



Cone Peak
July 29, 1943.

Dear Mother + Pap,

Everything is going swell so far. I'm learning a lot about Radio, Map Reading, Fire Finding etc. The world sure looks different from up here.

The squirrels around here are sure tame. I can feed them right out of my hands. This afternoon I had six of them on the steps.

I've been hoping that you would call me on the radio Pap. This morning we got an S-set signal but we couldn't get any voice. I had a feeling that was you but I don't know.

It sure is warm up here. Chuck said that this was the hottest peak he has been on. Rip just lays around all day. I think he feels the heat. He has no ambition at all.

Tell Nana, Skip and Sonny "hello" for me. If I get a chance later I will write them a letter too. I sure miss all of you a lot.

Your affectionate son,

Bob.

Pinyon Peak
August 20, 1943.

Dear Nana,

We'll climb up here on Pinyon Peak now. We came in by horse and mule today. It's really nice up here. It's the highest lookout I've been on so far. The tower here is thirty six feet high. I think it's the highest lookout I've in the Forest. (The height of the tower I mean.

I'm glad to hear that you are staying with Grandma Aldridge and enjoying yourself.

The last few days I've been traveling around with George Frame and another fellow. We had to move 7 mules and a horse to Palo Colorado. I spent the night at Big Sur and I wish I could have seen you but I knew you weren't there. Mother and the kids didn't know I was coming and it was

a surprise to them. I'm back with Chuck now though.

We will be up here at Pinyon until a week from tomorrow.

Well I will be closing now as I can't think of anything else to write. I am going to write a letter to Grandma and I can't write the same to both of you, so you two can compare notes and get all of the news.

This won't be going into the mail for a week but you'll know I thought about you and answered right away.

Affectionately,
Your Grandson,

Bob.



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



VIA AIR MAIL

Mr. + Mrs. E. T. Reames + Family
Route #1, Box 188.
Watsonville,
California,
U.S.A.

PASSED BY
J 02285 S
ARMY EXAMINER



Rec'd 9 days - April 11, 1945



Philippine Is.
September 4, 1945

Dear Folks,

How is my little family
Today? Is everything still
going as per usual?

Well slim, still behaving
myself and to prove it to you
I was just awarded the Good
Conduct medal on the 31st of
August. It was for exceptional
behavior, fidelity and a bunch
of stuff like that there. Anyway
I've got it.

Yesterday we started our
battalion classes in U. S. A. F. I.
courses. I'm taking College Algebra
and Modern Business English.

They are both good courses and
the English, especially, is a
big help to me. It is a subject
which I am very lax in.

This morning I got out bright and early, cranked up my jeep and a few of us surveyors went down to the ball park that is being built. We surveyed in the bases, pitchers box and all that. B were we accurate. Right down to the tenth of a foot on all the base lines. They weren't even off that much. Don't mind my bragging. I'm just blowing off steam.

Please send me some more films. I've got a big long list of pictures I wish to take around here so shoot the silver nitrate plates to me.

Last Sunday was officially announced
by President Truman as V J day.
It started on a Sunday and it
ended on a Sunday. The only
difference is that they started
it and we finished it.

This covers all the gossip
so once again I shall bid
you adieu.

As ever,

Bob.

J. R. C. Aldridge 39149347
Hg. Bldg - 97th F.A. Bn.
APO - 932, 9 P.M.
San Francisco, Calif.



VIA AIR MAIL

Mr. Earl T. Reeves.
Route #1, Box 188.
Watsonville,
California.

PERSONAL

Sept 20

Recd. Sept, 27, 1945.



Leyte, P. I.
Sept. 20, 1945.

Dear Dad,

Please excuse the pencil and cheap paper but it is easier to write freely this way. Sometimes, Dad, a guy has to get a load off his chest even if it doesn't do any good. The last time I wrote you a letter like this I believe it was over a pillow cover incident. I wish that were all this is.

Enough beating around the bush. Tonight I received, rather had returned to me, a letter which I had written last April to Bill. I've known about Bill's death and I don't know why this should bother me but it does. I guess it's just because it tells the whole story. Bill and I have been side by side our whole life and I guess it's only natural we should be together in the end. The only thing is it was just one of us who got it.

Following the forwarding addresses I'll show you what I mean. First, the letter

went to the 4th Repl. Depot, APO-703. We were both there and, likely as not, probably at the same time. Then he went to the 12th Repl. Bn, APO-40. So did I. That was at Hengjaya Bay on Luzon. From there we were both assigned to our outfits. I went to B Bty - 8th Field - 25th Div. He went to E Co. - 127th Inf. - 32nd Div. Dad, these two Divisions were fighting side by side in the same mountains. We were forming a spearhead and were to unite at Santa Fe. We were up there side by side Dad. At the time Bill got his we were fighting off Trip attacks in broad daylight.

Now don't ask me what the point of all this chatter is because I can't explain. However, just the significance of it all gets me. I said in my letter that I was in combat pounding Jap with artillery. I guess we were pounding him all right but I was back far enough so that the hot lead wasn't burning my britches.

I think I'll send the letter to you. I want you to keep it for me. He never even got a chance to read it but it seems kind of like a last remembrance of him.

We won a great victory all right but God, Dad, what a price we had to pay. I hope Bill wasn't as emaciated as some I've seen. None are a pretty sight though.

This is one heck of a sounding letter, isn't it. I don't mean it as gruesome as it sounds and yet nothing is gruesome enough to describe it. Oh well, enough.

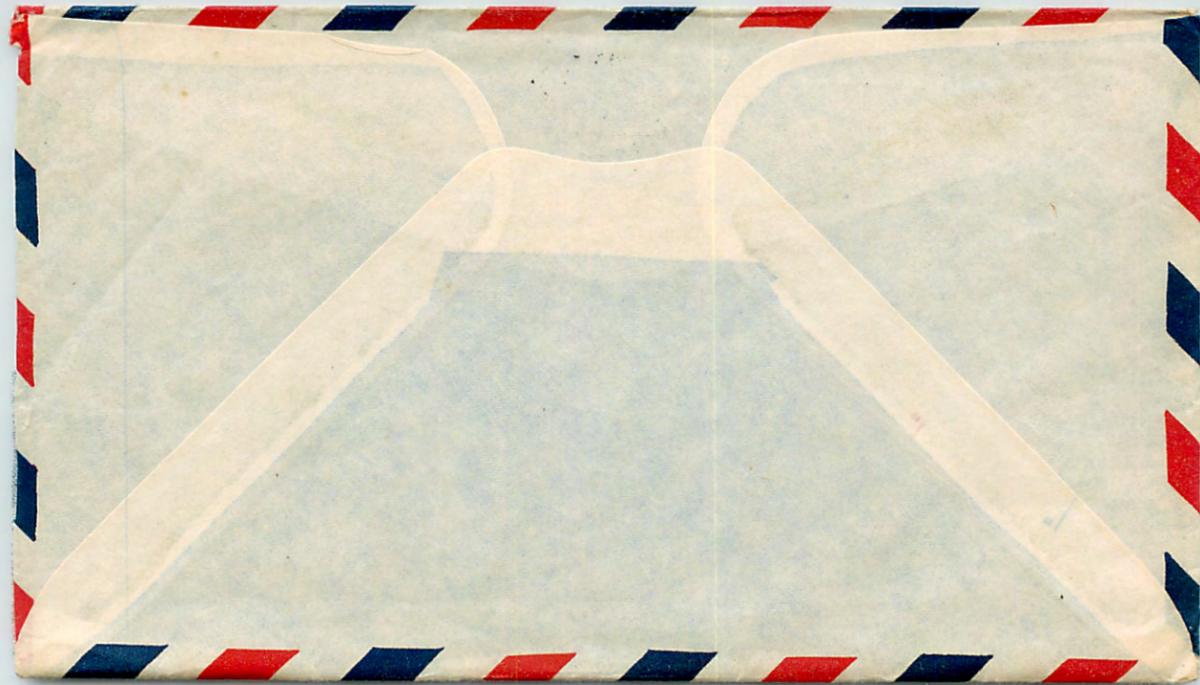
Thanks for listening

Dad.

Love,

Bob.

P.S. I hope it didn't worry Mom because I wrote "personal" on the envelope. I just didn't want her to read it to the kids.



PHILIPPINE



ISLANDS

LEYTE

October 28, 1945

Dear Mother and Dad,

Do you like my new letterhead? I made it all myself. I copied the coat of arms off of a coin freehand, made a stencil, and ran a bunch off on a mimeograph machine. I've been meaning to do it for quite a while. I'm proud of it because it's my own original idea and it came out better than I expected. Scuse my self-flattery.

The first package came to me a couple days ago. It contained cookies (with the usual soldier job), soap, olives, sardines, caught lozenges, Epistle of Romans, Bull Durham sacks, chewing gum, and last but far from least a comic book. I am making good use of all.

Glad to hear that you had a nice visit with Bucky and the rest. It must have been a happy reunion.

Dad know a strange coincidence. There is one jeep bus that I use quite a bit and it does the same thing old "Bessie"

does. Every time I put it in second gear it slips out. It seems so natural to me.

I'm enclosing a picture that was taken of me last August just before Guard Mount. After waiting so long, this is a devil of a picture for me to send you. I look half asleep. Oh well, you asked for it. I have two others to send you in succeeding letters. I should be getting those other two rolls back soon. Incidentally, that is a carbine bayonet on my side with the thong. It is the same thong that I put on the knife I sent home. They are supposed to be used to tie around your thigh like the old cowboys used to do with their six-shooters but we used to make fancy knots and braids with them for trappings. As Andy says, the carbine bayonet is just a rejuvenated trench knife.

