



The Great Philadelphia Gate Crash

Would you believe it but it has been seven (7) years since the last newsletter issue?

That issue was a special one exclusively reporting the "Lakbayan" adventures of a group of Upscan old friends on their weeks' trip to Batanes. And it was the first issue posted in the internet in color PDF.

Previous issues, all 15 of them, were hardcopy B&W prints mailed out to members and friends, oftentimes numbering up to 200 per print run.

They contained news, photos, jokes, trivia, and other entertaining items culled from the exchanges between UPSCA Loop members on the internet.

A popular series then were the stories spun by engineer-turned-writer Johnny Reyes.

He lately has been at it again, hence, the call for this latest issue, most likely the last

Here is what he emailed to the loop in 2 installments, with title shown on the headline. I added the pictures.

Danny Gil

--oOo--

Howdy, folks!

Last Saturday, I saw an opportunity to meet friends again whom I hadn't seen for many years, and also to connect again in some indirect little way with our good friend JONG who'd left us so quickly and unexpectedly recently. I was actually feeling guilty for having missed all the activities commemorating the prematurely-ended life of this brilliant and amazing guy. Now that his wife Ting is scheduling his inurnment (no, that wasn't a typo), the timing seemed appropriate for meeting his kid sister

Avo again.

Danny Gil was in the process of doing his corporal works of mercy visiting the sick - me. His wife Lisa had already left for the Philippines the day before. Tony Estrera was supposed to come along with Danny to my home in Belle Mead NJ, but he cancelled at the last minute because of a bad cold. Danny came anyway, and I dressed appropriately for the occasion by putting on my robe and sitting in our living room with my wooden crutches and self-standing walking stick beside me, a hot-water bolsa on my head, and an old-fashioned mercury thermometer sticking out of my mouth (but no labatiba). When it was time for us to go, I was planning to get up, throw away my walking aids, and shout to the heavens, Mila! I can walk! But without Tony there I couldn't fool Danny, and after Mila said, John, will you stop that foolishness and get up out of that chair! off we went to the neighborhood Thai restaurant for lunch.

Then the opportunity came! Danny had learned that retired brain-transplant specialist Erwin Gomez was in Philadelphia and had been invited by Avo and her husband David Jones to dinner that evening. Danny was considering joining them, but was of two minds about going all the way to Philadelphia when he had to return to Brooklyn that night. He said, unless you two would also like to go with me. As I'd hinted earlier I was interested, but I simply glanced at Mila and said, don't look at me, Danny, in this household my wife makes the minor decisions on whether we go out for dinner or not. I only make the major decisions, for example on whether we send ground troops to West Africa to prevent ebola from breaking out here or not. Danny didn't pursue the subject further.



Mila

Johnny

Evelyn

Jaime

Cerina

Erwin

Avo

David

But as we were about to go back to our car after a nice spicy meal (Mila to drive), out of the blue I asked her, How would you like to go to Philadelphia tonight? To our surprise she replied Sure! Anytime! And the re-energized Danny proceeded to happily engineer the great New Jersey/Pennsylvania gatecrash exercise. We subsequently learned that Erwin was bringing his granddaughter to the dinner - last time we'd seen her she was a 9-year-old kid in that fairy-tale Martha's Vineyard cottage in the woods - now she was a pretty coed going to college in Drexel University in Philly! Also coming with Erwin was his younger sister Evelyn and her husband Jaime who was going to have a heart bypass operation in a couple of days. With three more of us joining the party and increasing the attendance by 50 %, Danny thought he would bring extra food and he ordered some takeout from the Thai restaurant where we still were. Having tested the quality beforehand, he was confident Erwin, Avo, and David would enjoy it too. Mila found some equally-proven wine-of-the-month Merlot from Bottle King in our basement, and after I'd wrapped it in my signature "Ace Hardware" brown paper bag, we were all set.

