

# SARANGANI ISLANDS: A SURVEY REPORT

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## INTRODUCTION

Conducting research for MSU corps of researchers has become a controversial endeavor. This problem stems out from mistakes of some individuals in the past whose delinquency backlashed at research in general. As a result, support for research within the MSU system has been declining. Meager amount has been allocated for research resulting in financial constraints.

It is for the above reason that my own exploratory survey of Sarangani Islands had to be conducted in a joint expedition with the Natural Science Museum.

Exploratory as it was, data presented here are rather general. No attempt has been made at zeroing in on any particular subject. If it appears that more attention was given to the Sangil, it was because it was the best that the researcher could do under the prevailing situation. For this reason, the researcher had resorted to more of establishing contact for future research rather than going into in-depth study of the people.

Notwithstanding all the difficulties encountered in the field, the "bridgehead" thus established is very important for future work.

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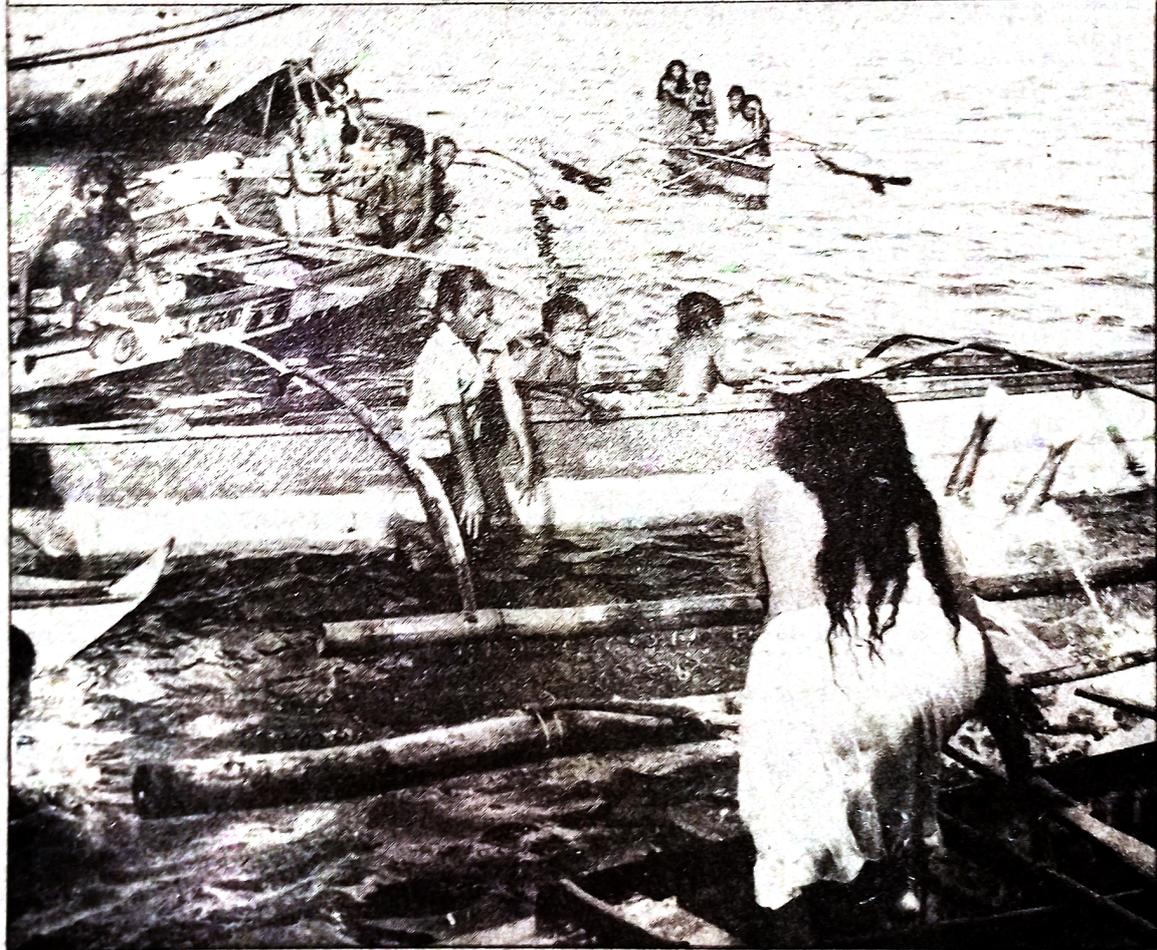
*Sarangani Islands shall have an  $S_1$  indicator, Sarangi Island an  $S_2$  and sitio of Sarangan an  $S_3$  for purposes of clarity and differentiation. Where found without indicators; the qualifying words such as islands for  $S_3$  or island for  $S_2$  or sitio for  $S_3$  will suffice.*

*As explained by the author, Balut Island as one of the islands of Sarangani is not discussed.*

*The B'laan are considered the natives of Sarangani Islands.*

*In the ethnographic data presented, Jose Abad Santos, an immediate municipality across Sarangani Island is discussed by the author merely as an addendum, with the hope that the data presented be of help to researchers.*

*Considering limited sources for researches such as this, the author jumped as this opportunity to do preliminary research riding along with a team on a marine expedition. - Ed.*



## ETHNOGRAPHIC DATA

### Geography and people

Sarangani Islands ( $S_1$ ) is an island chain composed of three different islands namely: Balut Island, Sarangani Island ( $S_2$ ) and Olanivan Island. Of the three islands, Balut is the biggest while Olanivan is the smallest. According to the 1980 Philippine census, Sarangani Islands has a population of 11,960. This is composed of sixty per cent B'laan, thirty per cent Sangil, and ten per cent Maruri and other migrant Filipinos.

Sarangani Islands which lies within  $125^\circ$  East Longitude and  $5^\circ$  North Latitude (C.S. Hammond & Co. - 1978) is bounded on the north by Sarangani Strait and farther north by Davao del Sur. The nearest point between Balut Island of the Sarangani chain and the end tip of Davao del Sur takes only about one hour and thirty minutes to cross even on rough seas on a two-engine pumpboat. On the south, it is bounded by Indonesia. Maruri Island which is one of the frontier islands of Indonesia is just three hours by pumpboat from Balut Island. The truth is people around this area would just come and go crossing the international boundaries between the Philippines and Indonesia.

On the east is the vast stretch of body of water known as the Pacific Ocean; while on the west is the Celebes Sea.

Politically, the whole island chain of Sarangani ( $S_1$ ) has only one municipality centered at Balut Island. This is just an infant municipality, composed of seven barrios. These are Batuganding, Mabila, Lipol, Tinima and Kaimba, all in Balut Island; and North and South Sarangani ( $S_3$ ) in Sarangani Island ( $S_2$ ).

#### Olanivan Island

Olanivan Island is just a small coral island of around 16 square hectares with wide beaches of white sand. It is more fitted as an island resort rather than settlement for human habitation. In fact a plan is considered by the owner for the development of this as such.

According to my B'laan informant, Mr. Bernardino de la Rosa, originally Olanivan Island was registered with the Bureau of Lands in the name of Mr. Jose de Arce and a B'laan native a certain Mr. Baca. However, upon the death of the latter, Mr. de Arce assumed full ownership of the land. In fact, I was told, one half of the Island was planted to coconut by Mr. Baca. This man, though, left a daughter but is in Indonesia.

At the height of the "Moro Conflict", a small detachment was garrisoned in the Island but it was for a short while. Thus when the Island was

free of the military, rebel groups would seek refuge from the storms in the Island. At present, only a transient family of B'laan stays in Olanivan. However, according to my informant, there used to be six families of fishermen staying in the Island, but was later ejected by Mr. de Arce for some personal reasons. Every now and then, however, groups of transient fishermen would seek solace in the Island during the day before their night sojourn at sea. This is especially true, I was told, during the months of April and May when the water is calm and just ideal for fishing. As a result several fishermen from mainland Mindanao, sometimes as far as Davao City, would stay here for weeks before they would leave for home with their load of dried fish.

Except for coconuts, the whole Island is very poor in flora that has direct benefits to man. Mr. Amuerfino Mapalo of the Natural Science Museum had made a partial collection of this. Neither is the Island rich in aerial lives. I saw some species of birds that were found in the Island. Again the NSM people had taken note of these. Its riches are found in its surrounding water. This is the reason why many fishermen love to converge in the Island for fishing.

### **The Indonesian Migrants**

Because of its close proximity to the Philippines, inhabitants from frontier islands of Indonesia, most notably Maruri Island, are freely commuting to Sarangani Islands. Maruri Island which is reportedly the home of the Maruri, is around three hours by pumpboat from Balut Island as noted earlier. During clear weather, Maruri Island can be seen from Sarangani Islands. In fact it only costs ₱ 200.00 in going from here to Maruri Island. The Maruri could be found in large concentration around Laker, Kapintana, Sapi, Talulang, Pakao, Sarangani, and Patirang.

It must be pointed out here that according to Jocano (1975), inhabitants of the Philippines, Indonesia, Malaysia, and other countries in Southeast Asia were freely travelling from one place to another crossing national boundaries without any diplomatic impediments before the coming of the westerners. During that period, neither were the people called Filipinos, Indonesians or Malaysians for that matter. These names only came during the colonial period which was later followed by the growth of nation states with the attendant demarcation of national boundaries.

The coming and going of people around this area is a matter of tradition borne out of common racial affinity. However, this has to be restricted due to the rise of the different nation states each with its respective boundaries.

The Maruri population in the Island was reportedly at its peak before the "conflict" of the 1970's. Most of these Maruri were in the Island for several decades already. A good number of them were in fact born in the Island,

but most of them are still aliens. Proof of this is the fact that they pay ₱120.00 (it used to be ₱5.00) annually to the Philippine government for their right to stay in the Philippines. But this kind of arrangement did not stop them from owning lands in the Island. This claim, however, requires further check. Some of them were reportedly plantation owners who recently sold their lands because of the "conflict" and last year's drop in coconut production due to the long drought. Some reportedly left for home because they can no longer afford to pay the ₱120.00 annual fee to the Philippine government. This was too much, I was told, for those with many children.

