

# WORLD WAR II

A veteran's cartoon diary  
Induction, basic, deployment to the South Pacific



W.R.R.

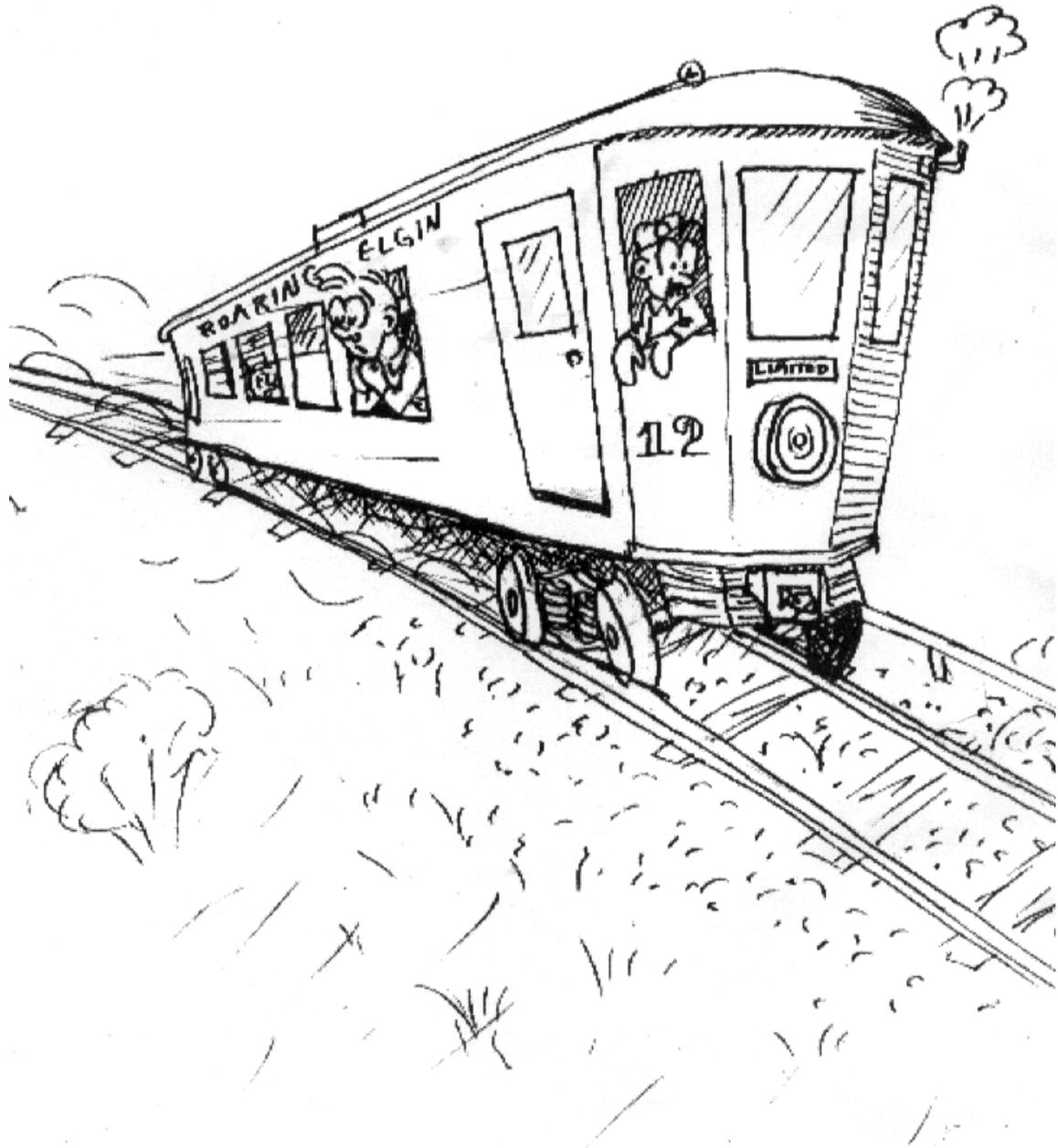
ALL FORMATIONS ARE  
MADE "ON THE DOUBLE."

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# **WORLD WAR II IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC**

Pearl Harbor has been attacked! That announcement had a tremendous impact on a young college freshman.

This book is a rare collection of his experiences through induction into the Army, basic training and deployment to the South Pacific, graphically and humorously depicted through his cartoon diary.



OFF TO THE ARMY  
(FEB. 15, '49)

## **CALL TO ARMS**

"The Japanese have attacked Pearl Harbor!" shocked me while listening to the radio December 7, 1941. Servicemen on pass were being interviewed on the street. Most of them thought this would be settled in a hurry. I didn't dream of being involved in this war.

I was a freshman in college with no particular goal in life beyond making money. The college formed a cadet training corps with uniforms, wooden rifles, close-order drill and all that military stuff.

I joined the corps and the rifle club and learned to fire from the different positions on the firing range in the basement of Blanchard Hall. We used 22 caliber rifles.

The possibility of being involved in the war began to seem more probable.

Grady Mills, the top officer (Major) in the corp., with a couple of other guys went to the Army Induction Center in Chicago to see if Wheaton men could be kept together as a unit in the Army. We came to Wheaton from all over the United

States and would normally be inducted through the draft boards in our home states.

A special meeting was called after chapel. Grady announced the Army would do their best to keep together any men who would enlist in Chicago when the next contingency was called. Twenty three of us fell for it. I notice Grady wasn't one of us. We were now in the Army reserves.

About this time "Dunc" Stewart got up to make an announcement at chapel. Captain of the track team, "Dunc" had entered some of the team in events held on a Sunday in a recent track meet in Chicago. This being against the school's standards, he had apologized to the administration and requested permission to speak to the student body. As he explained to his fellow students how he had misrepresented them asking their forgiveness, another student came forward and stood by his side. When "Dunc" finished, this student confessed something that had been bothering him, before he finished another came, and then another. Soon there was a line. Faculty seated across the platform decided to allow each student to share. Chapel was

extended. Classes were canceled. This went on into the night and lasted several days. You could feel a changed atmosphere on campus. Perhaps this was God's way for preparing us for what lay ahead.

At the end of first semester of my sophomore year the College announced President Roosevelt would be calling up all reservists. We were advised not to enroll for the second semester.

Orders came to report to the induction center in Chicago on February 15. That morning all twenty three of us boarded the Chicago Aurora & Elgin express (no stops to Chicago). Evan Welsh, pastor of College Church, came on board to pray with us before our departure. He prayed too long. The train pulled out. Evan accompanied us on an unplanned trip to Chicago.

We were taken to Fort Sheridan by bus for initial processing where we were given clothing and haircuts.

I'll never forget that first night. Ralph Enlow and I were assigned adjacent top bunks in the barracks. I saw Ralph was reading his New Testament in bed. I was accustomed to kneeling

for prayer before retiring. How do you kneel by a top bunk? I was determined not to compromise my procedure.

Whoever was in the bottom bunk was gone, perhaps participating in one of several card games in the room. Do I climb down and kneel by his bunk? What if he comes in while I'm there? After some struggle I climbed down, knelt at the foot of his bunk, and began to pray.