With Danny at the wheel, Mila and I had no qualms we'd find Avo's house in Philadelphia easily, but just to make sure (just like Superman always wears an extra pair of briefs outside his long johns), we activated the following additional layers of navigational aids: my personal knowledge of the city (the place turned out to be within 2 miles of my late brother's house); my Tom-Tom GPS device; a Yahoo map and step-by-step directions printed out by Danny; Google real-time tracking on Danny's i-iphone; and on-the-spot telephone guidance from David himself. Unfortunately, we hit the height of peak hours, but traffic was moving continuously albeit slowly, and we were only an hour late for our 6-o'clock gatecrashing appointment.

We found the street at last, a tree-lined avenue where your parallel-parking skills will really be tested (not good for the Parkinson's brigade -- nowadays, my ideal parking arrangement is a double slot, one in front of the other, with both slots still unoccupied -- I call the front slot a Parkinson's parking slot, which you don't have to back out of). Anyway, I envied Danny as he slid gracefully and effortlessly into one of the available curbside slots between two cars, with minimal clearance front and back and on the side facing the sidewalk. According to David, there was a gigantic Gingko tree directly in front of their house. (Later, when we asked if there was a Kapre monster resident among the thick foliage on top of it, David said the only monsters frequenting that tree were the squirrels who continually make a mess and damage their eaves. I understand there have also been attempts in the past to market the sap of this tree as a short-term memory-improving drug.) Anyway, we watched out for the landmark, and sure enough David was under the tree looking out for us.

He is actually the third David Jones Mila and I have known. The first was a high-class department store in the city of Parramatta on the outskirts of Sydney (sort of equivalent to Bloomingdale's in America). The second was the son of my boss Bill Jones in Shell Tabangao, a tough but technically brilliant Englishman who gave his colleagues hell in Pulau Bukom Refinery (Singapore) where he was Operations Manager, and in Geerlong Refinery (Australia) where he was General Manager). He had already mellowed by the time he was assigned to Tabangao in 1995, where he successfully managed the safe start-up of the new state-of-the-art crude oil refinery with a thermal cracker during the heady days when the highly-competent Fidel Ramos was President of the Philippines (before Erap's turn). Bill Jones' only son David, who was still a teenager during our stay in Tabangao, was the apple of his dad's eye.

David Jones III turned out to be a very likable Philadelphian who grew up near the Main Line. This clean-shaven late sexagenarian/borderline septuagenarian didn't look a day over 50, and although he was a college professor he didn't have that characteristic stoop they usually acquire. Instead, he had a spring in his step and a spark in his eye, so that after a few minutes you forget the gray hair and the eyeglasses, but see only his smiling face. And he still had a full head of hair.



Erwin

Johnny

There was another guy approaching 70 in the room when we arrived, and with his hairdo and his brand-new and very becoming beard (which must be taking hours to trim and which he must be combing carefully every night), the guy was a dead ringer for that famous New York talk-show host and Constitutional expert - The Great One, Mark Levin! The resemblance was amazing, and so were the facial mannerisms they had in common. But as we all know, Erwin Gomez was not a lawyer but merely a retired cardiovascular surgeon.

As the great Walt Kelly (who is way up there with Al Capp, as far as I am concerned) used to say, there's nothing mere about a retired cardiovascular surgeon! Erwin has been our close friend all these years, and he's still the same dignified and shy gentleman with

impressive professional accomplishments and surprising expertise in a number of unexpected and extraordinary fields. If you want to see what he looks like nowadays, just Google his doppelganger's name "mark levin" and then click on "Images."

Sitting beside Erwin was a pretty young lady, and for a while I was trying to make out whether it could be Nina, his daughter whom we had met in Martha's Vineyard some years ago, when Erwin had invited a group of UPSCA alumni for a couple of nights stay at her place. At that time not too long ago, as I said earlier, the island still seemed like fairyland, but I understand that recently the place has been taken over by some unwanted vacationists who keep coming back every year, and there went the neighborhood. Perhaps we can ask Erwin to confirm (or contradict) my understanding. But the girl seated beside him tonight must be only a teenager, too young to be Nina. Guess what - time certainly flies -- it was Nina's daughter Cerina, Erwin's granddaughter!

