

Pilipinas



By Carl A. Argila

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PHILIPPINES

For the past six years faithful DEAF AMERICAN readers have followed our exploits in the Philippines; and what a six years it's been! We've witnessed the birth of the first teletypewriter network for the deaf outside of the United States; the first total communication school for the deaf in Southeast Asia and a change of political and economic climate, in the Philippines as well as abroad, which would have been unimaginable back in 1970.

Through these years we've made many precious friendships, both with deaf and hearing persons, around the world—and these friends have been a constant source of encouragement and support. Friends are always badgering us to share more of our experiences in the Philippines—but there just never seems to be enough time. It has certainly not been for a lack of materials, in fact, over the past six years we've packed a four-drawer standard sized filing cabinet with such odds-and-ends as letters from deaf persons on Mainland China (smuggled out to us) and recipes for hashish fudge and other pukish delicacies!

In the hopes that DEAF AMERICAN readers might find some of our experiences entertaining, if not informative or thought-provoking, we have prepared a series of columns entitled simply "PILIPINAS." It is our goal in this series of columns to share with the reader experiences which we feel might help in understanding the problems faced by the developing and underdeveloped countries, particularly as they relate to the deaf. Vietnam was a painful lesson for America; we submit here what little we may have to offer to aid in better understanding the numerous "Vietnams" which circle the globe today.

But don't get the idea that "PILIPINAS" will be all that profound! It is our goal too, to bring a smile to your lips or a tear to your eye—and, in retrospect, some of our experiences have been a bit on the humorous side (though at the time the humor of it all escaped us!). Like the time we were "stranded" in Rangoon, Burma, trying to get out be-



Author's adopted son, Cecilio, is one of innumerable deaf waifs in developing and underdeveloped countries around the world. A future column will deal with adoption proceedings for those who feel they can share their home . . . and their life . . . with other unwanted deaf children.

fore our seven-day visa expired and we found ourselves in a Burmese hoosegow! The next stop on our itinerary was Vientiane, Laos and the only airline servicing that route was of all things, the Russian airline, Aerofloat, whose once-a-week Moscow-Hanoi flight had stopovers in Rangoon and Vientiane. Miraculously, we were able to get the last seat on the flight, which supposedly left Moscow full. And what a flight it was! The plane seemed to be a World War II cargo plane which had been hastily converted to passenger service; the aisles were barely wide enough to allow the two Russian stewardesses, each of whom must have tipped the scales at 200 pounds or better, to waddle through. Each of these buxum gals wore uniforms which were fairly popping their buttons! One could only conclude that this was Aerofloat's answer to the American "Fly Me" commercials.

And the rest room! The one and only rest room on board the plane had obviously been added as an afterthought. It sort of jutted out into the aisle and the only privacy one had was a sliding door, which even when latched didn't

quite close all the way—so while you sat there you could peep out and watch people walk by peeping in at you!

It was with a great sigh of relief that we stepped off that plane in Vientiane—but curious thing was that, since we were the only passenger to get on at Rangoon, and one of the very few to get off at Vientiane, most of the passengers were flying from Moscow to Hanoi—and who were the passengers? Mostly Vietnamese and American Blacks! Now why a group of American Blacks would be flying from Moscow to Hanoi (this was before the fall of South Vietnam) is still a complete mystery to us. But it does bring up another area which we hope to touch upon in "PILIPINAS," namely politics. Even though we are basically "apolitical" in nature, we can't help but to notice that the fortunes of the deaf do wax and wane with the political climate.

We've learned to expect the unexpected—and I don't think anything could happen these days which would surprise us. But way back in 1970, the last thing in the world which we would have expected would be to become a father—and an "unwed father" at that! But here we are today, the (very) proud papa of a little brown bundle of joy (who isn't so little anymore!). Our adopted son, Cecilio, is one of innumerable deaf waifs in developing and underdeveloped countries around the world. Cecilio will provide the motivation for many a "PILIPINAS" column as we continue to learn more and more from this little guy! Friends have asked us about adopting a deaf child from overseas, and this will be one of our upcoming topics.

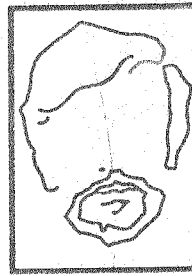
Throughout these past years we have gone through many stages of evolution in our thinking about the "problems" of the world in particular the problems of the developing and underdeveloped countries and their deaf populations. In our effort to distill all of our observations into a single equation which would explain everything, we've gone through many candidates—but none of them

explained it all. Some of these "candidates" were "human greed" or "the love of money" and though these certainly were a major factor in the "problems" we saw around us—they didn't explain everything. Perhaps these years have taught us that such a simple explanation of the world's dilemma doesn't exist—but, undaunted, we now have a new equation—one which fits the facts quite well—and that equation relates our observations to one thing—attitudes; for there is no doubt in our mind that, more than anything else, it is the attitude of the deaf towards themselves, or of hearing persons towards the deaf, or the populace of an underdeveloped country towards a developed country which affects the outcome of events more than anything else. Many, if not most, of our "PILIPINAS" columns will deal in one way or another with this central theme—attitudes.

And if "attitudes" are the cause—what then is the solution to the "world's problems"? And one lesson we have learned quite well over these past years is that it is useless to talk about "solutions" because most people in developing and underdeveloped simply don't look at the world—or their plight—as a set of problems waiting for a set of solutions; this is primarily a Western attitude (again an attitude!) which, we think, creates more problems than it solves. One does better to talk about relieving situations which the people concerned, *themselves*, feel is in need of remedy, i.e., they must have an attitude which prepares them to seek a solution. In this context, we do feel there is a "panacea"—and that "panacea" is, very clearly, technology. But technology, as it appears in the developed countries, cannot simply be transplanted to the developing and underdeveloped countries—for it can easily die in the strange environment—rather, technology must be, shall we say "genetically" altered, so that it can thrive in the environment of the developing and underdeveloped countries.

Our next column will deal with "Technology in Developing Countries . . . and the Deaf." We sincerely hope that DEAF AMERICAN readers will enjoy "PILIPINAS" as much as we have enjoyed these years in the Philippines.

Philippines



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"Technology in Developing Countries . . . and the Deaf"

The applause was almost riotous—in fact a couple of foot stomps could be heard from the back of the hall! Now that's quite a reaction from a staid group of computer specialists! I fairly collapsed into my chair, trying to look cool, calm and collected when actually my hands were shaking and my legs were queasy.

I had been invited to sit as a "panelist" at a session of the second annual DPMA (Data Processing and Management Association of the Philippines) conference. Propriety dictated that I sit on the platform with a plastic smile pasted on my face as the "experts," many of whom came from Australia and the United States, delivered their scholarly treatises on the "state-of-the-art" in computer technology.

Each of these speakers, it turned out, was a representative of the various international computer corporations—and each seemed to be giving more of a sales pitch than an academic presentation. As the speakers marched to the podium it became more and more obvious that they were taking advantage of this occasion to mislead those of us who, being 10,000 miles away from "where the action is," must rely on the good faith of these "experts." We were being told how these hundred-thousand-dollar-and-up computer systems would solve all of our agriculture, social, political, economic, educational and sex problems—the word was "buy, buy, buy" . . . and as they talked, talked, talked, my temperature went up, up, up and that plastic smile on my face began to melt.

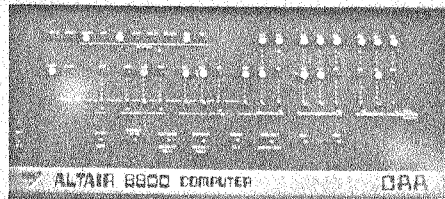
What these "experts" were carefully trying to keep hidden under the carpet was that the past year had seen the birth of a new generation of computers—the "affordable" computer. An off-shoot of "integrated circuit" technology, which brought about the ubiquitous pocket calculator, entire computer systems were now in the price range of under \$1,000; that's about one-tenth to one-hundredth

of the price of comparable computer systems only a few years ago.

The cork finally popped, and that plastic smile went up in smoke, when the principal speaker, a distinguished expert (we were told), sent to the Philippines by the U. S. government

through their USAID office, got up to speak. Not a word did he mention about this new "computer revolution"—indeed he only punctuated what the other speakers had already said . . . "Buy, buy, buy!"

Taking advantage of a pause for questions from the audience, I literally grabbed the microphone and figuratively grabbed the floor and delivered a little treatise of my own! I had fortunately brought with me a pile of literature about the new "affordable"



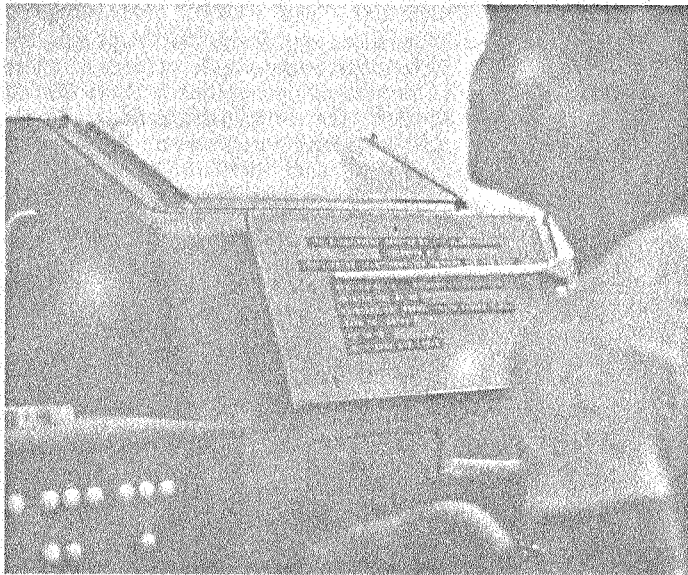
The ALTAIR 8800 computer, the first of the "affordable" computers, has opened up unlimited possibilities for application of sophisticated technology in developing countries.