Well, I think this is enough for tonight. I'll write again soon. Love, Bob.

(5 minutes later)

On second thought I decided to finish this letter tonight. The seventh of next month is your birthday Dad and I want this to reach you in time. I'm afraid I can't do much more than send my love and best wishes this time but believe me

I'm sending it from the bottom of my heart. I hope you enjoy it very much. Your birthday, I mean. I guess Mother will be baking a nice cake for you. Wish I could enjoy a little of it.

We had a great time at our Battery Dance last Thursday night. It was really a smashing success. That was the most fun I've had in ages. It was the best time I've had ever.

I forgot to tell you not to show these pictures to Jacques as I'm sending her a print too. I'd rather her see hers first.

I guess this just about finishes up the news so until next time, Hasta la Vista.
Bob.

PHILIPPINE



ISLANDS

LEYTE

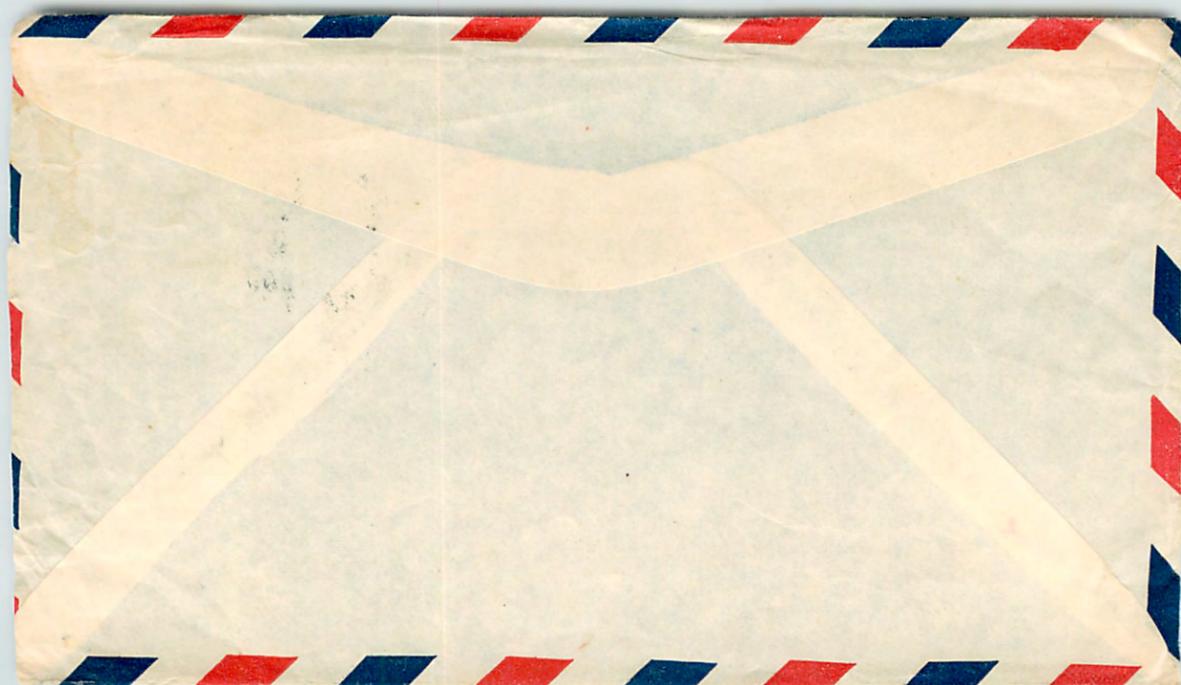
Nov. 10, 1945.

Dearest Family,

I received three Christmas packages from all of you today. There are more canned goods stowed under my bunk now. I appreciated everything a lot. It was really like Christmas with all the fancy paper etc.

This is the pen you sent me ship. Do you recognize it? I sent away to Tom Mix for it when we were living on Rodriguez St. It cost me two Rolston boy tops and 10¢. Then I gave it to you and now you give it back to me. It has quite a history, hasn't it?

I filled this pen up with green ink but the blue seems to predominate. I'll have to use it a while I guess.



Airmail



Tarragona, Tyte.
Nov. 5, 1945

Dearest Nana,

How's my little old pal today? We really have been swell pals all my life, haven't we Nana dear? When I think back of all the times I've been so downright mean and onery with you, as well as everyone else, you can certainly believe that I repent plenty. I guess it just took a war to show me what a spoiled brat I really was.

Nana, I guess you'll have to get Skip or Sonny to address your Christmas cards for you this year. I won't be able to make it but I promise I'll do it the following year. Will that be just as well.

Air Mail 

-2-

I certainly enjoyed your letter of a few days ago. It was brimming with hot news.

Senoy is probably starting back to school now, when he gets up. It will be 6:35 P.M. on the evening of the fourth this now.

It pleases me that you get so much enjoyment and use out of your Flip Hat. I sent one to Jacquin also but it is a little different. I'll have to show it to you when it gets there. I just mailed it two days ago.

We had a typhoon alert here a couple days ago. Everything was packed and ready to evacuate. The typhoon was heading right at us but at the last day it

Air Mail

-3-

changed direction and missed us by 400 miles. I imagine I'll probably see one before I get home though.

I'm enclosing a picture that was taken last August. It looks as black as the Flips but I'm not really. It was late and there were shadows. It's not a good picture but one of the only three I have of myself so far.

Well Kana, I'll say adieu once more. Write again when you have time.

Affectionately,
Your Grandson,
Bob.

pulled that lanyard. I guess I neutralized my share. Maybe it's better that I don't know.

How do you expect me to take several months rest when I return. I'll have my 30 day furlough before my discharge and that'll be enough for me. Too much in fact. You never see a soldier who can loaf and like it.

So you liked the hat and sandals. Well Mom, they ought to give you good service and, Nana Dearest, you be sure to think of me every time you wear it. The minute I saw it I sez to myself I sez "Robert, you old scoundrel, that's just what your dear loving Grandmamma needs to keep the solar rays from contacting the cranial part of her anatomy. Go ahead an shell out a few pesos for it." So, I bought it and if you'd seen me making the box for it you'd really appreciate it. That was three hours work right there and I was pulling nails out of every thing in the Pacific to put it together with. Well, I hope it fits.

ATTENTION
ALL POLITICIANS
NO BOATS NO VOTES
WE SHALL RETURN

AFTER FIVE DAYS, RETURN TO:
T/4 Robt. G. Aldridge 39149347
Hq. Btry. - 97 F.A. Bn.
APO. - 932, c/o P.M.
San Francisco, Calif.



VIA AIR MAIL

MR. & MRS. E. T. REAVES.
Route #1, Box 188.
Watsonville,
California.

Nov. 20 *8th Army Postal*

PHILIPPINE



ISLANDS

LEYTE

November 20, 1945.

Dearest Mom and DAd,

Do you think you can stand a little more of my fancy typing? I sincerely hope so because here I go. At least I'm trying to go. If I could only hit the right key for a change.

"Buffalo Bill" is playing at the show tonight but I didn't go as I've seen it already. Do you remember when Jacquie and we went to see it together?

I recieved two more packages from you since I last wrote. One of them contained the cookies that Mrs Whalen made for me. I haven't tried them yet but tell her thanks for me anyway. I've got so doggone much stuff that I'm afraid I can never get away with all of it. Honestly, I'm getting fat as the dickens. This soft job and the continual eating are getting me out of shape. I'm really getting disgusted sitting around. I wish I could get out of M/C now. It isn't worth anything any more. The work is slack as the dickens. It's a good job if some one likes to sit around all day but it makes me discouraged. I feel better with a good days work behind me.

Oh yes, I also recieved another package with some comics in it. You said that you had just taken the afghan in to Jacquie and that she liked it very much. I'm awfully glad. HEY, wait a minute. Oh, I see. It's dated the 23rd of March. No wonder....

It is a big relief to know that you recieved the Jap trophies in good shape and time. I was worried that they might not go through. I dont know why but I was. I guess you did get excited opening them. What did the varmints think?

I can't get over Bud getting out so soon. Over here it seems next to impossible to get a discharge. They've got us trapped good over here. I can't believe that they're really discharging them so soon back there. Bud must have had something wrong with him.

Are you sure that you mean Nana weighs 148? Why shucks, I weigh more than that. You must mean 248.

This concludes my letter for tonight folks. I'll have to dash off a line to Jacquie and hit the old sack.

Lots of love,

Bob.

November 22, 1945.

Today is another Thanksgiving. It's also my third one away from home. Gee I miss the good old Thanksgiving dinners we used to have. I remember how I used to head for the Chesterfield in the Living Room when we'd finish dinner. Boy did I used to gorge.

We had a swell dinner here today though. A big piece of turkey, cranberry sauce (I love it now), potatoes and gravy with hard boiled egg & yolk in it, dressing, buns, peas, pumpkin pie, iced ^{tea} ~~cream~~, and a can of beer. It's drizzling outside now. I think I'll have to lie down and sleep off some of this food. It's very cozy in here awaiting letters. I guess we have plenty to be thankful for folks, even if we are separated. We're sure to be together next year.

Love,
Bob.

November 24, 1945.

Dear Folks,

Tonight I have a very large hunk of news to tell you. Your son is now a sergeant. Believe it or not. I was promoted to T/4 today. It is kind of a funny deal so I will have to explain. I believe I told you before that I am Message Center Chief now. Well, that is supposed to be a 'buck' or line sergeant. Anyway the T.O. is full for Hq. Btry as they are only allowed four buck sergeants. However, they had to give me a sergeants rating so they made me Instrument Sergeant of the survey section which calls for a T/4 rating. Of course the survey section is just a myth now but that isn't the point.

