

INWW Photo



Right after he was graduated from secondary school, in Zamboanga City, and save for some short terms in college, Antonio Reyes Enriquez spent his time shuttling from one casual or odd job to another.

In between jobs and out of them, he spent the time with short vacations in the fishing village of Labuan, northwest of Zamboanga City, learning to ride carabaos and bulls, hunt for turtle-eggs and beetles on the beach, and drunk tuba -coconut wine with farmers and fishermen. There, and in Basilan Island, he hunted bush monkeys and wild boars in the lumber concessions with a Carbine and a .22-cal. rifle.

But it was years later that the experience and empathy working in a surveying company to put up a watershed project in Liguasan Marsh, Cotabato, early '64, which gave him direction and purpose in life—to become a writer.

Hence, some years later (he had dabbled in the short stories in 1962, as a painter dabbles in paint —“The Sun Also Rises,” Philippine Saturday Herald, 1962) after his return home in 1964 from the Liguasan Marsh, a short story appeared in the Philippines Free Press, “The Outlaw,” 1966; and years, years later his first collection of short stories, “Spots on Their Wings and Other Stories, Silliman University Press, 1972; second collection of stories, “Dance a White Horse to Sleep and Other Stories,” University of Queensland Press (UQP), Queensland, Australia, 1977; and his first novel, of course, set in Liguasan Marsh, called *Surveyors of the Liguasan Marsh*, by the same publisher, 1981.

The two latter works were the first breakthrough for Filipino writers into the international publishing scene, as Tony wrote from his own homeland. Other writers earlier wrote theirs but while residing abroad, the poet Garcia Villa for instance.

This was the beginning of his life as a writer, indeed, a change and a beginning.

From then on other collections of short stories appeared: “The Night I Cry and Other Stories, New Day Publisher, 1980; and in 1996, *The Unseen War and Other Tales from Mindanao*, Giraffe Books; and *The Voice of Sumisip and Four Short Stories*, Giraffe Books, 2003.

A second novel came out: *The Living and the Dead*, Giraffe Books, 1994; *Subanons*, UP Press, 1999; and *Samboangan: the Cult of War*, UP Press, 2006.

He had been a recipient of literary awards in fiction, like the Don Carlos Palanca Memorial Awards for literature in the short story category and its grand prizes for his novels; other awards include UMPIL for “fiction in English,” UP National Fellow for Literature, S.E.A.-Write Award, Bangkok, Thailand, and Hawthornden International Retreat for a Writers Fellowship, Scotland, U.K.

Enriquez was born 1936 and raised in Zamboanga City. He presently resides in Cagayan de Oro City, with his wife Joy Viernes, daughter Vanesse, and five grandchildren, since the family moved there in 1979.

## About Us

ANTONIO REYES ENRIQUEZ

*...I am afraid I won't be a bearer of good tidings, a hawker of great news. To paraphrase, and ultimately slip in a variant of Charles Dickens's first lines of his novel "Tales of Two Cities": ...I will tell you mostly of the bad times, very little of the good times; of the unpleasant occasions and little pleasurable moments—but be restful for it may end with encourageable times of cheers and hope.*

**WE HAVE A STRANGE WAY OF** naming streets and places and plazas. While others name them after explorers, artists, and heroes, we name them after our former colonizers, oppressors, and masters; as masochists will praise their torturers. "Where in the world ..." as we Filipinos love to say to ingratiate ourselves. "—Only in the Philippines."

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Listen. I was on my way home to Zamboanga, on a public bus, from Cagayan de Oro City, where I visited my grandchildren, seventeen, the oldest and two, the youngest, of our only daughter. For hours we had been going up the mountainside when we stopped a while in a little town, with few houses but plenty of water around, to cool the tires, which were "burning" from the climb, with buckets of water.

Anxious to vary the monotonous sights offered to me on the right side of the bus, I looked around and saw this huge sign on the biggest structure there, but barely as big as a hut: "General Leonard Wood Municipality, province of Zamboanga del Sur."

To the traditionally and historically uninitiated, this may pass as mist drifts over a meadow, to be lost among the ethereal; but to him who has, even in the least, a glimpse of history and national pride—the words "General Leonard Wood" will strike him as a hand delivered across his face, with all intent and purpose of achieving the greatest and fullest insult and mockery that hand could profusely carry.



