

Bob Albrecht
1415 Winchester Ave.
Glendale I, Calif.



Master Skippy Reaves.
% U. S. Forest Service.
Big Sur, Calif.



November 9, 1943.

Hello Pat,

I'm just writing a line because I have a couple more things to tell you. Recognize the stationary? My trunk came today and the rest of the things. All O.K.

Tell the rest of the family to be patient and I'll write pretty soon.

Well to get started:

The other day a mechanic climbed up on a Flying Fortress which had just landed and looked in the gas tank. Then he yelled to another mechanic: "This almost empty there's only a couple hundred gallons left." I guess that will give you an idea of how much gas these babies burn.

There's a joke around all the airports that is very popular which I shall tell you. I'll have to explain a few things first. Whenever a pilot starts to land a plane with its landing gear ~~up~~ up a horn blows right behind his ~~ship~~ seat to warn ^{him}. Well Osker was landing a ship and the landing gear wasn't down. Cheap kept yelling over the radio. "Don't land! Your landing gear is up." Osker kept coming in and Cheap was still yelling. Osker reached 500 ft. 400. 300. 200. By this

Time Cheap was yelling so hard the radio
was about to break and Osker kept coming
in. Cheap was yelling
his lungs out. Osker came in for the
prettiest porroake bellyflip you ever saw.
Cheap came running out and said, "What
is the matter? Didn't you hear me
yelling to you that your landing gear
was up?"

Osker replied, "Oh I heard you
saying something but that darned
horn was making so much racket
I couldn't hear what you were saying!"

Well pal, I guess I'll turn in
now and get a good nite sleep so I won't
fall asleep tomorrow when the instructor
is trying to teach me that $2 \times 2 = 4$.

Good nite and

Love to all.

Your Big Brother.

Bob.

Post R.C. Aldridge
A.S.N. 29149347
Co. A No. 2516
SCU 1930
Presidio Monterey,
Calif.



① Free
Mail



Ronnie and Lloyd Pleaves,
Rt. 1, Box 188,
Watsonville, Calif

Thank you
Aldridge

July 21, 1944.

Hello Boys,

Well how is everything at home? Are you taking care of Mother, Nana and the rest of the stock? Doing your chores like good little boys or do you still give Lambi her breakfast at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

You keep an eye on patches cause he's too young to have any girl friends yet.

So Osher (X) Oper is running

for president of the National

Association of Monkeyes. Well I'll vote for him if he'll give me a cigar.

Did you hear what happened to Osher and Plinky the other

day? They're in the Guard House
now. Asker and Plinky were standing
on a street corner when a Major
walked by. Immediately Asker jumped
at him, socked him and knuckled
him down. The Major just got to
his feet and was dusting himself
off when Plinky stepped forward
and knuckled him down again.
Anyway the Major called the two of
them up for a court martial. When
they were in there the Major asked
Asker why he socked him. Asker
said he was very sorry and he didn't
mean to do it but when the Major
walked by he stepped on Asker's foot
and Asker had a corn. The Major
thought a while and then said that

- 3 -

he could understand how Oshy felt and was willing to dismiss the case. He was walking out the door when he remembered Plinky had also socked him. He turned around and said "Wait a minute" and asked Plinky why he socked him. Plinky said he was sorry but when he saw his Pal sock a Major he thought the war was over and wanted to get his licks in. Anyway they're both in the Guard House busting rocks, I'm going to be there too if I don't study my soldier's handbook and learn something so goodbye for now.

Love, Bob.

Priv. Robert C. Oldridge 39149347
B-34-2, F.A.R.T.C. - U.S. Army.
Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Free Mail



Mr. Ronald T. Reeves,
Rt. 1, Box 188,
Watsonville Calif.



UNITED STATES ARMY

Fort Sill, Okla.
October 8, 1944.

Dear Skip,

Well I'm very glad to get that all straight about the red head and everything. I've got it all figured out now.

I guess Buck is in the horse show today. I hope he gets first prize. He's bound to, isn't he.

So you want to know about the howitzer. Well there are three different sizes the 75, 105 + 155 mm. The one I have been practicing with is the 105 and it's a sweet little job. The bore is 105 millimeters or 4.123 inches in diameter. The whole gun weighs 4200 pounds. The projectile weighs 33 pounds and the complete round weighs 42 pounds. The muzzle velocity is from 660 to 1500 $\frac{\text{ft}}{\text{sec}}$ depending on the ^{powder} charge used. There are 36 lenses and grooves. It recoils 42 inches.

As Skip, you've got me in the length of the barrel, I don't know for sure but I'd say about 84 inches. That's just a guess but I know the 105 howitzer that the infantry uses is 26 inches shorter. Yes, we pull a string to fire it. The string is usually referred to as a lanyard. I doubt very much

if it could stick an empty shell in my pocket to bring home but I have some other souvenirs. The shell is only about two feet long so it's kinda hard to get,



About the hand grenades. There is the high explosive grenade.  This breaks into 40 pieces. You grab it holding the safety lever down. Then you pull the pin. You can hold it as long as you like as long as the safety lever is held down. When you throw it the lever is released and the fuse is set off by a striker. The spark burns through a powder train which takes $4\frac{1}{2}$ seconds so at exactly $4\frac{1}{2}$ seconds after you ~~let~~ let go of the safety lever it lets go. In combat where the soldiers are tired and sleepy and have to stand guard they let him hold a grenade in one hand and pull the pin out. He doesn't go to sleep then because if he does he ~~might not~~ ^{wouldn't} wake up to remember it.

There are also chemical grenades. Some grenades have only a 2 second fuse.

I haven't had a tank run over my foot yet. When we get out in the field is when they do that.