### The Sangil Migrants

According to my informant, *Sangil* is the term used by outsiders to an ethnic group that inhabit some areas in Sarangani Islands as well as some isolated areas in mainland Mindanao particularly Cotabato and Davao. However, the people call themselves *Sangir*.

In Sarangani Island, the Sangil are largely concentrated in Obas, Manaboy and Dada, all coastal settlements. The Sangil could also be found in small numbers cattered throughout the Island. Though there are more Sangil in Balut Island than in Sarangani Island, the Sangil in Balut Island are scattered throughout and mostly in the hinterlands. In mainland Mindanao, the Sangil could be found in Bukid, Kamalian and Sugai, all in Davao del Sur; while in General Santos City, they are found in concentrated numbers in Tinago, and Pangyan in Bato near Margos.

In the ethnic map of the Philippines' cultural minorities produced by San Carlos University (1974), the Sangil are listed as one of the thirteen Muslim groups of the Philippines (also see Gowing, 1979). But an informant by the name of Jaht Manaming told me that not all Sangil are Muslims. This fellow who is now taking his Bachelor's Degree at the Ateneo de Davao happens to be the son of a "Sangir" pastor in Sarangani, Sarangani Islands. According to him majority of the Sangil in Sitio Sarangani (name of a particular place in Sarangani Island also differentiated from Sarangani Islands) are actually Protestants of the U.C.C.P. denomination.

The writer, however, would like to interpose this question: could it be that the *Sangil* are those who had lived in the area for a considerable length of time antedating even the coming of the Spaniards, while the *Sangir* are those who are recent immigrants?

I met an old man whose age, according to him, was approximately 115 years. This was quite probable from his appearance and from the stories recounted to the writer. These were mostly personal exploits during the Spanish period in the Philippines. This man calls himself a Sangil. When asked where the Sangil came from, he answered, "For several generations now, as far as I can remember, we have been living in the Island". He could not remember being told by his forefathers where they came from.

Mr. Jahtt Manaming, on the other hand, would like to make a distinction between the Sangil and the Sangir. According to him, the Sangil are Muslims while the Sangir are Christians. Furthermore, it was learned that the Sangir are immigrants from a place of the same name somewhere in the Island of Celebes, Indonesia. This piece of information may point to the relative recentness of the immigration of the Sangir. Furthermore, I was informed, he was born in the Islands of Sarangani, though his parents were from Indonesia. The thing is, most of them are still aliens and are paying a yearly fee to the Philippine government, unlike the Sangil who are Filipinos.

### Sangil lexicon

#### 1. *Kinship terms*

father . . . . .	iama
mother . . . . .	ina
grandfather . . . . .	apo ese
grandmother . . . . .	apo mabinay
uncle . . . . .	papa
aunt . . . . .	babu
nephew . . . . .	pinaranako ese
niece . . . . .	pinaranako mabinay
cousin . . . . .	matatenge'da
male cousin . . . . .	matatenge'da ese
female cousin . . . . .	matatenge'da mabinay
son-in-law . . . . .	wata ese
daughter-in-law . . . . .	wata mabinay
grandchild . . . . .	puyong
grandson . . . . .	puyongko ese
granddaughter . . . . .	puyongko mabinay
father-in-law . . . . .	manurang ese
mother-in-law . . . . .	manurang mabinay
great grandchild . . . . .	puyong riva
great great grandchild . . . . .	puyong vuku
great great great grandchild . . . . .	puyong wa layda
brother-in-law . . . . .	hipaga' ese
sister-in-law . . . . .	hipaga' mabinay

#### 2. *Parts of the human body*

head . . . . .	tunbo'
stomach . . . . .	tiyang
legs . . . . .	layda

hands . . . . .	lima
hair . . . . .	utah'
eyes . . . . .	mata
ears . . . . .	tuli
nose . . . . .	irong
mouth . . . . .	morong
eyebrow . . . . .	konkonda
shoulder . . . . .	bombang
fingernails . . . . .	kanuko
finger . . . . .	lima
thumb . . . . .	inang lima
pointer . . . . .	talimudo
middle finger . . . . .	tawasa
ring finger . . . . .	manis
small finger . . . . .	kunung tenang
<b>3. Household items</b>	
pistle . . . . .	vavayu
mortar . . . . .	lisong
axe . . . . .	variyung
bolo . . . . .	vara
scythe . . . . .	kakayek'
fish hook . . . . .	eke
fishline . . . . .	tari
<b>4. Parts of the house</b>	
door . . . . .	tukade
floor . . . . .	unsali
wall . . . . .	dalundung
window . . . . .	dalunpaeng
post . . . . .	diri
stairs . . . . .	tungbatung
roof . . . . .	ata
kitchen . . . . .	dapurang
<b>5. Animals</b>	
dog . . . . .	aso
cat . . . . .	meo
goat . . . . .	kambing
chicken . . . . .	manok
bird . . . . .	manok daruha
fish . . . . .	kina

6. <i>Food</i>	
rice . . . . .	viras
cooked rice . . . . .	nasasa
palay . . . . .	maik
corn . . . . .	vatadi
coconut . . . . .	niyure'
young coconut . . . . .	pulingka
matured coconut . . . . .	margo
fruit . . . . .	guane
viand . . . . .	da di'ring
salt . . . . .	budaku'
sugar . . . . .	matamisi
7. <i>Personal items</i>	
shirt . . . . .	lako
pants . . . . .	sawar
malong . . . . .	karihui
shoes . . . . .	tarumpa
slippers . . . . .	sinelas
8. <i>Transportation</i>	
ship . . . . .	kavu putong
banca . . . . .	sakay
9. <i>Parts of the day</i>	
morning . . . . .	mukadi
noon . . . . .	marangi lao
afternoon . . . . .	wawao
late afternoon . . . . .	mangarebi'
dawn . . . . .	mukadi karangan
10. <i>Things in nature</i>	
rain . . . . .	tarete
cloud . . . . .	vinaba
sun . . . . .	lao'
moon . . . . .	vuang
mountain . . . . .	bude'
land . . . . .	untana
stone . . . . .	vatu
sand . . . . .	suwaing
ocean . . . . .	laud
sea . . . . .	sase
waves . . . . .	luwa
wind . . . . .	anging
light . . . . .	soyo

dark . . . . .	marundang
daylight . . . . .	matuwagi
water . . . . .	ake
fire . . . . .	putong

11. *Things we do*

to farm . . . . .	mubayle
to fish . . . . .	mikesake
to cook . . . . .	mutang
to write . . . . .	manurat
to sit down . . . . .	kumayang
to stand up . . . . .	dumalepe
to sleep . . . . .	matike
to see . . . . .	mamanda
to talk . . . . .	magukong
to wake up . . . . .	mapukao
to paddle . . . . .	mamunde

**The B'laan (Natives)**

The B'laan who constitute the majority of the population of Sarangani Islands are found heavily concentrated in the following areas: 1) Mangahos, 2) Sangkok Datal, 3) Salohang, 4) Manando, 5) Bayuhay, 6) Tomanao, and 7) Kamahual.

In Balut Island, most of the local officials are practically B'laan if not B'laan mestizo. The mayor of the Municipality of Sarangani is a B'laan by the name of Andres Diantan. Barrios with B'laan Barrio Captain are: Liposl (Didi), Tinima (William Bagos), Batuganding (Cosme Olarte), and Mabila (another Olarte). The Barrio Captain of South Sarangani (Laker - Terio Tablingan) and North Sarangani (Patoko - Taa), are also B'laan.

In general, most of the B'laan are already acculturated. This is very much evident not only in their way of dressing, but also in the kind of houses that they built. They also speak the Visayan dialect just like anyone whose mother tongue is Visayan.

**Economy**

The economy of the islands is generally based on agriculture, mainly coconut farming. Rice and corn farming is restricted to small patches. This is mainly due to the topography of the islands which is largely rugged and mountainous. The people also plant rootcrops like cassava, sweet potato, gabi, and fruit trees. Fishing is another source of income for the people aside from the small business of buying and selling. Because of its close proximity with Indonesia, business is also conducted with these frontier islands of

Indonesia like Maruri and Khaimona(?). For the moment, however, this business transaction is still illegal since the border agreement between the Philippines and Indonesia does not include trade relations. There is a good sign, though, since lately there was a move by the authorities in the Islands for the establishment of a barter trade similar to those in Zamboanga and Jolo.

### **Settlement patterns, economic resources, and acculturation among the Sangil of Sarangani Island (Obas, Manaboy, and Dada)**

Nature has influenced very much the lives of the Sangil in this area. Because of the topography of the Island which is largely rugged and mountainous, the Sangil have to make a corresponding adjustment in their everyday living.

Sarangani Island is largely a hilly and mountainous island save for small plains found along the coast. This is, perhaps, one of the reasons why all the Sangil settlements visited by the writer in Sarangani Island are found along the coast.

Obas, Manaboy, and Dada are three Sangil settlements found in the north of Sarangani Island. These three settlements are in fact located very close to each other and separated only by a narrow ridge of rocks and hills. From Obas which lies between Manaboy and Dada to either of these two later places it takes only about ten to 15 minutes of leisure walk.

My sojourn with the people of these areas started after I had befriended a Sangil fisherman (Saling Jamalul) from Obas who was frequenting the Island of Olanivan where we had camped. This fellow later served as my guide and interpreter among his people, the Sangil.

Originally, I was informed, there were only four families in Obas. These families were all related to each other by blood. As years passed by, the number of people increased as a result of marriages.

#### **Marriage customs**

Marriage is still through parental arrangement, but romantic marriages are now more common. But this is rather nominal. So far according to my informant, Saling Jamalul, based on his observation, there had been no brideprice that exceeded three thousand pesos in any marriage that took place in Obas, Manaboy or Dada. During the 1970's, three hundred pesos as a brideprice was already a big amount.

Marriageable age for male is from twenty-two to twenty-five, while for female it is from eighteen to nineteen. A man may take one or two wives but not to exceed four. So far, I was informed, there was no case in the area where a man had more than one wife. However, second marriages may be contracted upon the death of the first wife.