Indeed, who is General Leonard Wood?

The Imperious Wood was President Theodore Roosevelt's favorite general. With U.S. successful suppression of the Philippine Insurrection in the North (1899-1902), in which 250,000 Filipinos were killed, mostly civilians, and a mere 4,000 plus American casualty, the colonizers turned to the Muslim minority in the southern archipelago to impose their authority and demand tribute; as colonizers and imperialists do to their minion.

A P2 head tax was imposed by the military department, which the Moros refused to pay, since they were already paying tribute to their sultan.

The recalcitrant Tausugs must be punished, and Pres. Roosevelt, turning to his favorite general and, without much flair, as if he were ordering him to smash a mosquito buzzing in his ear, ordered General Wood to go to Jolo and smash the "hard-heads."

Off General Wood, who viewed his charges as "nothing more nor less than an unimportant collection of pirates and highwaymen" went, as it was his duty, also, to civilize the Moro savages. However, having learned ahead of the Imperious Wood coming to Jolo to make them malleable and controllable, the Tausugs chose to retreat to a crater of Bud Dajo, an extinct volcano in the island of Jolo.

And that was where the massacre began, perhaps unforeseen of the gravity by both the new Imperialists and the massacred Tausugs, for the horror and human atrocity, was so great and revolting, that no civilized nation could have ordered such mass murder of men, women, and children.

When the shooting was over, a span of only three days, a thousand Tausugs were dead, and in that crater of Bud Dajo, not a single life was spared by the American veteran troops: 200 Tausugs perished with their families.

Allow me to look at it with an objective eye, as gleaned from sources, unfortunately not really so available when desired:

Massacre at Bud Dajo led by General Leonard Wood, from March 5 to 7, 1906;

1) 1<sup>st</sup> day, March 5: mountain guns and 40 rounds of shrapnel fired into the volcano crater, in Patikul; 2) Second day, March 6: Americans attacked with 2 quick firing guns from the gunboat *Pampanga* and rifles led by one Major Bundy; 3) Third day, March 7: after heavy artillery bombardment and quick firing guns (Gatling Gun) and rifle (Krag), finally the 200 men, women, and children who hid inside the crater, were all murdered; no survivor; dead five feet deep.



There was no battle as claimed by the new American Imperialists. The number of casualties for either side defy it: American casualty during the attack of the crater, I wounded, likely had accidentally shot himself in the shoulder, as claimed by the U.S. press itself; and Tausug's: some 900 dead, including 200 inside the 50 ft. deep volcanic crater. No Moro survivors reported, particularly of the 200 inside the volcanic crater.

Unabashedly, the U.S. department proclaimed it a great victory for the Americans.

The Subanons, I then thought, of Zamboanga Peninsula could not be blamed for naming their municipality after the Imperious Wood of the Bud Dajo massacre, since they could not have known who Pres. Roosevelt's favorite general was, except that he was a fighting, handsome General. Living in the boondocks has denied them of news, reports, in their own country, much more world news of the massacre, which the U.S. was doing everything to hide from the civilized World.

So, when I got to Zamboanga I told a friend, whom I used to work with in the media, and who is now the editor of a newspaper and news editor of a local TV station. "But," he said, squinting, which said he couldn't believe what he heard from me expressed with so much naiveness and gusto. "But the Subanons are not just the tribe shamefully honoring Gen. Wood, because of the fact they are ignorant and naive." He paused, and added: "Even we Zamboanguenos are not less naïve, nor shameless." He told me that less than 500 meters from City Hall is a street named "Gen. Leonard Wood." Incredible, I searched for the street, and indeed, there it was, a walking distance from City Hall, proclaiming itself before all of the tribes in these parts, Zamboangueno, Visayan, Moro, Ilongo, and Samal, and foreign tourists, including our former colonizers, Spaniards, Americans, and Japanese—the street sign, which reads: "General Leonard Wood.

Besides municipalities and streets, we are also famous for naming the heart and core of our towns and cities after our oppressors, conquerors, instead of our own heroes.

