

S. F. SAMSON

COMMERCIAL

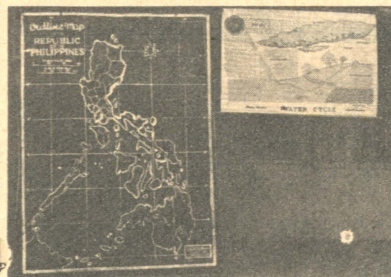
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DEMOS are out; marches are in. It is no longer fashionable just to wave a placard. The demonstrator must also prove his endurance in hiking. Mark time, march!

I met such a march yesterday. They were a motley group, composed of students, peasants, professionals, workers and expelled Liberals. Having nothing to do, I joined the group and started asking why they were in the mark.

"I am a jogger," said a balding man with the bay-window of a B-57 flung open. "I missed three days practice and I am making up."

Finally there was one who had a better explanation for the march. "Demos are no longer camp, man," the bearded youth told me. "To really jazz things up, you've got to march!"

But what was the march for? He could not tell.

Someone volunteered: "We are going to present demands to the President and to Congress. We will ask them to declare the American military bases, Forbes Park, Magallanes Village as reform areas. We will ask them to expropriate all golf courses in the country and sell them to the people!"

Time Marches On

By BAYANI SANTOS



"This is my chance to tour the country," said a young man. "We started from Cagayan and I have covered more grounds in six days than I have seen in my entire life. Tour the country for free, that's what this march is for me."

I turned to another man. "I lost my bus fare," he mumbled sadly, "and this is my only chance to get to Manila "without my plight being known."

There was a woman in the group. "I am following my husband," she said. "He claims he is joining the demonstration in Congress but I know better." She was holding a walkie-talkie and was soon making contact with the other line.

One of them was wearing a tie and carrying an attache case. "I am a salesman," he beamed, "and I am promoting these new rubber shoes. They're good for hikes and marches. Wanna try a pair?" I said, no, thanks.

The other one had a bigger line of products. "I sell cures for corns and blisters, and liniments, and pills. And business is great," he crowed.

There was a melancholy-looking man. "I haven't visited my relatives for a long long time," he told me. "Now I have the chance to see them one by one."

But why go all the way to Manila to present these demands?

"Who's going all the way? The President will meet us and will study our demands. He likes to meet problems head-on, you know."

Suddenly he glowered at me. "Why do you keep asking those stupid questions anyway? Who are you?" Before I could answer his stupid question, I heard shouts of "Infiltrator! Infiltrator!" and soon the march was making a U-turn as the whole stampede chased me back to the provincial boundary. **PM**