Did I ever tell you that survey is the only thing I am classified as 'skilled' in? All of my other jobs they only have marked as semi-skilled on my service record. Even as a cannoneer.

Well folks, I've been a long time getting ahead in the Army but I'm on my way up now. Even though it has taken me a long time, I got it for what I know, not who I know. I always said that I don't like pull and I hawn't gchanged my mind. A lot of fellows can pussy-foot around these officers and get ahead but not me. At least I know that I've worked for what I got and that is the fruit of all success. Well, wish me luck that it won't be too much longer until I get 'staff'.

Thanks for the swell Christmas card to send Jacquie. It is really a very appropriate one. I want to send her a money order to help out with her college too.

Speaking of money, I think I'll change my allotment from \$30.00 to \$70.00 now. I can spare it and what a difference it will make in Jacquie's and my 'nest egg'. That is the main thing I want a rating for. The money is all that matters in the Army. This is just like any job (in a peculiar sort of way) in that you're always working for more money. Getting a higher rating is just like getting a raise in pay. Let me see what I make now. Base pay is \$78.00. Then there is 20% increase for foreign service. That makes \$93.60 per---. Not bad.

I think that my typing is improving even if I do say so myself. What do you think about it?

I'll answer some of your questions now. I thought I told you that my old wallet got burned when some powder bags caught fire. No, I wasn't burned but it was rather warm. I'll tell you all about it some day. It is really quite humorous to look back on.

I recieved my two white T-shirts already. As a matter of fact I have one on now.

The cookies are in good condition when they reach me now. They are fresh and everything. Everyone always remarks about them.

That tent in the picture of me alone is the tent that used to be right next to mine. You can see the rope to my old tent in the picture though. I live in the C.P. area now in M.C. though. I will send more pictures some day if I ever get them back. Grandad Aldridge said I had baggy pants on in that one picture. I had them tucked inside of my combat boots like a pair of leggings.

Yes. that is the ocean behind the tents and we do sleep in tents during the rainy season too. The insignia on my sleeve is the Eighth Army patch. There are three patches I am authorized now. Maybe more if you wanted to get technical. 4 really. I'm sending you one of the 8th Army patches though.

You are sending just the right amount of ~~stamps~~ stamps now. Don't send any more. My athlete's foot is pretty good now. I keep my feet dry and it never bothers me. That is the main thing.

I'm afraid this is the end of another letter. You want me to mail them a little more often so I'll get this in the mail tomorrow.

Goodnight to the dearest little family anyone could ever want.

Your son,

Bob.
Sgt., F.A.

P.S. Bert Eaton said that you made him feel right at home. He said that you seemed almost like his own mother, Mom.

P.P.S. *I also recieved three more packages. Thanks.*

^{MONTHS}
AFTER ~~FIVE~~ DAYS, RETURN TO

Sgt. Robt. C. Aldridge
Hq-Btry, 97 F.A. Bn. APO 32
4 P.M. San Francisco, Calif.



VIA AIR MAIL

"FLY IT"

VIA AIR MAIL

Mrs. Emma Oksen
Route #1, Box 188.
Watsonville,
California.

AIR MAIL

"Run Postman, Run!"

VIA AIR MAIL

VIA AIR MAIL

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

To my Dear
Little Family

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the yard
Not a creature was stirring, not even a guard.
My socks were stuffed in my shoes to save space
And alas - in my tent there was no fireplace.

My friends in their shorts and me in my shoes
Had just settled down for a tropical snooze.
When out in the area there arose such a clatter
That I sprang from my cot to see what was the matter.

I became so entangled in my mosquito net
That if no one had helped me, I would be there yet.
And then very cautiously I pulled back the flaps
Expecting to see a Battalion of Japs.

But to my amazement I saw there instead
The famous St. Nicholas in his suit of bright red
He sat in his sled, which was pulled by six jeeps
As they bounced along gaily in short bounds and leaps.

They came to a halt and away Santa went
And very suddenly there he was in my tent
He was chuckling merrily and his fat little belly
Just like the poem, was shaking like jelly.

And as I wondered, I was sure t'was a gag
When I noticed his pack was a blue barracks bag,
Then he reached in his bag, and without hesitation
Turned to my tent mate with a pack of K Ration.

He dug in again and came up with some Spam,
C Rations, cookies and Bully Beef Ham
He followed this quickly with dehydrated potatoes
And then reached in for a can of tomatoes.

And then he remarked there was work he must do
So he raised a plump finger and away he flew
I dashed to the tent flap and was able to see
Him get in his sled as he waved back at me.

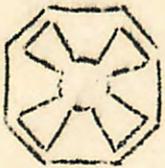
"Away Willys" - "On Ford" was his cry in the night
And in no time at all he was clear out of sight
I'll still have to laugh when I'm ancient and old
At the thought of St. Nick sliding down the tent pole.

That's all there is to it - the story is through,
But before I sign off here is my wish to you--
"MAY YOUR CHRISTMAS BE HAPPY AND FILLED WITH GOOD CHEER:
MAY YOU BE WELL AND MERRY THROUGHOUT THE NEW YEAR!"

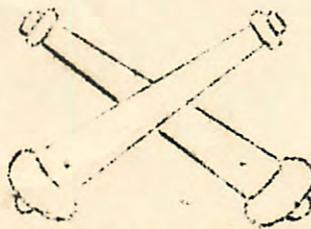
(Leyte, Philippine Islands in the year 1945)

From Bob.





ME SEMPER ARCESSUNT



97th FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION

Taraguna, Leyte.
December 13, 1945

Dearest Papa,

I've just made myself some new stationary and you are getting the first letter on it. It's a little different from the other I made. What do you think of it? Up in the left corner is the Eighth Army insignia. We're not in the Eighth Army any more but we still wear it on our sleeves. In the right corner is the 97th Field Artillery Battalion insignia. The crossed cannons are the Field Artillery symbol. Above them is our motto. It should be on the scroll beneath our Battalion insignia but I couldn't make it that small. Then across the bottom, as you can see, is the name of our Battalion. I think it looks pretty good as a whole. What do you think? (You know what you had better say, ahem.)

Well the old rain is still coming down as bad as ever. It's a pretty sloppy mess on Lytle now.

How is the bum hip coming along now? I guess that you are hopping around like an old jack rabbit by now. Have you been going to any dances and winning any jitterbug contests lately?

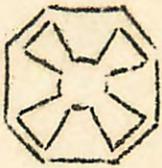
We had another Battery Dance again last night and it was a big success. We have our own band in this battalion now. They used to be in the Fourth Armored Group but have transferred here now. They call themselves the "Armurodiers." It is really good.

We also had a very good show last night. "Get Joe" by Ernie Pyle. That was the show that came the closest to showing what actual combat was like.

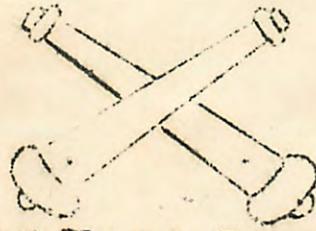
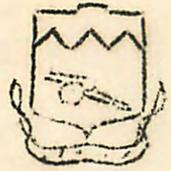
Well hana, I'll be closing for now. Good luck and God Bless You.

Yours loving grandson,
Bob.





ME SEMPER AR. ESSUNT



97th FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION

December 20, 1945

Dear Fana,

It is almost Christmas again. I don't think I'll make it home this year. It won't be too much longer though.

You ought to see the Filipinos' Christmas trees. They get a little bush and decorate it with all kinds of colored paper. Then they put it out on their front porch. It makes one feel good to see a little Christmas spirit anyway. I wonder what they would think of our Christmas doings back in the States. They look up to Americans so much.

I don't know what your address is at the rest home but I'll mail this to home. You'll probably be there when this arrives anyway. I guess you'll be home for Christmas anyway.

Yes name, I do wish you could sew my stripes on for me. However, when I get home I want them sewed on nice and fancy. Do you think you could fix me up? I'll have a lot to sew on. The Eighth Army patch on my left shoulder, the 25th Division patch on my right shoulder, my chevrons on each sleeve, and my overseas stripes on my left cuff. Besides that I'll want the Eighth Army patch and chevrons on each of my shirts. There'll be a lot to sew on all right.

I'd also like my shirts taken up around the waist.

Don't get any ideas about me helping you with your mending though. When I leave the service I'm going to retire from a lot of things. Sewing is one and writing letters is another.

I'm glad that my Emergency Furlough was refused being that you are getting along so well. I don't want to go home and have to come back across. When I get back there I want to be back for keeps. I don't want to go through another time like I did last January. That was harder on me than you can realize.

