

Monday, April 21, 1958

My dear wife,

I am now resting my weary bones in Cagayan. It was good to get here after our sojourn in the outer provinces.

By now Paul Lindholm should have delivered my letter and the films. We left Sindangan bound for our plane at Dipolog on Saturday. We got up at 4 AM to catch the bus – the bus drove around picking up passengers. Then it stopped at the bus stop and told us to get into another bus. We piled into that bus which we discovered had neither a good battery or good brakes.

They then told us we wouldn't leave till 5:30. By that time I was making sarcastic remarks and giving the boys my dirtiest look. Hester was seconding the motion and Valentin was placid and tired. We started out at 5:30, got about 10 kilometers out of town and the bus stopped going up a hill. Everybody had to get out – the bus got stuck crosswise on the road. Finally they got it turned down hill and it started. We turned around, piled on and were off. The boys flew low around hairpin turns making up for lost time. Halfway to Dipolog, the bus stopped cold – no gas.

By now I was preparing a brief against the Sindangan bus company to be filed at the Bureau of Transportation. Some of the boys went for gas – met one of their busses coming the other way. So we siphoned gas from one bus to the other bus. We were ready to go, except now one of our riders was taking a bath in a near by stream. We finally made Dipolog and our plane – but the Sindangan bus company makes things exciting.

We arrived in Cagayan, ate at the airport and went on to the Van Vectors. A very nice home and a mattress for the first time in ten days. By now I've become use to "*bejuco*" and a mattress seems really warm. The Van Vector's little boy Norman is 16 months old and just makes me lonesome for our youngest. He had just come back from Cebu with his mother. He had a bad bronchial cough – which turned out to be whooping cough. Dr. NcGilvray diagnosed a touch of T.B. which had not yet become contagious but requires a year of medicine.

We went to church yesterday. Mrs. Ortesa is filling in for her husband who is in Thailand. She was chagrined when she discovered who we were after the service. She didn't introduce us to the congregation because she thought we were "sect" missionaries.

Today I went to the market with Maisie Van Vector. There were few things to buy and the items I would have bought would be too difficult to carry around for the next week.

Valentin and I took a 16 kilometer jeep ride to Bugo this afternoon where the Del Monte canning plant is located. We didn't know anybody there but we went in – made contact and was shown around by a Filipino industrial relations man. Tell Scott I saw them bottling hundreds of bottles of catsup.

Tomorrow Ginoog. I have a "key note" address to make. Please send your next letter to Dumaguete in care of the Fittons.

I have received both of your delightful letters. Bid the Steins "Bon Voyage" for me and I sure would have liked to share the 95 peso bill at the Jai Lai. Kiss Scott, Kerry and Johanna for me and an extra one for you.

Love,

Dick