Speaking of look-alikes, I'm sure both Mila and Danny will agree with me that Erwin's younger sister and her husband bear an uncanny resemblance to each other, as many married couples do. Were such couples attracted to each other because they saw themselves in their partner, or did they start becoming like her or him after having looked at their partner every day and loving what they saw? With Evelyn and Jaime, maybe it's the individual features, or the shape of the eyes, or simply the facial expression. I wonder if anybody else has ever made this observation before? Anyway, Jaime seemed pretty calm, and otherwise rather fit, for someone who was going to undergo heart surgery soon. But if I had a brother-in-law like Erwin around, that would certainly be wonderful moral support, wouldn't it? By the way, Erwin, do you have any more siblings with names starting with "E" and ending with "n"?



Danny David Avo

Finally, our hostess Avo. I'd met her only briefly many years ago at a party in JONG's San Juan manor house, when I believe JONG was still a freshman UPSCA member (I was sophomore, but only just joining too, fulfilling a condition imposed by my high school principal and my parish priest for going to college in that Godless institution in the dark wilderness of Dilimán on the remote edges of Quezon City. After that, this attractive "bratty-looking" teenager just seemed to have disappeared.

Tonight, I was curious to see what Avo looked like now, and where she'd been all these years. When I first spotted her after David welcomed us to their home on Kenilworth Street, she definitely reminded me of JONG, but I couldn't pinpoint why, because there was absolutely no resemblance between the two siblings. C'mon, JONG, with all due respect to you, there can't be any resemblance, because Avo is a very attractive young lady!

Welcoming us latecomers into their home, David was showing Mila framed pictures of the family arrayed on a side table, including that of his son by his late first wife. Then I showed him in return a portrait of our family, comprising Mila, myself, and three of our eight grandchildren, printed on my T-shirt (see Danny's photo, attached somewhere to this thread).

All of a sudden, Avo and Danny intimidated us all by speaking to each other in loud, fluent, and fully-accented Sugbuanon -- the language of Dumaguete, Tanjáy, Cagayán De Oro, and their Mother City Cebú, and the second most widely-spoken language in the Philippines after Tagalog! As their conversation reverberated throughout the house, we started thinking

We all know that Danny is G.I. (Genuine Ilocano). Avo is a native of San Juan, Rizal (pure Tagalog, of Chinese ancestry with lineage traceable all the way back to the seafaring bandit Li-Ma-Ong). [Incidentally, I've heard that in Australia too, proof of relationship to any of the old-time convicts is now a valuable status symbol. Were you aware that Oz was a penal colony in the late 18th century, and that London jail cell prisoners convicted of crimes as serious as stealing a loaf of bread to feed family, were being transported there in leg irons, with little hope of ever returning home again alive, or ever seeing their folks again in this life, and that these convicts exiled there from England eventually became the first Australians?]

Wait, let's have a little geography check: The Province of Negros Occidental (that means "West," doesn't it?) Why couldn't the American colonial administrators simply have called it West Negros? Why did they have to translate "municipios" to "municipal buildings" instead of to the more straightforward term "town halls"? [Nowadays, when the Top Management of a company wish to speak with the entire staff and hold an open forum, do they call for a "municipal building" meeting?] Why did these bureaucratic and pompous people in the 30's label that faux-classical Greek structure situated near the mouth of the Pasig River as the "Post Office Building"? Wasn't it obvious it was a building? Would not "Post Office" (or, if they wished, "Central Post Office") have been sufficient?

Anyway, back to our geography check - so Negros with Bacolod as capital) west toward Iloilo, and its inhabitants speak Hiligaynón. Negros Oriental (East Negros to me, with Dumaguete as capital) faces east towards Cebú, and its inhabitants speak Sugbuanon. Very

easy to remember, if you go through that little mnemonic exercise, but you've got to know how each of the Visayan Islands is positioned relative to all the other (after God finished playing Rubik's Cube with them when He got bored waiting for the flood waters to recede.)

