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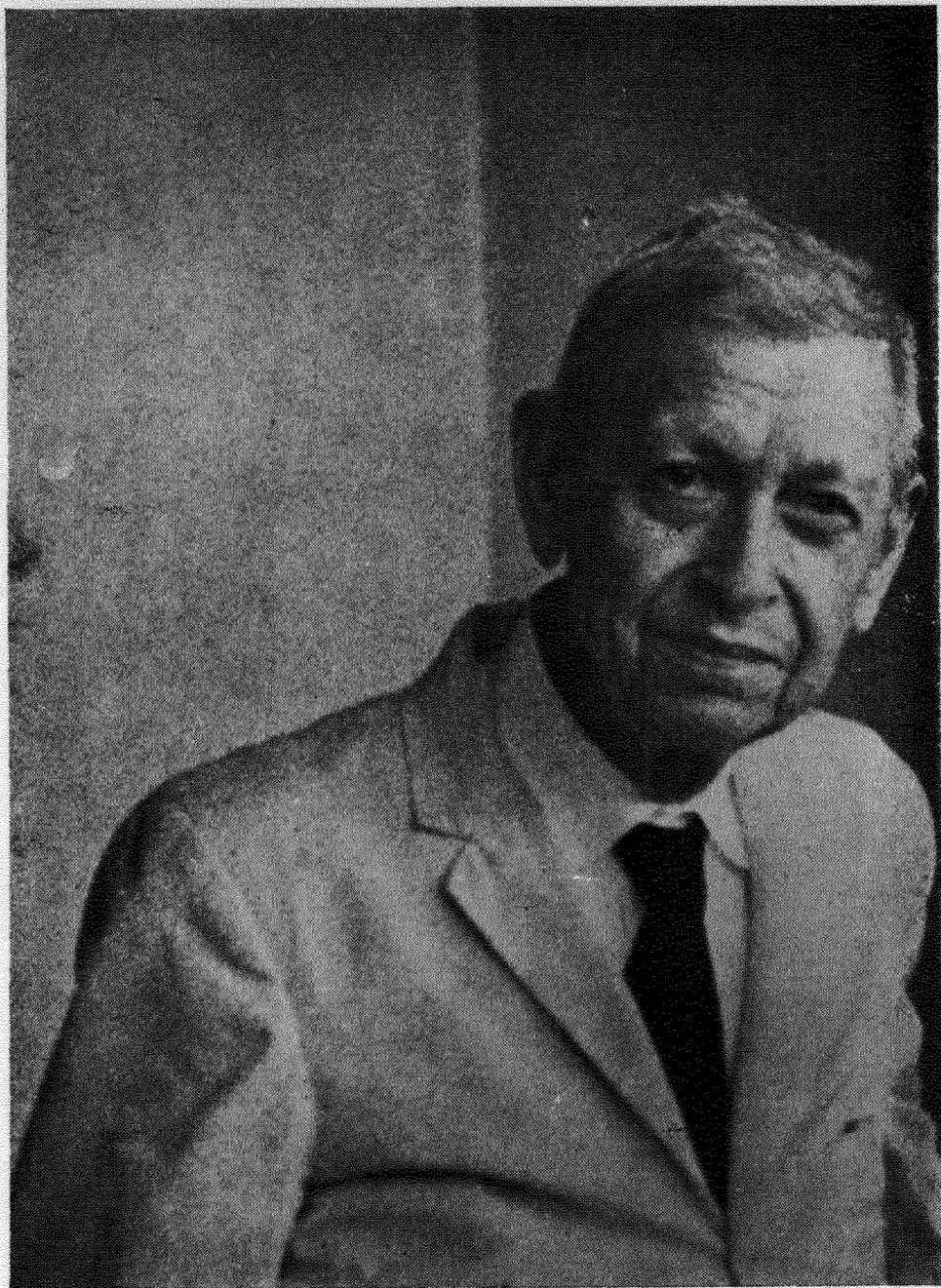
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WHEN H. Otley Beyer died December 31, 1966, his friends heaved a sigh of relief. They had never quite been reconciled to his last sickness, which for more than a year had made of him an irrelevant, irrational skeleton of his former self. It was good he died.