Conversations and laughter began to die down as men saw me kneeling. Soon the entire barracks was silent. I don't know whether they were embarrassed, astonished or respectful. I felt every eye in the barracks focused on me. It was difficult to concentrate on the Lord. I stayed on my knees for what seemed to be sufficient time for a respectable prayer, climbed up to my bunk and went to sleep feeling good.

It was cold when they woke us early Thursday morning. A stocky, red-faced sarg, dressed only in kaki long-johns, breath steaming in the cold, with a sarcastic smile yelled, "Are you nervous in the service, boys?"

Word was passed around if we didn't ship out by Friday,

we'd get a week-end pass. Friday evening a corporal told us to get ready to board a troop train. He asked some of us to volunteer for K.P. on the train assuring us that it was a good deal because we would be free to leave our car. He would also see to it men who violated rules would wash all the pots and pans. It sounded good. George Trabor, Chuck Holsinger and I volunteered. There may have been one other. I think it was Nate Goff.

About eight of the twenty three Wheaton men were not on this shipment. As we marched to board the troop train we saw Jim Buswell (son of former president of Wheaton College) on the back of a garbage truck. We all laughed.

George and I shared a double bed on a regular Pullman car with a white-coated attendant. We instructed him to leave our bed made during the day. We spent most of our time watching scenery out the big, wide-open doors of the baggage-car that was used as the kitchen. We were taking the southern Union Pacific route. As we traveled west the scenery was beautiful.

We never washed any pans. Some soldiers discovered it

was a good deal. They deliberately broke rules. The same men began appearing every meal acting as though they belonged there. They pulled their tub of water over by one of the doors, sat there slowly scrubbing the pans enjoying the scenery. We discovered as we threw garbage out the front door, the wind blew it all back in the back door where these guys were goofing off. New men showed up next meal.

A parallel track carried trains going the opposite direction. Large, empty juice cans, properly thrown, brought great entertainment as they squashed before our eyes on a passing steam engine.

One night we stopped in Albuquerque, New Mexico, to get wood for our kitchen-car stoves. In the large pile of wood I found a flashlight which remained with me through the entire war.

Another night we were on a single track. We noticed our train was moving at an unusually high speed. It was reported that another train was heading toward us. We had to be at a certain siding by a predetermined time to allow it to pass; otherwise there would be a head-on collision. Aware of this,

there was tension as the train sped on with increasing speed. Finally, we felt breaks being applied. Our train quickly pulled off onto a siding. We came to a sudden full stop. In just a moment the on-coming train sped by. We all looked at each other with relief.

We approached the mountains at night. We were aware of some switching around. Another engine was added. The cars had been reversed. The chimney of the kitchen car had been installed to face backwards to draw out the smoke from our wood-burning ovens. Now with the car facing the opposite direction and the chimney facing forward into the wind, our kitchen car filled with smoke. I don't remember how the situation was corrected. The next morning we arrived at our destination. We pulled into Camp Roberts, California.

## LEARNING TO FIGHT

The trip to Camp Roberts near Paso Robles, California, took three days.

We were assigned to different training companies. Each company specialized in a different aspect of Infantry warfare. Chuck Holsinger was in a truck-driving company, Fritz Lange in heavy weapons (machine guns), Jack Enlow and I in message-center, and so on. I'm not certain where Lloyd Cory and Bob Whitaker were. I mention these because of the fifteen Wheaton men on this shipment we seemed to spend more time together. We frequently climbed a steep hill at the end of the day to talk, share, pray and encourage each other.

Experiences with Lloyd Cory are vivid in my memory. Lloyd and I had purchased some wooden coat hangers in the PX. Coming out with our purchases, we met a Major. I saluted quickly. Since Lloyd's hangers were in his right hand, he whipped them up in a clattering salute, banging the end of the hangers to his forehead. I was suspecting a thorough chewing-out. But nothing happened as we continued on our way. I suspect the

Major was laughing inwardly too hard to speak.

Another time Lloyd and I were walking together. Lloyd had his hands in his pockets. We met another Major. This one was a doctor. He looked like a kindly family doctor who had been given a commission. I saluted. Lloyd's hand stuck in his pocket. He cheerfully said, "Howdy!" and proceeded with his characteristic giggle, which I knew the Major heard. Again no repercussions.

Lloyd's "soldering" gave us a lot of laughter. Occasionally we'd have what they called full-field inspections. All equipment was laid out on cots in a very specific order. One item was our steel helmet. Lloyd cushioned his helmet with leaves and toilet paper. The inspecting officer picked up Lloyd's helmet and out flew leaves and toilet paper all over the floor. When Lloyd told us we all roared.

At the beginning of basic some of our equipment was old Army such as canvass leggings, and old Enfield rifles. These were later replaced by leather Army boots and the new M1 rifle.

On the firing range I discovered there's a big difference between a 22 and 30 caliber rifle! Accustomed to the 22 I was

not prepared for the kick when I first fired my M-1. For awhile I flinched when pulling the trigger.

Certain aspects of basic were common to every company: calisthenics, close-order drill, obstacle courses, rifle range, guard duty, K.P., etc. But each company's specialty required different training. Message center, which was my company, included learning Morse code, cryptography, and setting up field-telephone communications.

Guard duty had to be served by everyone, four hours on and four hours off, for twenty four hours. We had a live shell in the chamber of our rifle. All we had to do was pull the trigger. Early in the morning when I stopped some old army sgt. coming in drunk by yelling "Halt!" he might swear but he stopped. They never knew what some green recruit might do with a loaded gun.

Almost everyone pulled K.P. This consisted largely of peeling potatoes and doing dishes.

Off duty we had our fun bowling, week-end pass, hanging around together, cleaning our equipment.

Language at a Christian college is in sharp contrast to army

language. We had our "Christian" substitutes, however, for army expletives. Jack Enlow would often cry out, "Fowl!" One time a soldier came up to him smiling teasingly, "You can use the real words with us, Enlow. We won't mind."

Having errors in training corrected publicly was humiliating to me. "Dresser! Pull down on your butt!" While marching in close order drill with bayonets fixed on your rifle, if you relaxed your arm, in which the butt of your rifle rested, the bayonet could come dangerously close to the face of the soldier behind you.

After instruction in compass reading, we went on a late night exercise. We moved in teams of three. We had fixed our compass on the assigned degree. While I fixed my eye on a corresponding tree in the dark tree-line in the distance, the other two guided us toward our goal. Suddenly all went black. I had fallen, uninjured, into a foxhole undetected by my guides. I fixed my eye once again on the tree line. I picked a likely tree, tried to sound confident; on we went. Soon we came upon voices. We had hit our goal!