When connected to a standard cassette tape recorder (the small portable type used for diction) the computer drills Cecilio in associating printed words with their sound. Cecilio attempts to repeat the word and monitors his own voice.

computers—and when I had collapsed back into my chair, the applause reverberating around the room, I knew I had made my point. Our USAID speaker, the color now gone from his face, suddenly became an expert on the "new" computers—he tried his best to belittle the whole matter—but the seeds had been planted. Somehow the conference wasn't quite the same after my little outburst! Even as other speakers took to the podium, people crept to the platform to ask to see the literature I had brought, copy addresses, etc., and if looks could kill, the conference moderator would have shot me dead! I don't think the DPMA will invite me back again.

I mention this incident because it is so representative of what I have seen in the Philippines and other developing and underdeveloped countries around the world—so often countries, which can ill afford to waste their precious foreign exchange reserves, are "fast-talked" into buying expensive, sophisticated technology with little regard, by the seller, as to whether or not this technology will really meet the needs of the purchaser, or for that matter, whether the technology can even survive in the environment of a developing or underdeveloped country. The assumption seems to be, "This is good for us, so it will be good for you." The deaf have been particularly victimized by this philosophy since every school for the deaf in the poor countries longs for audiometric and speech training equipment and parents of deaf children often think that a hearing aid will "cure" deafness. Since most developing and underdeveloped countries have no teacher training programs for edu-



Left: Together with a teletypewriter and a modern (coupler), the ALTAIR computer forms a complete "mini-system" which is used in this application for instructional purposes. Right: Cecilio is drilled by the computer in mathematics, spelling and other areas where repetition is an important element in learning.

cation of the deaf, teachers are often trained in the developed countries—and most of the time that means in an oral school. These teachers return home thinking that they just can't teach without audiometric and speech training equipment, and the failure of many an oral program has been blamed on the lack of such equipment.

Once precious funds have been scrapped together to purchase an audiometer or a group hearing aid or some such equipment, then the bubble begins to burst—first it's found that the equipment can't be effectively utilized because the local people are not well-versed in its operation; the instruction book doesn't help much and the factory representative is 10,000 miles away. This leads to the misuse (and often times abuse) of the equipment which, when coupled with the temperature and humidity extremes of many developing and underdeveloped countries (for which the equipment was not engineered to withstand), then leads to the usual state of the equipment—broken. This is particularly true of audiometric equipment whose precision circuits are easily thrown of alignment.

The equipment usually can't be repaired locally—and if there is some one who can (at least try to) repair it locally, the spare parts are not available locally. The equipment must then be sent abroad for repair—a matter which takes about six months round-trip (most of that being transportation time)—precious funds must again be scrapped together and the cycle begins again.

In our national school for the deaf, for example, I do not know of one occasion in the past six years when the (one) audiometer was functioning or the (one) speech trainer was being used—the school administration cer-

tainly can't be blamed—they have simply fallen victim to the "false god" of technology.

I can say with considerable pride that during my short stint as an educational administrator (as acting director of the Southeast Asian Institute for the Deaf, SAID) not so much as one centavo was spent on imported technology nor did we ever solicit the donation of such equipment. (Well intentioned friends abroad often think that a used hearing aid or some such equipment will be of help to us in the poorer countries—there are other more effective ways to help.) This does not mean to say that we did not have such equipment at the SAID—we did in fact have a speech trainer and a crude audiometer—locally made from locally available components. Though this equipment might not come up to commercial specifications—it is useful, durable and when in need of repair can be repaired locally.

We shall discuss technology, and how one distinguishes between the "good" technology and the "bad" technology, in future "Pilipinas" columns, but let us return to the matter of the new "affordable" computers. These machines are an example of the "good" group—they can operate very nicely in any sort of an environment, repairs (which are few and far between) consist of replacing a small plastic-encapsulated "integrated circuit" which can be airmailed overseas for only a few cents. But more importantly is what they can do—and what they do is bring to our doorstep sophisticated techniques which heretofore we could not afford. For the deaf this means, among other things, that vitally important advancements in educational technology, in particular "Computer Assisted Instruction" are now within the reach of many of us in the developing and underdeveloped coun-

tries. Considering too that these countries have such a deficiency of trained persons in the field of education of the deaf, one can well understand what a "revolution" these "affordable" computers will bring about.

Scrapping together our meager saving (which Cecilio had hoped would be used to buy a TV set!) we recently became the proud owner of an ALTAIR 8800 computer, the first of this new generation of "affordable" computers. Together with our "Phonotype" and TTY (which we already had for telephone communication) our ALTAIR forms a complete mini-computer system. We have been experimenting with educational applications and Cecilio has been using the ALTAIR for drill in spelling and arithmetic. As many DEAF AMERICAN readers are familiar with, such repetitive drill, which is essential for learning in areas such as arithmetic, are trivial applications of "Computer Assisted Instruction"—we hope to continue our work in this area, developing "software," i.e., the programs which tell the computer what to do, for entire lesson "streams" so that the primary learning source is the computer and the teacher only supplements the "standard" curriculum. In one application we've developed, Cecilio monitors carefully pronounced words which have been prerecorded on a cheap cassette tape and simultaneously sees the words printed on the TTY. Using his residual hearing he tries to interpret the word, and must answer a question concerning the word (such as how many syllables it contained); the computer then asks Cecilio to repeat the word so that he can monitor his own voice. This kind of "automated" speech trainer is quite effective for routine drill.

Many DEAF AMERICAN readers will realize that our applications of "Com-

puter Assisted Instruction" are ridiculously trivial by the standards of educational technologists abroad—but what makes them significant to those of us in a developing country is that they are "affordable." In fact, the entire computer system pictured on these pages cost us less than \$500. I have little doubt that the day will come when every village schoolhouse in every developing or underdeveloped country will have some sort of "teaching machine," bringing to the remotest, most inaccessible spots on this globe the knowledge which will help all men to build a better tomorrow. That is the promise of technology.

* * *

Author's note: The ALTAIR 8800 computer is distributed by

MITC, Inc.
2450 Alamo S.E.
Albuquerque, N.M. 87106

* * *

Much of our motivation for "Computer Assisted Instruction" has been to help Cecilio catchup and keep up with his hearing classmates. Yes, hearing classmates! Cecilio is the first deaf child to have been "mainstreamed" into a hearing class in the Philippines. Our column for next month: "Mainstreaming in Manila."

Sample Lessons

SPELLING LESSON IV-7

WHICH OF THESE WORDS IS SPELL-ED WRONG:

- (1) BUILDING
- (2) GATHERD
- (3) PUPILS
- (4) WOOL

? 2

CORRECT. NOW TRY THIS ONE.

WHICH OF THESE WORDS IS SPELL-ED WRONG:

- (1) CARROTS
- (2) FLUD
- (3) WOMEN
- (4) OWNED

? 3

WRONG. TRY AGAIN.

? 2

CORRECT. NOW TRY THIS ONE.

WHICH OF THESE WORDS IS SPELL-ED WRONG:

- (1) APPEARD
- (2) SOCIAL
- (3) DIVISION
- (4) ATTEMPT

? 4

WRONG. TRY AGAIN.

? 3

WRONG. THE WORD (1) IS SPELLED WRONG.

ARITHMETIC STREAM 17

DO THESE ARITHMETIC PROBLEMS:

32
+ 86

H ?118

CORRECT. NOW TRY THIS ONE.

$$88 + 73 + 4 = ?166$$

WRONG. TRY AGAIN.

?165

CORRECT. NOW TRY THIS ONE.

622
-547

?70

WRONG. TRY AGAIN.

?77

WRONG. THE CORRECT ANSWER IS 75.

SPEECH LESSON 25

LISTEN TO THIS WORD:

FATHER

LISTEN AGAIN AND REPEAT THE WORD AS YOU HEAR IT:

FATHER

HOW MANY SYLLABLES DID YOU

HEAR

? 2

CORRECT. NOW TRY THIS ONE.

LISTEN TO THIS WORD:

BOTHER

LISTEN AGAIN AND REPEAT THE WORD AS YOU HEAR IT:

BOTHER

HOW MANY SYLLABLES DID YOU

HEAR

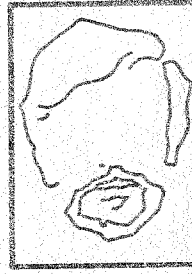
? 1

WRONG. TRY AGAIN.

? 2

CORRECT.

Pilipinas



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Mainstreaming in Manila

My father used to call them "school pains." My mother's "cure" was my father's razor strop. But the only good that did was get me to school—the pains persisted. From the time I was in Grade 2, until about Grade 6, I was subject to the most excruciating stomach cramps. Funny thing was, they only came on school days—they would begin shortly after breakfast and become more intense as the time to leave for school approached. And never would they occur on a Saturday, Sunday or during school vacations!

It was only during my adult years that I understood what caused these seemingly very real pains—I hated school. It was not just a dislike. I intensely hated school with every fiber of my being—and no wonder! Bundled in our little uniforms we sat glued to our seats, feet on the floor, hands folded, not daring to move a muscle lest the ever present hardwood ruler

"WE BELIEVE . . .

... THAT A CHILD LEARNS BEST WHEN THE SITUATION IS MEANINGFUL TO HIM AND NON-THREATENING."

be used on our palms or the back of a bony hand slap our faces.

With these memories still very vivid in my mind, it was with great concern

that I noticed the same kind of hate for school developing in Cecilio. But that contradicted everything we had hoped for—Cecilio should have loved school not hated it. He was one of the first students in our country's only total communication school; his teachers, recent Gallaudet graduates, were deaf; he had a free and open communication environment—but then, on the other hand, Cecilio's teachers had just recently arrived in the Philippines—they were having a most difficult time adjusting to their new environment (some call it "culture shock"). The teacher's attitude was no doubt sensed by the children, and repeated incidents of the children being manhandled created more concern. To make matters more difficult, the teachers were staunch AMESLAN sup-

"... THAT A CHILD'S FEELINGS AFFECT HIS BEHAVIOR TO A GREATER EXTENT THAN PRECEPTS AND ADMONITION."

porters, whereas the official school policy was that only Signed English be used. This was particularly difficult for Cecilio since we drilled on Signed English at home extensively, but he was using virtually a different sign language in school.