Also very easy to get distracted and sidetracked (two words which happen to mean exactly the same thing). So, if neither Avo nor Danny grew up in a province where the lingua franca was Sugbuanon, a.k.a. Cebuano, a.k.a. Bisayà, how was that little exchange above possible, and how did the Dynamic Duo become fluent instantly in our other national language? I had a hunch other questions percolating inside our minds were going to be answered soon. Nice to be an ocioso, isn't it?

At this point, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to welcome you all to the Lola Basyang portion of my narrative. This is not how it actually happened., but how it could very well have happened. I take no responsibility for the veracity of the contents of the next X paragraphs, because it is based only on a combination of information overheard by a hard-of-hearing old geezer and conclusions he jumped to hastily and without any basis except the "halo effect," whereby the bad guys in a story can do nothing right, and the good guys can do nothing wrong. Serendipitously, the answers to other questions mulling in my mind are also coming to the surface at last.

THE DULL STRAIGHT FACTS

1. Avo moved to Cagayán De Oro with her Cebuano-speaking husband and lived there happily for 17 years, visiting her family in San Juan from time to time.

2. While visiting Melbourne in the early 70's, JOng had met an old friend from his Stanford days who was now a professor in that Australian city. As a young United Nations hotshot scouting on behalf of his boss (some obscure UN bureaucrat) for prospective presentors in a forthcoming UNESCO symposium to be held in Manila. As usual, the topic was swathed in heavy bureaucratic legalese but completely useless in the real world. And as JOng pondered the day's events in his hotel room that night, weak and weary from his frustrations, JOng suddenly smiled because he just had an interesting idea. [Do not confuse UNESCO with UNICEF, that dear old United Nations agency in charge of promoting the welfare of the world's poor children - they used to raise extra funds by marketing the magical and beautiful Christmas cards featuring children's painted art work - until the leftists of this world made Christmas unfashionable and taboo. And UNESCO was already a far-left United Nations agency even at that time, busy "improving" the world's educational textbooks and systems.]

Next day, David was in First Class on a plane bound for Manila, pleased and excited but still trying to make sense of the urgent telex in his hands from the Assistant

First Vice-Secretary of UNESCO inviting him, all expenses paid, to present a 45-minute paper on a subject which had no connection with his field of expertise, but which any intelligent student could competently discuss if he could put together a sufficient amount of trivia. David had 80% of such trivia already in his head, and if he only had time to go to the public library before his plane was scheduled to leave, he could have cinched the last 20% and made a complete and perfect presentation. (There was no Internet in the 70's.) But he thought, was it worthwhile to fly in all those delegates from around the world to listen to such a trivial presentation? He wasn't planning to complain.

Soon he checked into the Manila Hotel, and was mildly annoyed when what he understood to be a local VIP, also with a pencil-thin moustache like him, cut into the line ahead of him with all the members of his entourage. David could hear the conversation with the desk clerk, but of course he did not understand. "Check in kayó, Sir?" "Dehin! Dehin! Noy-pi akó! 'Di mo ba kilala ang Mayor ng San Juan?" "Ay! Sorry, Sir!"

In his 4th floor hotel room finally, David realized that he was sharing it with an East German delegate, to save the U.N. some costs. The Communist delegate (think Robert Shaw in "From Russia With Love," or Dolph Lundgren in "Rocky IV") was all muscle and no fat, and was exercising continuously in the hotel room to keep his magnificent body in shape (he was standing on his head when David arrived). When the East German left the room to attend the buffet dinner at the hotel lobby, David thought he would skip the activity as he still felt full from all the meals they served on the Qantas airliner. He had found it funny that all the stewardesses were male - they had to be, in order to be capable of physically stopping fist fights among the Aussie passengers who had had too much to drink. But tonight, David also needed some quiet time to organize and polish up his presentation for tomorrow, and to create some decent visual aids to make it more interesting.