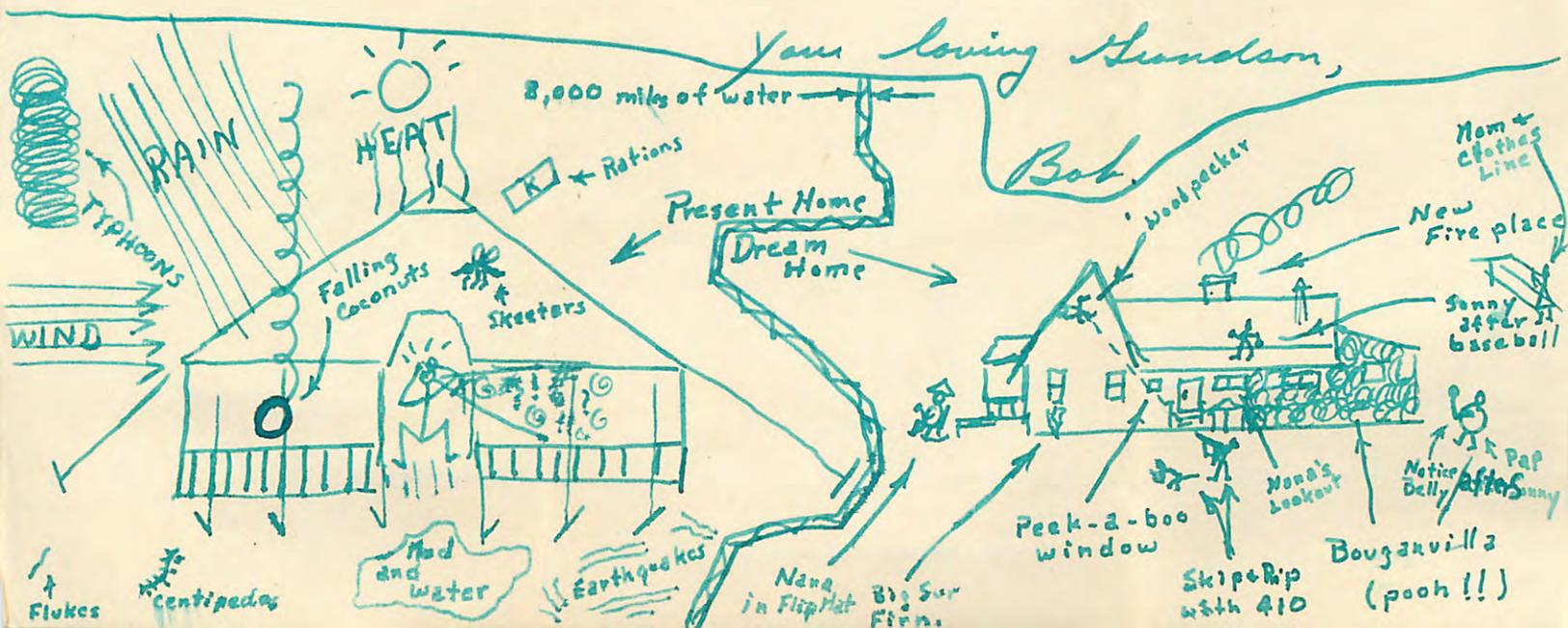
Now I know that you'd better not take your flip hat to the hospital. If anyone saw you with it on and swinging on your trapeze they'd think you were a "gook" for sure. Yes mam, you'd better leave it home.

We haven't been having chicken dinners on Sundays any more. The food is getting lousier all the time. I hope I'll be eating home-cooked meals in another few months anyway.

I'm all out of news for tonight so I guess I'll quit. This is pretty bad writing so I hope you can read it.

As the Flips say,

So Long, Take it easy.



~~WAR DEPARTMENT~~

Sgt. R. L. Oldridge 39149347

By Reg - DTF A. Pm. APS-932

~~OFFICIAL BUSINESS~~

S. P. M. San Francisco, Calif.



VIA AIR MAIL

Mr. & Mrs. E. T. Reams.
Route #1, Box 188.
Watsonville,
California.

VIA AIR MAIL

VIA AIR MAIL



KAISSON KACKLE

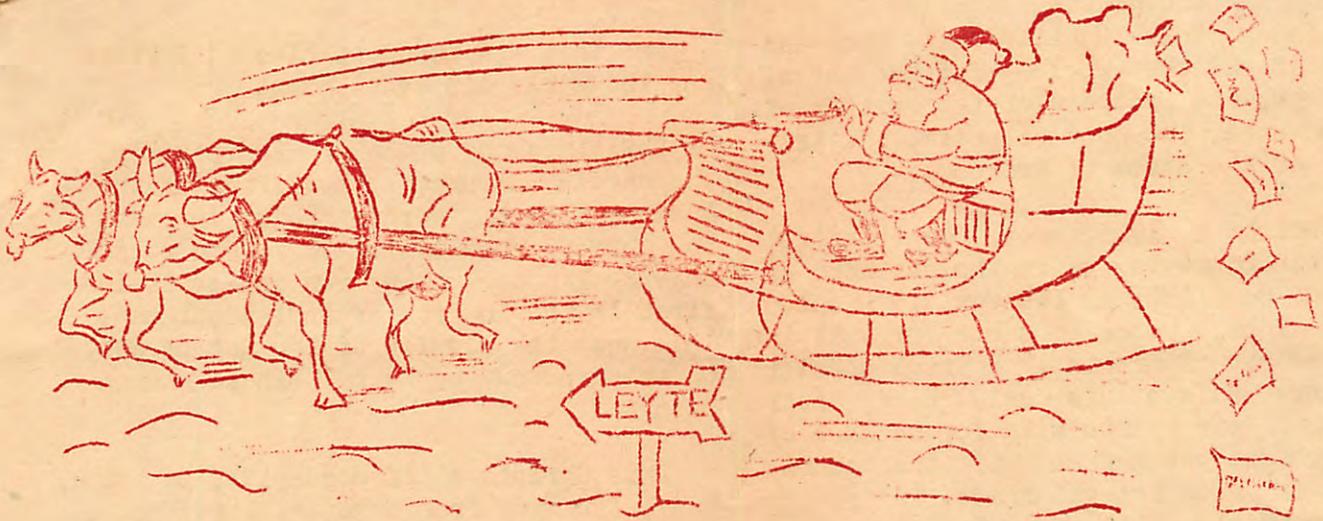


LEYTE, P.I. 97th F.A. BN APO 932

Vol I

25 Dec 45

No 14

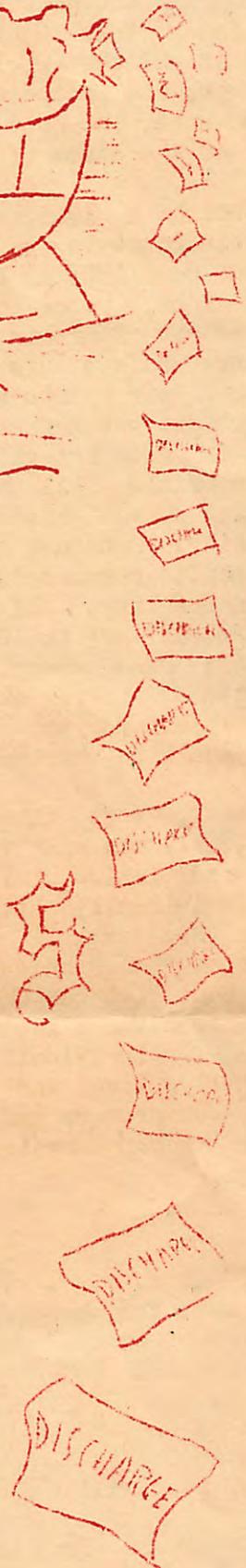


Merry

Christmas

This will have to be a Christmas of memories and dreams, for no matter how hard we try, there is little we can do to make Leyte even come close to resembling that place called home. For most of us this is our second or third Christmas away from the ones we love; for some of us, the first; for all of us, the last.

Our memories are of countless beautiful moments of the past. We remember bright winter nights with soft snow caressing the earth, the happiness of children with their gifts, wine and turkey, the folks grouped around the piano singing carols, the inevitable striped necktie, midnight sleigh rides, and kisses under the mistletoe. But most of all we recall the love and tenderness and joy which make Christmas truly a day of good will.





Chaplains' Messages

Christmas...1945...Leyte. It doesn't seem possible. Our thoughts can only go homeward where all the usual preparations are being made--the family's home, the tree's up and decorated, gifts are profusely laid upon the tree, the great dinner is prepared. Peace, Love and Joy abound in the hearts of all. There's rejoicing this Christmas at home and through all the world--for the end of the war, the prospect of the return of loved-ones, the hope of peace, the triumph of the cause of freedom.

Christmas, 1945, sees, for the first time in fourteen years the absence of armed conflict in the world. Despite this fact, peace does not prevail in the hearts of mankind. Hatreds persist, revenge raises his ugly head, fear strikes our hearts with forebodings of what might yet happen if the atomic bomb is used by evil hands. Today, man is on trial. Will man's God-given ingenuity outrun his equally God-given humanity? Man must match his God-given scientific resourcefulness with his God-given morality. If man fails now, we will early see the Christ's words fulfilled: "And except those days be shortened, there should no flesh be saved: but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened."

Today, more than ever in the ages past, all men must rally to His way of life and follow Him. For only by all men individually patterning their lives after His example and teaching can there be "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Let our Christmas prayers be of thanksgiving; let there be supplications for individual righteousness, brotherly love and kindness; let us live our prayers and follow Him whose birth we commemorate this Christmas Season.

Samuel G. Ellsworth
Chaplain, USA

"Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour Which is Christ the Lord".....
"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men,"

From Luke 2:1, 20

Christmas and home are inseparable! And yet on that first Christmas, the little Infant Saviour was born far away from home in a rude shack cut into the chalk hills of Bethlehem, without friends, or family, or familiar surroundings.

And that was the most blessed Christmas the world has ever known!

Christmas and peace are inseparable! The angels announced the birth of the Saviour with the words: "Peace on earth to men of good will." There can be no universal peace among men unless it is first in the hearts of individual men. This was the mission of the Son of God, to bring peace to every single human being.