In Zamboanga City, the famous Plaza Pershing, with Spanish and Roman style architecture, with rotundas and topped by a hanging garden, squats hundreds of meter in the heart of the city, and named after General John "Blackjack" Pershing, Indian fighter, infamous for the massacre of Mt. Bagsak and the variant of his Indian maxim, "*Only a dead Moro is a good Moro.*"

This motto was carried faithfully by the author of the maxim itself, General John "Blackjack" Pershing, in Jolo, during the aforementioned massacre of Mt. Bagsak.



Some five hundred Tausugs had refused to give up their arms (spears and the kris) and pay homage to the Americans. General Wood sent several battalions, armed with Krag repeat rifles and mountain artillery, to pacify them. The rebellious Moros were part of the Muslim community of some six to eight thousand Tausugs who had gathered, or, as some historians claim, were already there living on the peak of Mt. Bagsak, on June 11, 1913. One of the officers who led the U.S. forces had a familiar name, Major Schuck. Very likely one of his ancestors, born in Jolo but grew up in my hometown Zamboanga, was my friend Dennis from whom I had bought a transistorized Sony radio at the Zamboanga barter trade in 1976.

The World learned of the five-day siege by veteran U.S. regulars against the Moro forts, on Mt. Bagsak, June 11 to 15—from the U.S. Press. From the first day, U.S. forces sent mountain guns 2-hour barrage and continuous firing of Krag quick-repeat rifles at the cotas, until only one cota/fort remained of the several cotas there in the Moro community on the fifth or last fateful day.

On that fifth day, about 9 a.m., U.S. troops attacked the only cota that withstood the earlier siege, which was the main Bagsak fort on the ridge. Of the 500 Tausugs there in the main cota, not all were men, but were mixed with women and children. Because, unknown to the Americans, and even us Filipinos, this is the custom of the Tausugs, according to sociological studies made not too recently; the family of the warrior, his wives (permitted by their religion to have more than one wife), women and children, are joined together during the hour of danger; the opposite of our Christian culture, which encourages the men from distancing themselves from their wives, women and children for their safety.

After the siege of the U.S. forces against the main cota, during which time U. S. veteran Indian-fighter soldiers directly sent incessant cannon missiles and fired their Krag quick firing rifles into the crater—the U.S. command casualty report coming from the field of the massacre was this: U.S., 21 dead and 70 wounded; Moros, four survivors.

Was this what the American forces and Moro province administration reported as a “battle”—which obviously was a farce and lie? Because a battle assumes an encounter, and reasonable casualties on both sides; but here there were only four survivors out of 500 protagonists—*the rest had all been massacred!*

If you have any doubt of the disastrous result of the massacre, take note that the massacre of Mt. Bagsak marked the end of the epic resistance of the Moros against the American Imperialism and oppression in Mindanao, said the



U.S. administration, although the word “imperialism” was never written down in the report.

This 1913 massacre, ten years after the U.S. declared disarmament policy in the Moro Province, was not like the first in 1906; the former was leaked early to the Press. When the news came out, many of the anti-Imperialists were so shocked and horrified, that they called those involved in it—using for the first time this succinct and acrid descriptions, “Christian butchers” and “horrible murderers.”

The U.S. opposition Republican party called for an immediate investigation in Congress, but the commission, which was formed to investigate the atrocities of Mt. Bagsak massacre, declared, perhaps to no surprise of the U.S. Imperialists, that innocent and heroic was General Pershing in the carriage “of his duties as an American soldier.”

In more descriptive words this was the finding of the American Commission: Gen. John “Black Jack” Pershing had carried himself exceptionally honorably, putting himself in great danger and ignoring great risk of being struck down by a bullet during the attack of the Tausug forts. He had exerted brilliant labors avoiding hurting the Tausug women and children.

“It was a clear and solid accomplishment of the war against the Moro savages.”

Without quarrel, an obvious accomplishment of the outrageous massacre of the Tausugs was the invention of the .45-cal. handgun in 1919. Designed specifically to stop a Moro *juramentado* in his track, who had before haughtily defied ordinary handguns, and slashing several victims more with his kris after being perforated with several bullet-holes—the .45-cal gun, which finally halted the *juramentado*, was lauded as the greatest invention in handguns the warlords of Europe and the U.S. had ever seen.

