

The Philippines
24 April 45

Darling,

The most common expression we hear is, "How do you like being in Louisiana again?"---which is just what this seems, except for the fact that the pines are all coconut trees and the Cajuns are the darker brown Filipinos. Also heard quite often is: "Isn't this heat terrible!" and "Wasn't it cold last night!"

For, that's the way the weather is--insufferably hot during the day and cold as fluegens at night. The daytime heat holds out until about midnight, making it uncomfortable trying to sleep--then the temperature drops about ten degrees an hour and along toward dawn one blanket doesn't keep me warm.

So far we've had nice weather, though. No rain at all, for which I'm grateful since my poncho shelter wouldn't turn very much rain. We aren't living in the large pyramidal tents, you see, as we did down in New Guinea and the NEI. We have a smallish tent for our office, but we have to improvise shelter for our cots. I managed to get cots for all the men in my section yesterday, so they are all fairly comfortable. I hung onto my mattress so I'm very well fixed.

Had hotcakes and bacon, stewed prunes and farina cereal and coffee for breakfast. It was an unexpected treat to have hot meals from the first day of the combat operation. A considerable improvement over former conditions.

I'm finding my work very interesting, but not too taxing because of the planning and organizing that was done earlier. Our problems seem to be working themselves out very nicely. It's very gratifying to see the results of what has in the past appeared to be fumbling and muddling around.

I was present at a very interesting ~~meeting~~ get-together--the meeting of a high guerrilla leader and the leader of a pro-Japanese elements. These two Filipinos, both dignified old men, well educated and rather distinguished looking, were brought together at a Civil Affairs headquarters. Despite their dissimilar status, they were most polite to each other, and on the surface appeared to be merely acquaintances who have met after not having seen each other for a long while. "Well, hello, Mr. ," stated the ~~pro-Japanese~~ collaborationist leader to the guerrilla chief. "I haven't seen you in several years, I believe." The guerrilla chief didn't offer to shake hands, but he nodded politely and answered, "No, Mr. , I know you haven't seen me for awhile--not since 1942 in fact. You see, I haven't been around since that time." That ended the collaborationist's overtures for he, as quickly as the rest of us present, immediately caught the sarcasm in the voice of the old man who chose to hide in the hills when the Japs came into this island.

Vick Weisnigger (Chief W. O. of N. O.) is opening a can of corned tongue and has some roquefort cheese spread and sweet pickles, so we're going to have a picnic lunch, with grapefruit juice. So, I'll stop here.

Lots of love,

Q

Do not give any of my letters to the papers--for the time being anyway.