I had no doubts that these youthful, idealistic teachers would eventually adapt

to Filipino culture and that the school would resolve its "getting started" problems and become a top-notch institution—but those of us with older deaf children are racing against time. Our children need an established, effective program—and they need it now. For these reasons and for others which I shall touch upon in future "Pilipinas" columns, I began to think seriously of what educational alternatives might be available for Cecilio.

Enrolling Cecilio in another school or class for the deaf was out of the question—as DEAF AMERICAN readers who have followed our articles in these pages well know, the situation for education of the deaf in the Philippines is quite bleak (indeed that is why so many of us have been working for so many years for a change). For years I had followed with great interest the progress

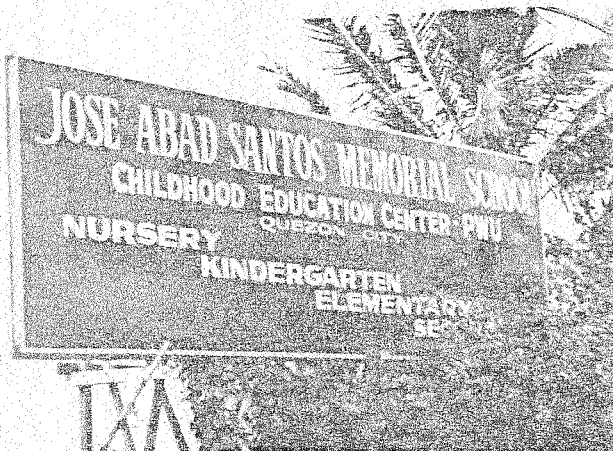
"... THAT CURRICULUM CONTENT DRAWN FROM CURRENT LIFE EXPERIENCE HOLDS MORE MEANING FOR TEACHERS AND CHILDREN THAN CONTENT CHOSEN FROM TEXTS."

of "mainstreaming" in the United States and other countries (a fad which came about after I had left the U. S.) and this certainly seemed like the only alternative I had. For years we had said that a developing country like the Philippines could never "afford" a secondary program only for the deaf and that the best we could hope for is to provide our deaf children with a sound elementary education and help them to "mainstream" into regular vocational or academic secondary programs as they might qualify. But the thought of "mainstreaming" a child into a primary program was just

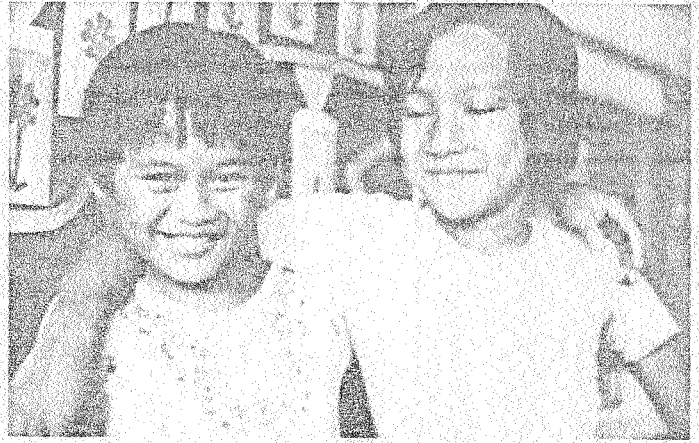
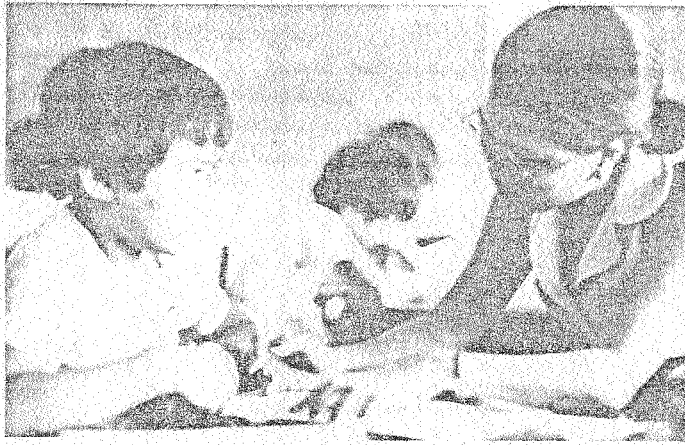
"... THAT WHAT A CHILD LEARNS, FOR HIMSELF AND THRU HIS OWN OBSERVATION OR INITIATIVE, WILL HAVE A MORE LASTING EFFECT THAN WHAT IS TAUGHT TO HIM BY OTHERS."

not considered.

Since both public and private schools in the Philippines are under the very close supervision of the Department of Education and Culture we approached



Left: Quezon City's Jose Abad Santos Memorial School (JASMS) has been the Philippine's pioneer in educational innovation: JASMS is the first school in the Philippines to "mainstream" a deaf child. Right: Cecilio has been "mainstreamed" into a regular Grade IV class. He has been with the same group since Grade III.



Left: JASMS has been a pioneer in the "individualized instruction" field. There are rarely any formal "lectures," but rather children work independently at their own pace. Cecilio receives individual attention from his teacher, Ms. Erlinda Aninao. Right: Deafness is no barrier between Cecilio and his classmate "Bong" de Jesus. The hearing children relate to Cecilio as a human being; his deafness is simply forgotten.

this government body about the possibility of "mainstreaming" a deaf child into a regular elementary program. It had never been done, we were told, but there was no "law against it"; we only needed to find a suitable school with a willing principal.

Surely it was Providence which led us to one of the most unique schools in the Philippines, the Jose Abad Santos Memorial School (JASMS) located not more than a mile from where we live! JASMS is the end product of nearly half a century of pioneering work in the field of education by Mrs. Doreen B. Gamboa, who came to the Philippines from the United States in the early 1930's. I could never describe adequately my impressions the first time I entered JASMS: one immediately notices that the children don't wear uniforms—JASMS is the first school, public or private, I've seen in the Philippines where the children don't wear uniforms; as Mrs. Gamboa put it, "We want the children to each have their own personality." The next impression one gets is how open and outgoing are the children; shyness isn't "taught" at JASMS! One can't describe in a single word or phrase the "system" at JASMS—it's the "open classroom," "individualized instruction," "non-graded school" all rolled up into one—". . . THAT A YOUNG PERSON'S URGE TO IMPROVE HIMSELF AND THE ENVIRONMENT WHICH SUPPORTS HIM, IS THE ACTIVE FORCE IN LEARNING." but it's more than that—JASMS is an experience. I particularly like Mrs. Gamboa's description of JASMS as a "child development center." The quotations we have included on these pages will give the reader some idea of JASMS' philosophy.

As one educator has put it "Mainstreaming a deaf child is more than giving him a seat in the front of the room." Certainly JASMS would be the type of environment which would give Cecilio both a conducive atmosphere for learning, as well as the experience of re-

lating to "the hearing world"; I could not think of a more ideal environment for "mainstreaming."

Mrs. Gamboa agreed to a trial period to see how Cecilio would adjust to the JASMS environment—and how JASMS would adjust to Cecilio! And it was love at first sight! On November 1, 1975, Cecilio was officially enrolled at JASMS—the first deaf child to be "mainstreamed" in an accredited primary school in the Philippines. It is difficult to describe how our lives have changed in this past year. The most obvious changes are, I guess, the things which have disappeared—gone are Cecilio's outbursts of temper; gone are his moods, his pouting for hours. Cecilio eats better and no longer throws-up his food, which used to be the case.

Socially, Cecilio has developed more self-confidence which shows even in the way he walks. Cecilio, who had been so shy with hearing people, now takes public transportation alone and goes back and forth alone to school every day (quite an accomplishment for a nine-year-old deaf child in the Philippines). Cecilio can even go to the store alone, writing notes when necessary, and handling unexpected situations with ease and self-confidence.

As an educator, I'm most impressed by Cecilio's academic improvement. Because Cecilio would be the only deaf child in a hearing school of over 500 children, with teachers who had never even seen a deaf child before, it was felt that academic progress would lag behind social and emotional development. That has not been the case. Cecilio began in the equivalent of Grade 3 and is now in the equivalent of Grade 4—this means only that he is with children of his own age group. His academic work has started from scratch—and his progress has been nothing short of remarkable. In non-verbal areas, such as arithmetic, he can usually keep up with his classmates. In language development he still lags behind his class-

mates, but is able to communicate quite well with his teachers by written notes—his classmates have quickly picked up Signed English and it's sometimes hard to tell who's deaf! Having poked and probed Cecilio over the past year with all sorts of IQ tests, we've found that his "IQ" has been slowly, but steadily increasing.

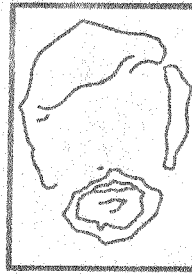
Though we shall touch upon this in future columns, I can't end without mentioning how successful we have been with Signed English—Cecilio is developing a deep understanding of the different roles which a single English word can assume and even though we have a different sign for every English word, our communication is fast, fluid and relaxed. Cecilio has a Signed English vocabulary at least as great as the spoken vocabulary of a hearing nine-year-old child and it has been such a thrill to watch his English syntax develop as he uses his written and sign language in school and at home.

Perhaps the greatest testimony to "mainstreaming" comes from Cecilio himself—"I love school," "I love Mrs. Gamboa," "I love Ms. Aninao" . . . and the list goes on and on, usually ending with "and I love 'MM'" (the school cat). Nope, no "school pains" for Cecilio.