Today there are twenty families in Obas. All of these families are related to each other either by blood or by affinity. Manaboy, on the other hand, has thirty families while Dada has ten families. The close kinship ties among the people of Obas even extend to Manaboy and Dada since most of the people in these two places are also related to the original "clan" in Obas.

### Building a house

Before a house is built, a ritual called *magpadua* is held on the construction site by an *imam* (a religious man). Actual construction of the house begins only after the ritual is held.

Sangil houses in these three settlements vary in size and structure. Some are ordinary leanto's, while others have gable roofing. Some are single-storey houses, while others are two-storey houses. So far there are two two-storey houses that I had seen in Obas, three in Manaboy, and none in Dada. Other houses still show traces of their tradition, hence have multi-level floorings. In this type of houses, the sleeping area is usually elevated from the receiving area and the kitchen. Most of the houses have divisions, thus the living room, the receiving room, and the kitchen are separated. Other houses are just one-room affair.

The roof is either made of woven nipa or coconut leaves. Favorite walling material is the *karesek*, a flattened bamboo woven together. Recently, according to the Sangil, there seem to be a fad for the use of newly-introduced Indonesian bamboo mainly because of its aesthetic beauty.

The floor which is from one to two meters from the ground is made of bamboo set a half-inch apart. There are some houses, though, of which floorings are made of swan wood. Beams and posts (*diri*) are simply made of round wood. The stairs (*tungbatung*) are made of two round logs paired together and attached to two-inclined logs for support.

The Sangil are dependent both on the land and on the sea for their daily living. According to Sani Takabil, my centenarian informant, long before the coming of the immigrants, land was in abundance. Most often the people would just collect their food from the forest. If ever they resorted to farming, they cultivated a piece of land temporarily through the *kaingin* (slash-and-burn) system. The field is abandoned after harvest and a new field is established elsewhere. But with the coming of the immigrants, land had become a hot commodity. Land ownership had become so competitive and often to the disadvantage of the native Sangil as well as to the B'laan. In fact, I was told, the whole of Sarangani Island is owned, practically by two persons, Jose de Arce and a certain de Castro. These two men own considerable tracts of lands which are largely planted to coconut.

What was then left to the indigenous people of Sarangani, the Sangil and the B'laan, were those infertile lands which are not quite suited for

farming. If there were farmlands owned by the Sangil and B'laan, these were small pieces of land which were not even enough for subsistence living. This is not surprising since the soil is not fertile. I had seen large, otherwise hilly lands planted to coconuts around Obas, Dada and Manaboy, but the coconuts do not bear fruits. There are also areas not planted with any crops simply because these are rocky.

Normally, according to Mr. Sani Takabil and Guzman Takabil, a Sangil farmland which is largely planted to coconuts would be from two to twelve hectares in size. But, only very few Sangil have as much as twelve hectares, while most own only a few hectares. There are even some who do not own any.

Aside from coconuts, the Sangil also tend small patches of upland rice, corn and rootcrops like cassava and sweet potato. They also plant *gabi* and other vegetables which seem to have been introduced by the migrant groups. Grated cassava seems to be as popular as rice as staple among the Sangil. This is prepared in a variety of ways. It may be steam-cooked, toasted with grated coconut, or baked like biscuits in a clay mold manufactured locally. In addition to rice or cassava, the Sangil also extract the flour of *lumbia* by pounding the pulp of the palm. This is then washed in water to separate the flour. The water is allowed to settle in order for the *lumbia* flour to settle at the bottom. The flour is dried under the sun.

The Sangil have various ways of cooking *lumbia* flour. Most common is toasting with grated coconut meat. Another variety of cooking is turning this into *landang*, or small rounded and hardened flour which look like pellets.

Despite the scarcity of natural land resources, the Sangil make the most out of what nature has provided them. For instance, the women would weave coconut leaves or nipa palm leaves into shingles which they use for roofing. The men would make *sawali* (woven bamboo) out of bamboo for walling. Ironically, the Sangil turn the infertile clay soil into useful products. The people have learned to manufacture potteries (*kuring*) from the clay deposits at Obas. This they make into different cooking utensils, from boiling plots or frying pan, and even baking oven. In fact, I even suggested to Mr. Guzman Takabil to make tiles out of this clay for building materials.

Denied of good agricultural lands to sustain everyday living, the Sangil thus turn to resources from the sea. I was told they prefer to live along the coast as food from the sea were abundant. With the use of spear, they could easily catch fish or gather shells from the surrounding sea even without the use of a banca. The fact is, almost all male adults in the three places that I had visited are fishermen, or so I was informed. Perhaps for an easy access to the sea this is another reason why the Sangil settlements are found along the coast.

Almost all Sangil fishermen are small-time fishermen. They do not use motorboat for fishing. So far there is only one motorboat in the area, I was told. This was used for transporting copra by the owner who was a copra buyer. Not only can these people not afford to buy engine for their banca, but also because, according to them, it only makes their lives more dangerous since this would attract the attention of pirates who would hijack the boat while ordering the owner to jump into the sea. In fact this kind of piracy has become notorious lately because of the presence of this so-called "*ambak pare*".

Small time fishermen as they are, most common fish-catching device is the hook and line. There are also some fishermen who make use of the *soma* (nylon nets). Sometimes, they also use bamboo traps when sea current is favorable for this type of fishing depending on the time of the year. When the sea is so rough, spear gun is used for catching fish among the coral reefs in nearby shores.

Because the Sangil are just small-time fishermen, most of their catch are usually for home consumption. However, there are times when they are blessed with bountiful harvest from the sea. When this happens, they either sell these to places in Jose Abad Santos which is just across the Sarangani Strait or to Balut Island. During the months of April and May when the sea is calm, these people get some incentives from fresh fish buyers from General Santos City who come to the area to buy fresh fish for business. When these fishermen are able to catch huge sharks, these are marketed either in General Santos City or Davao City where shark fins command high prices.

Lately, the people have found another source of money from the sea: shell collection. At one time, it was reported, an American foreigner was buying rare shells that fetched prices by the thousands of pesos. Even small children are earning money by simply collecting shells from the shore and selling these to buyers from Davao City.

Although Sarangani Islands is geographically isolated from mainland Mindanao, this in no way discouraged outsiders to come into the islands, nor the Sangil from going to other places. This contributed greatly to the acculturation of the people.

It is surprising that the physical isolation of the place has a minimal effect on the acculturation of the people. The first impression that one gets upon seeing these settlements of the Sangil is that it is just any other settlement in Christian areas. This is because the Sangil are already very much acculturated with the Christian ways. In fact inter-ethnic marriages are already common among these people.

Sani Takabil, my centenarian informant shows considerable foreign features. He looks like a Spanish mestizo. Mr. Guzman Takabil, on the other hand, nephew of Sani Takabil, has Manobo blood, I was informed. In Obas

alone, there are three Cebuano who took Sangil wives. One of my informants is married to a Joloana (Tausug).

In fact acculturation is very much evident not only in the physical features of the people brought about by intermarriages, but also in the names of the people. For instance, three of the four children of Guzman Takabil have Christian names: Consuelo, Simeon and Eddie. What is funny, sometimes, however, is when they use feminine Christian names to males like in the case of Lourdes Naik.

The truth is, the Sangil has been very much in constant contact with other ethnic groups not only within their area, but most especially with outsiders coming from the mainland. Evidence to this is their material culture which surprisingly include brass, gong and bettlenut container said to come from the Lanao area. The writer also saw the Sangil use of a *tobao*, also said to have originated from Lanao.

Because of its riches from the sea, many people come to the place despite its physical isolation. As noted earlier, majority of the Sangil are fishermen because the sea surrounding the area is very rich in natural resources.

We were told that during the months of April and May, considerable number of fishermen from other places come to the area to fish. These people would stay with the Sangil for the duration of their stay introducing their own culture to the people in the area. At times, I was told, some of these fishermen would opt to stay behind. Aside from these fishermen, there are other transient workers who would sometimes stay among the Sangil families for considerable time.

For the young generation of Sangil, the momentum towards acculturation is even more intense. As it is, these Sangil children go to school where they are in constant contact with children of Christian migrants. Their teacher are also Christian migrants. Above all, the medium of instruction is foreign to the Sangil tongue.

For those who have been exposed to Christian areas, outside influences is inevitable. This is especially true for those who often go to Davao City doing odd jobs for a living.

### Jose Abad Santos

(An immediate Municipality across Sarangani Islands)

The Municipality of Jose Abad Santos was never a part of my itinerary. Somehow, when one is in the field it is worthwhile gathering as much information as possible which could be useful in the future. This is especially so when it is just an exploratory survey and not with any particular subject in mind or any definite study.

My chance to obtain information on this place came when we were on the way to Sarangani Islands. It just happened that one of our co-passengers was from Caburan (Mr. June Vera). Of course, Mr. Johny Medel, a cousin of the launch's owner, also contributed vital information to the writer.

#### **Economic resources**

The area is largely an agricultural one with coconut as the number one crop. This is largely due to the rugged terrain. Upland rice and corn are planted in small patches. The people also plant root crops like cassava and camote, fruit trees, and the like.

Because of the insufficiency of food production in this area, food constitutes the bulk of imported items from other areas particularly Davao City. In fact this could be gleaned from just a mere observation of the cargoes of launches that unload their cargoes in this area. It was observed that the bulk of these cargoes is rice which is distributed in the various populated areas along the coast.

Another source of income for the people is fishing. It should be noted here that at a certain part of the year, April and May, fishermen from this area go as far as Sarangani Islands to fish. They are either "small time" or "big time" fishermen depending on the kind of catching device that they use. The most common, however, is the use of hook and line which is most popular especially among the "small time" fishermen. Nylon nets (*pocot*) are also used. Sometimes, these fishermen also use spear gun.

#### **Ethnic diversity**

According to June Vera, a policeman from the Municipality of Jose Abad Santos, the municipality is populated with different ethnic groups like the Manobo, B'laan, Sangil, Maguindanaon and some Tausug aside from the migrant majority groups coming from Luzon, Visayas and from other parts of Mindanao. The Ilocanos and the Boholanos composed a large percentage of these migrants.

