

March 17
P.I.

Dear Dad,

This is the first chance I've had to write since arriving here the first of the week as we've been getting the camp set up and also going to the message center to find out what our work will be. That is the only bad part of coming here, since it looks like the whole team will be doing entirely different work from what we were trained. Two of us transmitter men are to be message center clerks and I don't care for that type of work.

There is no information concerning the team getting together to do the work we had been doing.

We had a very comfortable ride down here even tho it was on top of our truck load of equipment. Most of the way was over a concrete road and we stopped at the halfway point for something to eat. All the trip was during the night so we didn't see very much.

It's going to be a good deal in one way here as it's very much like a city at home except for so many ruins. Today three of us went to look part of the place over with a Filipino guerrilla who's acting as our guide while he is here. We bought ice cream, and coffee today altho the prices are higher than they should be. There are bars, restaurants, and all sorts of stores open and it's a busy place.

Tomorrow our friend is calling for us in a 'carabella' (Edipino horse + buggy) to take us church and site seeing again. He has also promised us some good souvenirs but until we get them I'm not putting too much faith in it. We intend to have some pictures taken tomorrow also.

I bought some pictures from a fellow at our last camp of the locality. So I'm enclosing eleven of them now. You've probably seen similar ones in the newspapers.

I haven't received any mail since coming here but will in a few days I hope. I have a new APO number again and it should remain the same for quite some time.

I hope you are all o.k. and in the best of health. I'm still going strong and eating more now that the food is better & we've had real butter, potatoes, and eggs here so I hope the chow stays that way. So long for now Love to all
Your loving son
Bill