



DEADLINE Wednesday

By Jose De La Cruz

Official Family Planning

President Marcos has finally up and done it — cut down on the population explosion which had plagued his official family.

I refer to his cabinet, and the trimming of the number of secretaries from 28 to 15 — possibly less. What better example of family planning can there be?

The "decabination" (no relation to de-Stalinization, de-Americanization or de-constipation) of the Chief Executive's office has long been overdue, and the President must have finally realized that too many desks can spoil the cabinet.

Naturally, there are problems which we ordinary "uns must face. The biggest is proper identification, as the secretary of a department last week could be the secretary of another department.

Take the case of Johnny Ponce Enrique. A few days ago, he was doing justice to his department. Now, he is on the defense, and taking it from everyone who feels that

he might be a "hard-liner" against Communism.

That he is highly qualified for the job, there is no doubt. But it will take quite a while for us who are slow on the ball to start calling him Mr. Defense Secretary instead of Mr. Justice Secretary.

The same is true with former Defense Undersecretary Alex Melchor, now executive secretary, and with Finance Secretary Cesar Virata, formerly head of the BOI and undersecretary for industry.

Of course, there are many more cases — and before the month is through, we should have the complete Revised Cabinet List to memorize for our children's current events lessons.

There is one good thing about it, though. Henceforth, we were made to understand, there will be no more positions elevated to cabinet rank. This means we'll have less names to memorize, and less cars bearing number 6 car plates to guess the owner's name.

However, I wish the President would do something about changing the titles of his official family, since he had revamped it, anyway.

It can be disconcerting, the way we call them secretaries.

(A case in point is the time I went to one of the departments and asked for the secretary.)

A sweet young thing came up to me and introduced herself as the secretary. Now, I am not one to pass up the opportunity of batting the breeze with sweet young things — especially if the little woman is not around.

(But although she appeared to be well-stacked in all departments, my business was to interview only the department head, if you get what I mean.)

(It turned out that she was the secretary of the secretary, and I began to wonder if she in turn had another secretary.)

(Luckily enough, my business was not urgent enough to spell the difference between national survival and catastrophe, so the interlude was not exactly unpleasant. But what if every moment counted? The nation could have collapsed because of semantics.)

I wish the President — and the public — will call department heads "ministers" (even if the word can be mistaken for simple "mister").

Naturally (again), I hope the suggestion will not be taken to mean I am seeking to become a delegate to the forthcoming Constitutional Convention. I am too partisan for that, dear demonstrating students. I believe in democracy.

Anyway, whatever they may be called now or in the future, let's hope the members of the revamped cabinet solve once and for all the problems of this nation.

We can't afford to have revamps every once so often.

What Do You Want from Life?

By John Mason

Love and marriage go together like a horse and carriage, runs the song. Well, the horse has finally bolted.

In a social survey, thousands of couples were asked: "What is the vital ingredient for a happy marriage?"

Love came limping in well down the list.

Most of the men questioned voted for "good cooking, and good housekeeping — as the most important qualities in a wife.

And the women listed "a good pay packet," "faithfulness and steadiness," and "kindness and consideration" as the most ideal characteristics in a husband.

Only a tiny minority gave love the Number One priority. Usually it ranked as an also-ran — along with "intelligence and common sense."

The survey — to find out what most people want from life — was made in America.

What do married people want from life? It can be summed up in one simple word: Happiness. But a man's idea of nappines can be another man's Purgatory.

As far as the Americans are concerned, Happiness equals Money. Cash in the bank means Instant Bliss.

Asked to define what constituted "happiness," 99 out of 100 Americans answered: "Plenty of money." Peace of mind and contentment came in a poor second. And, after that, the favorites were given as a good family life, reliable friends, and a satisfying job.

That dear old answer "good health" — which most people used to put first in the olden days — came fourth in the list, to the astonishment of the researchers.

It wasn't surprising that the pollsters came to the conclusion that "most people overestimate the power of money to bring happiness."

But just how would 16,000 house-pigs questioned have set about buying nappiness with a cheque-book and a ball-point pen?

More than 5,000 of them plumped for a "let's-get-away-from-it-all" holiday. But not one could say what he would do when he got back.

Another 5,000 said they would buy something practical — like new furniture, a new car, or a new lick of paint for the house.

Only 13 per cent thought of luxuries — fur coats,

diamond rings, hi-fi sets or a nanny for the children.

Right down at the tag-end of the list were the people — seven out of 100 — who looked forward to spending the lot on "having fun."

Once the holiday is over, the house has been repaired and the new car in the garage — what then?

Most people were in accord of the idea of a lifetime of leisure. Only one in four dreamed of spending the rest of his years by the sea in a deck-chair, a drink in one hand, a book in the other.

In fact, most of them said they would hang on to their jobs once the novelty of big-money winfall had worn off.

And 75 per cent went further. They said they would continue working beyond retirement age.

Let's say you won £1,000 on lottery. You would certainly correspond to the results of the survey if you decided to save the lot for a rainy day, or put the cash down as a deposit on a house.

So much for the cash-in-hand side of happiness.

Now for the question of a long life. According to the figures, the thought of living to 100 appeals to only half the population.

The other half would definitely not want to live that long.

But it was when the researchers questioned women that some of the oddest facts appeared.

An enormous lot of women said they would be a lot happier if they could "wear the pants" in the household.

The Canadian Institute of Public Opinion Which tackled this aspect of the survey — discovered that most women secretly envy men.

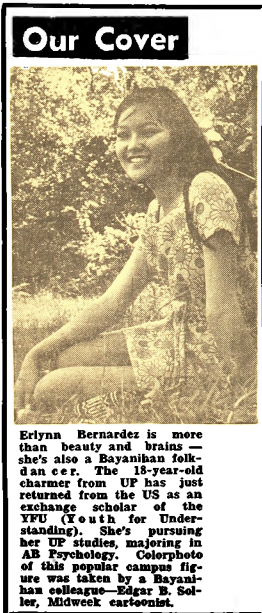
They think they lead "more interesting" lives.

Twenty-nine per cent said they would change places, given the chance. But only six per cent of the men envied their wives' lot.

As a sidelight, the interviewers asked all their subjects: "What is the biggest mistake you've ever made in your life?"

Nearly everyone answered: "Not getting enough education."

Judging off all the answers, it looks as though the ideal "happy person" is a young, male egg-head with a fortune in the bank, a terrific wife who keeps the house spick and span and is a jab hand at crepes suzette. — LENNIS



Our Cover

Erynn Hernandez is more than beauty and brains — she's also a Bayaninan folk-dancer. The 18-year-old charmer from UP has just returned from the US as an exchange scholar of the YFU (Youth for Understanding). She's pursuing her UP studies, majoring in AB Psychology. Colorphoto of this popular campus figure was taken by a Bayaninan colleague — Edgar B. Solter, Midwest cartoonist.