Fort Sill is quite a bit bigger than Fort Ord, as a matter of fact, just the Training Center



UNITED STATES ARMY

is about the size of Fort Ord, as a matter of fact this is either the fourth or fifth largest Army Garrison in the U.S. It is the place where all the U.S. Army's Field Artillery tactics originate. Signal Mountain, about seven miles west of me, is the most famous Mountain in the history of American Field Artillery.

It told you when it phoned that you should be sure that Buck gets some of the Singer Snaps and you don't eat them all. Understand? Was you glad to hear your big brothers voice? I was sure glad to hear you.

You be sure to send your reports on "Orben" and "Homer" to me to read.

Well warmint, I'm going to sign off now. Send me more letters soon and more questions. Tomorrow I go over the Battle Course under fire. There will be three machine guns shooting 3 feet over our heads and dynamite blasting all around us. I hope we don't have to crawl through that

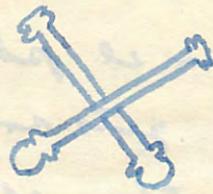
slushy mud again. I don't mind the guns and
dynamite but I sure hate that mud. I don't
think I'll be writing any letters tomorrow night as
I pull guard again. I sure hope it doesn't rain
this time



Lots of love from your

Big Brother

Bob



Private R. C. Eldridge
A.S.N. 39 149347
8-34-B
F.A.R.T.C.
Fort Sill, Okla.
U.S. Army.

(2)

FORT SILL
AUG 13
10 AM
1344
OKLA.

Free Mail



Skippy Reese
Rt. 1, Box 188
Watsonville, Calif.



ENLISTED MEN'S SERVICE CLUBS
FORT SILL, OKLAHOMA



August 12, 1944.

Dear little brother,

Happy birthday warmint. How does it feel to be a year older. Lets see now, your eleven aren't you. In another year you'll be able to join the scouts. You'd better watch out warmint or you'll be drafted in another seven years. How would you like that.

Well pal, I celebrated your birthday today. I spent 15 hours on K.P. Washing dishes and peeling potatoes. Lots of fun. Askar went on K.P. too but he fell into a tub of hot water and scalded himself so bad he lost all his hair. He's a funny looking sight now.

You would enjoy seeing some of the big cannons we handle around here. We have to jump all around the place to fire it. We haven't fired it yet but we will in a few weeks. Anyway we run all around to do different things to prepare for action and prepare for march order. The running around is called "The Canoneers Hop."

If you come and visit me some week end I'll let you put on my gas mask and helmet and shoot my carbine. I sure wish you could ship but I'll try to buy a carbine

to bring home after the war.

How is Mother, Daddy, Mona and Sonny. See there is just the five of you there now isn't there? I didn't realize it before this. It must seem different. Does it.

I'm enclosing a note to Mother and Dad. Will you please give it to them? Thanks a lot.

I'll have to close now. Keep things going at home and be doggone sure to take good care of Patches for me.

Your Big Brother,
Bob.

Part. R. C. Alshick
A.S.N. 39149347
8-34-8.

F.A.R.T.C. - U.S. Army.
Fort Sill, Okla.

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FORT SILL
AUG 24
10 AM
1344
OKLA.



Master Skippy and Sonny Reaves,
Rt. 1, Box 188,
Watsonville, Calif.

Fort Sill, Okla.
August 23

Dear Boys,

This is going to have to be a rather short letter because your big brother is pretty tired tonight.

Pretty soon I'm going to be able to write and tell you about all the guns and things I'll be firing. We start in pretty soon. I drove a $1\frac{1}{2}$ ton Army truck over a very very bumpy road yesterday. I think it used to be more fun the way we used to drive around Mr Edms orchard in his old truck. Shhh! Remember, we're not going to tell anyone.

If you ever see that Jack Rabbit I took a shot at on our last hunt with the 410 shotgun you tell him he'd better watch his step. When I come home I'll bring a bazooka, a fifty caliber machine gun, a handful of hand grenades and maybe a 105 m.m. howitzer and then there will be plenty of Jack Rabbit for flying. He made me mad and will have him for dinner (if we can find a few pieces) Ahem!!!

We've got a little cat hanging around our barracks. He's a scrawny little thing but cute. However I like Patches better. Give Patches, Buck, Rip, Bombi etc my love. Oh yes you might give Mother, Tom and Pop some to if there is any left.

Nothing else to write about now boys. Take care of everything at home. I'll keep you tabbed on all the guns etc. I shoot. I think I'll hit the hay now because 5:30 rolls around pretty early and I have a big day ahead of me.

Lots of love from your
Big Brother,
Bob.

Priv. Robert C. Aldridge,
A.S.N. 39199397
2-34-8,
F.A.R.T.C. - U.S. Army,
Fort Sill, Okla.

Free Mail

④

FORT SILL
AUG 28
10 AM
1948
OKLA.



Mr. Skippy Rouns.
Rt. 1, Box 188.
Watsonville, Calif.

Fort Sill, Okla.
August 27, 1944.

My Dear Little Brother,

I'm trying to answer your letters as I get them vermint. The same when I get one from Sonny. When I get one from each of you I turn a little lazy and write one and address it ~~to~~ to the two of you. Howsomever I got one from you day before yesterday so this one is addressed to you. When you write to me again Sonny you will have the honor of receiving one of my cultured and most highly educating pieces of correspondence. What say?

Well to get down to business I have a lot of things to tell you.

Let's see now. Last Friday we drove the Trucks again but this time for an hour each and over a much much rougher course. We go up hills so steep that you can just lay down on the back of your seat and down hills so steep that when you look out the front windshield it looks like you're looking straight down. I sure wished you could have been with me. I thought of you all the time and how much you would have enjoyed it. I had a $2\frac{1}{2}$ ton truck this time and what

a difference between it and the 1 1/2 ton. The 1 1/2 ton isn't worth the power to blow it up but the 2 1/2 ton job, when you step on the gas things happen, but fast. We also learned to use the winch on the front of the truck. I sure would have liked to see George Frome use the winch on the front of that 1 1/2 ton truck he was driving in the Forest Service. There's a lot more to it than you think and it takes at least 3 men to use one.

