

WRITTEN: FROM:

Oct. 8, 1945

TO:

Here I am again! Only this time to tell of something that has been on my mind for about a year, and has been troubling my mind for sometime to come.

A very good friend of mine, Wm. Wilson, has told me that his mother has a certain thing about her. Everything that she dreams comes true.

Maybe not detail for detail, but the main part. He has told me

a few things which she  
~~dreamt~~ dreamt and  
as he said, they came  
true.

Well this particular  
dream she had was some-  
time maybe in Early '44.

Anyway she told her  
son, Wm. that she dreamt  
of him being on a life-  
raft with a wound  
on his arm and a  
friend next to him on  
the same raft crying over  
something. Probably a wound,  
the plight they were in  
or of the many fellows  
dead all around them.

Well, anyway it was William's  
conclusion that their ship  
was sunk due to enemy  
action. And that since I  
have been with him  
ever since Boot Camp, Electrical  
School, Receiving Unit in Norfolk, N. Carolina  
& then onto the U.S.S. Weisman.  
And also that I have  
a very light feeling. That  
is my feeling our hurt  
easily. All this, he has  
put together & that makes  
it that he & I are the  
fellows on the raft.

I laughed awhile at  
all that. And then after  
the war has ended, I  
figgured it might be all

nonsense. But then, it is funny  
that we have been to-  
gether all this time. Don't  
it?

Besides we are still in  
Manila. There is yet magnetic  
mines, underwater mines,  
ships' boilers being blown  
up & most of all the  
weather to conquer before  
our ship arrives safely  
in the state.

Speaking of the weather,  
we are situated in such  
a position that any  
direction that ~~to~~ we  
head for home in, we  
are in the Typhoon & Hurricane  
zones. Most of all our  
conclusion is that this

ship will leave Manila  
before Dec. 25. So between  
now & Dec. 25, ~~there~~<sup>that</sup> is  
the months of Hurricane  
& Typhoon weather  
around these parts. So,  
all we can do is bid  
our time & wait for the  
best & hope that he  
is all wrong. Time will tell.

X X X X X X X  
X X X X X  
X X X  
X X  
X

We now come to the  
subject of our ship.....

In the past two weeks,  
many fellows have been  
receiving clips from the  
newspaper telling of  
our ship supplying power

to Manila. How we were  
outfitted in Charleston, S.C.  
& ~~supply~~ supplied power to  
 $\frac{1}{3}$  of the city in Jan. & from  
there proceeded to Manila  
to give out power.

altogether there has been  
at least 4 or 5 different  
articles all on our ship.  
Even one of Manila's paper  
mentioned of us & our work.

Oct. 20, 1945

Today I received a clipping  
from my sister Virginia, with  
my name in the paper  
telling of our ship supplying  
power to Manila. I was  
really surprised to see  
that I made the papers.

Wilson received a clipping  
from a friend of his in  
Charleston, S.C. with a picture  
of our ship and a large  
article. I sent into that  
newspaper and ought to  
get the clipping real soon.

On Oct. 11, 1945, I received  
special liberty and with Wilson  
and his cousin (Whitely) we  
boarded a train in Manila &  
proceeded to Calococan. (I think  
that's the way to spell it.  
Any way, there, Whitely knew  
quite a few persons. (Natives).  
He brought me into the house  
and introduced me to a few  
families. They were all polite  
& courteous.  
After one leaves the outskirts

of Manila, one sees just plain  
grass & trees and mostly  
stretched for miles around  
are rice paddies or fields.

As one goes further along,  
as we did, we entered  
and went through  
4 or 5 provinces.

Almost all the homes  
are built of the same  
kind of material and are  
all practically alike.

After hitchhiking along  
awhile, Whitey, Wilson and  
myself stopped and went  
into a ~~school~~ school-

house where Whitey  
knew one of the girls.

Their schools are almost  
the same as ours, but  
we have bigger, neater and  
better facilities than they.  
It certainly reminded me  
of my school days and  
made me sort of home-  
sick for a few minutes.

From the school-house we  
walked around awhile  
and then after a few  
hours we visited this  
school-girl's house.

Their home, like almost  
every other home everywhere  
around was built on 6 to  
8 foot stilts. Probably for

prevention of the heavy rains. As we climbed the wooden steps we saw before the door a few pair of wooden shoes before the door. For it is mostly their custom to leave the shoes outside before entering the house.

As we entered the house, we could see that their home was pretty scanty. They had very little furniture, and what they did have was for their necessities. There were no windows in the

use. They had a regular  
~~door~~ openings for windows  
but had shutters that  
worked up and down.

In the typical home, as  
well as in many other  
homes, the floors were  
usually made of bamboo  
strips about 1 inch wide  
and spaced apart from  
each other about  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch.

This was one could see  
the ground outside below  
by looking in between the  
floor boards or bamboos.

An easy way to sweep the  
floor, isn't it?