This Christmas of necessity, we are away, far away from home and loved ones. We have completed the task which was forced upon us. That task was to preserve peace in our homes, our country, and for all the little peoples of the world.

On Christmas day as we kneel before the crib of the Infant Saviour, let our prayers be for our homes, the foundations of our society, and that the peace for which we paid so high a price may endure.

May the Christ Child bless us with every good grace and gift this Christmas. May He stand guard over us every minute of the coming year.

John O. McAuliffe
Chaplain, USA

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgement and with justice from henceforth even for ever."

Isaiah 9:-6-7.

Kaisson Kackle

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- 2nd Lt. William J. Coyne Adviser
- Pvt Philip J. Rudd Editor
- Pfc Marvin Rappaport Feature Editor
- Pvt Bruce B. Owen Copy Editor
- T/4 Don Connery Art Editor

News compiled from WVTK, CNS, and ANS.

CHRISTMAS DINNER MENU



"MERRY CHRISTMAS - YOU'RE ON KP."

- TOMATO JUICE
- TURKEY GIBLET DRESSING
- MASHED POTATOES GRAVY
- GREEN PEAS CREAMED CORN
- CRANBERRY SAUCE
- HOT ROLLS & BUTTER
- FRUIT CAKE ICE CREAM
- NUTS & CANDY
- ICED TEA

KAISSON KACKLE GREEN HAS GONE TO WARI

A few hours after this Christmas issue hits the streets we expect a multitude of critical characters to pounce upon the editors screaming, "How come a red and black paper when red and green are the Christmas colors. You've maybe been overseas a long time, I think?"

Don't sneer friends, it hurts us worse than it does you. Rudd and Owen, ankle-deep in green paint attempted to squeeze green through the stencils, but the elements were against them.

Don Connery, who has a daily struggle with the mile on the page one banner, did the sketches and suggests you don't cast a too critical eye at his carabaos.

COMMAND PRIFORMANCE WVTK 2000-2200

- | | |
|----------------|------------------|
| Jack Benny | Jimmy Durrante |
| Dinah Shore | Francis Langford |
| Bob Hope | Bing Crosby |
| Harry James | Herbert Marshall |
| Ginny Simms | Jerry Colonna |
| Johnny Mercer | Judy Garland |
| Merry Macs | Frank Sinatra |
| archie Gardner | Kay Kyser |
| Cass Daly | Mel Blank |

"THANKS"

Here and now we would like to express our appreciation to all those who helped to make this Christmas away from home as happy as possible.

Thanks to: Major Carraker and the committee for a swell Christmas Eve party.

The Armorediers for the super jive.

The Battery mess Sergeant cooks and KPs for a swell meal.

T/5 Max N. Rhoades and all the mail orderlies for working over time so that we could have those packages.

We the staff of the "Kaisson Kackle" would like to take this opportunity to wish each and every one of you an enjoyable Christmas.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

The Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the yard
Not a creature was stirring, not even a guard.
My socks were stuffed in my shoes to save space
And alas-in my tent there was no fireplace.

My friends in their shorts and me in my shoes
Had just settled down for a tropical snooze.
Then out in the area there arose such a clatter
That I sprang from my cot to see what was the matter.

I became so entangled in my mosquito net
That if no one had helped me, I would be there yet.
And then very cautiously I pulled back the flaps
Expecting to see a battalion of Japs.

But to my amazement I saw there instead
The famous St. Nicholas in his suit of bright red.
He sat in his sled, which was pulled by six jeeps
As they bounced gaily along in short bounds and loops.

They came to a halt and away Santa went.
And very suddenly there he was in my tent.
He was chuckling merrily and his fat little belly
Just like the poem was shaking like jelly.

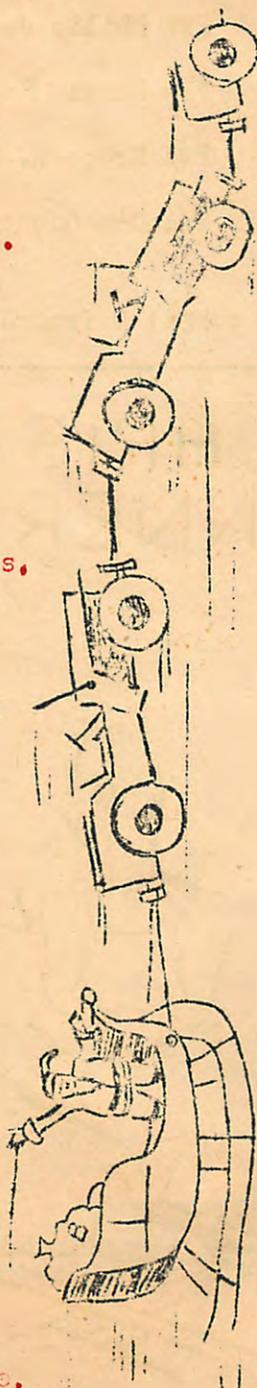
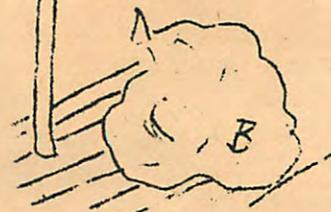
And as I wondered, I was sure t'twas a gag
Then I noticed his pack was a blue barracks bag.
Then he reached in his bag, and without hesitation
Turned to my tent mate with a pack of K Ration.

He dug in again and came up with some Span,
C Rations, cookies and Bully Beef Ham.
He followed this quickly with dehydrated potatoes
And then reached in for a case of tomatoes.

And then he remarked there was work he must do
So he raised a plump figure and away he flew.
I dashed to the tent flap and was able to see
Him get in his sled as he waved back at me.

"Away Lillys - on Ford" was his cry in the night
And in no time at all he was clear out of sight.
I'll still have to laugh when I'm ancient and old
At the thought of St. Nick slicing down the tent pole.

That's all there is to it - the story is through,
But before I sigh off here is my wish to you--
"MAY YOUR CHRISTMAS BE HAPPY AND FILLED WITH GOOD CHEER!
MAY YOU BE WELL AND MERRY THROUGHOUT THE NEW YEAR!"



AFTER FIVE DAYS, RETURN TO

Sgt. Robt. C. Aldridge 39149347

Hq - AFWESPAC

AG Rec. Pers. Div. - C+B Br.

APO - 707, 9/2 P.M.

San Francisco, Calif.



VIA AIR MAIL

Mr. + Mrs. E. T. Reaves
Route #1, Box 188
Watsonville,
California.

Mom, I'm not worrying about my future. Well yes, I am too but what I meant by "going around in circles" was trying to figure it all out. There is a difference between worrying about something and trying to solve something. Would you say it was right to just let things ride and not give it a thought until the critical time comes?

Doggone, these songs sure make me homesick. They are singing "It's Been a Long Long Time" over the radio. Oh well, don't mind me. I'm getting kind of hardened to it now. (Like so much baloney!) It doesn't happen very often but sometimes ~~the~~ my eyes get a little misty. I miss

all of you precious ones so much.

I wish I had received your letter before I left Fayette, Dad. I would like so much to hear from you again. Your letters give me so much comfort and advice. I've got a little question to ask you at the end of this letter.

No wonder my ears are always ringing. I thought it was from the concussion but now I see it's because you and Jacque are always talking about me. Uh Huh!!

That Chaplain McConky you heard over the radio (Hanson of Rest) who you said was in the 223rd Inf Regt. - That was in the 81st Division. They're the biggest bunch of glory -

I've got to take a break and fill my pen. 'Scuse me a second.

You know something Dad? I've been dreaming about you quite a bit lately. What does that mean? I guess it's because I've been thinking so much of the talk we're going to have when I get home. I'm looking forward to that an awfully lot.

I never knew you had ever heard of Colonel Malone. You aren't kidding when you said he is a swell guy. He told me that it was the ~~only~~ only one out of the fifty he picked for his branch that he classified for a job according to previous experience. All the others he just put anywhere. On my

for your advice. I was awfully skeptical of the situation anyway. What makes me so mad is that the Philippine Army soldiers go into our PX's, Snack Bars and USO's; buy up all of our cigarettes and candy by the cartons and sell them to the black market. We squawk but it doesn't do any good. They were barred from one USO once and there was such a stink made that they had to lift the ban.

Now I want to clear a few things up for you. First of all about my smoking. I won't say much here because I don't think it necessary. I never started smoking until I knew for

sure that I wanted to and then not to just show off. I wouldn't blame the Army for it either. I told Gueguis a couple years ago that I believed I would probably start sooner or later. Fast, I'm not sorry I started. It is one of the few things I get enjoyment from over here. I didn't mean that for sympathy but just a fact.

Now about drinking. I don't know for sure if I'm doing right there. That's the question I wanted to ask you Dad. Here's the deal. Everyone drinks over here. People you'd never see doing so back home. It's an out. A guy has to go out and sew a few

wild oats sometimes and over here
it's boring as the dickens. I
don't go for any of this stuff
about drowning your sorrows
in alcohol. That's a lot of
bunk. I'm not trying to make
any excuses for myself. I'm
just saying that we do it
to raise a little devil. Back
home I would have other things
to do. When I get back I
know I won't drink any more
than you, Dad.

You always heard about the
fellows in France during World
War I. How they used to
go on a Binge in Paris on
their night off. That's how
it is with us.

I won't doctor this up
with any pretty talk. That's
the story straight from the

shoulder and as blunt as possible. What I want to know, Dad, is whether I'm doing too much wrong. You know that I'd never let anything ruin my future plans. Do you think that doing this over here is very bad? I don't expect you to tell me it's OK but answer the question for me anyway.