Let's see. Friday afternoon we had two more shots in the arm and then we went over to the gas chamber. The first chamber was full of tear gas. We put on our mask outside and went through. The second was also full of tear gas, but plenty. We went in with our gas masks on and when we were in there we took our masks off, called off our serial numbers and headed for the door. I wasn't exposed to it for more than five seconds and my eyes were full of tears when I came out and does that stuff ~~from~~ burn your neck and hands. Whooey! The next chamber we began to get into things. It was filled with chlorine gas which is nothing to fool with. We went through it with our masks on.

The fourth chamber was really the pay off. Full of plenty of chlorine gas. We went in without any masks on and put them on in there. If you couldn't get it on properly, well there was an ambulance waiting outside with the doors wide open. When I got mine on, which was about 13 or 15 seconds, my eyes were so full of tears I couldn't see. However we had lots of fun and enjoyed ourselves.

Then we went to the detonation area and they shot off bombs of Chloropicrin, Lewisite, Mustard and Phosgene. The wind blew it into our faces and when we got a good whiff of each we headed for safer territory. Chloropicrin is a vomiting gas and Lewisite and Mustard are vesicants. The vesicants are harmful to your skin only in the liquid form and then you have to use protective clothing. These were in the gaseous state and would not hurt you if you don't take a big breath and get out of there quick. The Phosgene gas has killed more people than any other. If you are exposed to it for 30 seconds, your buddies get out the pioneer equipment and dig you a foxhole just six by three and the folks back

home get a \$10,000.00 check. We get so we learn gas backwards and forwards and we've learned that they are not half as bad as they sound. When I first got here I was scared stiff of gas but now that I know all about them I think I could go through any gas attack without being the least bit afraid.

Then we saw the use of colored smoke grenades, we laid a smoke screen with a smoke pot, used a thermite grenade and also a white phosphorous grenade. The white phosphorous grenade is really nice. It looks like the fourth of July. Streaks of phosphorous shoot all over and we even started a grass fire with it that we had to put out.

Friday evening we shot the M9 Trainer. It is a pneumatic machine gun. It is the size, shape and description of the water cooled .50 cal. It makes a noise, has the recoil and even the trajectory of a real gun. It shoots pellets and they turn on a blue light which makes a streak just like a tracer bullet. What it means is that the light shining on the pellet makes a streak. We shoot at moving model

planes and a loud speaker makes all of the battle sounds. It is really very realistic. I have some of the pellets it shoots which I will send to you soon. Next week we fire our corbines, machine guns and 105 m.m. Howitzers. Lots of fun. I'll let you know all about it and I'll try to get some shell cases for you.

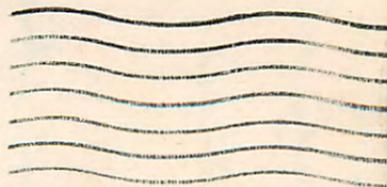
Well vermint your big brother will have to say goodbye now.

Take care of yourself.

Bob

Post R.C. Aldridge, 39149347
B-34-8, F.A.R.T.C - U.S. Army.
Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Free Mail



Mr. Ronald T. Reaves.
Rt. 1, Box 188
Watsonville, Calif.



FORT SILL
OKLAHOMA

September 21.

Hello Yermint,

So Lobina has another big family eh?
How does Patches like his new brothers
and sisters?

There isn't much to write about ship.
We've been having a lot on Anti-tank Mines
and Booby Traps. Outside of that all we've
been having is surveying and I don't
suppose that would interest you much.

We ran a little survey this afternoon
and did not house it up nice. I'd wish
been at the ranch there at home and firing
a howitzer towards town the shell would
have landed about in the middle of the
Naval Air Base. Pretty accurate huh?

Well that's about all so
I'll say goodnite.

Your loving big brother,
Bob.

Priv. Robert C. Aldridge 39149347
B-34-B, F.A.R.T.C. - U.S. Army.
Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Free Mail.



Mr. Ronald T. Reeves.
Rt. 1, Box 128.
Watsonville, Calif.



FORT SILL
OKLAHOMA

1944

September 24.

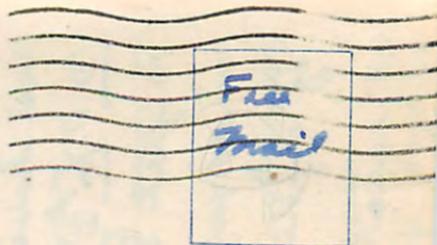
Dear Skip,

How is my dear little brother doing nowadays. Have you been taking good care of Patches, Bambi, Buck, Rip, Cobina + family, and the chickens? I hope you've been having enough time because I realize how it is when you start going out with girls. I hear she is a red-head. So now, that's pretty hot stuff to handle but I guess I ought to be happy because that's your worry and as long as you tend to them and leave the blondes alone, I'll be satisfied. It's kind of hard to believe that my darling little brother has actually fallen for a girl. As I've always remembered him he was always a woman hater and a very bashful one at that. They tell me these red-heads can drive a man to the dogs though so I guess you're just a victim of circumstances. Well vermint, take it easy and be on your guard,

Your Big Brother,

Bob.

Post Robert C. Aldridge 39149347
B-34-8, F.A.R.T.C. - U.S. Army.
Fort Sill, Oklahoma,



Mr. Ronald T. Reeves.
Rt. 1, Box 188.
Watsonville, Calif.

FOLD HERE

FOLD



UNITED STATES ARMY

Fort Sill, Okla.
October 24, 1944

Dear Skip,

I was sure glad to hear from you again. I thought maybe your girl was keeping you too busy. I figured out your song in sign language the minute I looked at it. Pretty clever, aren't you?