Regular balanced diet, lots of exercise, plenty of rest, in

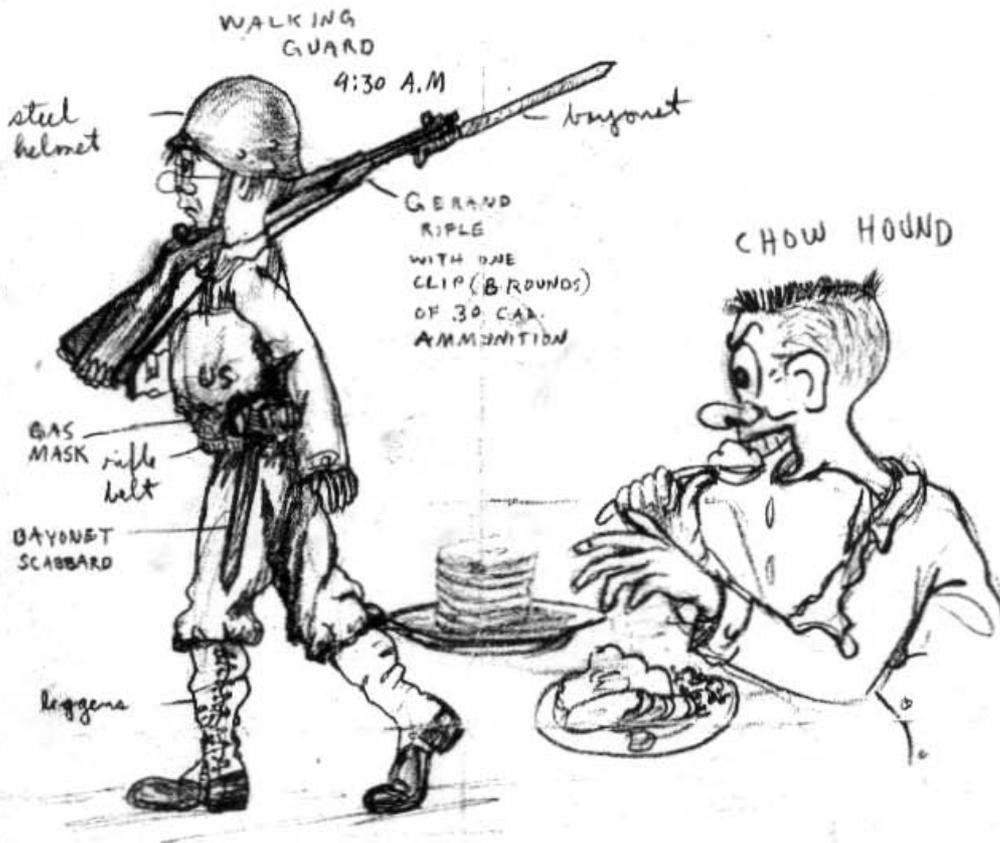
spite of occasional late night or early morning drills, hikes or training events left you feeling in good condition.

"Graduation" consisted of going through a course where you had to crawl under live machine gun fire while they set off explosives around you. Rattlesnake skins hung on the fence increased anxiety.

Basic training closed with a big "beer- bust" (there must have been pop too). All the beer you could drink supplied by the Army. What a mess! After drinking all they could hold, many of the guys got rid of most of their beer along with the other contents of their stomachs.

Many of our college gang were transferred to other training programs. Lloyd Cory, Nate Goff, Fritz Lange, Bob Whitaker and I were still together.

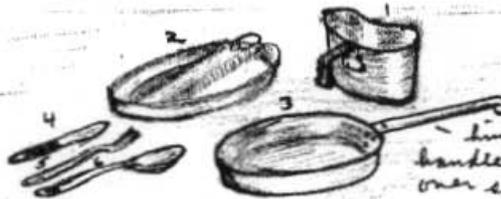
# AT Camp Roberts, Calif.



TAKING CODE

The code machine just sends a lot of letters that don't make sense

I'm still on 12 words per minute. Once the sergeant disconnected the code machine - sent us some message himself.



lipped handle fits over section  
MESS KIT 2 when it is turned over on top of section 3.

AFTER EATING SOME G.I. STEAK. I KNOW WHY THERE'S A RUBBER SHORTAGE

1. cup - has hinged handle that snaps over the bottom. Canteen fits inside cups & both are kept in a canvas case.
2. 2 compartment dish - fits over section 3 which is a larger dish.
4. 5. 0.6 - knife, fork, & spoon (OVER)



EVERY FRIDAY NITE  
- SCRUB NITE

OBSTACLE  
COURSE



A.R.D.

SHOE SHINE BOY





The  
Infantry Replacement  
Training Center  
Camp Roberts, California

*This is to Certify that*

PRIVATE DAVID R. DRESSER 16172218  
COMPANY "C", 87TH INFANTRY TRAINING BATTALION (HQ)

*has satisfactorily completed the*  
**Thirteen Weeks Schedule**  
*of Training*

March 5, 1943 to May 28, 1943

*His special training has been as:*

A Member of the Message Center Section of the  
Headquarters Company, Infantry Regiment

*By Command of Brigadier General Fales:*

*Gordon M. Payne*  
GORDON M. PAYNE, Capt., Inf.

*Commanding Company*

## **WHERE DO WE GO NOW?**

After basic we were bussed to a replacement depot in Pittsburgh, California, to await orders to go overseas. There wasn't a lot to do. I memorized lots of scripture during this time.

To keep us in shape they sent us on an all-day 26 mile hike with full field pack.

We were given "overseas" haircuts and a series of shots to prepare us for the theater in which we would be fighting.

Finally we were moved next door to Camp Stoneman. We lay around a lot waiting. We were ordered to dress in nothing but our raincoats and stood in the hot sun waiting for our final physical. The next day we waited in the hot sun while they assigned us to our ship's companies.