It was good he lived, too. To understand why his life was a good one it may help to review some of the things that made of it a full one, and one well worth living.

Beyer was born in Edgewood, Iowa, July 13, 1883 ("the day before Bastille Day"). His grandfather was one of the first three settlers of northern Iowa, Beyer used to say, obviously proud of the pioneer stock he could claim. I often had the feeling that Beyer saw his own coming to the Philippines as the kind of bold move his ancestors would have understood and approved. But he began moving about even earlier. First it was to Colorado, and a bachelor's degree at the University of Denver; then summers of archeological fieldwork, probing the Cliff Dweller remains nearby.

It was at the Louisiana Purchase Centennial Exposition held in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1904 that the Philippines first took shape as a tangible goal and personal challenge. Pioneer blood had been stirred, and in 1905, with a master's degree in chemistry from Denver and a Civil Service appointment from the Philippine Commission, 22-year-old Otley Beyer disem-

barked in Manila to begin a career that would run almost without interruption for a full 60 years.

Fortunately, the man to whom Beyer reported in Manila was Dr. David P. Barrows. Dr. Barrows had received the Ph.D. in anthropology from the University of Chicago some years before, but was in 1905 head of the Philippine Bureau of Education. Thanks to the decision of Barrows, made more by the anthropologist in him than the government bureaucrat, Beyer's first three years here were spent among the Ifugao, as a student of the old culture thinly disguised as a teacher of the new. Two years of travel and research abroad, with some graduate study at Harvard, further fitted Beyer for the post of ethnologist in the Bureau of Science.

In 1914, after four years with the Bureau, he was asked to found and to head the department of anthropology of the University of the Philippines, a challenge which no pioneer could decline. In his 40 years in this position Professor Beyer filled untold heads, many of them now in high places, with the awareness of a cultural heritage which but for his patient labor might not have been known, or at least not so soon and so well. As a matter of fact, it is likely that because of Beyer's benign presentation of his subject matter, the public image of anthropology was brighter and more positive in the Philippines before World War II than it was in the United States in those years. And this despite the alleged conservatism of the average Filipino.

Pioneers, like prophets, are often without honor in their own country and times. Not so Beyer. His advice and leadership were sought both here and abroad for almost three score years. As adviser, member, or head of mission, he guided the efforts of countless surveys and studies, government and private, shaping the ultimate action in such a way as to promote national growth in a manner adjusted to the character and culture of the Philippines.

In the scholarly world he was no less honored. Anthropologists and archeologists, prehistorians and paleontologists, geologists and well-read laymen the world over are familiar

with the name of H. Otley Beyer, either through Beyer's own many and significant publications, or through footnotes in the works of others, who appeal to his opinion with all the complacency of lawyers citing a favorable Supreme Court decision.

Thanks to Otley Beyer, the prehistory of the Philippines is better known than that of any other southeast Asian country, and the small but well-trained group of scholars who joined him in his work in his declining years are building on a solid base. No wonder then that foreign governments and societies rivaled the Philippines in honoring Professor Beyer; no wonder that prestigious universities abroad tried again and again to lure him to their halls; no wonder that President Quirino should himself have given him in 1949 a special award of merit in recognition of 45 years of faithful service to Philippine science; no wonder that he should have received honorary doctorate degrees from Silliman University (1959), the Ateneo de Manila (1961), and the University of the Philippines (1964), or been honored by a scholarly symposium on his 82nd birthday, the year before he died.

At the necrological service held January 3, 1967, at the Church of the Risen Lord, University of the Philippines, further honor was done Dr. Beyer. Without exception the eulogies witnessed to his scholarly greatness—so much so, in fact, that I began to feel uneasy for the old man, there in his simple coffin, until his life-long friend, A.V.H. Hartendorp, snapped the trend with some humorous, down-to-earth recollections of that salty son of the Iowa sod that many of us had known and, in the off-hand manner of busy colleagues, had loved. I was glad that Hartendorp was there.