Well old boy, your big brother went over the night battle course last night and I sure wish you could have been with me. It was lots of fun. I started off as one of the first ones and these big machine gun tracers sizzling three feet over your head. They look green when you are under them but a little ways away they look like sky rockets. Anyway I was crawling along minding my own business and having a good old time when all of a sudden some C # X # C V I blew a charge of dynamite off about 10 feet away from me. It covered me with dirt and made my ears ring. Hur. After several more blasts of dynamite and some barbed wire entanglements I reached the safety trench. Was I dirty. Almost as bad as when we went over in the mud.

I've got a bazooka rocket and a lot of other souvenirs smuggled in my foot locker. Shhh.

Ask Pop if he wants any of those "Spiffy Coller Staps". I can get a lot of good ones here.

Well vermint, I'll be seeing you soon,

Your Big Brother

Sidemeat Bob.

39142397
Post Robert C. Colledge

B-34-B, F.A.R.T.C. - U.S. Army.

Fort Sill, Oklahoma.



Free
Mail

Mrs. Ronald T. Reames.

Rt. 1, Box 188.

Watsonville, Calif.

HERE

FOLD HERE

FOLD



UNITED STATES ARMY

November 3,

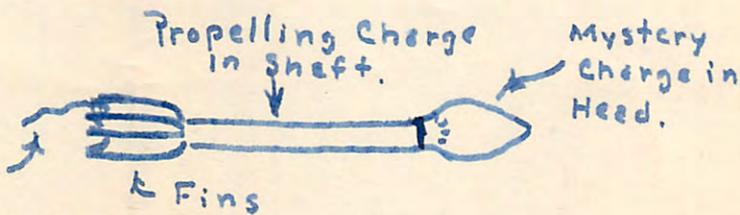
Dear Skip,

Received your letter as of today. Most entertaining and enjoyable to have been the recipient of your correspondence.

What's this new rocket you guys got. I'll draw you a picture of a bazooka rocket. First of all it is electrically operated. There are flashlight batteries in it. You pull the trigger and it completes a circuit to set off the primer charge in the shaft of the rocket. What is in the head of the rocket is a deep-dark secret. Whatever it is, it's really something. Well here's the diagram.

This isn't a good picture but I'll show you what I mean when I get home.

Wire to Attach to Terminal on the Rocket Launcher (Bazooka)



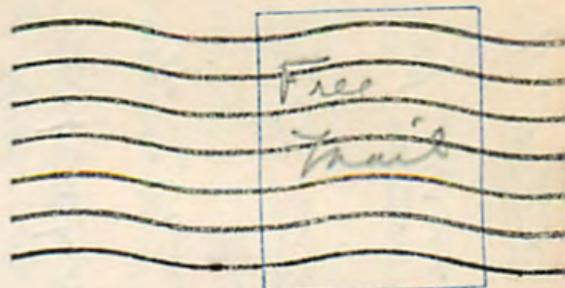
Yes that O.K with you. If you won't tell any M.P.'s I'll tell you a secret. I've got a practice

bazooka rocket in my foot-locker. I've got it hid so that no one can find it. I picked it up on the range. It has been shot of course but there is no charge in the head of the practice rockets and they are black instead of Olive Drab. If I can get away with it I'll bring it home to show you.

Well Vermin, Goodnite.

Your Pal, Bob.

Post. Robert C. Aldred 9347
B-34-8, F.A.R.T. - 8 PM
Fort Sill, Oklahoma



Mr. Ronald T. Reavis
- Rt. 1, Box 188,
Watsonville, Calif.



