

74g. Co. 31st Infantry  
Manila, P.I.  
June 25, 1948

Dear Grandma and Grandpa,

I just received your most welcome letter and am answering at once; although I must confess that of late it is something unusual for me to do that. It seems I just can't get started on a letter any more. Consequently my correspondence keeps piling up on me until I have to answer them all at once. It's so hot and steaming that no one has much energy. The heat is the hardest part of this place for a white man.

Outside of being uncomfortable at times, I am in the best of health and hope you are the same. I trust that it is nice and warm by now. I guess by the time this letter arrives it will be pretty hot there. It's certain that it will be past the 4th of July.

The newspapers over there seem to know things that we don't here. There is no likelihood of war here as long as the Philippines are under the protection of the United States. Of course, when they have their independence in 1946, there is no doubt in my mind that Japan will absorb them. So rest assured that there will



be no war here. In fact, it's safer here than in the U.S. in these times, of course, if the U.S. is drawn into the war, perhaps Japan may try to take the Philippines; in that case it would be six of one and a half dozen of the other. As it stands though, there is no danger over here.

On May 30 we went to Camp John Hay near Baguio, Benguet, Mt. Province. The elevation was 5000 feet, so was nice and cool. In fact, from two to four blankets came in handy every night. It certainly was a welcome respite from the hot steaming lowlands, we just lounged around until June 11. The scenery was certainly grand, especially on the trail going up. Part of the trail is called Zig-Zag Trail and certainly lives up to its name. It winds back and forth so that in several different places one can look over look over the side and the same trail you've just come over hundreds of feet below, we passed a water fall called The Bridal Veil that looks just that.

I took several hikes just for the fun of it. A friend and I hiked to the top of Santo Tomas, a peak 17 kilometers away. It is 7500 feet high. However we took several side trips to see Crystal cave etc. so altogether we walked well over 40 kilometers. We started at 7:30 AM and returned about



5:00 P.M. and was walking practically all the time. It wouldn't have been so bad but a lot of it was nearly straight up. I was so tired I could hardly stand up.

The natives are Igorots. The men wear "G" strings and sometimes a shirt. The women wear wrap around skirts with bright colored horizontal stripes. Around Baguio they also wear a kind of short skirt. Further back in the hills they wear nothing but skirts. The Igorots are a short, stocky people with very muscular legs from always climbing mountains. The women carry charcoal, wood, fruits etc on a basket suspended down their back from a strap across their forehead. Its positively amazing what loads they can carry on their backs.

I certainly was surprised to hear that John was married. I suppose he will continue to go to school.

Well, its bed time and I must close. Give my regards to every one, Tell Aunt Lois Ill write to her someday. I just can't seem to get started.

Please don't worry about me. There's no danger over here. in spite of what the newspapers say.

Write soon with all the news. Happy Birthday Grandma even though it is late, you know I can't remember anyones birthday except my own. Love to Both  
Smith



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a, 31<sup>st</sup> Inf.  
10, P. 1

Rec'd July 22  
Ans July 31

MANILA  
JUN 25  
1946  
10 AM  
P. I.

REGISTERED  
VALUABLE  
MAIL



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U. S. A.