

# Correspondence . . .

August 7, 1945

Dear Mr. Beard:

As per your recent request, I return herewith the reply card giving the present address of Brooks Garth, '41-'42. After leaving A.S.T.P. at Ohio State University in Columbus about April, last year, Brooks was thrown into the Infantry along with several hundred thousand other boys, trained at Camp Swift, Texas, and went direct to France with the 405th Infantry last September.

He was seriously wounded in Germany on November 30, and spent about three months in hospitals in France, Belgium and England. On being discharged in February or March he was returned to France for replacement and subsequently assigned to an Engineering Depot company. At the present time he is located near Marseille, France, for he writes that he has the pleasure of seeing his brother, an officer in a Petroleum Distribution unit, every few days. He indicates that he expects to go direct to the Pacific, although his brother expresses the thought that Brooks may be sent back to the States. I am happy to say that Brooks is anxious to return to his studies and is looking forward to school days again.

Yours very truly,  
J. F. GARTH,  
Tulsa.

August 26, 1945  
Philippine Islands

Dear Ted:

It has been mighty good to get the *Sooner Magazine* and Alumni Association letters during my stay out here in the Pacific.

Have not encountered many Sooners out here, but Lt. (jg) H. "Vic" Shrock was with us at my former station in the Admiralties, and Lt. James T. Blanton, Jr., went through here recently on his way to take charge of a post in New Guinea.

I have been in this area three months on the staff of the Commander, Service Force, Seventh Fleet. Prior to that was executive officer of a Harbor Entrance Control Post in the Admiralty Islands for a little over a year.

Just received a promotion to lieutenant commander last week as the surrender news was coming in. Now am slated for return to the States in a few weeks, and have received word of appointment as American News Editor of the *Christian Science Monitor* on my return to Boston, which I hope will be around the first of the year or sooner.

Will rejoin my wife and boy in Lawton, and hope to see you while I am in the state.

Sincerely,  
TULLY NETTLETON, '23ba,  
Lt. Comdr., USNR,  
FPO, San Francisco.

5 September 1945

Dear Sooners:

Arrived in New York City last Wednesday, 29 August 1945, after a four-month around-the-world trip. Will be in the States for two weeks and will leave Los Angeles for Japan (most probably) at that time.

Since my arrival in Tulsa, I have been feasting on the *Sooner Magazine* and other bulletins you have sent—thank you very much.

Am anxiously looking forward to coming back to O.U. even for just a visit, but the way things are Uncle Sam is not going to let me out of the U. S. Maritime Service or the U.S. Merchant Marine for at least a year and a half more.

Am enclosing \$10.00 to be applied on the unpaid balance of my life membership.

Sincerely,  
GEORGE E. BLOCH, '44eng.

18 August 1945

Dear Ted:

Just a few lines to accompany the enclosed money order for a life membership as another Sooner Range Rider. My definite intentions were to get this off to you last month, because I knew my next issue of the *Sooner* would be late in arriv-

a young lady now, though, and playing more mature roles in her daily life.

All for now, Ted, so long, very best regards, and looking forward to seeing you again—and soon!

Sincerely,  
R. WENDELL TOMBERLIN, '38fa,  
Lt. (jg), USNR,  
FPO, San Francisco.

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## Steve Speaks Up—

In a recent letter from Capt. Ralph Stevenson, '42bus, to King G. Price, '25, Norman, he says:

Calcutta, India  
APO 192 c/o PM, N.Y., N.Y.  
Thursday, 2 Aug. 45

... They are selecting a group of football players from this command to return to the states and play on ATC's team in Nashville—the Colonel I work for told me nix and I couldn't shake him loose either. Probably the best thing for me—I might have ended up in a hospital in a cast! The one thing that I did get out of it was that I located Beryl Clark—he is stationed about 250 miles from here. I have been there, making inspections, many times but had no idea that he was there. He is flying the Hump in some four engine aircraft. . . . Tell your wife hello for me and tell her that I could certainly murder a good barbecued chicken or like Cactus Face used to say "tear it up like a can of kroust." . . . I have often wondered how Mr. Noble is getting along, hear so little of things about home and people over here. Is the oilfield business still carrying on? Must be, the way this war seems to go on gasoline and oil. . . . I wonder if you would tell Ted Beard that I wish that he would put me on the mailing list for the Sooner Magazine. I have written a couple of letters and never received any action. Tell him to send me the bill and I'll send him some rupees. If possible I would like to have the copies for April, May, June, July, August—of course only if he has the back copies to spare. . . . That was too bad about Waddy—I'll bet that he was giving them hell when they got close to him. I guess that there will be more of them missing when we are able to get together and recount names and faces. . . .

Sincerely,  
STEVE.