In Caburan, these different ethnic groups, according to my informant, live in some sort of ethnic segregation as one group would live in one area and the others in another area. This is especially true for some groups of relatives who would live in one place as a group. Otherwise, this seemingly ethnic segregation is not strictly followed for there are also some families of these different ethnic groups who would live together in one area. In fact cross-cultural marriages, according to my informant, is so common. For instance, my other informant, Mr. Johny Medel is an example. This man is a Spanish-Manobo mestizo, his mother being a Manobo married to a Spaniard. In fact his father married women of different ethnic groups.

But what interests the writer is the distribution of the Manobo group. It is widely known that the Manobo are hill tribe people who dwell in the

hinterlands. In fact many scholars defined the word "manobo" as "mountain people". But in this part, the Manobo are also found along the seacoast. The study by Lopez (1968) on the same group around the Southwestern Cotabato area also noted Manobo living along the seacoast. It is also reported to the writer that the Manobo of Libungan, North Cotabato, are plain dwellers.

As seacoast dwellers, there are also a good number of them who are fishermen. One of the crew members of M/L Sugal Queen was in fact a Manobo. Yet these people, according to my informants, were the traditional inhabitants of the land since time immemorial.

Correlating the above data with the article of Jocano (1975), "Problems and Challenges in Philippine Prehistory", would give us an interesting idea to reflect on. In the said article, Jocano refuted the assertion of O.H. Beyer in the latter's assertion of the *inland-push theory* in connection with the *wave of migration theory* on the peopling of the Philippines. It should be pointed out here that under the theory of Beyer, it was believed that the Aetas or Negritos arrived ahead of the other group of people (Indonesian and Malay) in the archipelago. Succeeding arrival of an advanced culture, according to the scheme, drove this early inhabitants from the seacoast into the mountains. These late comers were in return driven by another more advanced culture, thus the *inland-push theory* by Beyer. However, Jocano, in refuting this said scheme, said that the Negritos could be practically found in any type of topography even up to the present. They could be found in the mountains like the Ati of Panay and Negros and the Mamanua of Surigao and Agusan; in the plains along the seacoast like the Baluga of Luzon, etc. In fact there are also Mamanua who live in the plains.

The case of the Manobo may yet provide further evidence towards correcting errors in Philippine historiography particularly Philippine Prehistory.

Perhaps of another interest to Philippine Prehistory is the information given to the writer regarding the existence of an archaeological site at Sitio Lutayon, Caburan, Jose Abad Santos. According to June Vera, this is a traditional burial ground of the B'laan who were the first inhabitants of the place.

## FOLKLORE

### Short Story (Omang)

As told by Sani Takabil, 115 years old  
*Popong* (Ruler)/Coconut farmer  
Obas, North Sarangani

### THE TURTLE

Iduani Mararapi.  
They were friends.

Bo iduani  
Then they

nakaba vusa.  
saw (a) banana (plant).

Iputo iduani  
They cut (it).

Kotee su oba.  
The monkey got the upper part.

Pungi  
The

su puno.  
turtle the lower part.

Isuwang iduani  
They

su oba nati.  
planted it.

Su puno nubiara  
That of the turtle lived.

Bo ne no buate su puno.  
Then that of the turtle already bore fruit.

Su oba natete.  
(While) that of the monkey's died.

Naredu naong oba no nate  
The monkey was worried because his (banana)

Sisiye. Nubiate su puno nasasa.  
died. That of the turtle was already bearing fruit.

Nubera e puno, "Kuwatong Kute  
The turtle said, 'How will I climb up

Karapa mangari Vusa ko masasa".  
the ripened bananas?"

Nubera oba, "Ya kute mangavi  
The monkey said, "I will do the climbing".

Nubera e puno, "Ho mangavi e  
The turtle said, "Okay"! The monkey

Oba. Karinaya ko, "Dako ko  
climbed. The monkey said "Wait for

kamona rampedang."  
a while for I'm going to taste".

Nubera e puno, "Karia-e".  
The turtle said, "Quick!"

Nubera oba. "Rampedang kusau",  
The monkey said. "I'll taste again",

Pudopudo nayno e vusa.  
Until the bananas were consumed.

"Pudako si kao iya deng ngadaw".  
"You wait here for I'm going to get leaves".

Nubera oba, "karia".  
The monkey said, "Quick".

Nubera e puno, "Ikaw tumpa se  
The turtle said, ' You jump down the leaves

su daong no kao nayd".  
because you are full ',

Nubera puno, "Tumpa".  
The turtle said. "Jump now".

Katumpa oba nasusu.  
When the monkey jumped he was thorned.

Tenangke puno no kembuni  
The turtle ran; he hid

su pende.                      Nubera oba,  
in the coconut shell.        The monkey said,

"Pupuduku kao no kao matete sisiva-e".  
"When I catch you, you will die"

Ikabae puno su penda nubera oba kao.  
The turtle was seen in the coconut shell.

Nubera oba, "Kao bunsareng  
The monkey said, "I will drop a stone

kong bato sulikudu".  
on your back".

Kung puno,  
The turtle said,

"Iba nakanipi likudu kuni papa  
"This is what thinned out my back

Munsa'e yama sisiya vatu".  
when my father dropped a stone on my back".

Kung oba, "Puduku kao deng tutunang".  
The monkey said, "Wait for I'm going to burn you".

"Iba" kungi, "makatong likuduku papanutong  
"This is," said he, "what blackened my back when

yamang ko."  
father burnt it."

Kung oba, "Adeng  
The monkey said, "I

kao idume suahe".  
will throw you into the water".

Naredu-a naong ipuno no siye  
The turtle looked worried for

manise.  
he would drown.

Idume-eng oba suake.

The monkey threw (the turtle) into the water.

Lumugayte puno.

The turtle laughed.

### Riddles (Tenggong-tenggong)

Guzman Takabil, 39 years old

Coconut farmer/Businessman

Obas, North Sarangani

1. Daruwa do kao, ikaw taya matako;  
When you have two enemies, you're not

bila sumba-o matako. — *Lalenteng*  
afraid; when one, you're afraid. — *Foot bridge.*

2. Ang polete marag taya mabilang. — *Terete*  
The arrows cannot be counted. — *Rain*

3. Karaw dalenang-e, bolenang  
To be able, it drags its

Kombang-e. — *Darong*  
intestine. — *Needle*

### Fable (*Kirikiri Siyo*)

As told by: Lourdes Naik, 37 years old

Coconut farmer

Manaboy, North Sarangani

### Gantungan

Gantungan was already fatherless and lived with his mother. He was not yet named Gantungan. Life for him was so bleak that he grew up to be a desperate person.

Gantungan had a plan. One day, together with his mother, he went to the sea to see *gantungan*. When he met the fish, he told the fish about his plan. He wanted then to be a *gantungan* himself. His wish was granted and so from there on he became a *gantungan*, a fish.

One day Gantungan saw a flickering ray of light. The light originated from a fire in the house of a *datu*. There was a big feast at the house of the

datu at that time. The datu was holding a *Sipa* contest to determine who among the people in that place could marry his daughter, the princess.

The princess was kept in the seventh heaven under seven mosquito nets. Until then, however, nobody had kicked the rattan ball that could reach the princess.

When Gantungan saw the light, he went to the house of the datu to ask for fire. As a fish, he was then crawling. When the people in the datu's house saw him, they were all surprised to see a fish crawling on land and went up to the datu's house to ask for fire. Nobody minded much his physical form except that he was given the fire. The people were also surprised why a fish needed fire.

As he was leaving the datu's house, the rattan ball was about to fall on him so that he flipped it with his tail.

The people around playing with the rattan ball were surprised. They started looking for the ball. The ball was nowhere to be found for the ball continued to rise, up until it reached the princess in the seventh heaven. When the ball reached the princess, she got the ball and placed her ring to signify that somebody had already won her heart.

Upon seeing the ball with the princess' ring in it, the datu immediately stopped the contest. He announced to the people that somebody had already won the heart of his daughter. He then summoned every male in his kingdom to find out who kicked the ball that reached the place of the princess. He fitted the ring into the fingers of all the males, but did not fit into anyone's finger but Gantungan's.

The people resented Gantungan for he was just a fish. But the word of the datu prevailed for according to him anybody is entitled. When the ring was fitted into Gantungan's finger, it fitted so well. Thus the search for the princess' husband ended.

Knowing that her husband would just be a fish, the princess resented and complained to the datu, her father. But her father told her he cannot do anything since it was Gantungan that kicked the ball so successfully. The princess and Gantungan were then married. But even after marriage, the princess would not want to have Gantungan sleep by her side. Everytime Gantungan would climb up the house, the princess would pick him up and throw him through the window. This went for so long a time until Gantungan could no longer endure the treatment that he received from the princess. So one day, Gantungan told his parents-in-law that he would leave their home. Upon knowing this, the datu disagreed and scolded his daughter. But Gantungan instead pleaded that he be allowed to travel to a place somewhere. The datu agreed.

Gantungan borrowed the horse of the datu for him to ride on. Just as what he told the datu, Gantungan left the house and went to the horse of the

datu. As soon as nobody was in sight, he took off his clothes and was transformed into a handsome-looking man. He rode on the horse and galloped towards the house of the princess. As he passed by the house, the princess called him and told him to stay for a while. The disguised Gantungan told her he was in a hurry. But then the princess pleaded. Gantungan went up the house, but left the other foot outside of the house. He told the princess that this he has to do because there were no other people in the house. After a while, the disguised Gantungan bade the princess goodbye. He then went to a place and changed into his *gantungan* clothes again.

Just as the princess hated Gantungan, she again threw the fish as soon as Gantungan went back to their house. The princess must have really hated Gantungan for she could not accept him to be her husband. Gantungan charged her, "I saw you with another man and you were so sweet. Perhaps this is the reason why you don't like me".

Again Gantungan told his parents-in-law that he was going to visit a place. As what happened before, Gantungan changed his clothes and was again transformed into a handsome man. Again, the princess called him and told him to go upstairs.