Two minutes after the East German delegate had stepped out the door, two Filipino men in gym suits came in and one of them said to David in a voice so full of authority that he had no choice but to obey, "We've got to get you out of here quickly. Please do exactly as we say!" Soon they were out of the window at the end of the hall and rappelling four stories to the ground, where a black limousine was waiting with its engine running. Thirty minutes later, David was in JOng's plush dining room in San Juan enjoying a nightcap of fine Bourbon whisky, reminiscing about their old times in Stanford, and discussing possible employment with the U.N., in offices located along Isaac Peral Street in Manila. Subsequently, David met JOng's sister Avo at their home, and since both of them were now available again, married each other and lived happily to date.

NOT HOW IT ACTUALLY HAPPENED

1. Avo rebelled against her strict and monolithic family, eloped with her Cebuano-speaking boyfriend to Cagayán De Oro, and hid among the pineapple plants to avoid her kinsmen bristling with spears sent by her tough old warlord father to search for her and bring her back. [Background music: "On the Isle of Filla-Lilla."] Meanwhile, her boyfriend called on his own kinsmen to come and help defend them against attacks by Avo's clansmen, led now by her hotheaded brother JOng. Marked by occasional vicious skirmishes, this stalemated siege held for 17 years, breaking the record set by Helen of Troy for resisting recapture and repatriation (10 years).

2. David was one of the mercenaries JOng had recruited in his campaign to get his sister back and bring her home again, whether she liked it or not. At that time, David's hair was pitch black, longish as was the fashion in the 70's, and he had a pencil-thin moustache, like Errol Flynn's and Cary Elwes'. As back-to-back champion for the past two years in the All-Melbourne Epee & Rapier Fencing Club Ladder Tournament, he was in perfect physical condition, and you'd never suspect he was the same person as he supplements his income by working as a professor of motion picture arts in an everyday sort of secret.

The final duel between David and Avo's boyfriend took place in the upper galleries of the Grand Ballroom of the Manila Hotel, among the drapes and the chandeliers, where the expert swordsman from Cagayán de Oro more than held his own against the foreign invader. But at last David had the upper hand, and sensing this, the Cebuano protagonist grabbed Avo and fled with her aboard his Moro vinta, pursued by David in a two-masted schooner. When the two watercraft pulled abreast, David shouted, "I'll send you down to the locker of Davey Jones!" [I guess that must be the Fourth] and after slaying his opponent, he wiped his pencil-thin moustache on his sleeve and collected Avo.

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End of story, by Johnny Reyes

The responses were immediate:

Hello, Johnny,

I thoroughly agree with Mercy and Lenny that you are a story-teller par excellence! I daresay, with your engineering background and your writing prowess, you could easily qualify for a Renaissance man in the 21st Century!

I truly enjoyed all the details of your narrative, from your plan to dress appropriately for Danny's arrival to your preparation of all variety of GPS aids in order to find your way to Avo and Davy's house. I especially liked the

role of your beautiful, efficient and dutiful wife who knows exactly when to order you around and when to accede quite disarmingly. Please do give her our sincerest regards and a big bear hug!

Cynthia

It even spawned a debate on the language issue:

Juan, Lino Faelnar will not forgive you for saying that Cebuano is the second most spoken language in the Pinas. On the contrary Senyor Juan, it is the most widely spoken language around these islands that is why Cebuanos cannot accept that Tagalog was declared the lingua franca.

Other than that, your story casts a spell, is so entertaining and as usual your exaggerations tickle the funny bone. Keep on writing please. We miss you.

Mercy

With due respect, I beg to disagree with Lino. He may have been correct during President Quezon's time. But that was more seventy years ago.

However, nowadays, Pilipino, in its Tagalog form, is spoken by more people in the country than any other language. When you travel around the country you can generally communicate in Tagalog (aka Pilipino). I am sure, in your most extensive travel around the country, you have noted this change, Mercy.