Well this just about exhausts me for tonight. I've been writing for hours. When I get stamps I'll put this right in the mail.

Bye for now,

Your Son,
Bob.

Jim Lighter's
Ballad -

33 1/2 R.P.M

Luckys

Marty Robins

Pages
1-7
not in
envelope

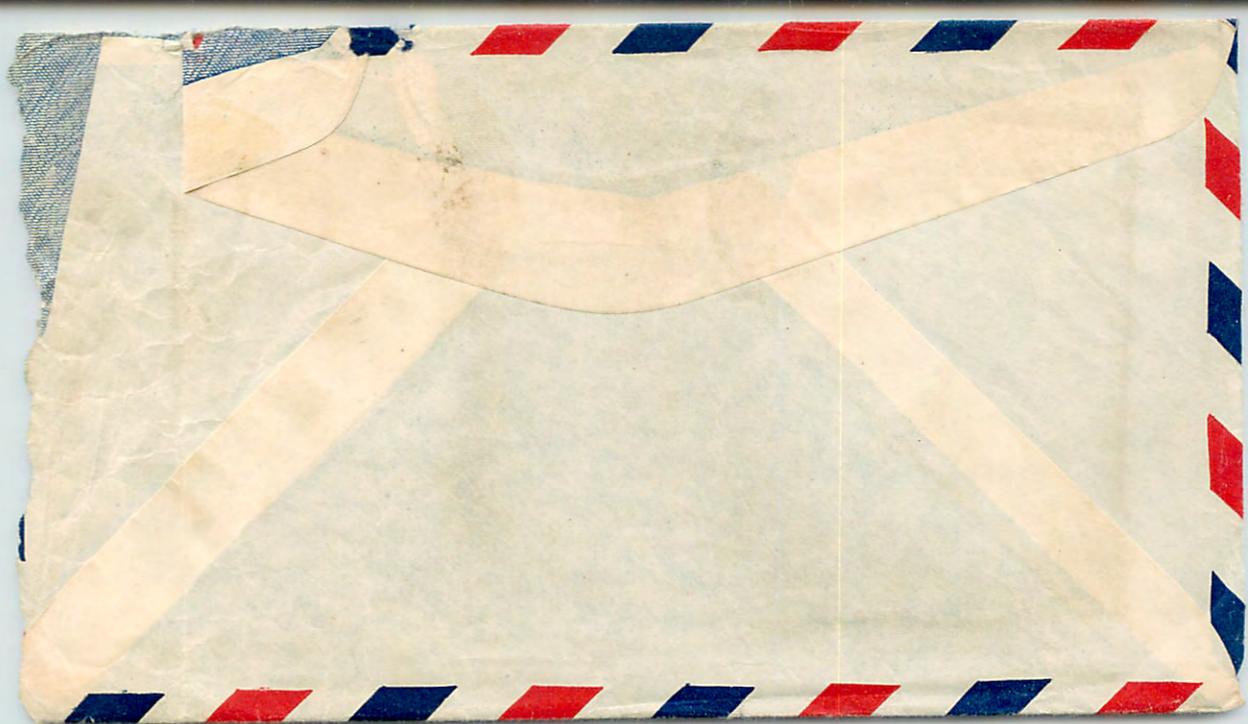
AFTER FIVE DAYS, RETURN TO

Sgt. Robt. C. Aldridge 39149347
Hq. Alwaspac Alo Rec Pers Div.
C+BBn. APO-707 9 P.M.
San Francisco, Calif.



VIA AIR MAIL

Mr. & Mrs. E. T. Reaves.
Route #1, Box 188
Watsonville,
California.



Manila, P.I.
April 5, 1946
10:00 AM.

Dear Mom, Dad and All,

Today is Good Friday and Sunday is Easter. I missed Church last Easter but I'll be sure to go this time. I've got to start getting up earlier on Sunday mornings to get to Church. That Sunday morning sleep sure feels good though.

So you're still dreaming about me coming home. Well I'll tell you something that might help. I can't come home yet but I've got a big surprise for you. Everything is arranged and in the bag. It's all set. Here's the dope —

Last Wednesday nite I
went down to the Philippine
Long Distance Telephone Co.
and put in my reservation.
I'll put my call in at 7:30
P.M., 28th of April. That is
Sunday. That will be
3:30 A.M. Sunday morning in
California if my calculations
are correct. Anyway it is just
far enough off to give you
notice you can have Jacquie
and Hans out. That will
be Dad's day home and it
will be early enough so
that no one will interfere
on our party - line. You'll
probably have to sleep in
the sun-room by the
phone. They told me that

very, very few of the calls fail to go through and then only because the party isn't home.

It only cost me 18 pesos (9 dollars). That isn't too much more than the call from Fort Sill it made.

I'm sure anxious to call. It'll seem so good to hear your voices after all these months. I just hope you get this letter in time to let you know. That is Sunday, April 28.

I guess you have heard of the typhoon we had over here. It didn't amount to a hill of beans but the winds have been blowing a

gale the last couple days,
it's just like a typical
winter day at home.

These tidal waves I've
been hearing about had
me a little worried but
then Watsonville is quite
a ways inland. I don't
suppose you hardly
even knew about them,
I hope not anyway.

I think I told you
once about Carl King, the
Sergeant Major of our Branch.
I just found out a couple
days ago that his birthday
is the same day mine is.
The only difference is
that his seven years
older. Anyway well

going to have a big time.

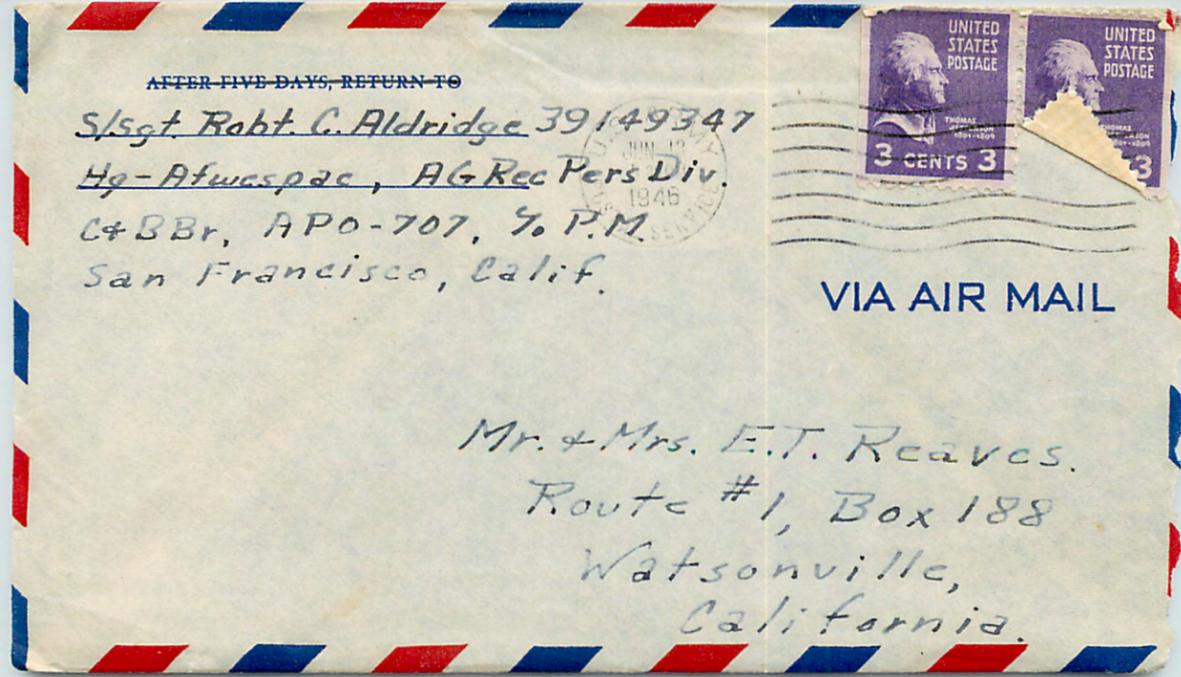
Tomorrow is Army Day
and no work for us. That
will be a two day holiday
this week end.

I'm sending you some
pictures we took last
month on our picnic
at the old Spanish Castle.
That was Papa's birthday.

Well folks, I guess
this is all for this letter.
I'll be seeing you on the
28th.

Yours,
Bob.

P.S. I don't know anyone for
Mrs. Miller to send a collection
to over here.



Manila, P.I.
June 12, 1946

Dear Folks,

Well, she's got some pretty good news today. She's coming home soon. I guess that's what you have been waiting to hear and I know it's what she's been waiting to tell you. You must have heard the news over the radio about 24 months men as of July 31st being returned to the United States for re-assignment. Dat's me!! It's just a way for the War Department.

to get around these pot-bellied politicians and get the men home. When we hit the states they'll probably declare us surplus and discharge us. This will also force Congress to pass the Draft Bill. Yep, this will show Congress a thing or two.

According to the latest "dope" we are supposed to leave for the 5th Purple Dapple next Tuesday. That is the 18th. I don't think we'll be there more than 3 or 4 days. Oh boy, I'm so doggone happy. You never saw such a guy.

bunch of guys in your
life. We just about took
the roof off the barracks
last nite and then we
went to the Rendezvous
Club and made real whoopee.
What a celebration it was
and what a thing to
celebrate. Now it seems to
me as if the war is just
about over. It certainly
didn't seem like it before.