This time Gantungan revealed his person to the princess. He told her that he was Gantungan. But the princess would not believe him. Gantungan told her that because of the treatment she gave him, he would now leave her as he can no longer endure. The princess pleaded Gantungan not to leave her, but Gantungan could no longer be convinced by the princess. And so he left.

Back to his mother, he told her to prepare some food for he was going to travel to a far away place. His mother begged Gantungan not to go for it was dangerous. But Gantungan told her that he can take care of himself. He was going to find his luck somewhere. And so his mother prepared three seeds of watermelon for his provision. He placed this into his mouth.

One day as he was waiting for something to ride on, Lanis Durang passed by. He asked Lanis Durang to take him along in his travel. But the followers just laughed at him, an ugly fish at that. But Lanis Durang told his followers to pick him up from the shore and brought to the ship. Because of their resentment over Gantungan, he was just dropped on the floor of the ship.

Seven nights and seven days passed without their seeing land. The ship continued to travel. Finally, after a month of travel they came upon an island. Gantungan asked Lanis Durang that he be left on that island. As he wished, Gantungan was left on the island as ordered by Lanis Durang. However, before Lanis Durang continued their voyage, Gantungan asked them that when they come back, they pass by the island as he was going to ride on the ship on their way home.

Left alone on an island, Gantungan was so lonely. There was no single

house except a *pinumburi* tree where he took shelter. Days passed with nothing to eat. He then thought of planting the watermelon seeds which he had in his mouth. He cleaned the land by cutting off the center stem which he had found. The vegetation in the whole island soon wilted. Three days after, he burned the grasses. Not long after, he planted the watermelon seeds.

It didn't take long for the watermelon to bear fruits. Soon it was ready for harvest. Unfortunately, during the night, big rats descended on Gantungan's field. Only three fruits were left. The following night he watched over the remaining fruits by hiding among them. Soon the rats arrived. As they were about to eat the remaining watermelon, Gantungan caught the biggest of them all. The rest scampered to safety. Gantungan, would not let the rat go. He wanted to kill it. The rat begged for its freedom. It said, "If only you'll set me free, I'll give you anything you ask for." When Gantungan heard this, he asked for gold.

Soon Gantungan found himself following the rat. They entered the subterranean home of the rat. To his surprise, the cave looked more of a palace. Everything was made of gold.

Before Gantungan went on a voyage, however, he was engaged to a beautiful lady. The only problem that he had was not being able to produce the bride-price which the datu, the father of his fiancée, asked. This consisted of seven gantas of gold.

Gantungan then asked for seven gantas of gold. He was not granted only this much, but sacks of gold. With this wealth, Gantungan waited for Lanis Durang.

He waited on the shore for several days until finally he saw the sails of Lanis Durang's ship. Lanis Durang on the other hand saw the cargo of Gantungan. He said, "That must be Gantungan waiting for us." But his men just laughed. For how can a fish have cargo. But Lanis Durang was so sure that he ordered his men to go towards the direction of Gantungan. Sure enough, it was Gantungan with his cargo of gold. After loading all the cargo, they sailed home.

A big feast was soon held to celebrate the wedding of Gantungan and the daughter of the datu.

## **Problems and Prospects for Future Research**

Geographically, Sarangani Islands is separated from mainland Mindanao by the Sarangani Strait. Though this is just a very narrow channel, the rough seas that prevail in the area for the most part of the year further isolate these islands from travelers.

The truth is, even Jose Abad Santos which is the immediate municipality across the Sarangani Islands, has no road connection to major urban

centers like Davao City or General Santos City. The only road connection to these urban centers is found in Malita in another municipality which is still very far from Caburan, the center of Jose Abad Santos.

Within Sarangani Islands itself, travel is very restricted considering the fact that there is only a few mileage of rough roads in the islands. In the first place, Sarangani Islands is composed of three separate islands. This leaves water transportation, not only within these islands, but also among different points in an island, as the most common means of transportation. Since most of the people are poor, what is commonly used are dug-out canoes which they also use for fishing. It must be mentioned here that these canoes can carry up to three persons. Most of these can carry only one. This is where transportation of cargoes becomes difficult. But going to another island like Balut from Sarangani ( $S_2$ ), one has to use pumpboats. This entails, however, the hiring of a pumpboat at higher prices since there is no regular transportation plying these different islands.

This is where the problem of researchers, especially those with meager funds, comes in. For a bigger group of researchers without their own water transportation, doing research in this area is very difficult as our experience bear out. As it was, our group had hired many times the services of pumpboats to ferry us from one island to another. Even for a small group or for an individual researcher, it would still be difficult since there is no regular transportation when one is already in the island.

Another problem in the area that a researcher has to contend with is security. Even before we reached our destination in Sarangani Islands, we were already informed of the risk in going there and the danger in the area. In fact the Coast Guards at Batuganding in Balut asked why we had not asked permission prior to our research. During the months of April and May when there are no storms and rough seas and the sea is calm pirates in the area may not be too easy to deal with. We were informed that the surrounding seas were being plagued with the *ambak pare*. Despite the constant patrol by sea-borne soldiers, these notorious group create fear and do inflict real damage to travellers.

Otherwise, the area is very rich for research not only on its people, but also on the creatures from the sea surrounding the islands. This was proven by the joint expedition conducted by the Natural Science Museum personnel and myself.

The above personnel were able to come up with considerable collection of shells on top of other data that they have recorded. The group also took notes of the flora and some birds in Olanivan particularly.

My study was more general since for all intents, it was an exploratory survey of the people in the islands. In fact, I was restricted to the Sangil area of Obas, Manaboy and Dada since these were the only areas accessible to the

writer in that particular situation. As a result, the writer resorted to more of establishing contact for future research rather than going into a serious in-depth study of the people. Specifically, the writer has come up with names of particular persons (and their areas) whose services could be tapped for future research work in the area:

1. Crispin Macampao (B'laan) – Patoko
2. Tablingan (B'laan) – Mangahos
3. Rura (Sangil -- brother of Naik) – Manaboy
4. Dumaik Takabil (Sangil) – Obas
5. Sani Takabil (Sangil – brother of Dumaik) – Obas
6. Frik Barahama (Maruri) – Patoko
7. Kahanggang Layong (Maruri) – Laker
8. Srom (Maruri) – Sarangani

For folklore collection, the writer had already identified persons who could serve as informants like Kahal Ambi and Lourdes Naik. Furthermore, the writer had also inquired of possible stories that could be collected. Since most of these stories require long hours of story-telling, I was informed, it is advisable that tape recorders be used in any future research of this nature.

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## Appendix

### Field Diary, 1984

Inocente N. Javier

#### *January 23*

Our research team left MSU campus at about three o'clock in the afternoon for Iligan City to catch up with the first trip of the Fortune Express bound for Cagayan the following day. As the team was rather big (there were seven members: Amuerfino Mapalo, Apolonio Kintao, Felomino Duron, Danilo Paiso, Bonifacio Cane, Alipio Macasukit, and me, the group had to split into two groups for overnight stay in Iligan. Apolonio Kintao, Danilo Paiso and Alipio Macasukit stayed in the house of Felomino Duron in Cabili Village. Bonifacio Cane and I stayed in the house of Amuerfino Mapalo. The group at Cabili Village earlier contacted a minica that afternoon to take them to the Fortune Express terminal early the following morning.

#### *January 24*

I woke up at about 3 o'clock A.M. Mapalo woke up a little later. After taking coffee and pan de sal, we left the house around 3:30 A.M. The

three of us had to walk halfway heading for the Fortune Express terminal where we were to find the other group ahead of us. Negotiating the turn after the bridge at Mahayahay, we saw an incoming passenger jeep which then took us to the terminal after a detour at Palao Market.

After buying our tickets for Cagayan and loading our pieces of baggages, the bus finally left a few minutes after 4 o'clock. About a quarter to six we reached Cagayan.

From there we took an air-con Fortune Express bus that was to leave for Butuan then to Davao at 7:30 A.M. As there was enough time, the group decided to take their breakfast. Alipio and I remained in the bus to watch over our things. When Bonie came over, it was our turn to take our breakfast. I found out later that the eatery was in a row of small eateries operated by a Maranao along the walls of Producers Bank at the Cogon Market.

The bus finally left on schedule. After some stops along the way, we reached Butuan about a quarter before 12:00 P.M. We ate at a carenderia at the terminal. The bus left around 12:30 for the stretch to Davao city.

It was drizzling all along the way as we negotiated the way to Davao. Again, because of the air-conditioning, the driver had to stop every now and then for the passengers to make personal calls, and stretch their tired muscles. The bus arrived at the Caltex station in Davao where the bus spent the night at about quarter to five.

We took a passenger jeepney from the Caltex station to the Yellow Bus terminal at Maa. The driver tried to jack up the fare, but then settled for ₱10.00.

After settling at the Yellow Bus terminal, Mapalo and Kintao went to check at Santa Ana the launch of Jose de Arce. We were hoping that the launch was there where we can take a ride for our final destination – Olani-van Island in the Sarangani group.

Unfortunately, they learned that the launch was sold by the Arces when the price of copra hit the low mark. The two, there, contacted another launch, the Sugul Queen. It was to leave the following day which was Wednesday to arrive at Sarangani, Friday. The two settled for it.

Back at the terminal, the group finally decided to forego the land trip by bus to Gen. Santos. We instead settled for the launch as it was going straight to Sarangani after a stop at Caburan. There were some parts of its itinerary, however, that were secret to us, as we later found out.

We took our supper at the Yellow Bus carenderia. The food was relatively cheeper. I was charged ₱4.75 for a food of *pata* curry and a cup of rice. The rest settled for fried fish or sari-sari.

I asked permission from the office of the bus terminal for the use of their telephone to contact a long time friend and former colleague who was an intern at the Brokenshire Medical School. Edwin Alconsel was said to have

left at about five that afternoon. I was to find out later that he had to sleep at his brother's house at G.S.I.S. Village as his brother was sick.

Most members of the group just had catnaps as we were apprehensive over the safety of our pieces of baggages. In fact two of our companions were said to have stayed awake the whole night compensated by just glasses of coffee which cost P3.00 per glass.