* * *

Author's Note: In response to requests we've received about how to go about adopting a deaf child from overseas, our next two columns will deal with adoption, first some of the personal considerations and then the legal technicalities involved. Next month: "On Being an Un-Wed Father".

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As promised in our last column, we begin the first of a two column series on adopting a deaf child from abroad. This month we shall touch upon some of the personal considerations which a potential "parent" might want to think about before adopting a deaf child. Next month we shall discuss the legal technicalities of overseas adoption.

Having been away from the United States since 1971, it was a great thrill for me to return for last year's World Federation of the Deaf Congress. The one month I would spend in the United States would not be nearly enough time for me to do all the things I wanted to do—but one thing was a *must* on my itinerary. I had to visit all of those precious friends who provided us with moral, and in many cases material, support during these long years in the Philippines—and helped to make the 10,000 mile distance from "home" a little less awesome!

I even made a check list of people I had to see—Lindsay, my former office-mate from the years we worked together in Houston, the complete antithesis to what one would expect a "lady engineer" to be like! Ed and Martha Bloom, without whose inspiration I'm sure I would never have begun working with the deaf.

And then there was Rick and Carmen. Rick was my roommate when we were both students at Florida State University. Perhaps Rick and I became close friends because we had such opposite personalities. Whereas I was somewhat introverted and bookish, Rick was outgoing and quite the man-about-campus—star of FSU's "flying high" circus and president of one of the school's most active student religious organizations. Rick just seemed so All American—and his marriage to his campus sweetheart, Carmen, just seemed to reek of apple pie and everything that was American during the early, idealistic 1960's.

But now it was 1975—and a lot of bubbles had burst during the past decade. None the less I was thunderstruck to learn that Rick and Carmen had divorced—leaving a darling five-year-old girl to be reared in a broken home. Rick and Carmen were the last to go, so to

speak. All of my friends who had married after high school had divorced (some are now working on their second and third marriages!) and those married immediately after college were now gone too. In fact, as I look around at friends and colleagues it seems as though the more successful marriages are those which began later in life. (One might pessimistically conclude that the *most* successful marriage is the one that never begins!)

I guess I'm just old-fashioned, but I still think that marriage should be "for keeps"—and perhaps that's why I've been reluctant to take that fatal stroll down the aisle. Many of those whom I met at the WFD Congress last year seem to have similar sentiments. I sensed that their attitude is that these are uncertain times, at best. Building a life alone just seems more practical than becoming a statistic! And, too, I think many of us want to make a better home for our children than our parents made for us—a home filled with warmth and love—not just material things.

THE THREE L'S FOR A
HAPPY HOME:
LOVING
LAUGHING
LEARNING...

Psychologists claim that the American home today is void of love and commun-

ication. Maybe so, but I saw in so many of these "singles" I met, just so much love pent up I thought they'd explode! And I know how they feel—there is a basic psychological need to love and to be loved. I guess perhaps that's the main reason why I made a major decision in my life a few years ago to share this love with a child, my adopted son, Cecilio. There are others, many others in the deaf community, some recovering from unsuccessful marriages. (There *does* seem to be a higher incidence of divorce among young deaf couples versus hearing couples, doesn't there?) who have the resources and the love to become topnotch parents. And I think there is a special place for this kind of parent particularly for older deaf children.

Married couples who seek children for adoption usually want infants whom they can call their own, more I think for their own satisfaction than for the child's benefit! Older children, particularly older deaf children (anything over age five is considered "old") remain unadopted. Single parents, on the other hand, would find it difficult to cope with an infant. The single parent is usually a working parent so being able to enroll the child in a preschool or day care program is a necessity.

For the deaf "single" there is another important consideration — communication. The deaf "single" is uniquely qualified to provide a home environment of free, relaxed and effective communication. I am a very firm believer in the necessity of good communication in the home for the success of the deaf child in school. The burden of communication rests with the family, not with the school. This is certainly a necessity for those of us with "mainstreamed" deaf children—and it is certainly what the single deaf parent can provide.

So what's it like to be a "single parent"?



Author and his adopted son, Cecilio, one of innumerable deaf waifs in developing and underdeveloped countries around the World. Next month shall discuss the legal technicalities of overseas adoption.

(or, as my friends kid me, an "unwed father")? Rule number one: Don't become involved in role playing." Don't try to be something you're not. You are not the kid's father (or mother, or whatever). There are times when I feel like a mother—perhaps because Cecilio is at an age when he needs more "mothering" than "fathering". And there are times when I feel like a father but most of the time I feel like myself—mentor, confidant or, as Cecilio says, "We're friends." Cecilio and I talk openly about his natural parents (they had abandoned Cecilio—more about that in a forthcoming column) and I never try to replace them. I'm just me. And that's the way it should be.

Rule number two: Your life will be changed substantially, but don't let it become changed completely. I really think it takes at least a year for the parent to adjust to the child—and the child to adjust to the parent. As I look back to my pre-parental days I realize that I'm a very different person today than I was then—and that's good. I've learned that part of a person's psychological growth—which is a lifelong process—is passing through parenthood. One must become a parent if he is to fully understand himself. But that isn't all there is in life. The child is not the center of your life as you must not become the center of his. Maintain your hobbies, interests and friends. And keep on dating!

A well-adjusted, secure child will understand that you need the love and affection of another just as he needs your love and affection. The secure child does not become jealous. Interestingly, though, as I look back to my pre-parental days I notice a distinct change in the character of my dating. It has become less intense. Gone are the quiet Saturday night candlelight dinners and those lazy Sunday afternoons—supplanted by trips to the museum, zoo, park, carnival, etc. And too, potential dates must pass the "Cecilio test."

There must be a rapport, I've learned, between you and your date and your child or else you become the "link" between two isolated worlds. I've never dated anyone fluent in Signed English and none of my dates have ever learned more than a few basic signs. And yet, when that magic rapport existed, there

was no communication gap. I think that is precisely the kind of sensitivity which one would look for in a life time partner.

There are so many more feelings I'd like to share with the reader—about education, how we've managed to make the simplest situations occasions for learning, about social adjustment, etc. But our space is limited, so let me just close with the most important of all the rules I've learned as an "unwed father." You can't do it alone . . . so don't try. There are days when everything seems to go wrong. I sit, at the end of the day, in our darkened living room, thinking of all the things I had done wrong—the sharp words I threw at Cecilio because I was annoyed about something else, the opportunities for creative experiences I let slip by, the few minutes I never found to help Cecilio with his writing, the few pesos painfully set aside

for a new pair of shoes which had to go for unexpected medical expenses.

I look at myself and how utterly inadequate I am to be a parent—and how audacious I was to have claimed I could raise a child! At times like these the burden of being a parent just seems to be overwhelming. I shake my head in wonder at how incredibly difficult life is for the single parent—with no one to share the burden with—and tears stream down my face. But there is Someone to share the burden with! "For I am with you always . . ." He told us. We are not alone—He is with us.

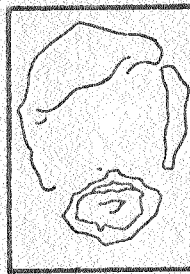
The light snaps on and Cecilio comes running in. "Why are you sad, Papa?," his little arms enfolding me like tentacles.

"I'm not sad. I'm very, very happy."

"I love you Papa."

"I love you too."

Philippines



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Adopting A Deaf Child From Abroad (First of two parts)

After considering very carefully the matter of adopting a deaf child—particularly a deaf child from abroad (we discussed in last month's column some personal considerations in adopting a child)—how do you go about it? Your first step should be to contact a reputable adoption agency in your locality, explain to them your plans, desires, etc. They probably won't be able to help you find a child—but they will be able to provide you with a good deal of necessary technical information and, most importantly, they'll be able to tell you if you are eligible, under your local state laws, to adopt; that is if you have "all of the qualifications and none of the disqualifications to adopt" as they say in legalese.

Personally, I would suggest that you first try to locate a deaf child in the United States who is available for adoption. It has always seemed to me a bit ironic that Americans will rush to adopt children from overseas (such as the Vietnamese war orphans—who weren't really orphans) while other children, in their own country, remain unadopted. Perhaps part of the problem is locating a deaf child in the United States—but that's a lot easier than locating a deaf child for adoption overseas! This is an area where your adoption agency can help.

Though I know very little about adoption procedures in the United States, I do know that there is an interagency service known by the acronym ARENA which keeps track of "hard to place" children (including, I'm told, deaf children). Your adoption agency can contact ARENA in an attempt to locate a deaf child eligible for adoption. I understand that many potential adoptive parents have gone this route and were unable to locate eligible deaf children. The only alternative is to search for a deaf child abroad. This is a complex matter but I shall try to touch upon the important points in this month's column.

These are six areas of concern for parents seeking to adopt a deaf child from abroad: 1) locating a child, 2) establishing the eligibility of the child to be adopted under the laws of the child's country and under U. S. law, 3)

emigration of the child from his country, 4) immigration of the child to the U. S., 5) legal adoption of the child, 5) the child's citizenship.

It is difficult to say which of the above six areas is the most challenging, but certainly locating a deaf child takes a good deal of effort, not because there are no deaf children available, but rather because of the communication problems involved. As a prospective parent you first select a country, remembering that the more developed countries have fewer deaf children available for adoption—but are able to locate the children available more easily. The developing and underdeveloped countries have many more children available—but no one knows about it! For the sake of formality, at least, the prospective parent should contact the embassy or consular office of the country selected to inquire as to which government agency in that country would be concerned with adoptions.

In the Philippines the government agency is the Department of Social Welfare, but each country has its own organizational structure. Your local public library can help you find the nearest consular office to your home. The United States Department of State publishes a helpful booklet, "Foreign Consular Offices in the United States," which your library no doubt has. You should write to the government agency concerned requesting information about adopting a deaf child. Chances are, however, that if the country you are writing to is a developing or underdeveloped country, you won't even get so much as an acknowledgement to your letter (the attitudes of people in developing and underdeveloped countries towards communication, in particular correspondence, will be the topic of a future column).