In my travels to Visayas and Mindanao in the sixties, I had to have some basic knowledge of the local language. In the next fifty years, as time went along, I noticed a steady increase in local familiarity with Pilipino. Now, I find some Tausugs/Maguindanaos being interviewed in TV who are even more fluent in "Pilipino" than myself (who grew up in Southern Tagalog)!

Back in the fifties, whenever I traveled to Pampanga with my dad, he would always ask somebody to accompany me to be able to communicate with sellers of goodies that I craved for.

Ed Magtoto

You are right Ed, more Filipinos can speak Tagalog now. But if you did a survey and asked what dialects can you speak, you will be surprised - Cebuanos outnumber Tagalog speaking. At least this was how it looked 7 years ago before I retired.

Mercy

But wait. Johnny told me candidly that he indeed will be publishing more of his writings, and this time, it will be on Amazon, perhaps even under a pseudonym.

Folks would recall cyber friend Jobo Elizes, an Amazon sub-contractor, writer-publisher. I know they have been in touch. Jobo treated me to dinner two days ago.

NOW FOR THE MORE NEWSY PORTIONS:

I have been in Brooklyn, NY, since September 26, following Lisa's and my sudden and unplanned trip here to help out our son Ramon, who had a triple bypass operation.

We had asked for prayers, and the response was very moving. We thank you all who responded. He now is doing very well. The day after his operation, he was made to walk, as shown in the picture, then was discharged from the hospital after 5 days. Later on in the following week, he started doing his free-lance work, including attending a comic convention.



This is where my main role lay, as being driver, especially for the two grandkids who attend school in Manhattan.

The doctor said he can drive by mid November, and I shall head back home to Manila, then Tanjay shortly after. Lisa stayed here only 3 weeks.

Four months earlier, I also made an appeal to help Ramon's Kickstarter Project in a fundraiser for publishing a comic book series using mainly Filipino talent. The goal was reached, and again many thanks to all who helped.

So what have I been doing the past 1-1/2 months in between the weekday morning and afternoon driving schedules for the grandkids, and free time afterwards?

I make the most out of NYC. Drive or walk around, see new places. Visit old friends, etc.

The NYC Marathon ran right past my son's place in Brooklyn and I took pictures and video right from the window overlooking the street. Here below left is a photo of a wheel-chair bound handicapped person being pushed by his robust caregiver.



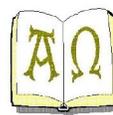
Above, a selfie with Vic Vitug who treated me to a great Chinese buffet in Queens.



Above is a shot taken at the off-Broadway Imelda musical "Here Lies Love" It was a blast. In the first place, it was an "interactive" play, where the audience moved around with the cast. And the approach was all disco type; with the flashing strobe lights, monstrous loudspeakers and music, and of course dancing. We old fogeys opted for the balcony seats where we sat though.

Early on, Lisa and I visited Amador & Gloria Muriel at their 62nd Street brownstone. They have taken over the top floors again, and their daughter Marie is running the place as a classy bed & breakfast. Amador still is doing his Physics.

Amador was enthusiastic about reviving the 62nd Forum. Below is a screen capture of the masthead of the



New Issues for Past Lectures - Bandurria

The terrific reception for the past couple of 62nd Forum events has prompted us to formalize the recent lectures in an attractive and more permanent format.

The first newsletter, published in 2003, covered the Forum's activities up to the third lecture. It was issued in hardcopy black & white.

This 2nd volume will follow the format of the first, featuring the write-ups of the lec-



2007 newsletter which featured many of the writings of Johnny Reyes on the 36 or so lectures of the Forum.

Since many of the 62nd Forum members also are Upscans, this issue might just as well be considered also a 62nd Forum newsletter, and most likely also the last.

I told Amador it is too late to revive the Forum. Many of the active members have left town.

Lisa and I have been retired in Tanjay for the past 8 years.

Vic & Vicky Vitug retired and moved to Indiana, but recently found the pull of NYC in their Flushing house as irresistible, and have moved back.