### *January 25*

Nevertheless, the group was ready very early the following morning as we were supposed to transfer our things to the launch, M/V Sugag Queen. The group had to ask for apology from the management of the bus company and thank them for our overnight stay in their premises as we had to abort our trip to Gen. Santos. The management understood our predicament including even the night watcher who was supposed to be rude to us the night before. They even bade us goodbye and wished us good luck on our way.

From here, we took another passenger jeepney to the Santa Ana wharf. For that service, the driver charged us P 30.00. After loading our baggage into the launch, the group decided to take their breakfast. As I did not yet feel hungry, I opted to stay behind while the six of them took their breakfast in one of the rows of eateries at Salmonan. When my turn came, I took mine at a restaurant just near the wharf. For two sunnyside-up eggs and a cup of coffee, I paid about P8.00. The rest of the group, except Bonie and Nong Polon who came back to relieve me, accompanied Mapalo to purchase the needed provision for the trip. For that short time I was left behind, I did have the chance to engage in a conversation with a certain de Castro who happened to be related to the owner of the launch. He was also one of the responsible persons on that launch.

Before noon time, all our provisions were already on the launch except for some items which Alipio, Nong Polon and I volunteered to buy at the Bankerohan market. I also had the chance to see Edwin at Brokenshire Hospital who was then on duty. Nong Polon accompanied me there and Edwin invited me to come back at noon. I declined the invitation as it was too costly to pay P5.00 per trip in going there.

In the afternoon, just after lunch time, Alipio and I decided to take a nap at the nearby-docking M/V Davao Princess (former M/V Don Enrique of the William Lines) Alipio was able to sleep for a few minutes, but not me. We had to run to the gangplank soon after we heard from the public sound system that the gangplank would be removed. The ship officials who must have seen us lying down there were amused at our sudden action when we heard the announcement. The boat did move but did not pull off anchor yet as we even left what seemed hours ahead of it. The group spent the whole afternoon trying either to get some sleep, talking with co-passengers or

watching a group of *vinta-riding* Sama begging from passengers to throw coins into the water for them to retrieve through diving. We took our supper a few minutes before 5 o'clock as the launch was supposed to leave at 6 o'clock. Again, I opted to eat after the group. So again I had the chance to talk with co-passengers. My conversation especially with June Vera and Johny Medel (cousin of the launch's owner) were especially informative. They gave me information on the socio-economic life of the people especially around Jose Abad-Santos. I also learned from June Vera that there is an archaeological site at Lutayon, a traditional burial site of the B'laan.

While waiting for the launch to prepare to leave as it seemed forever loading cargoes (Nong Mino joked that a few minutes before, the launch was to load "just three trucks of cargoes", but after that there were left just three trucks of cargoes to be loaded still. The group enjoyed the sight of Sama, both males and females, from adults to an urchin of about 2 years, trying to retrieve coins from the water thrown by passengers. These people were also selling shell products including a lampshade that cost about ₱50.00, but were willing to part with it at ₱35.00. When they sensed we were not really interested in buying it, but only in knowing the price, a girl got irked and threw some invectives at us. I took some photographs of these people. At about 8 o'clock, the launch finally left.

By this time the launch was really loaded not only of cargoes, as it was mainly a cargo launch, but also of passengers most of whom were owners of these cargoes. All the passengers had to sleep in a sardine-pack formation. Even the unsheltered bow of the launch were full of sleep-weary passengers. We were fortunate, however, to have a small space just above the opening of the launch at the mid-section, although we had to content ourselves with our legs folded throughout the night because other passengers slept just right below our smelly feet. Nong Mino, in fact, related a funny story to the group about a woman who slept next to him.

### *January 26*

I was already awake by 3 o'clock A.M. There were small waves that swing the otherwise heavily loaded launch. I saw Bonie awaken but was trying to catch some more sleep and so I offered my place to him. He declined. A moment later, more passengers awoke as the sun tried to crack out of the horizon. It was a beautiful sight. Danilo urged me to take pictures. I tried, only to find out the loaded roll was already finished.

Soon we reached Calian Point in mainland Mindanao as we were traveling alongside the mainland. We saw houses and people. The waves now grew bigger until we reached Caburan — our first stop.

I climbed up the roof of the launch to get a better view of the place. People started milling around as they prepared to disembark because the

waves swung the launch in a see-saw manner. As there was no pier, cargoes were unloaded on a small boat. It was so time-consuming. Nong Mino fitted on his swim suit and swam to the shore. On the second return of the unloading boat, Mapalo went along to buy viand for the group. He was able to buy fried fish and canned goods. We took a shell of a Pearly Nautilus from the chilling water.

From Caburan we proceeded to Piangona to unload more cargoes, then onward to Kalbay, then to Butuan. Unfortunately, the launch had to go back to Kalbay at around 7 o'clock in the evening to seek refuge from the strong wind and big waves. It was our first "test of nerves".

The launch was carrying some 1,000 pieces of eggs. It was placed on an elevated portion of the launch. That night, two young ladies slept just below that pile of eggs. At the height of the storm, the pile of eggs got loose of its hold and fell on one of the ladies, spilling eggs here and there and all over the lady. It was a pity that her unblemished face was badly battered. The image was like that of a red tomato with some scratches. Nong Polon imagined that if only we had our blue torch, we could have cooked the eggs on the floor for our viand.

#### *January 27*

The launch left for Butuan to unload more cargoes. The crew, however, showed no urgency in their work. Nong Mino thought that there was a wedding going on ashore.

The cook, this time, also went ashore together with the crew who were unloading cargoes. It was already about one o'clock when we were able to eat our lunch. In the evening supper was served at about ten o'clock. This prompted Mapalo to say that only pigs eat at about that time. We were then so hungry and frustrated.

We went back to Kalbay that night to avoid the wrath of the storm.

#### *January 28*

The sea was still so rough. Somehow, the launch left for Butuan to unload more cargoes. When I learned we were going back to Butuan, it prompted me to wonder why they did not unload all the cargoes intended for Butuan the day before. I had observed that the day before they just dilly-dallied.

The small boat which was used in unloading could not approach the shore because of the big waves that could slam it against the rocks. So unloading had to be shelved while waiting for the water to calm down. The launch moved a little to hide from the big waves. This, however, did not improve our situation so we had to spend the night there. Neither were the crew able to unload cargoes.

The group was so noisy joking and making fun. The launch was so dimly lighted. All of a sudden came big waves one after the other and very strong winds that seemed to overturn the launch. Light cargoes flew around. We had to hold on to whatever things we could lay our hands on. Water was sprayed upon us. The small boat which was used for unloading banged so heavily on the side of the launch. Sound of cracking wood was heard. I thought water was now gushing in. Fortunately, it was the upper part of the launch that was destroyed. The captain ordered for the engine to be started so that the anchor line won't give in.

In fact two of my companions put on their flippers and knives. They might have thought it was already our end. We survived but the waves continued to rock us unrelentlessly until early dawn.

It was interesting to observe how people would react to an impending danger. The big noise and funs that prevailed earlier so suddenly gave way to silence. Each one never attempted to utter a word in that brief moment of danger. Each one could only read fear and apprehension on another's face. It is also interesting to note that in times of uncertainties like this, human beings feel closer or remember God or so I thought. One member of the group frantically groped for his glasses in the dark as he was futilely trying to read passages from what seemed a Bible which he had tagged along.

God was with us and so we survived. But the sea did not improve. Big waves rocked us the whole night. We hardly slept that night.

### *January 30*

By this time the rough seas had already taken its toll upon us. Some members of the group were already sea-sick and dizzy. One even refused to eat, not until we encouraged him. We left Patolang in the morning for Sugali, but the sea was so rough so that we proceeded to Noing. We arrived a little past nine that morning. Again, the crew unloaded more cargoes. Some members of the group went ashore to take a bath and fetch fresh drinking water. This time bath was a luxury.

The group by this time was already running out of patience and Mapalo made it known to the captain the considerable delay in our trip. Two runners were sent to Johnny Medel who was in Butuan to inform him of the group's reaction towards the situation. It was hoped that they would be back in the evening. But nobody came back. The group was so frustrated.

The storm never left us alone and so it again visited us early dawn. The concern of the captain was the safety of the boat, ours were our lives. Because of the extra-strong winds and big waves, the captain had to let the engine keep going as the rope of the anchor was already old. We feared it would give way and smash the launch against the big boulders that lined up the shore.

Earlier that day, a pumpboat bearing a priest landed at Noing from Caburan. The captain then related to us an incident wherein a priest from Caburan together with his companions, were lost at sea. The priest and his party left a fiesta celebration after officiating a mass there for Caburan. They never reached home. For forty-two days everyone thought they were dead. Services were held for their souls. Fortunately, they were carried by the current to Australia where they were seen by a training pilot who relayed a message to an on-coming ship who rescued them. They were finally returned to the Philippines after forty-two days of ordeal at sea.

Their survival at sea was a mystery. It was related that all of them were already weak. The priest just prayed and prayed. A few days later it rained so that they caught the raindrops with whatever container they had. It was also related that a small turtle had accompanied them wherever their pumpboat was carried way. They decided that they would only touch it when they would have nothing to eat. They did well after several days without food, so that they thought the turtle saved them.

The captain ended his story by saying, "Priests must have powers". To myself, I said, "Powers they have, through the intercession of the Almighty"

*January 31*

The reason why we could not cross to Sarangani earlier was the rough seas. The group woke up to find the sea relatively calm. This gave us hope that we can now proceed to Sarangani. Two persons appeared on the shore making some signals. It was not clear, however, so that the crew just guessed and thought it was the sack of rice. They were right.

No news, whatsoever, about the Chief of the voyage came. We waited a while, yet no one arrived. The launch left for Sugal instead. The sea, however, was so rough. Rounding the shore of Patolang, one of the crew who was left behind signalled from the shore for the launch to go back to Noing.

The launch arrived ahead of those who journeyed on foot. The second in command of the launch arrived, but not Medel. It was then decided that we proceeded to Patoko, Sarangani. The group was delighted.

Before the trip, however, everything had to be secured because we anticipated rough sailing. Indeed, it was. We left Noing at about 12:30 arriving in Patoko a little before 1:30.