If you are able to establish contact with the appropriate government agency in a developing or underdeveloped country, chances are that they will be unable to locate a child eligible for adoption. The reason is that in most of these countries the gap between the government bureaucracy and the populace is almost unbridgable. As I said earlier, however, this is done more or less for

the sake of formality. As you pursue the matter further, people will invariably try to brush off your inquiries by referring you to the "appropriate government agency," having already gone that route places you in a stronger position. It is advisable, when writing to developing or underdeveloped countries, to send all your correspondence by registered mail in order to insure delivery. Maintain, of course, copies of all correspondence for your own file.

The surest way to locate a deaf child eligible for adoption is to contact people who have a working knowledge of the country and who are amongst the masses. Volunteers and missionaries are excellent contacts. Peace Corps volunteers, for example, can be contacted by writing to the "desk officer" for the country concerned in care of the Peace Corps office in Washington, D.C.

Missionaries are perhaps the best contacts because of their much deeper involvement with the people. Your pastor no doubt can provide you with lists of missionaries in various countries. Many of these missionaries are on the mailing lists of various newsletters and your pastor can assist you in having your appeal published in a newsletter which will be widely circulated amongst missionaries.

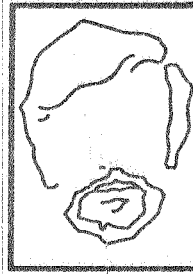
Gallaudet College publishes the "International Directory of Schools and Organizations for the Deaf" which provides another source for potential parents to pursue. That fact is that, though the communication problems may be formidable in the developing and underdeveloped countries, the resourceful determined prospective parent will have no difficulty in locating a deaf child eligible for adoption.

I have been careful to use the word "eligible" for adoption because of a number of complex legal problems which the prospective parent should be aware of. Most deaf children available for adoption are technically "abandoned" children. This means either that the child was a founding (literally abandoned by unknown parents) or that the parents have irrevocably relinquished their parental rights. In either case, this is a matter to be decided in a court of law in the country of the child's origin. In my own case, for example, Cecilio was a founding—his natural parents had "disposed" of him in a drainage canal. Cecilio survived, however, and was eventually picked up by the police. Eventually I adopted him. Beforehand, however, it had to be determined to the court's satisfaction that Cecilio was indeed an abandoned child and that his natural parents had indeed relinquished their parental jurisdiction. I know of cases where the parents simply "sign away" their rights, but only a court of law can declare a child "abandoned" and without this legality the potential adoptive parent is not protected from future claims by unscrupulous persons of "kidnapping."

(To be continued next month)

Philippines

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the two years in the Philippines, a country we dearly love. Our case is different from that of most adoptive parents since we adopted under Philippine law (this was necessary because I am an immigrant to and permanent resident of the Philippines). Most adoptive parents would be concerned with inter-country adoption, which brings us to our next area of concern.

The actual legal adoption of the child can be done in the United States (the usual case for most parents in residence in the U.S.) under an "inter-country" adoption. Your local adoption agency can fill you in on details concerning inter-country adoptions. The problem, of course, is in obtaining the necessary "permits" from the child's country to allow the adoption.

In some cases inter-country adoptions are not permitted and the adoptive parent has no choice but to legalize the adoption under the laws of the child's country. This necessitates obtaining the services of a local attorney and facing the capricious attitude of some courts. In my own case, I was asked to pay a bribe to complete the adoption—which I refused to do—and a very difficult situation resulted. I was fortunate in that my attorney, the father of one of my students who was helping me as a favor, was able to resolve the matter because of his "contacts"—I certainly don't know what I would have done otherwise.

When the adoption has been completed you will be provided with a copy of the decree. This document, together with the courts decree declaring the child, "abandoned," i.e., eligible to be adopted, should be certified as "authentic" by the American Embassy in the child's country.

Embassies maintain files of specimen signatures of local public officials. They will compare the signatures on your documents with their file signatures and provide a certificate that the decrees are authentic. Your other important documents will be the child's birth certificate (if the child is a foundling a "certificate of foundling" will be issued in lieu of a birth certificate) and the child's passport which will serve as his principal identity document in the United States.

The last area of consideration for adoptive parents is the child's citizenship. Under no circumstances does the child become an American citizen simply by being adopted. The child, upon reaching the age of 18, may apply for naturalization. In the meantime your child will be an alien! If you have adopted the child under the laws of his country he will maintain the citizenship of his country in which case you will be faced with maintaining contact with the em-

The third area of concern for potential adoptive parents is emigration of the child from his country. After locating a child and determining his eligibility to be adopted (which, as I mentioned last month requires the action of a local court to declare the child "abandoned") the adoptive parent then faces the oftentimes formidable task of having the child released from his country! It does seem that the lower the position of the country involved on the "economic ladder" the more difficult emigration becomes.

I don't think that Americans appreciate the freedom which they have to leave their country at any time they choose without any emigration formalities. In the Philippines, for example, before a resident can leave the country he must obtain a series of "clearances" to certify that he has a "clean record," so to speak. One must obtain clearances from the National Bureau of Investigation, local police department, city court, court of first instance, provincial court and the Bureau of Internal Revenue!

When I last left the Philippines to attend the World Federation of the Deaf Congress in 1975, it took me over three months to obtain the necessary clearances before I could leave! (These restrictions, of course, do not apply to tourists who enter the country under special limited stay visas.)

The adopted child, of course, must have a passport from his own country, a matter which can take a good deal of additional time. The matter isn't quite as hopeless as perhaps I've made it sound. The large international travel agencies, such as American Express and Thomas Cooke have departments which handle all of these exit formalities (for a fee, of course) which removes a great burden from the adoptive parents.

An equally formidable problem is immigration of the child into the United States. Again, Americans don't appreciate how easily they travel about; most peoples of the world are faced with a good deal of travel restrictions. And I don't think there is any country in the Free World which has more restrictions for travelers to enter than the United States.

Essentially there are two ways for an

alien to enter the U.S., under a temporary visa (non-immigrant visa) or under a permanent resident visa (immigrant visa). Temporary visas are granted for stays of specific duration for specific purposes, such as tourism, to attend meetings or conferences, for medical treatment, etc. Such visas are issued by the Department of State through its embassy in the country concerned and one of their many restrictions on granting temporary visas is that the alien's stay cannot be for an indefinite or unspecified duration. For this reason an adopted child cannot enter the United States under a temporary visa.

The child, then, must have an immigrant visa which is issued by the Department of Justice through its Immigration and Naturalization office in the country concerned. We could not hope to begin to go into the regulations involved in immigration—the prospective parent must contact the Immigration and Naturalization service for specifics involved in his own case.

Every case seems to be different. But one thing is common to all cases—immigration to the United States is extremely difficult—even for a deaf child whom you are adopting. The Immigration and Nationality Act was amended on October 3, 1965, and effective July 1, 1968, did away with the well-known quota system. Immigrants are restricted to 170,000 from Eastern hemisphere countries and 120,000 from Western hemisphere countries.

In my own case, because Cecilio was adopted locally in the Philippines (as opposed to inter-country adoption) and because I am a single parent, Cecilio is subject to a *two-year waiting period!* That is, we must wait two years after legal adoption before Cecilio can even apply to enter the U.S. The fact that I'm a United States citizen, etc., etc., means nothing. My pleas, entreaties, petitions, etc., fell on (excuse the expression) deaf ears.

It is difficult to understand why the government of the United States places such restrictions on a 10-year-old deaf child who has been adopted by a citizen of the United States but I'm simply told those are the regulations. Period. Fortunately we are content to wait out

bassy or consular office of that country in the United States.

The child's passport will have to be renewed through that office periodically. The child may be subject to military service in the country of his citizenship upon reaching the age of 18 and the child will be required to pay income taxes, if employed, to both the United States and to his country of origin. In the case of inter-country adoptions the child may lose the citizenship of his country and then become a "stateless" person, i.e., he will have no formal citizenship. In such a situation the child will be faced with the most acute of problems should he attempt to travel outside of the United States.

Regretably our space is exhausted—and we haven't even touched upon such areas as inheritance (the child has all the legal rights of a natural heir, but the adoptive parent has none!) or how to cope with the medical problems the child will bring with him (in some countries, parasites are as common as a cold or sore throat). I hope that I've been able to give potential adoptive parents a more realistic attitude about what is involved in adopting a deaf child from abroad—without discouraging them! I've always felt that, in spite of the prob-

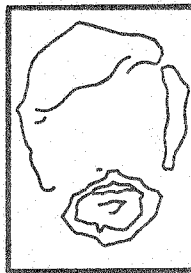
lems and barriers involved the truly resourceful, devoted "parent" will face the matter resolutely and with determination. And, after all, those are the qualities which will make the "parent" a good parent.

* * *

What's it like to become deaf after being a "hearie" all your life? Next month: "Deaf for a Day."

Pilipinas

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If You Can Change A Man You Can Change The World

As one views the plight of the deaf in the developing and underdeveloped countries around the world one can't help but to appreciate the sociological aspects of deafness, i.e., deafness is more than being deaf. One is also struck by the similarities between the problems faced by the deaf and those faced by other minority groups—only in the case of the deaf the group members are spread out thinly and most members don't even know that they are members of such a "minority group."

But the problems the deaf face are the same. First and foremost, of course, is the "distinguishing characteristic" which identifies an individual as a member of a minority group. This can be racial (as in the case of black, Indian or oriental minority groups in America) or cultural. Though it may seem strange to some readers to think of a minority group in terms of culture, having grown accustomed to viewing race as synonymous with "minorities," I think perhaps most of the minority groups in the world today are such because of cultural distinctions (such as Cuban or Jewish minority groups in America).