UNITED STATES ARMY

Nov. 19, 1944

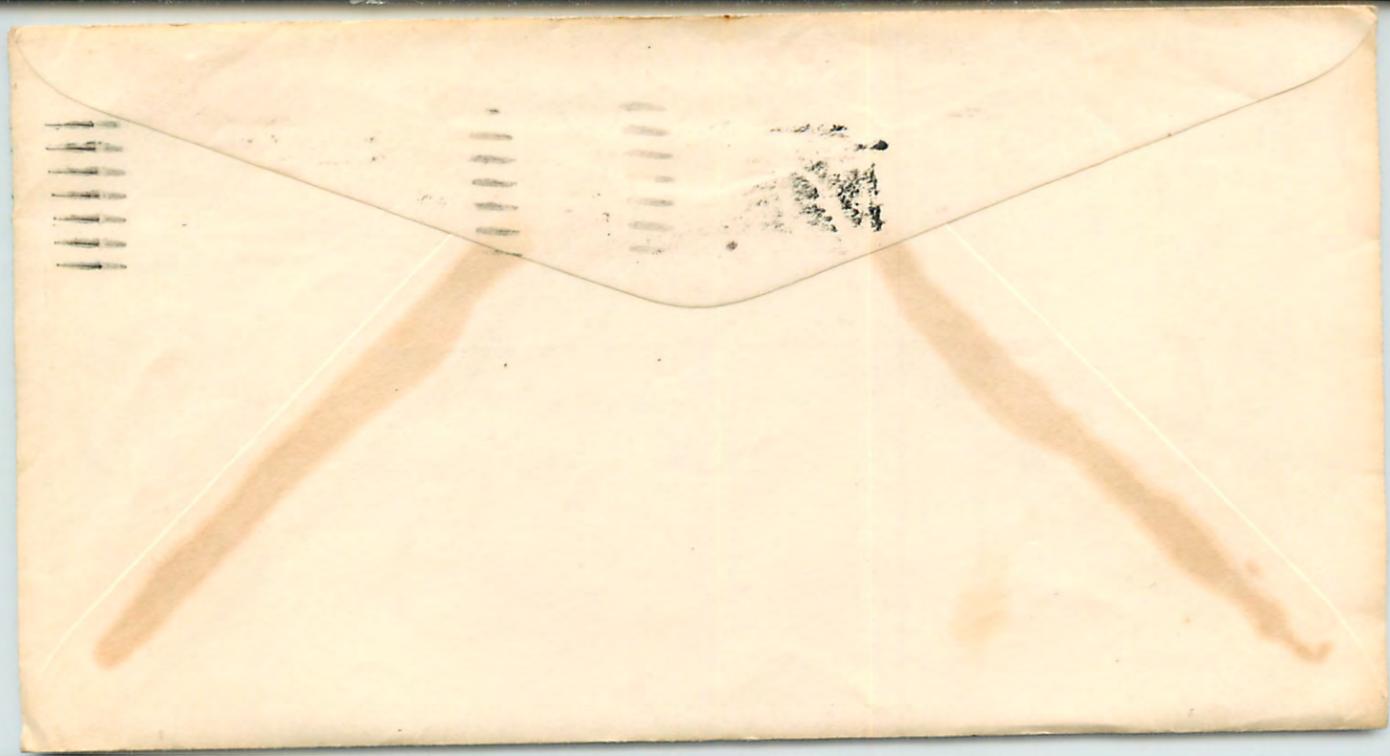
Dear Skip,

I'll write to you tonight and let it do for the whole family. It's hard writing in a tent by candle light.

I don't know what you should do with your pigeons, you do what you want to. You have my permission.

I was on K.P. yesterday & last night, I never thought I'd see the day when I would pull a 25 hour K.P. stretch. We moved last night in the blackout and we had to move the field kitchen, while coming over the Panther Road, which makes the Burma Road look like a 4 lane highway, we almost ran over a cliff. It was slippery & muddy & raining, a lot of trucks went off & 6 men went to the hospital but the most serious injury was a broken wrist. I don't really know too much about it because I was so tired I was asleep most of the way anyway I slept from 11:AM till 5:00 P.M. today I was supposed to be V.C.O. but our Lieutenant a pretty good Joe. It cleared up tonight, I hope there's no more rain, looks like I'll have to say goodnite Pal.

Your Big Brother, Bob.



Post. Robert C. Aldridge 39149347
B-34-8, F.A.R.T.C. - U.S. Army -
Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Free Mail

FORT SILL
NOV 27
9³⁰ AM
1944
OKLA.

Mr. Ronald T. Reaves -
Pt. 1, Box 188.
Watsonville, Calif.

November 26.

Hiya Skip,

How's truck around here? Been a good boy lately? He's got a few surprises to show you and honey if he can get them through all of the inspections we have before leaving. There's only one more to get through and we'll get them home.

How are Colina and Patches getting along? I hear Patches is getting pretty ~~big~~ big.

Is your electric train all fixed up eh? Well we will have a lot of fun when we get home, wait we?

Be seeing you soon vermint,

Your Big Brother,
Bob.

Priv. Robt. C. Aldridge 39149347
273rd Repl. Co. 9th Repl. Depot.
APO 703 % Postmaster.
San Francisco, California.



VIA AIR MAIL

Mr. Ronald T. Peaves.
Rt. 1, Box 188.
Watsonville, California.
U.S.A.

PASSED BY
U 17314 S
Jly

Recd. Mar 2-57

Philippine Islands
February 20, 1945



UNITED STATES ARMY

Dear Skipper,

What's all this about mice, Guinea Pigs and Cats? You said I could have my choice which I want. What are you going to do, send it to me by Postal Express? You're is a varmint. I also heard something about you wanting to skin a rat and mother finding a gopher foot in your pocket. See why, if you're such a blood-thirsty little devil, why don't you come over here and help me skin Japs. That way you could put yourself to better advantage and you might find some gold teeth on the side.

I was going to eat breakfast this morning and was walking along path to some when I heard the damndest chattering at my feet. There was a little monkey cussing me out for almost stepping on him. Boy was he mad. Another time I saw a monkey tied to a post eating K-Rations out of a cup. I walked a little farther and looked into one of the tents. There was another monkey sitting on a box, scratching his head and trying to figure out what a shaving mirror is. Well varmint, this is all. Your loving brother, Bobby.

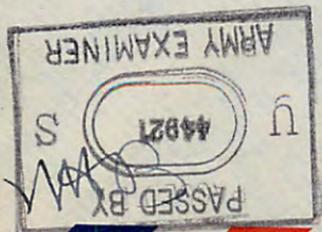
MONTHS
AFTER FIVE DAYS RETURN TO

Pat. Robt. C. Oldridge 39149347

271st Repl. Co. 122d Repl. Bn.
Base "M". APO-70 4 P.M.
San Francisco, California



VIA AIR MAIL



PAR AVION

The Leaves Varmints
Route #1, Box 188.
Watsonville,
California,
U.S.A.

Recd. March 26, 1945.

A vintage, cream-colored envelope with a distinctive border of alternating red and blue diagonal stripes. The envelope flap is folded down and features the handwritten text "VIA PONY EXPRESS!!" in blue ink. The words "VIA", "PONY", and "EXPRESS!!" are each underlined. The envelope is set against a plain white background.

VIA PONY EXPRESS!!

Philippine Islands.
March 16, 1945

Dearest Little Brother,

Also Sonny and Ralph. (Jimmy
too, if he's around). I haven't
anything special to say except I
thought it was about time I'd
better write to you again so here I
am. As you probably know I'm at
a different Replacement Battalion at
a different place now but I won't
be here long. This is a very pretty
place. As a matter of fact it is a
paradise. I wish your warmints
could see it some time after we
get Japs out of here.

They've got these water buffalo
with the great big horns to pull
the carts around. If you were here
I'd bet you'd be ~~not~~ riding them
all over the place. You'd have a
great time with them.

a lot of the fellows bought some monkeys. One boy had a little teeny monkey and he was sure cute but as badful as the dickens, if you'd come anywhere near him he'd squeal and whine like the dickens and I had to pull him like the dickens to get him to come to me. Then when you'd let him go he'd run inside his masters shirt and ~~hide~~ hide. All you could see was a tail sticking out and a lot of whimpering wee boys, there's nothing new so I guess I'll say goodbye for now.