If you praise a great man unduly, or for the wrong things, you make him a plaster saint in a hidden niche—removed from the rest of men, irrelevant, harmless, a conversation piece likely to entertain, but never challenge, the listener. Praise him for what he really was and really did, and you throw down the gauntlet for all. You show those who *might* do as well, or even better, that it *can* be done because it *has* been—by an ordinary man like themselves. It is in this spirit that I wish to say some-

thing for the record. As an anthropologist and a former student of Beyer, one who worked daily with him for 11 consecutive, highly profitable, and frankly interminable months, I may help others, especially young Filipino scholars, to see where the master's greatness lay.

Beyer should certainly be honored. He deserves it richly. But let this be clear: it is one thing to be honored and quite another to be declared a consummate anthropologist. Beyer, for one, had no illusions about himself. Even in his prime, he was far from being a Boas, a Kroeber, or a Kluckhohn. The understanding these giants had of the theoretical and substantive concerns of anthropology was of a scope that surpassed, if not Beyer's capacity, then certainly his interest. There were whole areas of the discipline which, till the end, remained for him *terra incognita* and, as his close associates well knew, *terra non grata* besides. When I worked with Beyer he seemed to know little, and care less, about many developments in general anthropology, widely hailed as significant, that had occurred in the 40 years since he had been at Harvard. For him there might just as well have been no Durkheim, no Radcliffe-Brown or Malinowski, no Radin, no Sapir, no Benedict or Mead. For Beyer, social anthropology was a snare and a delusion; personality-in-culture studies, so much nonsense; the phoneme, a foreign body.

As far as Beyer was concerned (and he wasn't especially), there were two legitimate pursuits for anyone claiming the name of anthropologist: ethnology and prehistory, preferably the latter. This special affection for prehistory first blossomed in his Cliff Dweller days, back in 1904, but it burst forth again when, after 15 years of productive dalliance with ethnology, he returned in 1921 to his first love. From that time on until his final sickness, prehistory was his passion.

Beyer was well suited for the kind of prehistory that he fancied. To begin with, he was an incurable collector, a scrupulous cataloguer, and a man for whom horizon lists and classifications had an almost fatal fascination. What freed him from their spell and made him think in broader terms was his child-

like faith (unquestioning but questionable) in the sufficiency of progressive evolution and migratory diffusion to explain man's cultural growth in general and in any particular case. With evolution and diffusion as his guides, and with an ample supply of both empirical archeological data—mostly on surface finds—and facts and ideas contributed by a coterie of like-minded colleagues, Beyer ultimately struck out bravely into the relatively uncharted wastes of prehistoric interpretation.

He was quite unconvinced of the weakness of this typically 19th-century approach, and the grand and vulnerable syntheses he created will predictably be the target of more cautious professionals for years to come. Nonetheless, his generalizations will serve as working hypotheses in the light of which subsequent investigation will be carried out. For though it is likely that a number of Beyer's conclusions will be refuted, they will not be brushed aside on grounds that they were hastily conceived or lacking in factual base. In other words, Beyer gave the normal scientific process the genuine and solid start that it required.

Here, then, is one of Beyer's unqualified claims to greatness: he showed us the way. Long before anthropology was granted the measure of respect it now receives, he was hard at work in it. And at a time when even Kroeber thought the Philippines had never known an age of stone, Beyer was mounting the first of his famous archeological surveys. In the classroom and the forum, by printed word and slide, this late-19th-century prehistorian made Darwin and Tylor palatable to a largely pre-Darwinian public. Beyer started the anthropological enterprise in the Philippines, and he kept it going, single-handed, a long, long time.

This brings us, finally, to Beyer's paramount claim to honor, the ultimate source of his greatness. It is not that he was a first-rate anthropologist by the standards of our day. He was not. It is not that he was beyond reproach or question even in the field of prehistory. His works will be probed and found wanting. His wondrous achievement was this, that he gave absolutely everything he had—skill, knowledge, money,

youth, energy, health, and life itself—in the single-minded pursuit of a noble goal, a better understanding of man. As with all of us, his resources were limited, but the point is that he gave them freely and without reserve, pouring himself out until he was completely spent. When Beyer died, he was the shell of a planted seed.

May he rest in peace.