In our part of the world, at least, the cultural element is of paramount importance. Most countries in Asia are populated by people who speak widely varying languages and have widely varying customs. I guess it seems absurd or perhaps a bit silly to people in the West when they read of riots in India, for example, because of a government edict requiring the teaching of one language above another or something like that. The problem, however, is very real and to most minority groups very threatening. Not only do such groups not want to feel "inferior" to another group on the basis of language, but for very pragmatic reasons, such groups would be at a big disadvantage if the language of commerce and law was a "foreign" language to the group.

Oftentimes the "distinguishing characteristic" we speak of is more in the eye of the beholder than in the bearer. When this occurs there may be violent clashes between segments of a society—

between those who view a group as a "minority group" on the basis of some "distinguishing characteristic" and the members of the group who do not consider themselves so set apart. A case in point would be the blacks and orientals in Great Britain whom many white British view as minority groups on the basis of color. Many of these blacks and orientals, however, consider themselves very, very British, having been born and raised (perhaps for several generations) in Britain.

The deaf are unique as a "minority group" in that a "distinguishing characteristic" exists (deafness) but it does not show itself (perhaps I should say "advertise itself") as would race, for example. But it is more than deafness which makes the deaf a "minority group." Why, for example don't we consider the blind or, for that matter, paraplegics as a minority group? The cultural distinction, in particular the existence of a unique language and the ensuing communication problems, constitute the real "distinguishing characteristic" as those who have studied the sociological aspects of deafness have long ago pointed out.

In the developing and underdeveloped countries these concepts are unknown—but they have very real effects on the lives of deaf people. The deaf are set apart as almost a "freak class." In countries where there is widespread belief in reincarnation deafness is often associated with ill doings in one's previous life. As we quoted a young deaf man from India in this column last month: "It is all my ill fate . . ." One of the most difficult things for me to witness in my travels around the world has been this attitude amongst the deaf about themselves and the complementary attitude amongst hearing people (oftentimes parents of deaf children) which fuels this attitude and closes a vicious circle which emasculates the deaf making them into social zombies.

If the deaf of the developed countries have achieved any sort of "liberation" it has been by announcing to society in general: "Now look here—my deaf-



Australia's first aborigine governor, Sir Douglas Nicholls, is a model for other minority groups. Sir Douglas says, "Most of my education has been in the school of hard knocks, but Jesus taught me if you can change a man, you can change the world."

ness does not make me any less human than you. I am neither your lap dog nor your slave—I am an equal." This "liberation" is essentially a change in attitude. As we have mentioned so often in this column before, it is attitudes which create the problems we see around us today—and any solution to a problem must begin with a change in attitude if the problem is to be permanently solved.

Since it is difficult to see the forest for the trees, most members of minority groups rarely view their plight from this point of view. These people know that problems exist, they seek a better life, perhaps even talk about "equality" but fail to realize that first they must experience a change—a change in attitude. A member of a minority group who does see this need for change, a truly rare individual, is Sir Douglas Nicholls.

The appointment of Sir Douglas, last December 1, as governor of South Australia stunned the local community. Sir Douglas is an aborigine! The appointment was, of course, controversial. One Australian biddy sniffed, "I think it's a joke—and a bad one at that." But it marked the beginning of a new era for the Australian aborigine. A quantum leap had been made in the aborigine's attitude about himself. As Sir Douglas put it, quite modestly, when asked if he felt the appointment might be construed by some as "tokenism," "Perhaps," he answered, "but at least it will make it easier for others."

One can well imagine the odds Sir Douglas had to face to reach the pinnacle of success but what impressed

(Continued on Page 37)

Philipinas

(Continued From Page 17)

me most about Sir Douglas was his recognition of the importance of change for the minority group. Sir Douglas says: "Most of my education has been in the school of hard knocks, but Jesus taught me if you can change a man, you can change the world." Those are some of the most poignant words I have ever heard—"If you can change a man, you can change the world." They offer the only real hope there is for the deaf or other minority groups—and coming from a person who has faced such overwhelming odds in his own life makes these words all the more powerful. If you can change a man, you can change the world.

* * *

Next month: Those of us in education like to think of the school as the great "agent of change." But education in the developing and underdeveloped countries has, in general, failed to meet the needs of a changing world. We shall visit two schools next month in discussing "Changing the Directions of Education."

Philippines

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The ancient scholar Lacydes, when asked late in life why he was studying geometry, replied, "If I should not be learning now, when should I be?" Those of us in education view our discipline as the "great agent of change." And indeed, since change is a sign of life it follows that education must be a life-long process. What could be more destructive to the individual or society in general than the attitude "You can't teach an old dog new tricks?" If you are too old to learn, i.e., to change, then you've lived long enough!

I think perhaps one of the distinguishing characteristics which differentiates the developing and underdeveloped societies from those of the developed countries is in their attitudes towards change. Advanced societies welcome change with open arms—it provides new ways to solve old problems, better ways. The gadget-crazy Japanese are a good example of this phenomenon. They have incorporated change as a part of their social fabric. Change, to the Japanese, is a way of life (though perhaps they might prefer the word "adaptability").

By contrast, in the developing and underdeveloped countries, change is viewed with disdain or even fear. "This is the way we've planted rice for untold generations. Why should we plant rice differently now?" It is only a rhetorical question, because no matter how it might be answered there is al-

people were rarely, if ever, treated by trained medical practitioners.

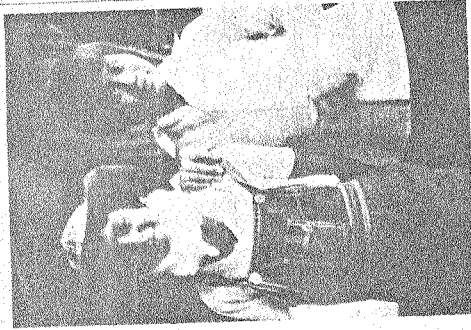
Dr. Onfre D. Corpuz, president of the University of the Philippines and author of the new classic survey *Education for National Development*, stated, "Philippine education is plagued by serious distortions or imbalances between popular expectations and educational standards; . . . supply of graduates and demand for specific manpower skills. . . . The required financial investments, while straining the country's resources, will meet neither the people's expectations nor national development requirements. Social crises would be foreseeable."

Many point to education as the cause of the decline of rural areas in the developing and underdeveloped countries. *Newsweek International*, in a study of the Asian city, remarked on the Asian professional. Having worked their way through the competitive and costly higher educational system, they invariably believe it is their right and privilege to stay on in the cities, to enjoy the urban lifestyle and to reap the financial benefits of their schooling.

In my son's school, for example, which is an outstanding school in all respects, children still learn in subtle and not so subtle ways that "stateside is the best side." I recently attended a class program the theme of which was "down on the farm." It was, of course, an American farm, complete with "Home on the Range," square dances and an Indian (from India) "Old McDonald." Fact is we have our own farms, with our own native songs and folk dances—but, even after 30 years of independence from the United States, the "colonial mentality," as we call it, is still strong. Just a few days ago I noticed a panel truck delivering one of our local whiskeys; emblazoned on the side of the truck were the words "Stateside" Ang Lasa," meaning it has "stateside" taste! This "colonial mentality" is an attitude



Left: Aquinas University in Legazpi City, in the Philippines has been a pioneer in attempting to change the directions of education on the Islands. Dr. Jesus "Jessie" Ravallo, author of this article, recently conducted a seminar on basic management techniques relevant to the needs of their country. Nearly 40 middle level administrators showed up to learn techniques relevant to the needs of their country.

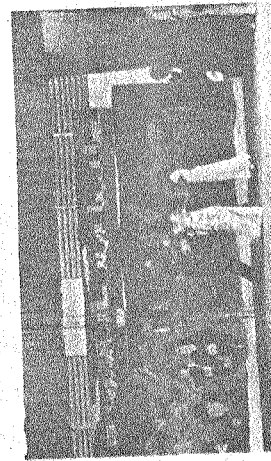


Cecillie poses, with "Old McDonald," ifan Pa-Bangay—probably right at home "DA readers from an Indian (from India) "Old McDonald."

(again an attitude) which must be changed—and education is the key to change.

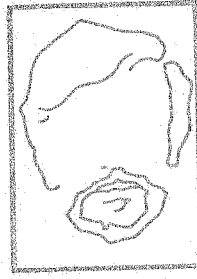
A number of younger educators see the need for change and are working to make education a potent force for national development. A former classmate of mine at the University of Santo Tomas, Dr. Jesus "Jessie" Ravallo, currently dean of the graduate school of Aquinas University in Legazpi City, is one of these enlightened few. Jessie believes that education should make the individual a part of the growth and development of the country—not a tool for training nurses for the United States! Under Jessie's direction, the graduate school of Aquinas University has gone out into the rural areas to train teachers to teach children how to become a part of their community, a part of their country.

Next Month: Two essential qualities of education which are particularly important for education of the deaf—"Experiences and Responsibilities"



Grads four classmates of Cecillie perform an American square dance as part of the "Old McDonald" Backdrop shows the children's impression of an American farm.

Pilipinas



By Carl A. Argila
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Experiences and Responsibilities

In our last column we discussed a number of problems faced by educators in developing and underdeveloped countries and the need to change the directions of education in these countries. One of the problems, or perhaps I should say "characteristics," of education in the "third world" is that it is oriented towards the needs of developed countries.

This is understandable, as we mentioned in our last column, since most third world educational systems are outgrowths of former colonial systems. Oftentimes teachers learn in college how to use (even depend on) certain facilities which are simply not available when they practice their profession.

This is particularly true in the case of education of the deaf where teachers (many of whom have studied in developed countries such as the United States) think they can't survive without audiometers, speech trainers and a hearing aid for each student!

I think "practicing" education of the deaf in a developing or underdeveloped country is akin to practicing medicine—it requires an extraordinary amount of

ingenuity. An American missionary doctor who works in some of our remotest "barrios" tells me that young coconuts can be used for intravenous feeding (the water inside being sterile) and that surgical instruments can be sterilized under the sun!