Lots of love and

Best wishes,

Your Big Brother,
Bobby

Prvt. Robt. C. Aldridge 39149347
Btry B, 82d Field Artillery Bn.
APO-25, 5. Postmaster,
San Francisco, California.



VIA AIR MAIL

Mr. Ronald T. Reano,
Route #1, Box 188,
Watsonville,
California,
U.S.A.

PASSED BY
U 02285 S
ARMY EXAMINER

Philippine Islands.
April 3, 1945.

Dear Shippy,

Well today is Honorable Emperor Hirohito's birthday so we are sending him our birthday greeting in powder and smoke. The Doughboys up in the front lines said they could see the Japs on their knees praying for their emperor so we laid an Artillery Barrage right in the middle of them. These many honorable Japanese are giving the most honorable service to their country.

So little Abbie has finally got a brood of little chickens. Did she finally find out that eggs hatch better than Bolts and Apples? Well you take good care of my bunch of Cornish Island Whites for me.

What are you going to stuff with your Taxidermy set. I suppose everything around there will be stuffed.

Some of the fellows have set monkey traps but all that they've ever caught in them are what we call Civic Cats. They look like a cross between a Bob Cat and a Fox.

I'm going to try to get a hold of a monkey if I can but they're pretty hard to get. I don't know. Maybe I'll find one.

Well Pal, I guess I'd better close now. Write again soon and give me all the latest dope on the Green Valley Menagerie.

Your Loving Brother,
Bobby

Plt. Robt. C. Albridge 39149347
Bty B - 8th Field Artillery Bn.
APO-25, % Postmaster
San Francisco, California

U.S. AIR MAIL POSTAL SERVICE
APR 8 1945 29
A.P.O.



VIA AIR MAIL

Mr. Ronald T. Reaves,
Route #1, Box 188,
Watsonville,
California,
U.S.A.

PASSED BY
U 02285 S
ARMY X EP

Recd. April 17, 1945

Philippine Islands.
April 6, 1945

Hello then ole "One Shot Reams".

How's the woodpecker hunting lately? How you stuffed any yet? They all but those ole "peckerwoods" really put on the soft pedal when they come around your necks of the woods. I enjoyed your letter about the incident. I'll bet it takes years of practice to shoot like that.

Tell Dad that I enjoyed his remarks on the side. I just about doubled up laughing. I read your letter to some of the fellows and they said you ought to come over here and help hunt Japs. You could stuff them too. (Whatever that mother said?)

You've had quite a bit of trouble with your Guinea Hens don't you? They really get around at that.

I see in the picture you sent me that you are still wearing the gineled belt I gave you. Do you really like it that much? It's a little beat up now isn't it.

"Chita" (the Betty's monkey) sends her love to you. I'm going to take some pictures of her as soon as mother & Dad send me some films. (116)

This morning she was eating candy and everything else. The pouches in her cheeks were puffed full of stuff. You know that monkeys store food away in their cheeks like a chipmunk. She was hobbling across the ground with a piece of bread in each hand and one in her mouth trying to walk and eat at the same time. She likes to sit on your shoulder and pick dandruff out of your hair. Boy she sure pulls though sometimes.

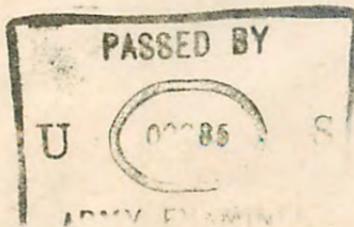
Well Varmint,
Take it easy on
the Flickers.
As ever,

Bobby

Post. Robt. C. Abbelridge, 39149347
Btry. B - 8th Field Artillery Bn.
APO-25, % Postmaster
San Francisco, California.



VIA AIR MAIL



Mr. Donald T. Reeves,
Route #1, Box 188,
Watsonville,
California,
U.S.A.

Recd, May 9, 1945.

Philippine Islands
April 24, 1945

Dearest Brother,

I received your letter and birthday card which gave me a big laugh.

Boy, you've been stuffing just about everything with your Tassidermy set, haven't you. Well, probably come home and find Rip and Cobina on the shelf. Do you suppose you could fix up a Jap for me if I sent one home?

So you heard about the Tropical Lightning Division over the radio and know where we are now. Well good. Did you hear Pat Flaherty's report on the 25th Division ~~of~~ over the radio or General Mullins address to the States. They were both pretty good. He's the Commanding General of the 25th.

Well Varmint, there's lots of things I'd like to tell you but as usual I can't. I'll have some real stories to tell you when I get home though.

How are Buck, Rip + Cobina and the rest of the menagerie around the ranch. I'll bet that place looks like a zoo now.

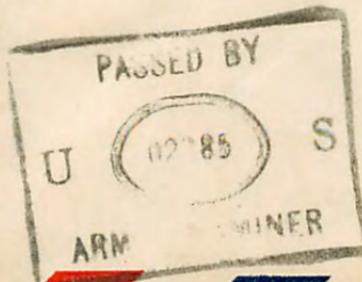
I'll say goodbye for this time.
All My Love - Bobby.

122
Pvt. Robt. C. Aldridge 39149347
Btry B - 87th Field Artillery Bn.
APO - 25, 7th Postmaster,
San Francisco, California.



VIA AIR MAIL

Mr. Ronald T. Reames,
Route #1, Box 188,
Watsonville,
California,
U.S.A.



Recd. May 16, 1945

Philippines etc.
May 5, 1945.

Dear Skip,

So you're still stuffing and mounting birds. I guess you like that pretty well don't you?

So you said you went hunting for mud hens. You couldn't find any but you got a shot at a cost. My dear brother, for your information they are the same thing. Mudhen is just a slang name. Look it up in the bird book and see if I'm not right.