We landed at Buhangin. The water was so calm. When we landed, it was only then we realized that everyone was seasick. Nong Polon and Nong Mino, with the help of a little boy who paddled them across in a banca, went to Jose de Arce to deliver a letter from Dr. Saber and a complimentary copy of Mindanao Journal. Mapalo and the rest bought additional supplies. I helped in the unloading of our baggage. It was drizzling.

We took a pumpboat to Olanivan at about 4 o'clock. It was raining then. When we disembarked, we found we were already soaked to the skin and the waves seemed to suck us to the sea.

A fisherman's hut saved us from the rain. It also served us as our house for the rest of the days that we were there.

Everyone was excited that first day at Olanivan. Nong Mino had rounded the island. Soon Mapalo followed suit. I only went halfway as it was already dark. When Alipio, Mapalo and I took a walk just near our hut, I saw a crab. I later knew it was *agokoy*. We cooked it and enjoyed the taste of it. Two members of the group do not eat *agokoy*, however.

Just after supper, Nong Polon and Danny again went on *agokoy* hunting. Late that night, Nong Mino, Nong Polon, Mapalo and Danny went on diving, but the sea current was so strong and the waves won't allow them to go further.

### *February 1*

The museum team were excited and eager to test the Olanivan waters. After breakfast they went on fishing and collecting shells. After going around the island, I visited another hut just about 200 yards away from our place where a B'laan couple lived.

This B'laan couple, Bernardino de la Rosa and Anastacia de la Rosa, were not really from Olanivan. They are just a transient fishing family whose roots are from Sarangani Island. They have a son employed in Gen. Santos. Two of their daughters are married to a Sangil: one is studying at Balut Island while the youngest stays with them at Olanivan. They also have a grandson with them which actually raised to four the number of occupants in that B'laan hut.

Part of my interview with Mr. Bernardino de la Rosa forms part of my information on ethnography.

### *February 2*

As usual, the museum team went on shell collection and fishing. It should be noted that diving for the museum team is dependent on the tide, current, waves and the moon. The team usually prefers low tide, calm sea, slow or absence of current, and moonless nights. As it is, the team most of the time, went on diving not only during daytime, but also during night time. In fact they prefer to go on diving at night because they net more collection than at day time. The only difficulty is that they have to put off their sleep and have to endure the coldness of the chilling water. And then there is the fact that feet are vulnerable to sharp coral stones and venomous creatures of the sea.

As I could do no more than gather indirect information about the Sangil from our B'laan neighbor, I just did the best that I could under that situation. I took some pictures of the place.

### *February 3*

Olanivan island is like a melting place for fishermen. Even fishermen from nearby Island of Sarangani converge on the island for fishing.

That early morning of February 3, our group was excited to see different kinds of fishes that these fishermen caught. I was fascinated to see these fishermen take one from a nylon net (*soma*) which they had earlier laid down in the water.

I again conducted another interview, not only with our B'laan neighbor, but with some of these fishermen, most of whom were Sangil, before they went on fishing.

### *February 4*

As usual I did my personal "ritual". I went around the island hoping to see some turtles. The museum team as usual went on shell collection and fishing after supper.

### *February 5*

It was just like a picnic day for me today. I did some further interview with some fishermen and our B'laan friend.

The team feasted on young coconuts that day. I was so full that I did not take my supper in the evening.

The museum team did their routinary diving also at night that our sleep was occasionally disturbed. This was especially true when they had big catch.

### *February 6*

We continued our routinary work especially for the museum people. This time, however, I had firmly gained the friendship of some of the Sangil fishermen who visited the island everytime the sea was calm. One of the fishermen gave me a bundle of fish. It was also at this time that I signified my intention to go with my newly-gained Sangil friends to their places.

### *February 7*

As usual together with some members of the team, we went to see the evening catch of the transient fishermen. One will know if there are many fishermen who came to the island by the number of bancas on the shore.

Most catch that evening were *dewit*, a long flat fish. Some of my companions, in fact, caught some of these fishes. For myself, I bought another kind of fish. What was encouraging was the cheap price which was ₱5.00 per kilo of any large fish. But the fishermen were even more generous to us.

I again signified my intent to visit the Sangil place when I saw my Sangil friend. My Sangil friend was enthusiastic that he even offered to be my guide.

As arranged, I left our camp to go with my Sangil friend to Obas, just across Olanivan, riding on a small banca which was intended for one person. The distance, however, was really not a problem. It was the big waves and the strong sea current. I dared cross that day knowing the sea was relatively calm. But just before we went ashore to Obas, big waves soaked us up with salt water. It was good my camera was wrapped in plastic and placed inside a bag.

From a distance my friend and guide told me that the fellow talking with some fishermen, who had arrived ahead of us, was a barangay councilor, Gusman Takabil. Upon reaching the shore, I introduced myself to the councilor and told him of my intention in the place.

I was ushered into his place. Later I was told he was still in the process of building up his house. I was shown the framework of a galvanized-roofed house and cement flooring.

I was served hot milk. Later my guide, Saling Jamahul, came over after taking a fresh water bath in a nearby spring. From here, Mr. Takabil and Saling took me to the house of a centenarian, an uncle and grandfather of Gusman and Saling, respectively.

Sani Takabil was reported to be 115 years old. I interviewed the old man and took pictures of him together with his paraphernalia for bettlenut chewing. We were again served hot milk. Downstairs, I again took pictures of this man together with his children, grandchildren and great-great grandchildren showing generations of a group of related people. I also took pictures of this old man doing a warrior dance. I took my lunch at the councilor's house. In the afternoon, I had the chance of interviewing and folklore-collecting from some informants like Kahal Ambi and Mr. Gusman Takabil. Some women around and some high school students also helped out.

I waited for the sea to calm down because I was supposed to go back to our camp that afternoon, but the weather only worsened. I was forced to stay. I again took my supper at the councilor's house. For the evening stay, Krising, a Cebuano married to a Sangil, invited me to his house for the night. There were also other relatives whose houses were in the neighborhood, but preferred to sleep in that house. Saling, my guide, kept me company.

It was really stormy the whole night. The wind even grew stronger.

February 8

My hopes of going back to the camp that early morning were dashed away by the presence of strong sea current and the continuing bad weather. Instead of going back to the camp. Saling had another plan in mind. After taking our breakfast over a viand of dried *dewit*, we went to Manaboy.

Manaboy is just an adjacent sitio. It is just about 20-minute leisure walk. But what was difficult in going there by foot was the small steep hill of big boulders that one had to negotiate. When the tide is high, one had to cling around a big boulder after negotiating that very steep hill. Should one fall down, he would surely fall onto sharp rocks below and would be lucky if he were not pitched against these rocks by the on-rushing waves. The only escape from this is when the tide is low. Riding on a banca would mean one has to be content with getting soaked in sea water.

I saw a woman processing salt as we passed along. She was my guide's aunt. According to my guide, Saling, his grandmother used to process salt and she would never allow anyone to go near her area when she did so. It was taboo.

I was told that *luszy* leaves (sea-weeds) are first burned. The ashes are collected and placed in a container that served as a sieve. Sea water is then poured over this and is collected in another container. This is then boiled to dry and the sediment left is solid salt (*budoku*). The container for boiling may either be a big can or an earthen pot (*kuring*). If *kuring* is used, as concentrated water is added once the container is about to dry, successive addition of concentrated water and drying may result in the cracking up of the earthen pot as it is filled up with solid salt.

We saw some fishermen mending their fishing net (*soma*) as we spent noontime at Saling's uncle house, a fisherman whose name I forgot to write. We were served *panggi* (grated cassava), some steamed and toasted. We were also served toasted *lumbia* (flour extracted from a *lumbia* palm) which looked like a buri palm. A sautied dried fish with plenty of red paper served as our viand.

We left Manaboy a little later after lunch. After spending time at Obas conversing with my Sangil friends, we again left for Dada. I was told that just like in Manaboy, almost all of the residents here were relatives of my guide.

We were served strong black native coffee. A little later, as it was already getting dark, we were again served supper as our hosts would not allow us to leave unless we ate supper.

When we arrived at Obas, Mr. Gusman Takabil was looking for us. He was worried because it was already dark and we were not yet around. He invited us to his house for another supper.

The wind seemed to slow down that night that even Mr. Takabil expressed his hope that I might be able to go home the following day.

For the second time I again slept with the Billarens and I retired earlier that night thinking the next day I shall be able to cross that narrow channel bound for our camp.

### *February 9*

I woke up early that morning hoping that the weather was calm. I was wrong. In fact it had worsened. After taking breakfast, together with my host and some other friends, we watched the water in the channel. Later, the wife of my host told me that the councilor saw the pumpboat which was supposed to take us to Patoko on the tenth of February at Olanivan. It was already the ninth. I became apprehensive. I waited to see whether it would leave. It didn't. I thought my companions were just waiting for me. So I told my guide of my intention to cross the channel even in that weather condition. My guide borrowed a bigger banca which had arrived the day before, and together with his cousin, prepared the banca.

We had to go out to see first before attempting to cross the channel so that when the sea current carried us parallel to the channel we were a bit closer to Olanivan where our camp was. The soil also helped us out, but I had to continuously drain the banca of water to avoid sinking. This allowed my Sangil friends to paddle vigorously to gain precious movement against the current. This would not prevent us from being carried by the strong current to the other end of the channel towards the direction of Balut Island down to Indonesia. However, luck was with us because the waves from the other end which moved towards Olanivan pushed us toward the island. Despite the horrendous waves, we reached the island after about one-and-a-half hours for that short distance.

Smiles were visible on my companions' faces. I was told they were worried about me since I promised to return to the camp in the afternoon of that same day, but failed. I returned three days later. Their apprehension even heightened when they were told of a story that at the height of the rebellion, no one could enter the Sangil area and manage to return alive.

All our things were already on the shore just waiting to be loaded. My Sangil friends helped me pack my things. After that we bade goodbye to our B'laan friends. I told my Sangil friends that I would be coming back. After friendly parting, they also set sail for Obas.