Philippines,  
THINGS HERE are starting to quiet down. Bases in this part of the world go through roughly three phases: the building phase, the big supply phase,

and the closing-out phase. Right now we are somewhere around the end of the second phase or the beginning of the third. The big factor in the future of this base will be the extent to which the troops from Europe are staged here. Most of the officers in Civil Affairs have moved on up, but how long it will be before the rest of us follow is the usual Army question mark.

The dry-hot season is still in swing, though the past month has brought quite a few thunder showers. Often these are followed immediately by bright sunshine, and steam will rise from the tents in clouds, giving them the appearance of huge Turkish baths. The season has brought the ripening of several delicious seasonal fruits. Mangoes, pineapples and native oranges are the most important among these. Of course, there are always bananas, which ripen the year around. Were it not for these fruits the GI diet would get mighty monotonous at times.

I thought you might be interested in what happened on the local, civilian social calendar, so here's a brief sketch: Lent was universally observed. As you know, the people here are practically all Catholics. During Lent there were no dances, parties or celebrations of any sort. Holy Week itself was one big holiday, not in the sense of merriment, but in the sense of church-going, praying and the observance of religious ritual. Very few work during Holy Week. There was one procession starting from the church, going through town, and back to the church again.

After mid-day on Easter Sunday, all the pent-up energies of Lent were released, and there began such a swirl of social activities as you have never seen. Every night there was something, and often during the days. Dances, parties and town fiestas are the main activities. Those last go on for several days and nights. This goes on throughout May and June with the grand climax being the Festival of Flowers. Beauty queens are crowned, and general merriment prevails. The Filipinos don't take life too seriously, and enjoy above all things a good time.

A few weeks ago I made a week-end trip to the southwestern part of the island to recruit civilian laborers there. The people on the eastern coast where most of the military installations are located have become so thoroughly occupied with that old game of taking the Americans for suckers through the media of souvenirs, cafes, bootleg whiskey, etc., that they make very poor workers. They have no industry, and you are lucky if they work for more than two days at a time. However, the west coast, and particularly the southwest coast, have seen few troops, so the workers there are eager to work. There is little doubt that Americans are the world's worst when it comes to dealing with native populations.

The particular town to which I went is reached by a scenic, winding road over the range of mountains which divides the island from north to south. This range has been a considerable obstacle to communication between the west and east coasts, and as a result the dialects spoken and many of the habits are different. On the west coast the dialect and habits are those of the island and province west of them about 40 or 50 miles. This strait of water has been less of a barrier to intercourse than have the mountains. About halfway through the trip is a banana country. Little shacks along the road have stalks of bananas, pineapples and jackfruit for sale or barter, preferably barter. A stalk of bananas will cost you from \$1.00 to \$1.50, whereas for a 15 cent can of corned beef you can make an even trade.

Outside of a few soldiers sightseeing, and the resulting inflation, the town of which I am speaking is much the same as before the war. The ice and the town electric plant are still in operation. A little thing that surprises you is a large number of fluorescent lights. Ice cream and cold drinks are served in the cafes, and in general life goes on as usual. There are several Spanish families in town, one of which is of the blond, blue-eyed variety. It is said that there are some beautiful daughters, but of course my mission was to recruit laborers.

A couple of times I have mentioned souvenirs. This is as good a subject on which to introduce the local economic problems as any of which I can think. I suppose the civilian economy here has followed much the same pattern as in other countries which American troops have occupied. Being in Civil Affairs has given me the opportunity to see its workings and successive stages at pretty close range. The peso as you know is worth 50 cents and is made up of 100 centavos. Before the war a common laborer received from 60 centavos to one peso per day. School teaching, clerical work and other white collar jobs paid from 40 to 70 pesos per month. From this you can see that an American with a little money or with a moderate income from one of the large companies operating in the Philippines could live in a style beyond any comparison with that in which he could live on the same salary back home. House servants before the war were paid from five to 10 pesos a month with room and board.

During the Jap occupation, inflation was completely out of hand. A simple cotton dress, for example, would cost as much as 400 pesos. Even the paper on which the Japs so freely printed their worthless money was, in true Jap tradition, of the most inferior quality.

Before the American landings here, Philippine Civil Affairs Units, soon abbreviated to P.C.A.U. and pronounced pee-cow, were organized in New Guinea to handle the relations between the civilians and the Army during the early stages of combat and up until such time as a base headquarters like the one to which I belong could be set up and take over. Their and our two main missions are to recruit and assign civilian labor and administer civilian relief. Not since Australia had civilians been used to help with Army service tasks. Right away we put Filipinos to work by the thousands. The common laborer's wage was set at one peso and 25 centavos, and it has so remained.

One difficulty arose as a result of the violation of a fundamental economic rule. If you are going to pay money for work you should have something to sell so the laborers can buy something with the

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