

UNITED STATES ASIATIC FLEET
 DESTROYER DIVISION FOURTEEN
 U. S. S. STEWART (224)

(Camp John Hay
 Baguio, P.I.
 1934)

At camp -- Easter Sunday

Dear Florence:-

Your turn today -- not a whole lot of news but here goes:

Grand day -- sky is blue as blue -- not a sign of a cloud anywhere and there's a fine breeze sweeping thru our cabin. We moved out of the cottage on Thursday to make way for some visiting Colonel and his family.

Could hardly complain tho' for we'd had it a full three months -- we have returned to our original hillside -- next cottage to where we first lived on our arrival at camp in November. This one is 111B -- then we had both A and B sides of 110. April is a different proposition here -- every nook and corner is filled -- Manila is fiendish in April and ~~before~~ May -- so hot that even School's close and in June start up again -- the summer months are rainy but not overly hot. Most of the Navy is gone out of ~~Camp~~ -- and those staying on are living in town at hotels. We were in luck -- spoke early enough and to the right persons apparently so here we are -- snuggish to be sure but still at camp and hope to remain until the 23rd when Carl can start Spring term at Brent and Betty and I leave for Shanghai.

Young Carl has his first suit of longies -- I had the Post tailor make it for his birthday -- of Saigon linen -- oyster white -- two-piece -- and is he proud? His Father gave him a trip to Manila -- a whole week on the Stewart -- friends took him down in their car and he had the time of his life. Shined brightwork on the ship's gig -- painted a gun or two -- slept in the bunk of one of the officers living ashore -- had a mess bill of 65 cents a day -- oh he had a fine time! One of the J.O. took him sailing every afternoon in Manila Bay -- Carl took him swimming in the club pool -- one day they spent at sea making full power runs. He came back to camp Saturday a week ago -- riding on the John Hay trunk in the rear -- seated on a pile of commissary stuff. Tired and oh so dusty but quite happy. His father had got him out at six that morning, given him breakfast, Cerika the steward had packed him a lunch, Carl put him aboard the train at seven with dime for the porter, dime for the bag boy at this end -- money for coco cola at lunch time and started him on his way to Darmotis. The truck meets the train there and climbs the rest of the way to camp -- some sixty miles of grades.

We look for big Carl this week for a couple days. He plans to come by plane -- buying a round trip ticket and I'll use the other half of it end of the week to go down for just one more fling before the ship shoves off for Japan. The destroyers, ten of them, are bound for Yokohama and Kobe for a months cruise, the tenth of April. I'll leave the children here -- they are quite safe and by then we'll have an occupant in the other side of our cabin. It will give me one more swim with Carl -- another party at the club -- dinner once more on the Stewart and the air trip/.

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Baguio is full of visitors this weekend --I've never seen so many prosperous looking cars about --most of them filled with mestizas and their fond husbands --they love a dark maroon color for their motor cars.

A good deal of excitement ^{here} over our giving back the Islands in ten years --it's a certainty now --and a darn shame too. Why we couldn't have made something of it is more than I can see. If you could see and know the resources of these islands. Hardwood forests, hundreds of miles of farm lands yet uncultivated, the mines of coal and up here of gold --it is a great pity to let go of it all, I think. It wont take long for the Japs to take it over, you'll see. About a year maybe. The last week or so the camp has been over run with visiting Filipinos -- riding about in swank -- looking over the post and adjacent country. Undoubtedly ^{come} making up their minds what part of it all they want, -- when the day ~~comes~~ --I asked old General Handon ^{morning} on the course -- what would happen to this army reservation -- really it's a beautiful place -- all laid out like a big park -- paved roads -- fine quarters, these gorgeous pines everywhere -- 18 hole sporty course. ^{He}Said Quezon would take it for his private estate, likely. In Mansion House -- half a mile away on the cliff -- the Governor General's house --there will be a Presidente established undoubtedly. It wont be long now.

In Manila tho' it is worse --if you could see what American capital has done down there -- perfectly mammoth docks -- lovely parkways --great clubs and public buildings --and we just hand it all over. It's too shameful really. Mind you pass none of this on, darlin' --it's bitter but you just feel that way when you see what we're giving up -- and know that Japan's going to claim it all shortly after. Albeit she says she is not interested. Let's just wait and see. At all events it will be better for the Filipinos if Japan does step in and take a hand - they can never manage things alone. And Japan is nothing if not a manager. You'd better not read this letter to your friends -- it might lose Carl his job. Someone published, if you please, a letter Henrietta Carver sent home -- and was she embarrassed? We of the Service are not supposed to have any views -- least of all any expressed opinions. So that's that.

Betty is grumbling over her school work -- she's quitting soon --never a scholar she begrudges every second she puts in on anything but fun. Tell Lillian --she is quite safe anyplace on this post, Betty, that is. The Igorots have had the fear of God put in them long ago -- most of them depend on the Army for their very bread -- All for now --our love

to you and Ed.

Betty