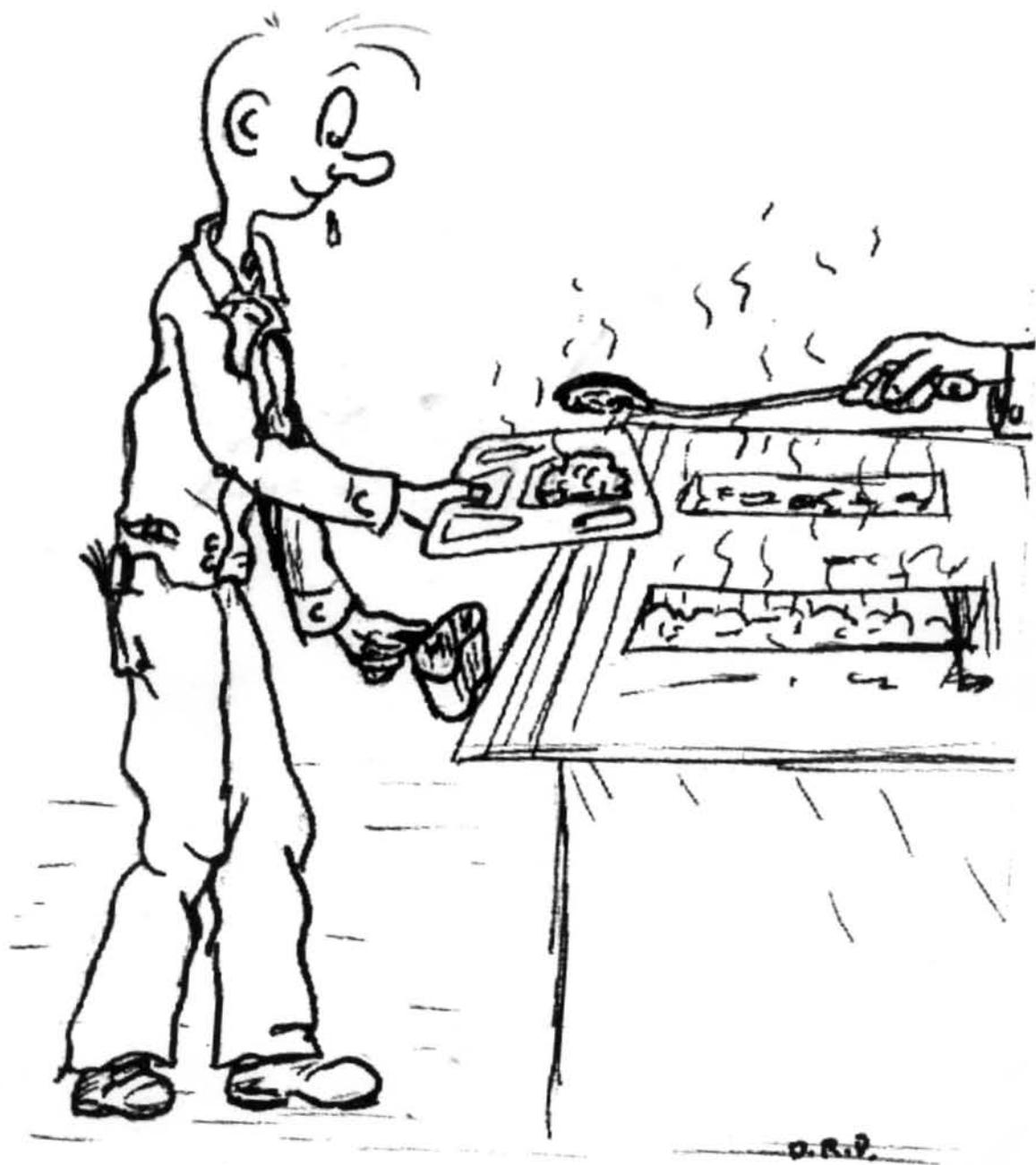
Everyone knew this was our embarkation point. A seriousness settled over us. Though there was some joking, most were unusually quiet. We were absorbed in our own thoughts. The next move would take us to our participation in the war.

A large boat took us to the troop ship, the "Sea Witch", which would transport us across the Pacific.

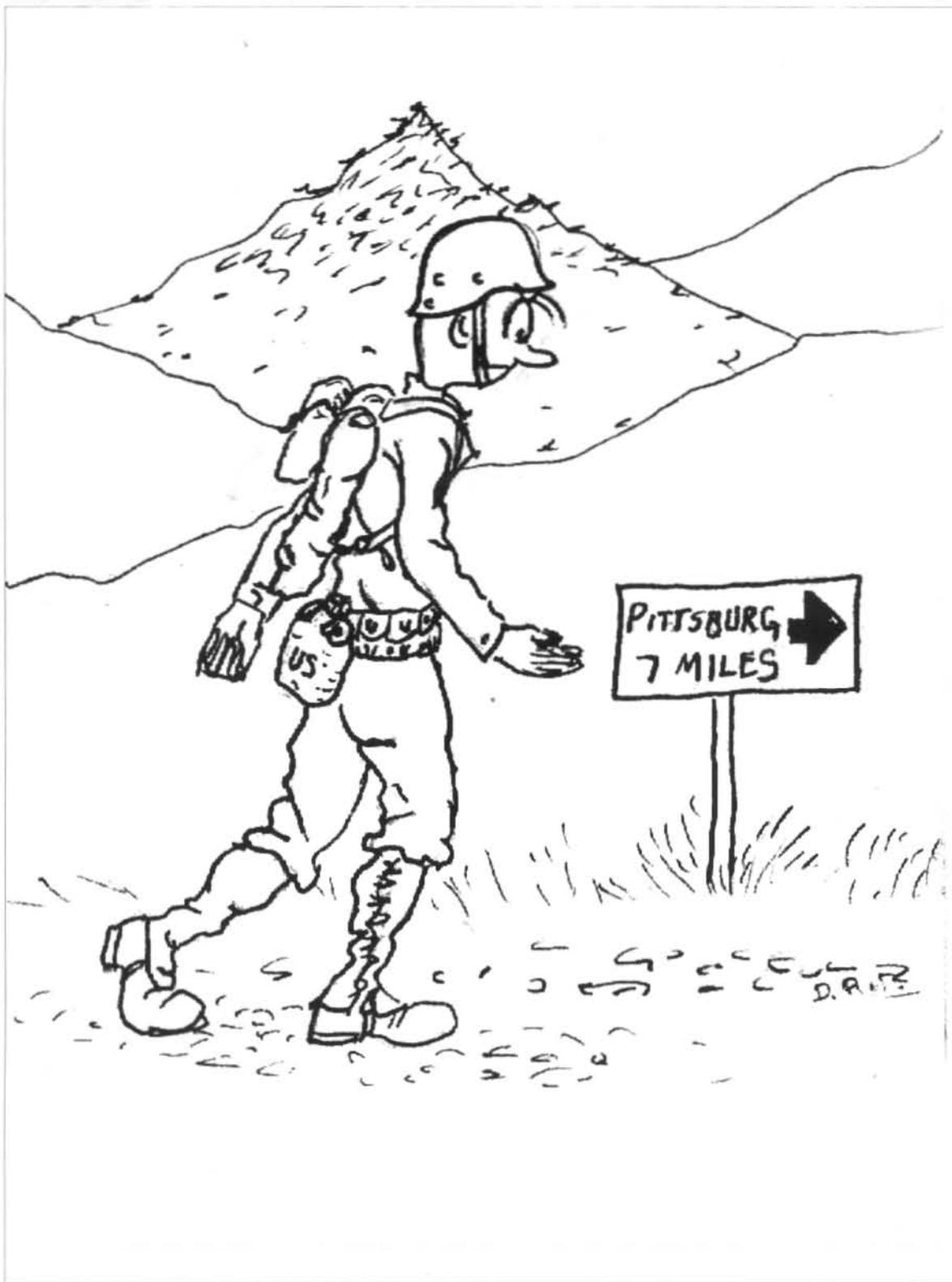
I had enjoyed doing cartoons. Now I decided to keep a cartoon diary, one cartoon a day, at least until we reached our destination. Little did I realize how many days that would be.