I'm glad to hear that you take such good care of your guns. It pays and I know that you enjoy them as much as I do. You said you clean it every time you shoot it. That reminds me. One of these days I'm going to have to polish up my trusty carbine. Wouldn't want it to ever jam on me.

Well vermint, that's all the news I have for you. I'll write again soon.

Your loving brother,
Bobby.

P.S. Did you hear about the little maroon who died with his boots on so he wouldn't stub his toe when he kicked the bucket?

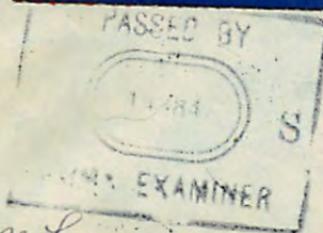
MONTHS
AFTER FIVE ~~DAYS~~, RETURN TO

Pvt. Robert C. Aldrich
H.Q. Btry - 97th
APC-248, 9 P.M.
San Francisco, Calif.



VIA AIR MAIL

VIA AIR MAIL



Mr. Ronald T. Reaves,
Route #1, Box 188
Watsonville,
California.

R.M.S.

Philippine Islands.

July 31, 1945

Dear Shippy,

Well Varmint, I'd better hurry up and get a letter off to you so it can reach you by your Birthday. I want to wish the best to one of the sweetest little brothers ever. I hope you have a good time on the 12th. I will be thinking about you and wishing I could be there to give you a good wallop. How old are you, 11 or 12? I believe it's twelve but I'm not sure. I guess you'll be joining the Scouts now. See if you can catch up to Sonny.

I sure do enjoy your letters. I got two yesterday but one was written last February and I just got it. I enjoyed it very much anyway.

Did you have a good time at Arroyo Seco? I hear you went down by our private swimming hole. How is it now? Write and tell me all about it and are there still as many many squirrels as ever.

I'm kind of in an awkward position to get any presents for you but I know one thing you would like. In the bottom drawer of my dresser there are some little things for shooting purposes. I don't know how many boxes you can find there but take all of them and have some .22 practice. You can take my rifle out too (if it's OK with Dad) and shoot it but clean it up good afterwards.

Well vermint, I hope I'm with you next year. Try but, Bob.

^{MONTHS}
AFTER FIVE DAYS, RETURN TO

Pfc Robert C. Aldridge 391493
H.Q. Btry - 97th F. M. Bn.
FPO-248, 9th BM.
San Francisco, Calif.



VIA AIR MAIL



One Shot Reuss and Head Eye Olsen.
Route # 1. Box 188.
Watsonville,
California.

Philippine Islands.
August 12, 1945

Dear Boys

Well Shippy, Today is your birthday. Happy Birthday Yarmint. I guess about right now you are getting ready to go to Arroyo Seco for the week end. It is 6:00 P.M. Saturday evening there. I sure hope you have a swell time. I'll be thinking of you all the while.

So Dad put the Model T ~~in~~ in the wheat barrel hub. How did he ever manage to do that?

When you go quail hunting at Jolon, be sure to get one for me. (I'll bet you miss every one.)

Thanks a million for the comic strip clippings. I really enjoy them and get a big laugh out of them.

What the devil happened to you, Sonny, on your first day at high school. I hear you came home with lipstick all over your face. Did the girls take that much of a liking to you? You ought to have been smart like me. They never did catch me although they came close to it at times.

You'll really like high school. It may be a lot of work with six solids but stick it out and don't drop any. What are you taking anyway?

So you want to know all about the trip to Yantana, we are going to take. Well we'll take everything on our backs and hike all the way. Plenty of ammo and fishing equipment. Will fish and hunt most of our food and not stay more than two or three days in one spot. I don't think there would be much sense in going up there for just one week so we'd better make it two. Will really go out and rough it. Even catch some mountain cats etc. for you to mount so you get plenty of practice in the meantime. Will take Rip too. If you've got any good suggestions let me know.

Write soon.

Your Loving Brother,
Bob.

~~AFTER FIVE DAYS, RETURN TO~~

~~715 Robt. C. Aldridge 39142341~~

~~Hq. City - 97 F.A. Bn.~~

~~APO-932, 4 P.M.
San Francisco, Calif.~~



VIA AIR MAIL

Mr. "Butch" Reaves.
Route #1, Box 188
Watsonville,
California.

Recd - Nov. 11, 1945

Air Mail

Tarragona, Leyte.

October 29, 1945

Dear Varmint,

I'm sure glad to hear that my little brother is finally a scout. Just stick with it Skippy and pass your tests regularly. You and Sonny have the makings of two really perfect ^{scouts}. I'll give you a key to one thing Skip. If, when you take your oath, you live up to it you won't have anything to worry about. All other matters fall right in line. There is a lot of meaning in that oath. Think it over some time and live up to it always.

Eric explained all the points of the oath at several investiture ceremonies and now I feel as though I'm holding a private one for my little brother. When I entered the

Airmail

- 2 -

Army I had to take an oath which was a long drawn out affair. It all boiled down to the points covered by the Scout Oath though. Be loyal, trustworthy, honest and do your job to the best of your ability.

Did you have a lot of fun on your first camporee? Be sure to write and tell me all about it. I'm awfully interested.

No skip, those were not the new Tommy-Guns in the "Back to Bataan" picture. They were the old type.

Have you any more ideas for our trip to Ventana yet? Let me know if you have any.

I'll close another letter for this time. All kinds of love from your big brother, Bob.

AFTER FIVE DAYS, RETURN TO

15 Robt. C. Aldridge 39149387

Hq. Bldg. - 97 F.A. Bn.

C.P.O. - 932, 4 P. M.

San Francisco, Calif.



VIA AIR MAIL

VIA TUG BOAT SPECIAL

Mr. Ronald T. Peaves,
Route # 1, Box 188,
Watsonville,
California.