But let us not forget the irony and shame these massacres brought us by naming our towns and streets after the U.S. Imperialists and colonizers. And perhaps even worse, and this to me, being a practitioner of words as tools, is most indicative of our written culture, and media: is that no Filipino wrote about the massacres; the first word came from the pen and ink of Mark Twain, angrily protesting in newspapers and magazines in the U.S., as fresh as the data tumbled out of the printing press. Three decades later an American businessman in Jolo, Vic Hurley, interviewing descendants of the Bud Dajo massacre, wrote a book called *Swish of the Kris*, New York, 1936.

And listen to these author names: Mark Derewics and Jim Zwick—do any sound to you as Filipino writers, even as more than a hundred years had passed since Bud Dajo massacre of 1906?

The irony or the blessing, is the fact that the American press exposed this shameful atrocity and horror to the world, not the Philippine press; and Mark Twain wrote vehemently and full of sarcasm about the ignominy and infamy in all newspapers and magazines, which would accept his essays, though some refuse expressing commercial and party-affiliation concern. Almost alone, Mark Twain took up the cudgels for us Filipinos, increasing his invitational talks and public lectures. Even wrote President Roosevelt, though sarcastically, saying no right President could at that moment vilify and stigmatize his own troops in a foreign land.

I have not seen a work written on the massacres before Hurley's book, not one by a Filipino writer, save, I must confess, a few research and articles—and listen to this, ostensibly done a hundred years after the events, not in particular to shout protest and indignation, but to observe the Bud Dajo anniversary in 2006!

In our immediate present, horror of horrors, with grimly embarrassing headlines datelined in Zamboanga City and Jolo proclaimed that Tausugs welcome the *Balikatans*, or the American troops, to Jolo for military exercises.

How easily we, Filipinos, forget.

Because the words were only heard, a scream but too far in the distance, too isolated in our historical past and time, words without life, without a soul; which only a poet or fictionist can breathe into them, that the words become tools.

Because our journalists, our historians, and in particular our fictionists, have not written about them; have left their—the fictionists'—tools, which are his written words unused, to rust or gather dust, forever sheathed like a crouching frightened warrior does his kris. The process of unuse and rust do not take long before the pen and ink becomes isolated and dull.

May I repeat, as I have done in my other talks, that civilized nations are proud of their literary treasures, expounding and exposing human atrocities, social injustice, totalitarianism, oppressiveness, and imperialism.

The French, had, among many other of their countless writers, Victor Hugo: *Les Miserable*; the Russian, the same: Ivan Turgenev, *Sportman's Notebook*; the Americans, a glut really of writers: like Mark Twain, *Huckleberry Finn*; and the British, just as many socialist writers: like Charles Dickens' *Oliver Twist*.

Where is ours? but a mere drop in the bucket: Jose Rizal, *Noli Me Tangere*; F. Sionil Jose, *Rosales Saga*.



Rather, we prefer to write about the ravished mind of a spinster woman; a young boy's meaningless trip in a mall; a foundation-sponsored trip of an artist to Europe or U.S.A.—rather than our women forced into prostitution by the Japanese *kempeitai* and beastly Japanese soldiers during the siege of Manila; the rape of Manila though she was declared an “open city” during WWII; the scouring and stripping of our fertile lands into wasteland through U.S. colonizer's businessmen's uncontrolled loggings and rubber plantations in Basilan Island; and the fratricidal wars between the Christians and Muslims in the South.

During one of our workshops in Mindanao, a co-panelist strongly asserted that Luzon has run out of subjects for literary expression, but definitely no one can say that of Mindanao. As a Mindanao writer-practitioner myself, I readily agreed with him, being myself assured of decades of writing, that we have not even dented or began to grate and mine our history, folklore, culture and tradition for sources of writing.

Both fiction and non-fiction writers have Mindanao as a gold mine, a rich lode and a fountain of tales and stories never been written before. Abu Sayyaf? Ransom, or board and lodging—or who pays? *Juramentado*. Kidnapped! Burning of Jolo 1974! Unknown heroes—Gen. Alvarez (captured the biggest Spanish fort in Mindanao, and 13 Spanish gunboats off Basilan Strait)! Exodus to Mindanao. Martial law. Tribal wars. Pirate raids.