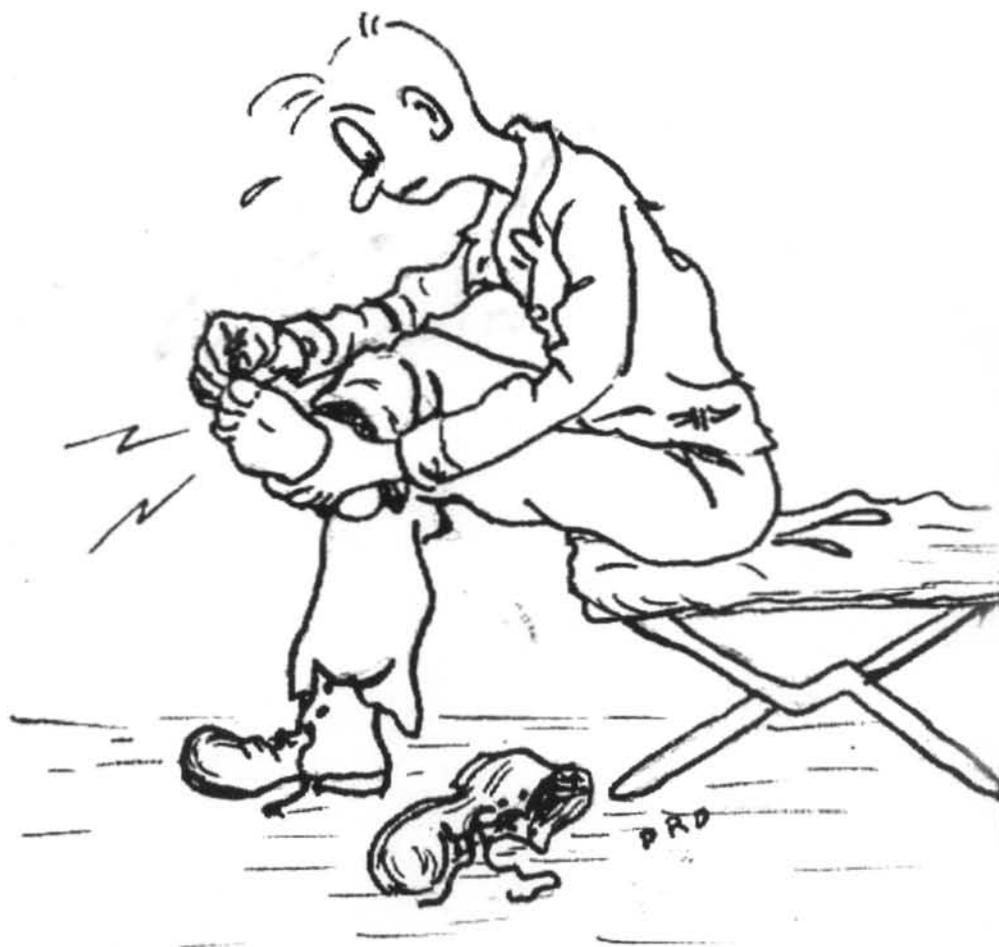
JUNE 30 - HAIRCUT





CHOW LINE





- 26 MILES -

Camp Stoneham, July 5  
Physical Exam  
Monday



Day was very hot, and we marched in G.I. raincoats to the dispensary for physical exam. It was a four block walk, & we waited for about 15 min. outside. Our raincoats were soaked with sweat. Most of the day was spent in "bunk fatigue."

Camp Stoneman - July 6

Shipping Orders  
Tuesday



Our company was marched into the field in the hot, mid-afternoon sun while we were assigned to our ship companies & had the number of our company as well as our individual number marked in chalk on our steel helmet.

I met our officers, who seemed very agreeable.

After milling around for half or three quarters of an hour I went back & continued "bunk fatigue."

Boarded a small Army July 7  
boat and went up to Pittsburg  
San Francisco. We  
ate a small lunch - Wednesday  
which was put up in a  
paper bag.



## THE SOUTH PACIFIC

It was dark when we boarded the Sea Witch. Our bunks consisted of a strip of canvass, roped to a narrow pipe frame, one about two feet above the other, five high. I had the second level.

In the morning we circled the bay slowly before heading out under the Golden Gate Bridge into the South Pacific. I felt a little dizzy.

We were assigned duties for our voyage. I drew latrine detail. Sea sickness was awful. Every urinal and commode was filled with vomit and all the spaces in between. We had to hose down the entire area.

We walked in line to get chow. Often the guy next to you would start putting his meal back on his tray while you were struggling to get yours on. On deck, leaning on the side of the ship, watching the sea, a foul-smelling spray from upwind would often hit you in the face.

Fortunately I only experienced a queasy stomach and dizziness for a couple of days. Most of it was over after about three days.

We were not in a convoy. There were no other ships with us. We noticed frequently we would suddenly change course. This was to avoid Japanese submarines. Several of us Wheaton men found an elevated place on deck where we spread out our blankets. We spent most of the voyage there except when rain drove us below decks.

A crap game started below decks. A ring of men (I would guess thirty or forty) surrounded the dice throwers. I don't know how much money was involved. Bills were piled in the center. It was rumored the final pot before we debarked was a couple of thousand dollars. It was fun to watch from time to time.

There was a lot of side-betting going on at the same time. One soldier from Texas, "Tex" Prude, begged Bob Whitaker to lend him ten bucks. Bob didn't like the idea but relented under pressure. Tex disappeared below decks. In less than an hour Tex was back. I believe he gave Bob thirty bucks and kept a stack of bills for himself. When we asked him, "How do you do it?", he replied, "I always bet against the dice."

Other events broke the monotony: boxing matches,

watching occasional gunnery practice, emergency alerts where they timed how quickly all 1800 of us could make it out of our bunks to the deck, sighting a volcanic Island, initiation ceremony when crossing the international date line.

One day we saw smoke on the horizon. It soon became obvious it was a ship bearing down on us at high speed. About one hundred yards from us they abruptly swung around parallel to us slowing down to our speed.

It was a U.S. Destroyer. Every gun was pointed at us. We could see crew members lined along the rail staring at us. We in turn were lined up staring at them. Even though it was a U.S. Destroyer, there were no friendly greetings or waving. After a brief time they sped away as quickly as they had appeared. We never did find out what that was all about.