We have found that a five dollar transistor radio can make a tolerably good hearing aid and that cheap plastic tubing and the "earphones" from stethoscopes can be used to construct a speech trainer! Unfortunately colleges and universities in the third world don't teach "tricks" like these to their students.

If there be any "trick" for making education relevant in the developing and underdeveloped countries I think it would be to look at what our "goals" are for education and how these goals can be met by existing techniques or facilities, i.e., how we learn to solve a problem or achieve a goal in college. Then we can distill the essence of these facilities or techniques, i.e., what makes them work, and see how we can synthesize the same essence in our local environment, i.e., adapt!

Two of these "essences" which are sorely lacking in education of the deaf in the developing and underdeveloped countries we identify as "experiences" and "responsibilities." Children, in particular, or maybe "especially" deaf children, simply don't "learn" from books. They learn from experiences—from interacting with their environment—and eventually from adapting to that environment.

Well-suited books, films, records, film strips, etc., when available (which they usually aren't in the developing and underdeveloped countries), are fantastic resource materials—but the "essence" is experience. Biology, for example, can be taught from a textbook but in the absence of that textbook we can look outside the classroom and the world becomes our textbook!

Travel has proven to be a very valuable experience in our teaching efforts. With my own deaf son, Cecilio, for example, we started taking walks around our neighborhood and then drawing a map of our stroll—indicating landmarks, street names, etc. This introduced the concept of a map which we then generalized. We saw how our neighborhood was a part of the Kamuning district, which was a part of Quezon City, which was a part of the greater Manila area, which was a part of the Philippines.

The important learning experience for Cecilio was the conceptualization that other places exist, even though he hasn't walked there! We began pinpointing on the map places we visited, such as the park, zoo, homes of friends, etc. Eventually Cecilio voluntarily inquired as to where such-and-such a person or place was located.

Though Cecilio still thinks I'm kidding about the world being round, he is fascinated about things "outside" of the



Left: The rural buses are models of efficient packing (sardine style). Cargo is piled on the roof and under the passenger seats—and the interior of the bus has no empty spaces—not even for an aisle! Passengers board the bus through the open sides. Right: Not too infrequent "road stops" are made at points where the bus breaks down. A somewhat blasé Cecilio looks on as we stop for about the fifth "road stop"—this time to go a fire. A trick which is performed without the aid of a jack!



Left: En route to Banaue we meet a boy, a member of one of the mountain tribes, armed with his bolo knife he forages for fire wood. Though smiling in this picture, after the shutter clicked the kid started to spit at us! Alas, another new experience! Right: Back home, Cecilio poses with "Kumander Pusa." We have found pets, for example, to be invaluable in teaching responsibility to deaf children.

world and has asked some very provoking questions about the celestial bodies (what they're made of, are the stars closer to us than the moon, etc.). All of this from a stroll around our neighborhood—not at all a bad geography lesson considering that we don't have a geography book! Not to mention the all important increases in vocabulary which accompanies each new concept learned.

Our first long trip was to the Mountain Province in the Northern Philippines and a visit to the world famous Banaue rice terraces. The two-day bus ride from Manila provided us with a wealth of experience; an opportunity to see different types of landscape (and learn more new words!), peoples of different mountain tribes. Our open-sided rural bus provided an experience in itself—every time it broke down!

Our second "essence" is responsibility. This is a particularly important learning experience for deaf children in developing and underdeveloped countries as so much of their lives will be spent in isolation from society at large. The dictionary defines responsible as "involving personal ability to act without superior authority." I've found that deaf children are never too young to start learning responsibility.

One technique we've found useful when children begin to write is for each child to maintain a daily calendar. Cecilio uses 8½ x 11 pages, one for each month, with boxes for each day which he can fill in for daily activities. He knows that Monday to Friday are "school days," Saturday is "work day" and Sunday is "play day."

There are set schedules for each day. Special days such as birthdays, holidays or important dates such as when a library book is due back in school, are indicated on the calendar. Every morning when he wakes up, Cecilio

crosses out yesterday's box and checks what is on his "agenda" for the day!

Perhaps this sounds a bit too militaristic for some readers, but it provides the child with a concept of time periods, teaches him to be responsible in his personal matters and, we've learned, actually makes the child more secure! The reason, I think, is that, deaf children, being a pretty insecure lot to begin with, a little regimentation provides something to cling to—and takes a lot of the "unknowns" out of life. The child knows (and understands) when he'll be expected to go to school, to clean his room, etc.

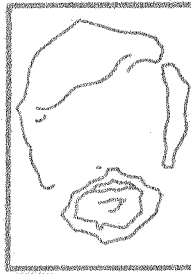
Another technique we've found useful in teaching responsibility in deaf children has been to give the child something to take care of; with older children, perhaps, a pet; with younger children, for example, a plant. Cecilio

adopted a kitten whom we call "Komander Pusa." Again, this entails a daily regimen. At first I didn't think I'd survive "Komander Pusa" but now things run smoothly and Cecilio has become a "cat addict." He reads anything he can get his hands on that is even vaguely related to felines. This is an example of what I call the "snowball effect"—one learning experience always leads to another and another and another. There just is no end to learning! Which I guess is what we hope we can teach our children.

* * *

I'd like to leave the reader with a question to ponder upon until next column. Suppose a bird (the feathered variety) is born deaf! Would such a bird learn to sing? This is more than just a silly question! Next column: "Dumb Birds."

Pilipinas



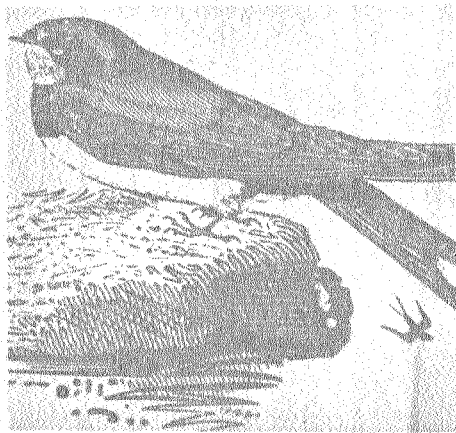
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Dumb Birds

At the risk of sounding too "clinical," I must confess that my initial interests in deafness were of a technical nature—the idea that "spoken" language could be exchanged between individuals non-vocally fascinated me. And the fact that human "thinking" could be accomplished, on a high level, without "sub-vocalization" leads us to many mysteries about language, how the human brain stores information and the very essence of what a person is—the *id* vs. the *ego*.

Becoming a parent of a deaf child has only heightened my technical interests. I sometimes tend to look at my deaf son, Cecilio, more from the point-of-view of a clinician than a proud papa! I have watched, over these past years, with rapt attention, the birth of language in my son. I'm so overwhelmingly awed by the miracle that is language. This month I'd like to share with DEAF AMERICAN readers a few of these fascinating tidbits.

For example, the problem I posed in my last column—if a bird is born deaf, would the bird learn to sing? We know that, with deaf children at least, "auditory feedback," i.e., hearing yourself vocalize, is necessary for normal language development and correct pronunciation. What about with birds,



If a bird is born deaf, would the bird learn to sing? This isn't just a silly question; it touches upon a number of areas related to deafness.

which are well known for their sophisticated vocalizations? First of all, we must distinguish between bird calls and bird songs—they are not the same. Songs are used by birds to identify themselves, establish their territories and to communicate with other members of their own species (such as their mates). Calls, on the other hand, are usually produced in the presence of threatening circumstances—as a warning, for example.

Masakazu Konishi of the California Institute of Technology studied seven of the 28 calls which roosters make in both hearing and deaf birds. Dr. Konishi found that the deaf roosters could produce normal calls! This would indicate, of course, that the roosters' calls were inherited, not learned. But this is not the end of the story. Bird songs, on the other hand, seem to be learned and songbirds must hear an appropriate "song model" during a critical period of their development; they must also hear themselves practice.

James Mulligan of St. Louis University and Donald Kroodsma of Rockefeller University raised baby song sparrows with canaries. You would expect that maybe the song sparrows would learn to sing canary songs—right? Wrong! The baby sparrows learned to sing, more or less, like song sparrows. In no case did they learn to sing canary songs! But there's more.

Peter Marler of Rockefeller University raised baby white-crown sparrows in a soundproof room. The birds learned to sing—but their songs were very different from the usual crown sparrow songs.

All of this is quite interesting when you compare it with the development of vocalization in deaf children. I learned, with Cecilio, that certain types of vocalizations don't need to be learned by deaf children; yet others, particularly those associated with language, are learned only very painfully. When Cecilio hurts himself, his cry is indistinguishable from that of any other child—hearing or deaf. And his laugh, the most beautiful laugh in the world (to my ears at least!) has no trace of deaf-



Matthew Ruffer, shown with his father, was born in 1973 with a rare disease which required his confinement for three years in a "clean room." Matthew did not learn to talk until he left the hospital. While he was in confinement, everyone who spoke to him wore surgical masks, so he couldn't see their lip movements.

ness. These human "calls," crying and laughter, for example, seem, like the bird calls, to be inherited. But here's the whopper—Cecilio sings!!! I've never heard of any thing like this before—although I'm sure other parents of deaf children have experienced it—deaf children sing! What does it sound like? Like something from outer space! There's a melody, rhythm—it's unmistakably music—but like nothing you've ever heard before (perhaps something akin to the songs produced by the sparrows raised in a soundproof room). And, by the way, Cecilio identifies singing with being happy! I have sometimes scolded Cecilio, only to be told, "Now I won't sing!" "Why?" I snap. "Because I'm sad."

Other research with birds, for example, shows that the left side of the bird's brain tends to be associated with song production whereas the right side is not. In humans the left side of the brain is associated with language and speech!

