

Written on May 6 at
11:55 PM

MALACANANG
MANILA

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May 5, 1970
Aboard the 777

I wrote this on the 6th so we went to bed
at 2:00 PM last night after a futile hunt until
11:30 PM. We had decided to postpone our trip by twelve
hours as we could hunt only in the evening.

Father Andrew Chalkoy, (Sibutu Notre Dame
School) has done a fine job. When I landed on the airstrip
there in 1965 I landed in the Aero-Compass the ground
was 450 meters of rough coral. Now it is 840 meters
planted to Bermuda grass which was brought by Father
Chalkoy from Jolo in 1965. A Queenair could land there
easily. The campus is all only Bermuda grass.

There was a program given by the people of the island
led by Deputy Gov. Bandon and Acting Mayor Juan Carlos
formerly 1st Comisar as Mayor Mansor was suspended by
Judge Bidin (from Sibutu) of the Jolo CFJ for anti-graft
charges. I congratulated the people for their helping Bandon
There is no doctor, only a nurse so I have directed Sec
Ong to appoint a rural health doctor for the municipality of
Sitangkai of which Sibutu is a part.

We were to leave at 12:00 noon to give Ambassador
Byrarde some time to fish but as he had not been able
to get any and we wanted to meet so I could get Bonglong
to fill his first bear with me, we decided to leave at
night after the hunt.

We were supposed to be in Jolo at 5:00 PM but
we were at the father's place at 4:40 PM. He brought us to
the Pool of the Eleven Thousand Virgins which was a deep
dark pool under a baobab tree and in a deep cavern
an overhanging limestone ledge over it. Small

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(probably ten meters by ten) but cool and lovely. By the time we returned to the Notre Dame school, it was 5:30 PM (4 kilometers) and Imelda and Ambassador Byroade (who had gone fishing in the afternoon) were waiting for the only jeep in the island then at our disposal. So that it was six o'clock when we went to the hunting place which was to the eastern side of the island by a narrow path which the jeep could hardly negotiate (about five kilometers) and another two or three kilometers in the dark to the perches for us. These are rocky platforms ten meters up a coconut tree where we were to wait for the boar.

I was with Bongbong and Aguilan our guide. We had gone out the farthest from the road, passing through the beach where there was white sand typical of the islands in these seas. Bongbong was armed with the Steyr - Mannlicher .223, I had a Remington 12 gauge shotgun which scope I took off and for which I had to borrow three shotgun shells (Buckshot double 0) because the man had brought number 4 shots in the magazine and no 8 trap loads for the regular 12 gauge ^{3 inch} 2 3/4 inch shotgun; Aguilan was holding the .22 Mannlicher magazine. We waited for four hours. We could hear the songling of the surf and fish falling back on the water like a rifle shot. I could smell the jungle again. And even if we had used OFF repellent, I still got bitten by some insects. Bongbong was excited when we climbed up these wobbly steps leading uncertainly to the coconut trunk and he whispered to me "We are really here, Paddy."

In a way I am glad we got nothing as it will teach the boy patience. He was quite self-restrained for his age. My feet hurt from the long hike as my shoes were too thin - I had for it. And it reminded me of the many marches in the jungles long long ago as I smelled the jungle again. But I must bring him to Cagayan to shoot his first boar and duck.

We did hear one of the boars rooting around in the bushes and crack a coconut or two but he did not come out to the open so Aquil did not turn on the flashlight he was holding for the occasion.