Tony & Bernie Nievera have been in Las Vegas since early on, and Tony is most active on the internet with both Upsca and 62nd cyber loops, relating his various hobbies on photography, astronomy, food, travel. and guns

The ever-interesting writer Chay Lumba also moved to Las Vegas, and maintains his postings to a number of cyber groups.

Gene & Violy Pulmano now are in Hawaii, and he is most prolific in his emails on economics and health.

Award winning photographer Carlos & Arlene Esguerra still are based in NY, but at the moment, Carlos is in the Philippines where he has another exhibit. But a good portion of his time is also spent in Belgium with one of his children and their family.

Economist Hery Brillantes and Mila now are in Arizona. Their waterfront house on the NJ side of the Hudson was the venue for many a small get-together of some Forum members such as, among others Mars & Cora Custodio, Frank Jimenez, Gene Pulmano, Ninotchka Rosca.

From what we gleam from Facebook postings, Mars and Cora travel a lot and spend the cold months in the Philippines. Seems as if they recently were in Machu Picchu with Ham & Mayu Gonzales.

Frank Jimenez still is in NJ and occasionally joins the email threads on photography posted by Tony and Carlos. He of course comes out once in a while with postings that show his unique sense of humor.

Bert Peronilla & Maryann still also are in NJ, nearby to Frank, and Bert is the computer expert on any Yahoo problem regarding both cyber loops.

Bert & Eva Florentino are in Oregon, according to Amador. And Bert is quite “not together” up there, which is understandable at his age.

Nel Reformina, in NY, is also very visible in both loops, with his advocacies on education in the Bicol.

There are many other names that should be accounted for among those old friends we’ve had in the tri-state area during those 5 years we lived there, but we’ve lost touch.



For old times’ sake, here is a 7 year old group photo at a barbeque in Bert & Maryann Peronilla’s house. IDs seem discernible. In a subsequent redo, I cloned in a number of other active members, but unfortunately, I don’t have that pic file on my present laptop.

Linda Faigao-Hall, playwright, retired to Ireland with her husband, who soon passed away. Last we heard was that she would teach in Silliman in Dumaguete for a semester or two, in between her visits to hometown Cebu.

One transferee to Damaguete is Thelma Ibañez-Teves, who moved from LA. Though from Luzon, she prefers the easy and slower provincial life there. Besides, her husband, Dennis Teves, has kin.

Mike Dadap is one we often see in Dumaguete. He visits at least once a year. But once there, he is busy in a whirlwind of activities from concerts to workshops, etc. We missed him last July when we were in Manila.

Jane Orendain comes in often on the loop with her posts on little known but significant Philippine historical events. Though based in NY, she moves back and forth to the Philippines.

Ninotchka Rosca, also NY based, often posts about her advocacies. She co-authored a book with Amador.

Lenore Rachel Santos Lim occasionally posts schedules on her various print exhibits in the NY art scene.

Johnny Reyes in Belle Mead NJ (near Princeton) and Erwin Gomez in Indiana of course are up and about and doing well, (as the first 2 pages of this newsletter attests); Johnny from his brain implants (I kid you not), and Erwin from his “second-hand” kidney. But all these were discussed in previous loop postings.

I wish there were occasions to meet up with more of the UPSCA crowd, but time is short. Last year, the girls, spearheaded by Sari Valenzuela, Priscilla Bautista-Perez, and Cebu visitor Aissa Arambulo-Cruz (together with their UP college-mates) invited us to a posh restaurant in mid Manhattan. Below is the group photo.



Like the newsletters of old, forthcoming events are posted. On Dec 7, Ting Ong is having an “inurnment” rite in Manila, where a whole lot of the Upsca friends of JOng will be attending.

In February, some of the group plan on a local Lakbayan cruise or trek to some interesting place. We understand that Bernie from Switzerland, Erwin from Indiana, TonyN from Las Vegas, and TonyE from LA will be in town, and are all gung ho for it.

Last week end, I was in Boston. This week end, I hope to see a close high school friend in NJ, then homeward I go mid week.

Danny Gil, temporarily in NYC, 14 Nov 2014