I should get a 90 day
furlough when I hit the
States if I'm not discharged
first. Personally, I would

rather have the furlough.
 No, I'm mistaking. It's only
 a 45 day furlough I should
 have or possibly 60 days. Aw
 heck, I don't know but
 what difference does it make
 I'm coming home anyway.

It'll seem so good to
 see all of you again. It's
 hard to even remember
 what you are all like,
 I certainly haven't forgotten
 you but it has been quite
 a while. I suppose Jackie
 will be away to Summer
 School when I get home.

Well Salts. Bye for
 now. I may only write one
 more letter, I don't know. Love, Bob.

Yep, I'm back again for a few minutes. I wanted to tell you not to write any more. I'll have the letters that are on the way to read until I leave.

So it feels funny to tell you all these things. It doesn't seem possible that I'm really going home. I guess I am though.

Yippie!

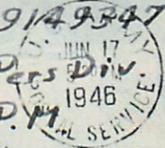
I wanted to tell you something. I got another compliment on your hand-

writing. Whenever the mail comes into the office sometimes I am out and Betty gets it for me. The other day when I received the letter telling how you went about locating her brother I let her read parts of it. She asked me if that was your writing. She said "I see it all the time on your letters and I try to copy it." I guess my "ole mom" can really wheel that fountain pen.

Well folks. Bye for now. Remember - don't write any more.
 Dad.

AFTER FIVE DAYS, RETURN TO

S/Sgt. Robt. C. Aldridge 39149347
Hq - AFWESPAC, AG Rec Pers Div.
C+BBr., APO-707, 4 P.M.
San Francisco, Calif.



VIA AIR MAIL

Mr. & Mrs. E. T. Reaves
Route #1, Box 188
Watsonville,
California.

Be seeing you soon.

Manila, P.I.
June 14, 1946

Dear Mom, Dad & Family,

Well things look certain that we go to the Ryple Deyple next Tuesday. Just three more days. Tomorrow we are going to turn in our equipment. Will probably be relieved from duty also.

I took the afternoon off today and sorted through all my stuff. About half the things I'm taking home are souvenirs, etc.

Well Dear Family, this will be the last letter I will write to you. That

is unless a big disappointment
 or something turns up and we
 don't leave. I'm positive we
 will though. Oh, I might
 get time now and then to
 drop a line but I'm going to
 be pretty busy. The only
 time I'll have time to write
 will be on the ship and
 then I can't mail them.
 There'll be shots, new clothing
 issues, turning in clothing,
 having clearance slips signed,
 packing my bag, etc.

Then there are a few things
 I want to do before I
 leave Travila. I'll give all

the news to Jacqui and you can check with her.

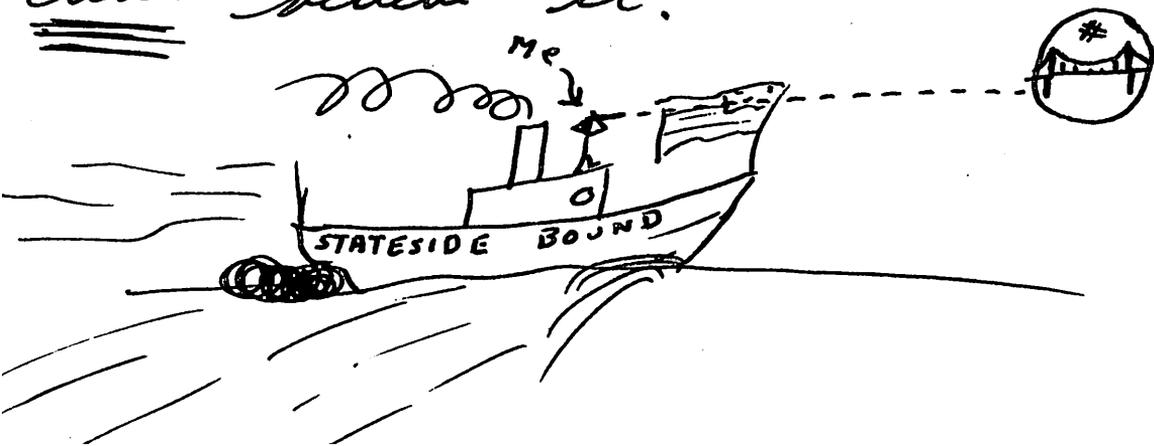
Dangit Folks, this all seems like a dream. I can't really believe that I'm actually going home. It's hard to even remember what the place is like. I wonder if Rip and Buck will remember me.

So it'll be literally the happiest moment of my life when I see all of you again. I've been thinking an awful lot the last couple days. So,

skin as nervous as a
mosquito with the DDT's.
Everyone is like that
around here now. I still
can't get accustomed to the
idea of going home. I
guess it's really true though.

Cal - if - or - inia here
I come? Right back where
I started from. 

Bay-o-bay, I just
can't believe it.



Excuse me if I'm a little foolish but I'm in a terrific mood right now.

They're playing a song on the radio right now that I've never heard before. The name is "I'm Home-sick". Have you ever heard it? If you have you probably can imagine how I feel right now.

Well folks, until we meet personally I'll say good-bye. Don't mail any more letters.

Bye-bye and God Bless all of you, Bob.

Betty Salindong was my
secretary in Manila. She hadn't
heard from her brother since
before the war but he was last
known to be in Watsonville &
The folks located him in a work
camp on the Beach Road.

AFTER FIVE DAYS, RETURN TO

S/Sgt. Robt. C. Aldridge, 39149347
Hq. Air Force, AG-Kickera Div.
C. & B. Bn. APO-787, 1/2 P.M.
San Francisco, California.



VIA AIR MAIL

Mr. & Mrs. E. T. Reaver.
Route #1, Box 188
Watsonville, California

22 June 46

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Reave,

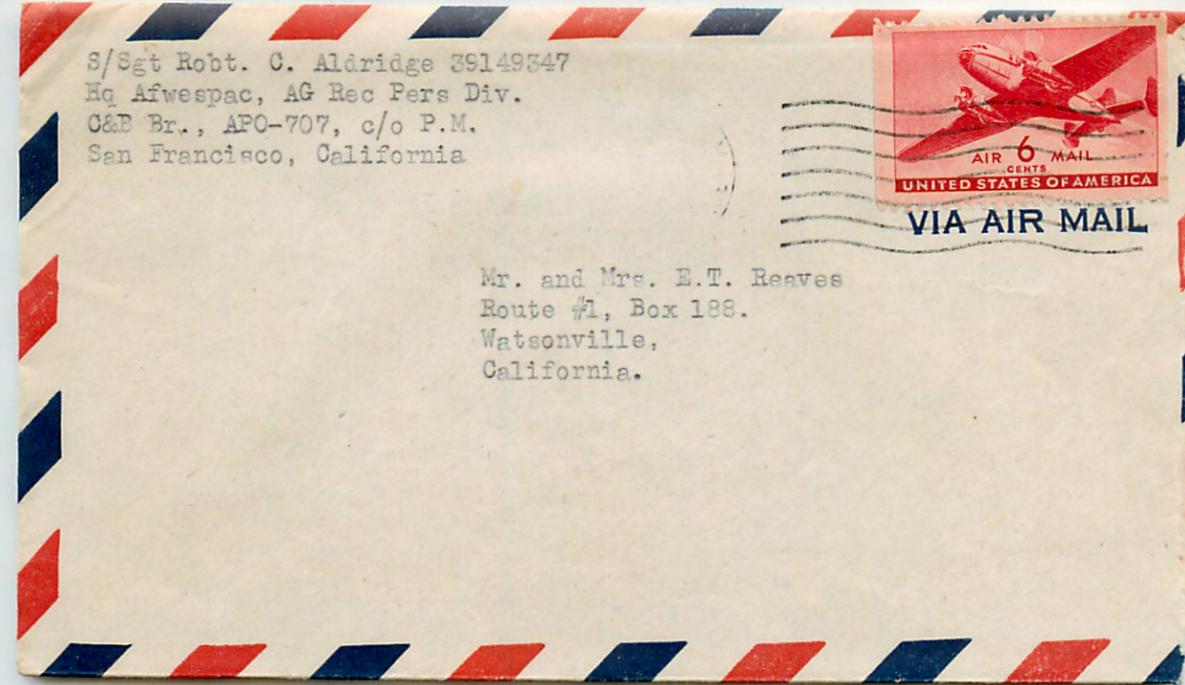
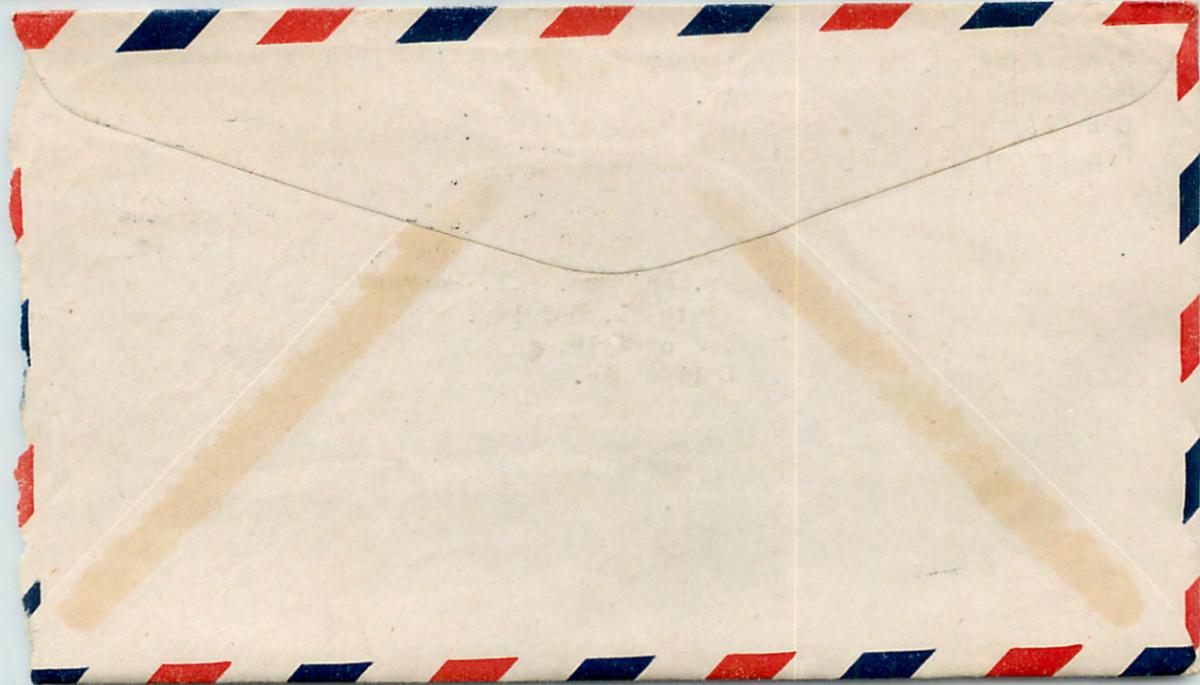
I suppose you have received my first letter by now. It is not a good one, but at least you understand how grateful I am from the very beginning. Much more now, that I've received a letter from my brother. You don't know how much joy you brought us, and I don't know how I could ever repay you for what you've done. You've made me the happiest girl. I can't find a word in which I could express my gratitude. If it's not for you, I have not heard from my brother until now. So I think you know how much we have to thank you, and how grateful we are for your kindness.

