

Dec. 23 1944
Phillipine Is.

Dear Dad,

It's getting dark so this will have to be a short letter but it'll let you know I'm fine and getting along O.K. We have a nicer camp established than the last one and I like it here much better. The Filipinos help us a lot and treat us swell. They work for 50 cents a day and have practically put up the camp for us. The girls and women are in and out of the tents all day getting laundry and returning it. It puts Charlie to shame too when you see how white the clothes are with only a bar or so of hand soap we give them. About 50 cents takes care of a weeks clothes. It is a little embarrassing once in a while if we happen to be dressing when they come but it doesn't bother them. They have hardly any clothes but what the soldiers have given since the japs took money, chickens and clothes. You can't

imagine how the conditions
are for them but they seem
as happy as can be since
the U.S. moved in.

We are only bothered by
millions of insects, worms
scorpions etc but they are
only a nuisance rather than
a danger.

We have plenty of coconuts
since we are in a coconut grove
and they helped fill our stomachs
for the time we had rations.

You should see the Filipino
kids climb the trees and knock
them down. They have bolos
made of auto springs and
boy they know how to use
them. One of them came around
today to cut hair and give
shaves. He had two straight
razors and a boy scout knife.
The knife was the one he used
to shave with since it was the
sharpest. Try that sometime
when you run out of blades.

I'm enclosing fourteen Japs
invasion bills that a Filipino
gave me. Give a few of them

to any of the family that wants them.

We finally got a dozen bottles of beer tonight after about six weeks without it. The kitchen got turkey in today so it won't be too bad a Christmas after all. It won't be like being home tho.

Well Dad thats enough chambers of commerce talk for now so I hope this letter finds you all well. So keep writing, I'll get them all at once eventually. Give my love to all and I'll be thinking of you.

Your loving son,
Bill