the failure to provide adequate food, or continuous unpleasantness. Certainly no positive conception of child-training is revealed. The story of the woman to Naneng shows admiration for the person who can teach better ways to earn a living, or who can relieve physical suffering. Gratitude is a virtue frequently displayed, as in giving gifts to Malekdon after he helped the man in Tadian, or in the story of Panoi. When we realize that the

Igorot dialect contains no word or expression for "Thank you," the feeling of thanksgiving evident here is perhaps surprising. On the other hand, a delight in cunning, in craftiness, is very evident, and there is no sign of disapproval when such slyly clever conduct involves lying, ingratitude, or cruelty. Clever stealing often seems to be admired, rather than condemned. On the whole the stories show that stealing and lying are quite all right if one can "get away with it." Nevertheless, the cunning that transgressed the rights of the guest merited swift vengeance, as we may see in the story of Sapao. Although the Igorots are kept from headhunting by the present government, admiration for men who took part in old blood feuds has certainly not died out, and all the head-hunting tales express a desire for vengeance and often a delight in sly, cruel warfare.

Lumawig is quite an ethical god for people whose standards are often so primitive. He has none of the amours of Zeus, or the other Greek gods. He is the kind, powerful helper of man; he aids the poor; his only grandson left on earth was told to tend the sick and injured. Of course Lumawig's son did lie to his wife about the coffin, but he did not heartlessly desert her. The son would use his divine power to put to confusion his brother-in-law. The fact that Lumawig sent a flood to destroy complaining people shows both the premium placed upon a good disposition and the prevalent indifference to cruelty. But in spite of the lack of any very advanced ethical qualities in the character of Lumawig, the Igorots do have a god who is better than they are. Lumawig believes in industry and fair dealing as we see in the story of "Why People Must Work for a Living," while certainly fairness is not a very evident trait of Igorot character. Although Alab people are usually faithful after marriage, they have numerous love affairs before. The Alab rich men rob the poor whenever they can; the weak everywhere are given scant consideration. The god is a good father. On the whole, in spite of the unethical elements one expects in the mythology of all primitive people, the Lumawig tales do set a standard slightly higher than that common in the village, but many of the other stories are less ethical than the people themselves. One now sees little cruelty to persons, although cruelty to animals is very common. I think that the only advances made over the morality of the myths and legends have come where new laws made by civilized people have forced certain changes. Of course, such a statement must except the Alab people who have been educated or who have had much contact with civilized influences. These tales, with the exception of the head-hunting stories, can bring the children to the level now required in the uneducated community, and in some instances take them beyond that standard, but there is nothing here to help them adjust themselves to a wider world which is now breaking in upon them.

In a community as different from an American city as Alab, it is practically impossible to draw comparisons between group activities in the two places. Settlement clubs and classes attempt to make the individual better adjusted to his environment. Story-telling in these groups opens up new vistas for the listeners, and draws the members together in a common interest and activity. Alab has one club, the *ato*. The *ato* does effectively in the native community what the American groups often attempt to do. It trains the boys and young men so that they are adjusted to group and so to community life. I have found no uneducated person, physically strong, who did not seem well adjusted to Alab living. Here again the lack of a word in the language throws some light upon living conditions. The Alab people have no word for "failure." One prominent activity in the *ato* is story-telling, story-telling which is the only means of handing down village traditions, Igorot history, science, and religion. Story-telling can never mean so much to an American group where it must compete with a host of other interests. That stories give western children the sort of creative joy which they give these little Malay tots, we all know, but the story-telling technique which holds a group of patient Orientals to whom time means nothing would wreck any modern Settlement group. I think that story-telling in

Alab cannot be very suggestive to the worker with American groups, except as it makes one realize the importance of organized group life in the development and perpetuation of any story-telling.

This investigation has resulted chiefly in the acquisition of a group of stories, most of them entirely unknown in the civilized world. A few of them, particularly the animal tales, have a charm and a universal appeal which should make them of interest to children anywhere. They offer material which might be useful to the American group worker.

Alab Igorot Words

Anito: the spirit of the dead.
Apoi: sacrifice at the rice fields after planting.
Apon anito: descendant of a spirit.
Apon laman: descendant of a wild pig.
Ato: men's club and dormitory.
Baai: vine from which Bontoc people make a kind of string.
Duum: roasted, freshly harvested rice.
Ginga: soft snails.
Ido: birth ceremony.
Idsangadum: long ago.
Ili: native town.
Kaen: skirt for the dead.
Ketan: hard snails.
Kiabong: rice birds.
Lama: blouse for the dead.
Moting: see *duum.*
Nipil: insect like a wasp.
Pinagpagan: fiesta blanket
Piti: rice birds.
Tapis: skirt.
Tapwi: rice wine.
Tilin: rice birds.
Topil: burnt rice.
Towo: tree like an oak.
Uma: garden.
Wakis: girdle.
Bandala: blanket for the dead.

Notes

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1. *Ili:* native town.
2. A sort of crowbar.
3. *Apoi:* a family sacrifice of a chicken to the anitos who may harm the rice. The ceremony takes place at each field or group of fields in a particular locality soon after the February rice planting.
4. *Duum* or *moting:* freshly harvested rice which has been roasted over the fire and then pounded.
5. "I am the child of the moting."
6. "I am the child of the rice husks."
7. *Uma:* a cultivated plot usually high on the mountain and a rather long distance from the village; it may contain vegetables.
8. *Topil.*
9. Descendant of *Laman.*
10. A section of Alab.
11. Descendant of an *anito.*
12. *Kaen:* a dark blue skirt with tiny red and white figures at each end.
13. *Wakis:* a stiff, corded girdle with long fringe.
14. *Lama:* a blouse particularly woven for the dead.
15. A dark blue blanket.
16. Bellili is no longer a part of Alab.
17. An insect like a wasp.

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