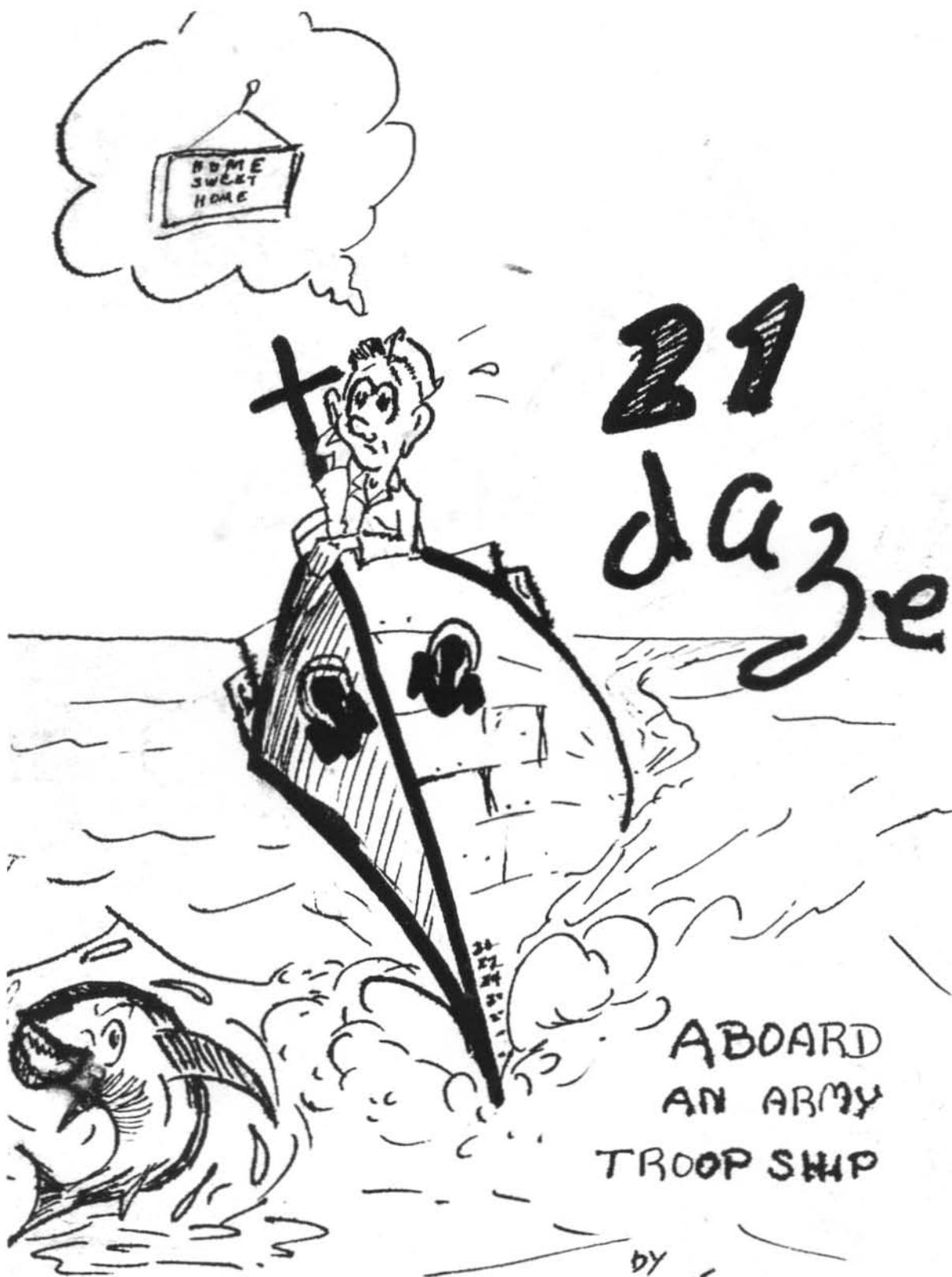
Alarm bells sounded! It was night. Gun crews ran to their stations. We knew this was not a drill.

A few moments later the trembling voice of our "fearless" troop commander came over the P.A system, "Our ship has been illuminated by magnesium flares as a target! Put on your life

jackets! Lie low! Look out for splinters!"

One soldier, who was not known for his spirituality, dropped by his cot unashamedly to his knees. His "conversion" was short-lived. On recall the whole scene seems hilarious. No one was laughing at the time.

We could hear the big diesel motors strain. The ship began to shake as the captain applied full throttle. A couple of shots had been fired across our bow. Suddenly the big four-inch gun on our stern fired a shell at a searchlight that was trained on us. The searchlight went out. I don't think it was because we hit it. We were all ordered to go on deck where we spent the night. All was quiet.



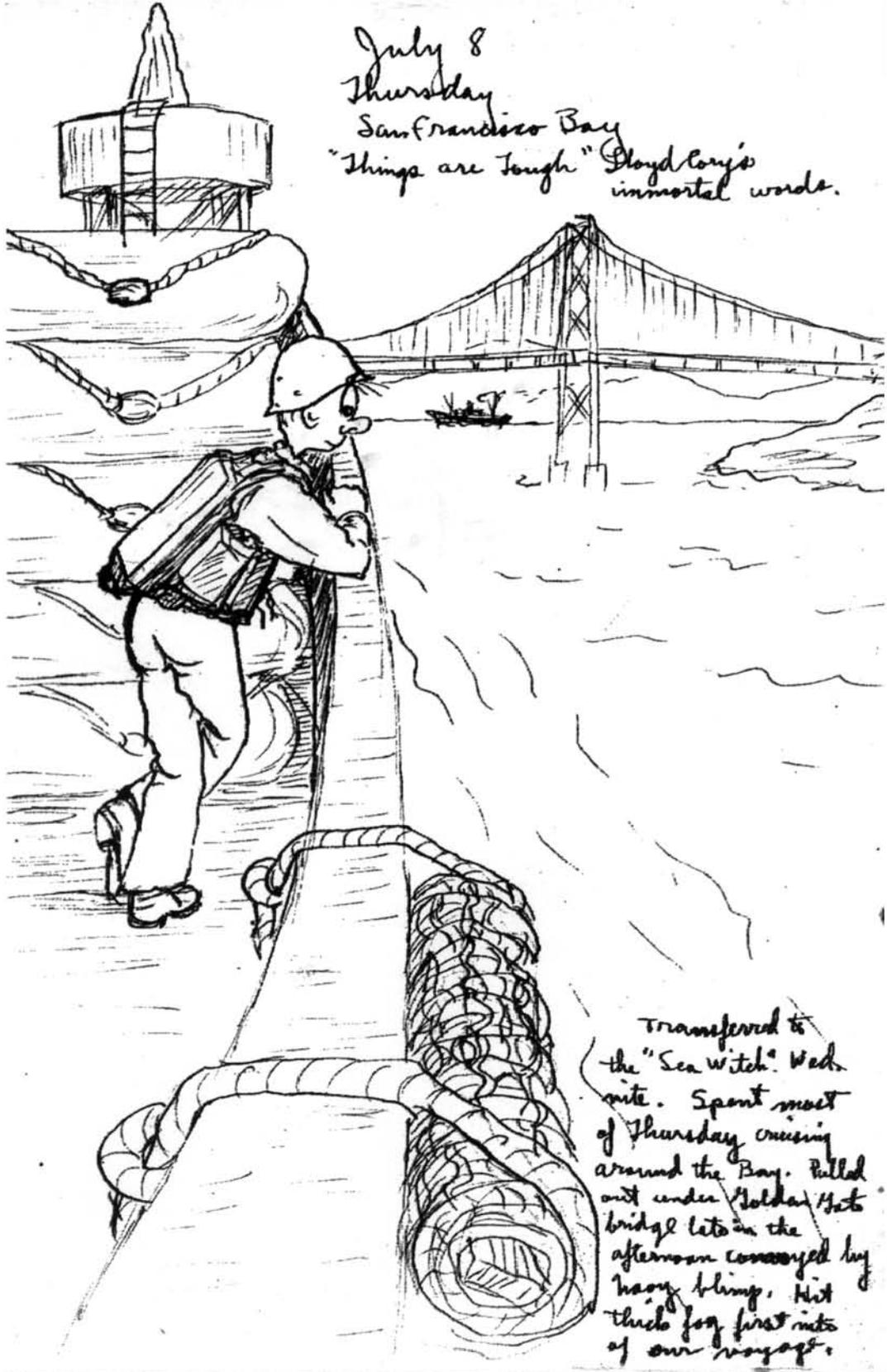
HOME  
SWEET  
HOME

21  
days

ABOARD  
AN ARMY  
TROOP SHIP

BY  
AUC  
RESSER

July 8  
Thursday  
San Francisco Bay  
"Things are tough" Lloyd Long's  
immortal words.