Mr. & Mrs. Peaves, I wrote
you this, to tell you that I
have already received a letter
from my brother. Is it not
wonderful hearing from someone
you love, especially when it's your
first time to hear from him
for more than five years? Gee!
it's really wonderful. And I want
you to know how I feel because
you were the one responsible for
making us very happy.

This is all I could say
and I hope you get my point.
I'm really very thankful.

So long and wish you all
the luck in ~~world~~ the world.

Very sincerely,
Betty
#1



Manila, P.I.
July 17, 1946.

Dear Mom & Dad,

Well folks this is to be the last letter you will receive from your little boy from the Pacific Area. Yep, my orders are in and I leave for the Repple Depple next Saturday. I went over to the Personnel office and saw them myself. I'm sure they can't mess us up again. They went something like this; "Following named E.M. rel'd dty w/ Rec Pers Div and this Theater and assigned unattached Rep and Disp Center for return to US for re assignment. EDCMR 20 Jul 46. To rept Rep Dep not later than 1800, 20 Jul 46. Boy that sounds pretty good to my ears. As I said before, this is the last letter I will write

I believe we will get on the ship on the twenty-sixth. I don't know for sure yet just what ship it will be.

I went golfing again last Saturday afternoon and it was as much fun as ever. I did better too. I didn't miss the ball once. Of course I made some lousy hits but at least I hit it.

I'm having a lot of trouble with this typewriter. It's really a lousy machine.

I have nothing more to write about but I'm sure I've said quite enough in this letter to make up for a twenty-five or thirty page letter. Anyway I will bring this to a close.

All of my love an I'll be seeing all of you soon.

Your loving son,

Bob.

Betty P. Salindong
972-A Bilibid Viejo
Quejido, Manila
P.I.

PHILIPPINES
1952

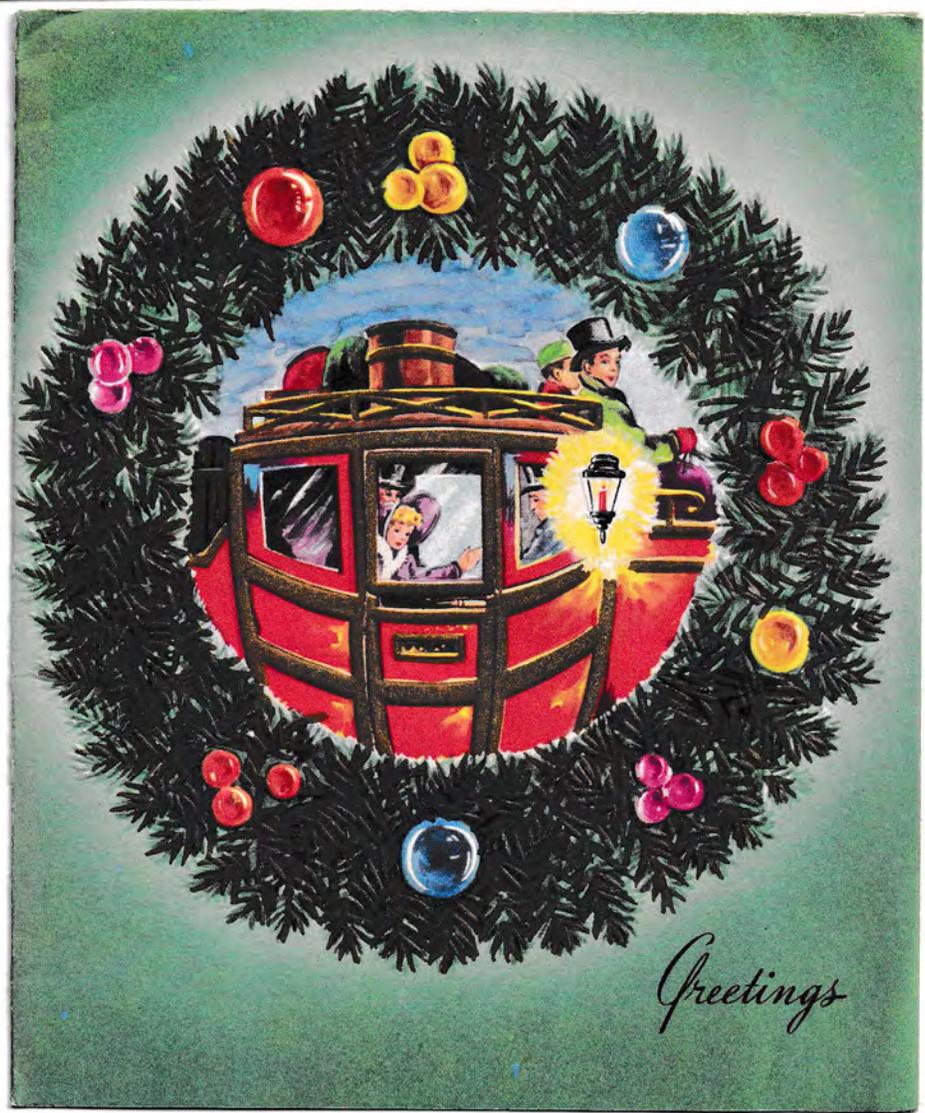
Letter: 7 December 1952

Ans. 4-22-53

Betty was my secret -
AFWESPAC in Manila ...

she got acquainted with Moss
& Pap because I asked them to
locate her brother who she had
not heard from since she had
the war. They located
Mrs. Ted Reardon in a labor camp
near Watsonville

1184 Green Valley Rd.,
Watsonville, California,
U. S. A.





Merry Christmas

TO YOU AND YOURS

IN THE

GOOD OLD-FASHIONED WAY!

A New Year FILLED WITH

HAPPINESS

EACH HOUR OF EVERY DAY!

All my love to the most
wonderful family I've met.

Love,

Billy

10/11/11
for list

Diamond Line
MADE IN U.S.A.
501-504
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MX 26

Same address
9 December 1952

Dear Erma,

I'm so ashamed for neglecting you entirely and I knew you wouldn't approve if I say I quit my schooling. And much more, you'll hate me, no doubt, when I'll tell you that I've just been there in California without letting you know. Yes, Erma, I just arrived here in the Island last June. Everything was so mixed-up in my life and things happened so fast. Last year, I was engaged to be married, but fate has its ways of maneuvering the course of life and doesn't want us for each other. I lost interest in my studies then, so I went to States to forget the whole thing. Now that I'm back, I'm going steady with a wonderful man. I hope that this time, I will not encounter the same disappointment.

I stayed in States for 6 months only, 'cause I was never happy here. During my stay, I saw so many places, mostly in California. I was not able to go East anymore, because I worked at the Consulate Office in San Francisco and have no time for far-away trips. I went to Nevada and saw the gambling houses in Reno. Lake Tahoe is breathtakingly beautiful surrounded by snow. I spent a week in Los Angeles and went around Beverly Hills to see the houses of the famous stars. Everything was so beautiful, but in spite of all these, I felt homesick because of my friends. You were right about what you told me that's the reason I remain silent and never wrote you, fearing you'll scold me like a big sister and say, "Never say I did not warn you!" Well, everything's done and

2

I'm happy to say that I've seen States, Honolulu, Japan and Hong Kong, which everybody craves to see.

Forgive me for holding out on you, Erma, I didn't mean to. I guess I'm just afraid to be scolded. But now, I realized that I've done wrong and I'm ready to get my beating.

I stayed with my sister and her family in San Mateo about 45 minutes drive from Trices. Guess I'm taking most of your time by writing a long letter, so I better end it.

I'm still working with the same office, as before, the U.S. Army.

Thank you for the lovely card and may you have the happiest of Christmas as always. Regards to Ted, the boys, Bob and family - and Happy New Year to you all.

Love,

Billy
#1