

[Continued from first page]

are narrow and dirty. The sidewalks are hardly wide enough for two people to walk on. Of course the new part is all modern but more or less dirty. On every corner you will find a native traffic cop but that does not help pedestrians as the traffic is always jammed. There really is no such a thing as traffic regulations to aid the pedestrian in crossing a street.

The thing I get the most kick out of is the trains. They are small and painted in many different colors. At the slightest incline of the road bed they have to put on a double header. These trains run up to Bugio, which is the tourist center at the very top of the highest mountain here. There have been times in the past years that snow has been seen up there. Bugio is about seven thousand feet above sea level. The army officers all go up there for their vacations, but we enlisted men can't afford to.

Then back in the mountain fastness we have many tribes who are as yet uncivilized. These are the Moros, Aotas and Igorotes. These are the most powerful and dangerous tribes. There are many others here, too, but I am not familiar with their names.

The Moros often come to town, but always are gentle while here. Of course no one makes any attempt to molest them for the reason that it wouldn't be healthy for them to try it. These people only wear G strings and sometimes a hat made of grass or bamboo. Many of the chieftans have a coat, or something, given to them by some white man for friendship's sake. When they wear a coat they are very proud of it and want every one to notice it, too.

The most vicious tribe I believe is the Igorotes. There are very few men who enter the mountains near their place of abode without an escort of constabulary soldiers. The tribes are in deadly fear of the constabulary because of their brutality.

Well Ed, I will have to close for now as it is getting late.

I am in the hospital now and have been for the past six months with heart trouble. I am expecting to go back to duty in a very few days, tho. I sure was sick for a time. I guess the shock of mother's death was too much for me.

As ever your Friend

Wally.

Pvt First Class, Wallace J. Simensen, Headquarters Battery, 59th Coast Artillery, Fort Mills, Corregidor, Cavite, Philippine Islands.