Air Mail 

Tarragona, Leyte.

November 9, 1945.

Dear "Butch,"

Just a line in haste to tell my little brother that I recieved his letter and enjoyed it very much. It's almost time for the show and I don't want to miss it. "The Bridge of San Luis Rey^{54?}" is the name of it. It's supposed to be a good picture.

I think a 30-06 will be all-right for my 7.7. The tips used to use em so why can't I. I want to be the first one to fire it though. Don't shoot it till I get home. The "ole man" had all of us scared when he first got "meat-getter" so it's my turn now.

I'll give you the specifications of this rifle as they are in a manual put out by the Military Intelligence Service.

Air Mail 

It is the "Soldiers Guide to the Japanese Army."

Model 99 (1939) 7.7 mm.

caliber ----- 0.303 inch.

Principle of operation ----- Manually bolt operated.

Ammunition ----- Model 99 (1939) rimless ball.

Capacity of magazine ----- 5 rounds.

Sight. ----- Folding arms for taking leads in anti aircraft fire; peep battle sight set for 300 meters (328.1 yds.)

Weight (unloaded w/sling) ----- 8.8 pounds.

Range:

Effective ----- 600 yards.

Maximum ----- 3,000 yards.

Muzzle velocity ----- 2300 feet per second.

To explain the model number maybe it should go into the Japanese calendar. The Jap calendar is 660 years ahead of ours. Hence the 1939 model in our lingo is the 2499 or just "99" model in Jap talk. An example is the Jap Zero. It is a Mitsubishi 00.

Air Mail 

-3-

In other words it is a
"00" model or 2500 model. Subtract 660
years from that and you get, in the
Christian calendar, a 1940 model. Correct?

The muzzle velocity of the 7.7 is
2300 ft. per sec. The M/V of a 30-06 is from
2600 to 2800 ft. per second. (depending on
the type of rifle & type of ammo.) Now,
the Trip rifle has a slightly larger bore
and a longer barrel which will lower
the M/V. Therefore I believe it is all
a negligible difference.

(Later)

I left the show after the first
reel as it was too dry. Incidentally,
that was spelled "San Luis Val, not
Rae nor Ray.

Your new gun sounds like it's really
something. Do you think you can get 6
birds with the 6 shells it holds?

Air Mail 

-4-

So you went for a ride in a "Higgins Boat" at "Monter Ray" eh? How do you like the water splashing in on you or did they go that fast? When we crawl out of them we're usually soaked to the skin. Did you crawl up a "debarcation net" and "hit the beach" or were there gang-ways and docks.

Well Skip, your big brother has been all over the Pacific and done a little of everything but you can say there are two things that you've done which he hasn't. Those are to be on an aircraft carrier and a submarine. I was in a sub once but can't remember it so that doesn't count. I've only seen one carrier and that was a

Air Mail 

5

Baby-Flat-Top. We passed it heading home about 30 minutes out of Frisco bay. It had a streamer flying way aft of its stern. Have Dad explain that custom to you. It has something to do with adding one foot for every man aboard every month. I don't know exactly how it works.

When we were coming across the gun crews used to have target practice once in a while. We had one 5" on the stern and a bunch of 20 mm & 40mm. They'd all open up at once at a black balloon. The ship's-whistle would blow to commence fire and the ship's-horn would blow to cease fire.

~~I~~ guess I'll be kept pretty busy telling you stories when I get back but let's wait till then. Your Big Brother, Bob.

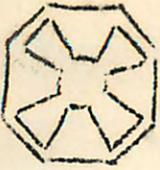
7/4 Robt. C. Aldridge 39149307
Atty. Gen. - 97 F. A. Bn.
APO - 932. 4. P. M.
San Francisco, Calif.



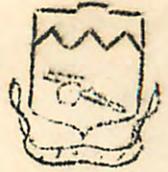
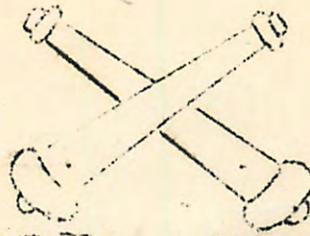
VIA AIR MAIL

VIA AIR MAIL

Mr. Ronald T. Reams,
Route #1, Box 188,
Watsonville,
California.



ME SEMPER AR. ESSUNT



97th FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION

Tanazuma, Luzon.
December 10, 1945

Dear little varmint,

Okay twerp, I won't call you "Butch" anymore. How would "Slug" or "Spike" do? Would they be any better.

The only trouble with our Ventana hunting trips now is that there won't be any season open on anything when we do get home. We'll have to figure something out there. Yeah, if you guys are afraid you won't get anything to eat we can take along some canned beans. Personally I'm not going to eat them if we can get away from it. I've had my fill of them.

You must have had a lot of fun on your duck hunting trip to Pinto Lake. I see that the 'old man' came home with his usual "I" of everything. Tsk! Tsk!

So ole Cabina kind of raised the dickens with your guinea pigs. Now she ought to have known better than that.

Skip, you don't have to — gulp — send me any guinea pig heads. I know you can mount them. Honest old boy, I know you can do an extra super good job. I remember you sent me a squirrel tail when I was in the Forest Service and ——— well ——— gulp!!

Say twerp, whadda you wanta know the names of my Flip gals for? Hummm. Well, there's Alice, Mary, Julie, Karen, Aggie, Rosie, Juanita, Tulline, Sabine, Gloria, etc., etc. I can't remember them all.

The last time I gave my laundry to Aggie. She's about 22 with a little boy. Her husband was a guerilla during the war. She's a very nice lady and does a good job.

Skip, why doesn't Buck go around the electric fence any more? Doesn't he like the little elections jumping out and biting him.

Well Pal, she's got to class this now. Be good and write again soon.

Yours Big Brother,
Bob.