I can go on and on.

I have not read, since I had began to distinguish between consonants and vowels, books on piratical raids, kidnapping, slave trade, tribal wars from Ilocanos, Caviteños, Pampangueños, and Tagalogs.

The bountiful treasures...the gold of subjects for poetry and fiction is boundless and infinite in our island. Just look around, and you don't even have to look far, just in front of your nose, you will find something to write about.

We appeal to our writers...all...to scratch—for they need not dig or shovel tunnels to get into historical, social, an cultural treasures—to write about Mindanao; we appeal in particular to our Mindanao writers.

Do not wait for foreigners to write about us...for usually they get it wrong, this presumptuous, all-knowing foreigners. I remember looking into the internet and reading a review of a novel set in Palawan, punctured with so much historical and geographical blunders you would like to piss after the first ten lines. How did such lies ever get published. In the aforementioned book, the novelist, from the U.S., had populated Palawan with Moros and MNLF rebels and Al Qaida terrorists.—What, no Abbu Sayyafs!



I contacted the author, told him of his errors, and his reply came quick: he had never been to Jolo, but spent a long vacation in Palawan.

Chew into that and imagine the consequences when foreign writers write about us, least of all writing first about it, and we like Juan Tamad wait for the guava to fall into our watering mouths.

Indeed, we in Mindanao, that is, you and I, are very lucky—*mucho suerte*, in that we have so many and much of history and diverse cultures—and I strongly doubt, will we ever run out of them—things to write about in this southernmost and most beautiful of the 7,000 islands.

At this moment I recall a diminutive former senator's, a medical doctor and writer himself, answer to solve problems: "Let's do it!"

Indeed, we start writing now, before the people of the World believe the punchy mantra, that dirge, that "there are monkeys without tails in Zamboanga."

*Muchas gracias*, and take care.

**List of Iligan National Writers' Workshop Panelists**

**1994**

Jaime An Lim  
Cirilo F. Bautista  
Leoncio P. Deriada  
Steven Patrick C. Fernandez  
Christine F. Godinez-Ortega  
Anthony L. Tan

**1995**

Bienvenido Lumbera  
Marjorie M. Evasco  
Leoncio P. Deriada  
Steven Patrick C. Fernandez  
Christine F. Godinez-Ortega  
Anthony L. Tan

**1996**

Cirilo F. Bautista  
Leoncio P. Deriada  
Steven Patrick C. Fernandez  
Christine F. Godinez-Ortega  
Erlinda Kintanar-Alburo  
Ricardo M. de Ungria  
Bienvenido Lumbera  
Jaime An Lim  
Anthony L. Tan

**1997**

Gimeno H. Abad  
Cirilo F. Bautista  
Leoncio P. Deriada  
Bienvenido Lumbera  
Jaime An Lim  
Anthony L. Tan  
Christine F. Godinez-Ortega  
Erlinda Kintanar-Alburo  
Ricardo M. de Ungria

**1998**

Merlie M. Alunan  
Rosario C. Lucero  
Erlinda Kintanar-Alburo  
Ricardo M. de Ungria  
Jaime An Lim  
Anthony L. Tan  
Christine F. Godinez-Ortega

**1999**

Steven Patrick C. Fernandez  
Christine F. Godinez-Ortega  
Leoncio P. Deriada  
Jaime An Lim  
Anthony L. Tan  
Danton Remoto

**2000**

Jaime An Lim  
Erlinda Kintanar-Alburo  
Rosario C. Lucero  
Christine F. Godinez-Ortega  
Anthony L. Tan

**2001**

Leoncio P. Deriada  
Jaime An Lim  
Rosario C. Lucero  
Christine F. Godinez-Ortega  
Anthony L. Tan  
German V. Gervacio  
Antonio R. Enriquez

**2002**

Jaime An Lim  
Erlinda Kintanar-Alburo  
Leoncio P. Deriada



German V. Gervacio  
Christine F. Godinez-Ortega  
Bienvenido Lumbea  
Timothy R. Montes