Here's another tidbit: Matthew Ruffer was born in July of 1973 with no ability to fight off even the slightest infection, a victim of a rare inherited disorder called "combined immune deficiency disease" in which no white blood cells are produced to attack foreign bacteria and produce antibodies. Matthew spent three years in total confinement attended to only by white-coated and masked nurses. Matthew eventually became the first person to successfully receive a bone marrow transplant from an unrelated donor. When Matthew was released from the hospital at the age of three, he was

only beginning to learn to talk. Why? During his confinement everyone who spoke to Matthew wore surgical masks—he couldn't see their lip movements!

There have been no studies, as far as I know, of how important viewing lip movements is for sighted children to learn to speak or for language development. But if Matthew Ruffer's case is indicative, it is more important than we would have expected. And this is, I think, pretty much consistent with what many parents of deaf children observe. With Cecilio, for example, I have observed a remarkable ability to read lips develop as he has developed language. It has long been my contention that formal training in lip-reading for deaf children is useless until the children develop a firm language base—and Cecilio has not had any formal lipreading training (which doesn't exist in the Philippines, anyway!). All the more remarkable that he can identify certain words and phrases so easily, not only at home, but at school. I cannot help but to think that the environment of a hearing school enhances this skill—and certainly using signed English at home (and speaking while signing) must reinforce this natural lipreading ability. Language, of course, is the

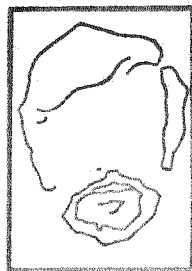
key—the more language a deaf child has, the easier it is for him to lipread.

Is language unique to man? Twenty years ago the answer would have been an unquestioned yes. But, as most DEAF AMERICAN readers are, I'm sure, aware of, in recent years a number of experiments have been conducted to teach sign language to primates. The first of these, more than 11 years ago, was an eight-month-old chimp named Washoe. By the time Washoe was moved to the Institute for Primate Studies at the University of Oklahoma at the age of five, she had learned 132 signs and the rudiments of grammar and syntax. The current world record holder is a five-and-a-half year old gorilla named Koko who knows 300 signs. Washoe, Koko and friends are demonstrating that, at least on a rudimentary level, language and even emotions are not unique to man. Even "eye communication" which has been studied lately as one of man's nonverbal communication channels, is not unique to man. When two male gorillas disagree, they stare, eye-to-eye, until the weaker of the two averts his eyes—and loses!

* * *

Next month we discuss a different species: "Americans in the Philippines."

Pilipinas



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Deaf For A Day

The doctor called it "teacher's throat," also known as "singer's throat" by members of the entertainment industry and "preacher's throat" by men of the cloth (not to be confused with "Deep Throat"!). Sort of a chronic sore throat which afflicts those of us who use our voices to earn our bread. I had made the fatal mistake of electing to teach during our 1976 six-week "summer session" (which actually falls in March and April) and that required my lecturing for over three hours non stop every day!

Good ol' "teacher's throat" started acting up, and by the end of the third week of summer session my throat was a glorious shade of scarlet—and then it began. Almost imperceptible at first—but the more I used my voice, the more noticeable it became. I was losing my hearing!

Eventually my ears seemed to "clog" and try as I might I could not "pop" them open. At its worst point, I would estimate that I experienced approximately a 55 to 65db bilateral hearing loss of the "conductive" variety. This would hardly qualify as "stone deaf" but it was substantial enough a loss that I could not use the telephone and could understand spoken words only when conversing with someone "face-to-face."

Occasionally one reads about some "kook" who plugs up his ears and tries to play deaf. I must confess I've never thought highly of such games (for one thing, simply plugging your ears closed hardly provides a loss approaching deafness). Scandinavian researchers have approached this area of sociology from a more scientific point of view, devising "noise generators" which a subject wears (like a hearing aid) to block out (rather than amplify) sounds. These researchers have provided some valuable insights into how society at large reacts to its handicapped members, in particular the deaf. But the "kooks" might not have such a bad idea after all—being deaf for a day or two, I've learned, can be quite an experience.

Surprising though it may sound, what impressed me most about my "deafness" was how utterly, deathly silent it was! Those of us who view deafness as an educational, psychological, sociological, or political(!) problem tend to forget that

it is based in a physiological cause—the inability to hear. How much we take for granted the constant bombardment of environmental sounds and how much we depend upon these sounds to make us "feel" a part of our environment.

I actually found it quite difficult to fall asleep during my encounter with deafness; the "night sounds," the rustling of leaves, distant sound of traffic the occasional cock's crow actually have a lulling quality. And even with three locks on the front door and bars on the windows, sleeping with "one ear open" gives one a sense of security. Without my hearing, the darkness of night became a shroud of fear.

Surprising, too, was how, without environmental sounds present, I became acutely aware of other sounds and feelings. Since my hearing loss was conductive, I could hear perfectly anything transmitted through my skeletal frame. Combing my hair sounded something like listening to the ocean in a seashell. And even as I walked, the sound of my footsteps became an almost deafening THUMP, THUMP, THUMP. The slightest vibrations startled me though I am usually not sensitive to vibrations. It is often said that deaf persons are more sensitive to vibrations because of some sort of an acquired sense to compensate for their hearing loss.

I now speculate, however, that all people have an innate ability to sense minute vibrations (after all hearing is but an extension of the tactile sense), but that in hearing persons environmental sounds tend to "mask" these vibrations and the nervous system does not respond to them. This is something akin to the noise generators which dentists use to "mask" pain so that they can drill a patient's teeth without resorting to an anesthetic.

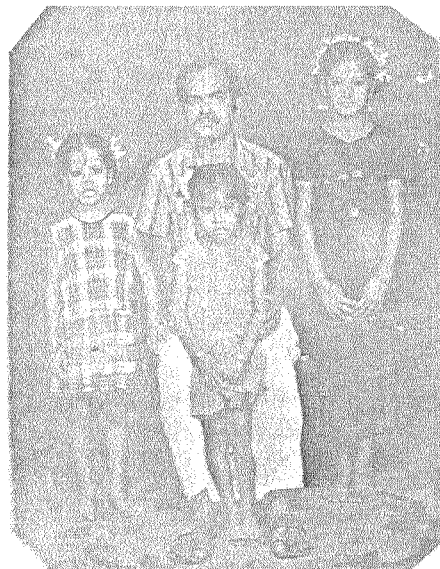
Not too surprising though (or maybe I expected it!) was how people reacted to the communication difficulty I now experienced. People don't like to be bothered to make the extra little effort necessary to communicate with someone who has a hearing problem. You can see their eyes express annoyance—and if you ask for an explanation of something that's been said, the usual ratio is about

1 to 100; that is one word of explanation for every 100 spoken words!

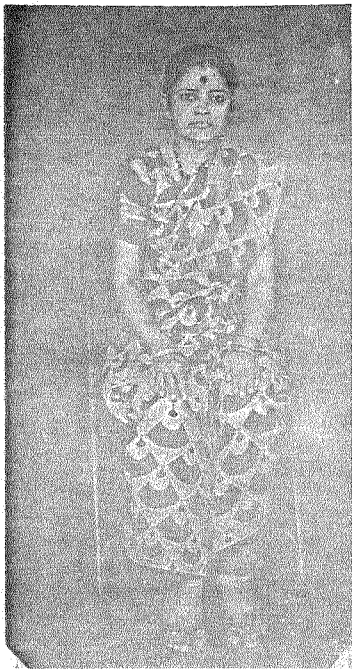
I gave up trying to understand questions from my students and judging from the student's reactions they gave up in trying to ask questions! I think if my "deafness" would have persisted, I would have become a recluse! And what a relief it was to come home at night and talk—really talk—with my little boy, Cecilio. Never before had I so appreciated the grace and beauty of sign language (excuse me, I mean "Signed English") Cecilio and I could TALK! No more squinting at pursed lips wondering what those words were that you missed, and should you interrupt the speaker to ask (and risk looking stupid), or let them go on talking and maybe you'd eventually get the gist of what they were trying to tell you. And if you didn't get the gist maybe you'd get an ulcer instead, etc., etc., ad nauseam.

My brush with "deafness" has had a profound effect on my professional outlook. Having met deaf persons in many developing and under developed countries, I often receive heart-rending letters from deaf persons who are educated enough to write describing their plight (God only knows what the others, those deaf persons who are not literate, must face from day to day). I honestly believe that deaf people must be without a doubt the most oppressed people in the world. What the vast majority of the world's 2,000,000 plus deaf people must cope with is more than I can bear to put down on paper. One writer, P. K. Kannaiasha, (No. 542-C Gandhi Road, Kancheepuram, Tamil Nadu, South India) says:

I am Indian youth, 32 years old, married and have three little daughters . . . I am affected with small pox and became stone-deaf.



P. K. Kannaiasha of South India poses with his three hearing daughters. Deaf from a bout with smallpox, Mr. Kannaiasha expresses so poignantly the plight of so many deaf persons in the developing and underdeveloped countries.



Mr. Kannalasha's wife, Kamala, is afflicted with elephantiasis.

... because of my deafness, I am unable to get any job. I feel lonely. Everyone ignore me in my everyday life. Some cruel people, make fun on my deafness. It made life difficult for me and my family. It is all my ill fate ...

... some kind letters from deafs ... help to remove my loneliness with their kind letters. I want some encouragement letters from others. Those brings me brave and give us tonic in my gloomy life. I love to read others letters.

After a day or so of massive dosages of antibiotics my ears finally "popped" and I rejoiced at being back into the "hearing world." But for my little boy—for Mr. Kannalasha—for the hundreds of thousands of other deaf people around the world—there are no "popping" ears. They are in the "silent world" for life. Is there no hope in this world for them? Is there no salvation for them? Salvation from the hearing people who oppress them, who make them into latter day slaves to swell their precious hearing pride or from the hearing people who don't even care enough to look twice at a brother in need. Is there no hope for change?

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