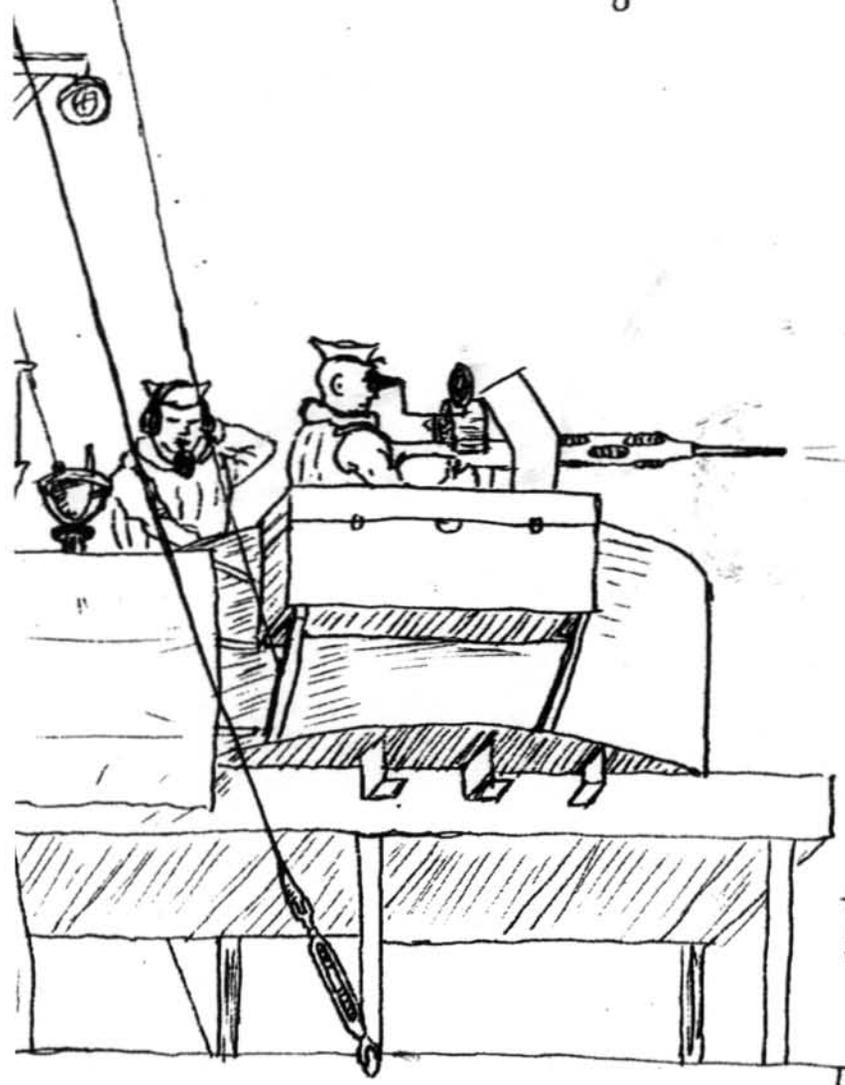
Transferred to  
the "Sea Witch" Wed.  
nite. Spent most  
of Thursday cruising  
around the Bay. Pulled  
out under Golden Gate  
bridge late in the  
afternoon conveyed by  
naavy blimp. Hit  
thick fog first nite  
of our voyage.

July 9  
Friday  
Somewhere in the Pacific  
water, water, water, --

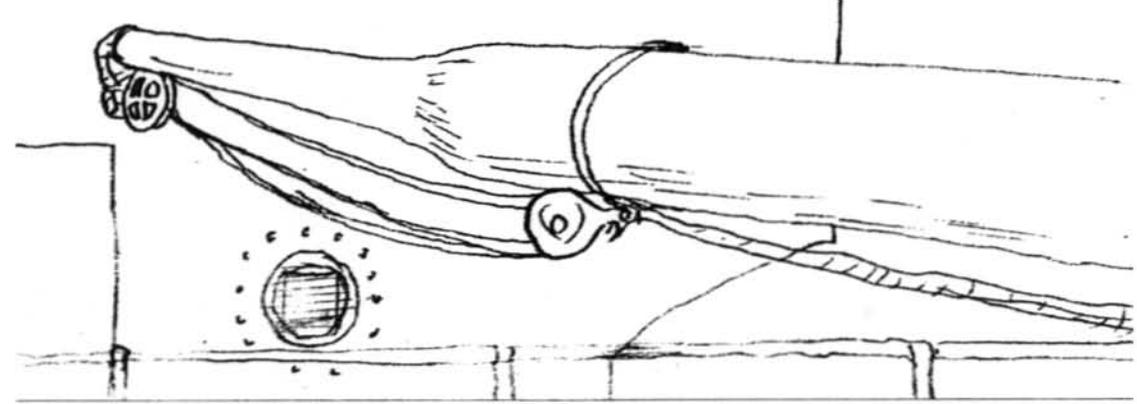


The seagulls were our only escort now. I saw a few porpoises this morning. We passed about three other boats all heading for the harbor. Everyone seemed getting well acquainted with seasickness, but I was just dizzy.

July 10  
Saturday  
"Gunnery Practice"



In the afternoon they had target practice shooting at a board & at parachute flares.



July 11  
Sunday  
Church



Chaplain gave  
a brief message from  
Acts 16 - "What must I do  
to be saved."