**2003**

Jaime An Lim  
Rosario C. Lucero  
Christine F. Godinez-Ortega  
Timothy R. Montes  
Leoncio P. Deriada  
German V. Gervacio  
Merlie M. Alunan  
Nancy Fe M. Puno  
Steven Patrick C. Fernandez

**2004**

Jaime An Lim  
Rosario C. Lucero  
Christine F. Godinez-Ortega  
Timothy R. Montes  
Leoncio P. Deriada  
German V. Gervacio  
Merlie M. Alunan  
Erlinda Kintanar-Alburo  
Steven Patrick C. Fernandez  
Marcelo A. Geocallo  
Gumercindo M. Rafanan

**2005**

Leoncio P. Deriada  
German V. Gervacio  
Merlie M. Alunan  
Erlinda Kintanar-Alburo  
Steven Patrick C. Fernandez  
Jaime An Lim  
Rosario C. Lucero  
Christine F. Godinez-Ortega  
Gumercindo M. Rafanan

**2006**

Merlie M. Alunan  
Erlinda Kintanar-Alburo  
Steven Patrick C. Fernandez  
Jaime An Lim  
Rosario C. Lucero  
Nancy Fe M. Puno  
Victor N. Sugbo  
Christine F. Godinez-Ortega

**2007**

Leoncio P. Deriada  
German V. Gervacio  
Merlie M. Alunan  
Rosario C. Lucero  
Christine F. Godinez-Ortega  
Victor N. Sugbo  
Steven Patrick C. Fernandez  
Antonio R. Enriquez

**2008**

Antonio R. Enriquez  
Leoncio P. Deriada  
Rosario Cruz Lucero  
German V. Gervacio  
Christine F. Godinez-Ortega  
Steven P.C. Fernandez  
Victor N. Sugbo  
Ralph Semino Galan

### List of INWW Writing Fellows

#### 1994

Jim Pascual Agustin  
Nancy N. Allen  
Dino Enrique V. Deriada  
Felino S. Garcia, Jr.  
J. Neil C. Garcia  
Ma. Milagros C. Geremia  
German V. Gervacio  
Charlson T. Ong  
Maribel T. Ora  
Eduardo P. Ortega  
Saturnina S. Rodil  
Eulogia Royeras-Salalima  
Camilo M. Villanueva, Jr.

#### 1995

Ulysses B. Aparece  
Eva Socorro E. Aranas  
Isidoro M. Cruz  
Alex C. delos Santos  
Ruel S. de Vera  
Anne Marie Jennifer E. Eligio  
Ma. Zenaida B. French  
Estrella T. Golingay  
Vicente G. Groyon III  
Sid Gomez Hildawa +  
Orlando A. Maliwanag  
Roel H. Manipon  
Aurelio A. Peña, Jr.  
Janet Tauro  
Josefina C. Tejada  
John Iremil E. Teodoro

#### 1996

Rachel R. Acaylar  
Rebecca T. Añonuevo  
Satur P. Apoyon  
Calbi A. Asain

Melchor R. Cichon  
Adonis G. Durado  
Divina M. Gallardo  
Gad Sy Lim  
Mike Maniquiz  
Hansel B. Mapayo  
Michael U. Obenieta  
Edward Perez  
Joemar Pueblo  
John Enrico C. Torralba

#### 1997

Therese P. Abonales  
Corazon M. Almerino  
Shelfa B. Alojamiento  
Judith Balares-Salamat  
Ralph Semino Galan  
Nerisa del Carmen Guevara  
Jonathan P. Jurilla  
Ma. Victoria Kapauan-Cortes  
Raul G. Moldez  
Christina G. Peralta  
Noel D. Rama  
Delora L. Sales  
Alice M. Sun-Cua  
Januar Yap

#### 1998

Ceres Yap Chai Abanil  
Mary Jaybee Arguillas  
Genevieve L. Asenjo  
Christopher E. Cahilig  
Joseph D. Espino  
Margarita Marfori  
Marinela C. Mirasol  
Peter S. Nery  
Hope S. Sabanpan-Yu