At Buhangin, Patoko, it took us sometime before we found a place to camp. The house of Armiseta, the owner of the pumpboat where we rode, was too small for our group. I suggested the chapel, but a lady barangay official told us to wait. She had to confer with the barangay captain first. The niece of Armiseta saved us the trouble. We camped at their residence which was also a copra-buying station.

Nong Mino, Danny and myself, together with a small boy as guide,

went to gather sea weeds from a nearby area. The water was just about 1-2 fathoms deep. What fascinated us, however, was the babbling of the little boy. He told us that the water where the seaweeds were, was too shallow that even a new born child could gather seaweeds. He also scared Nong Mino and Danny of his stories about sea snakes in the water.

We rested after lunch as it was drizzling. A little before 4 o'clock, the group, except Alipio, went to see Mr. Jose de Arce. We borrowed a small banca which was just enough to carry us. Mr. de Arce was so glad to see us. I took a bath as they have a good source of water which was piped to the house. We learned that they transferred to the present site in Patoko after their source of water at Tomanao dried up in the 1983 drought. We were served black native coffee. In one side of the sala, we saw piles of corn. Nong Polon even asked one corn cob for seedlings. It was getting dark and so we left for Buhangin, our temporary camp.

Our host and some of his neighbors enjoyed playing with bets (*piyat-piyat*) (a card game) under our pressure lamp. We used a home-made kerosene lamp when we ate supper because they used our pressure lamp. They stopped only just before we retired for that day.

Mapalo and Alipio slept in a makeshift bed. I slept upstairs upon invitation of the owner. Later, Nong Polon joined me there as the mat was wide enough. Late that night, a dog also joined us. In the morning I found out that Danny and Nong Mino slept on a carpet. The carpet was a surprise as it was not there by the time I retired that night. I was told that a few years back, a pumpboat loaded with carpets sunk near Olanivan Island. Since they got wet they were no longer sold. Danny asked me if I wanted to buy it. I answered him, "What will I do with it.?"

### *February 10*

We were up early and were worried of our situation. It was then decided that we go to Batuganding in Balut Island where we can take another pumpboat for Gen. Santos. This was after we were told that there were many pumpboats that traveled between Batuganding and Gen. Santos. We were convincing Armiseta to take us to Gen. Santos, but he refused as there was only one engine in his pumpboat. We hired another pumpboat for Batuganding, but when we loaded our cargo, it seemed it could not carry us. We settled for Armiseta's pumpboat. We were charged ₱150.00.

We arrived at Batuganding a little before 10 o'clock in the morning. Mapalo went to the coast guard office to ask for a permit. The museum collection of shells was also inspected in the office. I was told by Mapalo later that the Coast Guards were asking for my travel order. Since I left MSU before it was signed by the Office of the President, I did not have it with me, otherwise everything was in order. I was also told that the area where I went,

Obas, was a critical place. I did not agree since I had been there.

Mapalo went to see the mayor for a permit and Danny accompanied him. We ate our lunch at the small pier. Nong Polon and I (Bonie joined us later) spent the afternoon at the ARCAL store corridor. Nong Polon and Nong Mino stayed at the side of one of the buildings there. They even heated water for coffee. Alipio accompanied me to one of the stores which was actually a bakery where we took our snacks. Joining the group, Nong Mino was expecting for bread so that I asked Alipio to buy.

Alipio and I fetched fresh water from a source which was under sea water. It was a girl, who was laundering, who filled up our container since we did not know where to fetch potable water. There was a pipe connected to a source that was under sea water during high tide.

At about 3:30 in the afternoon, a pumpboat came over and the owner told us to load our things per instruction of Mapalo. We were to spend the night at Mabila since we were supposed to leave early dawn when the sea was relatively calm.

We camped at a Maruri chapel (UCCP) which was very near a cemetery. Mapalo and I went to a nearby store (Cochiangco's) to buy some provisions for supper and for the following day. As we were cooking our meal, a guy joined us. He was also a passenger of that pumpboat which would take us to Gen. Santos and was to spend the night in that chapel. Later, two Indonesians (they call themselves Sangir as distinguished from Sangil) came over. One, Mr. Jhatt Manaming, was already an acquaintance of mine, having come upon him that afternoon at Batuganding. Later, they left for the Indonesian consulate where they spent the night.

### *February 11*

We were up again early that morning at about 4 o'clock. Each one got his provisions of bananas and biscuits.

The boat which was tentatively scheduled for 4 o'clock in the morning finally left at 5:10 after some delays. While we were already out in the sea, one of the engines failed to function thus causing another delay as the pumpboat had to stop while still very near Mabila. In fact the owner of the pumpboat thought of not continuing the trip. The engine was fixed somehow, and finally moved on at about 6 o'clock. At about 6:30, we reached the last point of Balut Island moving towards Batulaki on the main island of Mindanao. We reached Batulaki at about 8 o'clock that morning.

A seaborne P.C. patrol came by for inspection. Unfortunately, the guy was so rude in his approach and contemptuous. He told the pumpboat owner that if there were plates in the pumpboat, he was going to confiscate. The guy was referring to plates coming from Indonesia which had fancy colors and designs. This was because, according to him, the Border Agreement

between the Philippines and Indonesia was for the purpose of humanitarian and cultural reasons and not for trade. The guy also asked the pumpboat owner why there were many new faces. He even pointed to Nong Polon and asked some questions. As I was nearer and facing him, I told the guy where we came from and our purpose in coming. Knowing this, he might have felt ashamed and soon excused himself.

Some of our co-passengers also went down to find something to eat and for personal calls.

At 10:30, we reached Ponsad, Glan where some passengers disembarked. We left at 12 o'clock. The sea was so rough that both engines failed alternately: one of these failed twice, while the other, once. Even the pilot had to be relieved as he seemed to be indecisive and lacked experience in guiding the boat. Everyone of us were soaked in sea water.

We reached Gen. Santos at 3:45 in the afternoon just in time for the last trip of the Yellow Bus bound for Davao City. The bus, however, was so full that two members of the group, Nong Polon and Danny, had to wait for sometime before they were able to take seats.

We camped at the Yellow Bus terminal as it was well guarded. Members of the group got some relief by washing up themselves in a nearby water pump before trying to get some sleep in a parked bus and at the nearby coffee shop. Some were not really able to get sleep at all.

### *February 12*

We were up early as the trip to Cagayan de Oro was also early. However, the night before, Edwin had requested me to stay behind even for a few days. At first, I told him that it would be unfair to the group as we had travelled as a group. However, I later relented to his request knowing that it's just a rare occasion that I would be able to visit my friend's place. Besides, it was also a sort of renewal of our deep friendship.

I told Mapalo of my plan to stay behind and it was okay with him on condition that I wouldn't stay long. I told him I would just see Edwin and if possible, follow in the afternoon. If not I would leave the next day.

We transferred our luggage to the Fortune Express terminal. After loading at about 6:30, the group went to take their breakfast while I stayed behind to watch our things. However, there was a minor problem with our baggage since the first bus that was to leave at 6:30 A.M. refused to carry them inside the bus because of the odor emitted by the shells and by the dried fish that we carried. We had to transfer these pieces of baggage to the second bus that was to leave at 7:30 A.M.

I left the group to take my breakfast at a place fronting the Bachelor's terminal when they returned at about 7:00. From there, I took a PU to Brokenshire Hospital.

Edwin was still making the rounds of his patients when I arrived that morning, so I had to wait for a while. I waited downstairs since it was spacious. After he was through, we went to their dormitory to fetch some of his things. Edwin gave me a circular object made of coconut shell without any "eyes", according to him, with an image of Jesus. He knew I was also interested in occult. He told me some stories related to these kinds of things.

Calinan, Edwin's hometown is just about 30 minutes from Davao City proper. I was introduced to his parents. His father opened a bottle of Johnny Walker for us to drink after lunch. Earlier, his mother left for the city with another teacher.

His father told us a lot of stories related to the supernatural. He showed us some "venerated" objects like petrified shells. He told me that if a shell were turned into stone especially if the color is white, it "holds power" within it.

He also showed me a white oblong stone with "eyes" in it. What interested me, however, was a piece of wood, a hard wood which was brown-black in color. It seemed to be the pitch of a big tree. That wood, according to Edwin's father, Mr. Autimo Alconcel who was the Superintendent in that district was part of the cane of a *capri* (giant). It was given him, by an old man from Agusan del Sur who got this from a cave. According to him also, that same old man also gave his son, Autimo Alconcel, Jr. a skull of a person taken from the same cave. What was unusual was that the skull was so huge to be that of an ordinary human. In fact, as Edwin described it, it was as big as a basketball.

After a short rest we went around Calinan. I saw the terminal of jeepneys that plied the route from Calinan to Bukidnon. The fare was ₱35.00.

Back to the house we continued our drinking spree. Edwin's elder brother and a nephew had arrived earlier. As we were drinking, Aldo, who was Edwin's friend and a school mate at UERM and already my acquaintance, dropped by. It seemed Edwin and he had had some prior arrangement which now had to be shelved. He left after a short while. Edwin's father and a companion also left for their Sunday date to the cockpit. We left for the city at 4 o'clock that afternoon.

After a short rest at his brother's house at GSIS, we went to the city to buy some fruits to bring home. We also went around "window-shopping". I tried to find some filter for my camera, but there was not the kind I was looking for. We returned to GSIS around 9 o'clock. The people at the house were already taking supper. Edwin and I soon joined them at the table. Eddie, Edwin's elder brother, soon arrived together with their youngest sister who also shopped in the city.

We rested for a while then Eddie, Edwin, I and another fellow, went to USP to visit Edwin's other brother, Atty. Autimo Alconcel, Jr. We failed

to see him and so we just went around the city. We returned home past eleven in the evening so tired and sleepy.

*February 13*

I woke up early and Edwin later woke up, too, to report for duty at Brokenshire hospital. After taking an early morning bath and breakfast, Eddie conducted me to the Fortune Express terminal. The bus was about to leave then. Edwin, Eddie and the other guy left for Brokenshire.

The bus left Davao city at 7:30 A.M. I arrived at Cagayan de Oro City at about 4:00 P.M. after a flat tire in Bugo. It was around 6:30 in the evening when I arrived in Iligan City.