**1999**

Susan Claire Agbayani Isidro  
 Orlando J. Cajegas  
 Carlomar A. Daoana  
 Jeneen R. Garcia  
 John A. Go  
 Mark Anthony A. Grejaldo  
 Rascille Mac Laranas  
 Rey Luis R. Montesclaros  
 Jing Castro Panganiban  
 Allan C. Popa  
 Efren Juanico Prieto  
 Ma. Luisa B. Roldan  
 Reya Vanessa Vanzuela  
 Sem Precioso A. Villareal  
 Kristoffer Villarino

**2000**

Carlo A. Arejola  
 Ferdinand T. Cantular  
 Dulce Maria V. Deriada  
 Alain Russ Dimzon  
 Agnes J. España  
 Ma. Celeste T. Fusilero  
 Errol A. Merquita  
 Katherine M. Puno  
 Ramon Jorge Sarabosing  
 Vincenz C. Serrano  
 Noel P. Tuazon

**2001**

Isagani A. Amancio  
 Genevieve Mae B. Aquino  
 Allan M. Bodoy  
 Yvonne M. Esperas  
 Raymund M. Garlitos  
 Michael O. Ligalig  
 Ma. Cecilia Locsin-Nava  
 Romel M. Oribe  
 Eldric Paul A. Peredo  
 Karen Kay O. Rivero

Vincent-Jan Cruz Rubio \*  
 Vincent Joseph F. Sandoval  
 Cherrie Sing  
 Cor Marie Villojan

**2002**

Pearlsha B. Abubakar  
 Robert B. Bagalay  
 Gardenia Lorena R. Baños  
 Ian Fermin R. Casocot  
 Crisanto Cayon  
 Michelle Camille Correa  
 Cherry Lee P. de Guzman  
 U.Z. Eliserio  
 Cheryll D. Fiel  
 Olive S. Hernandez  
 Gabriella Alejandra D. Lee  
 Elizabeth B. Mapula  
 Glenn S. Mas  
 Misael M. Paranal  
 Jose Dennis C. Teodosio

**2003**

Michael Francis C. Andrada  
 Ricardo P. Fernando III  
 Ava Vivian A. Gonzales  
 Bj A. Patiño  
 Jay G. Malaga  
 Lorenzo P. Niñal  
 Haidee Emmie K. Palapar  
 Voltaire Q. Oyzon  
 Janis Claire B. Salvacion  
 Jovita Ann Abellanosa  
 John Bengan  
 Percelindo U. Dingding  
 Germelina A. Lacorte  
 Oscar P. Zerna \*

**2004**

Mark Anthony R. Cayanan  
 Genaro R. Gojo Cruz

Rodrigo V. dela Peña, Jr.  
Louie Jon A. Sanchez  
Bernice C. Roldan  
Imelda Agustin-Ruiz  
Danessa B. Alinsug  
Winton Lou G. Ynion  
Emmanuel A. Leron  
Jasmine Nikki C. Paredes  
Nelia G. Balgoa  
Zola P. Gonzalez  
Brecil M. Kempis  
Arlene J. Yandug  
Blanche Y. Gutib

**2005**

Jose Jason L. Chancoco  
Vladimeir B. Gonzales  
Rosandrei M. Ladignon  
Maria Abigail M. Malonzo  
Virgilio A. Rivas  
Bryan Mari Argos  
Jennibeth R. Loro  
Marcel L. Milliam  
Dennis M. Ravas  
Roger B. Rueda  
Charisse Mae T. Ampo  
Jamila Ruth A. Hojas  
Telesforo Sungkit, Jr.  
Jose Ma. Y. Tomacruz  
Grace S. Uddin

**2006**

Mark Anthony Angeles  
Catherine S. Bucu  
Piya C. Constantino  
Monica S. Macansantos  
Erwin A. Martinez  
Hilda Rosca Nartea  
Carlos M. Piosos III  
Anna Felicia C. Sanchez  
Josua S. Cabrera

Lester Mark P. Carnaje  
Greg Fernandez  
Herminigildo A. Sanchez  
Ma. Theresa Amor J. Tan Singco  
Linda Cababa-Espinosa  
Romel T. Villafior

**2007**

Douglas James L. Candano  
Maria Celeste F. Coscolluela  
JP Anthony D. Cuñada  
Mary Louise G. Dumas  
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