July 12 - Monday  
Chow

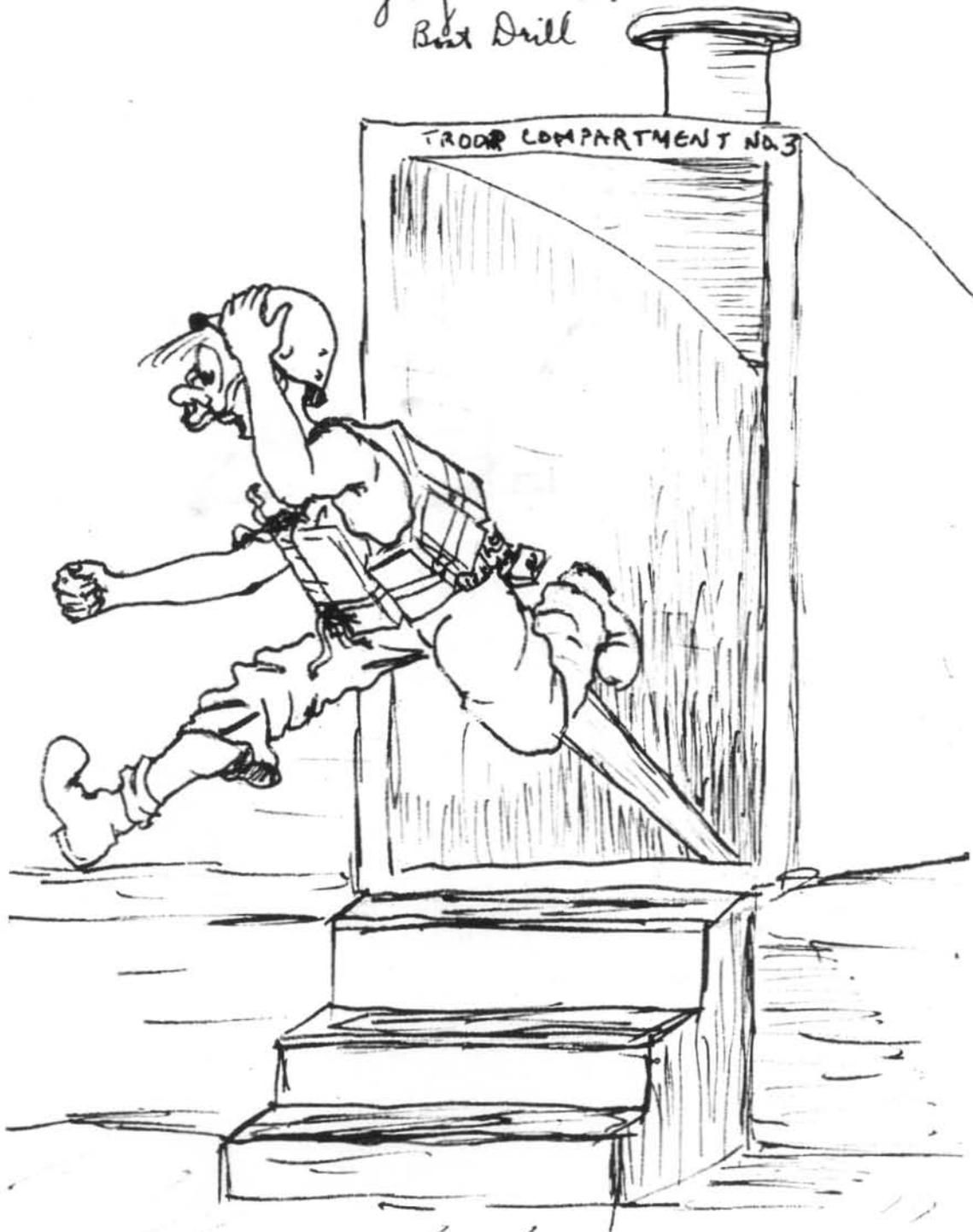


Chow was usually good. Lots of potatoes + eggs. I sure miss ~~milk~~, we only have chow twice a day plus a scanty handout at noon.



Six of us Wheaton fellows saved a spot on deck where we spent most of our time together. At night we spread out on the hard steel deck and tried to sleep. The air was much fresher than down in the stuffy hold.

July 14 Wed.  
Boat Drill



We have boat drill every  
day. 1800 of us get out on  
decks in 3 min. 20 sec.

July 15 Thurs.  
Latrine Squad



Every other day I  
spend from seven a.m.  
to 3 p.m. in the latrine  
cleaning, scrubbing and  
sweeping. I'm glad  
there's no more sea sick-  
ness.

July 16 Friday  
Sun Bathing

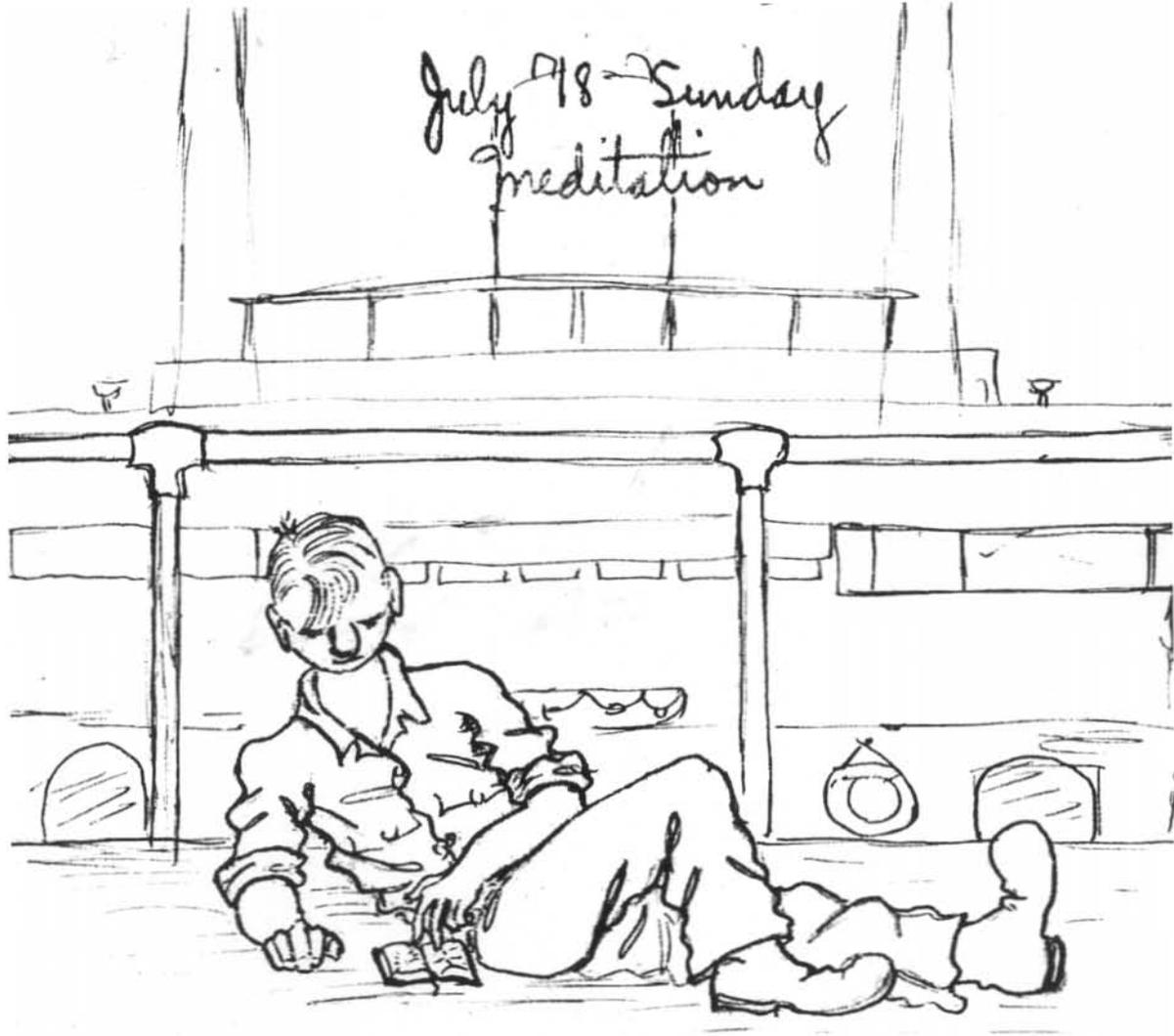


We are allowed a certain period each day for sunbathing. Around the equator the sun was really scorching hot & now there are several of us who are losing our skin. The salt water showers were cool, but left you stickier than you were before showering. The soap produced no suds. I tried to wash my hair, but regretted it. It felt as though I had soaked in in Sepage's glue.

July 17 Saturday  
Shellbacks  
Crossed the equator

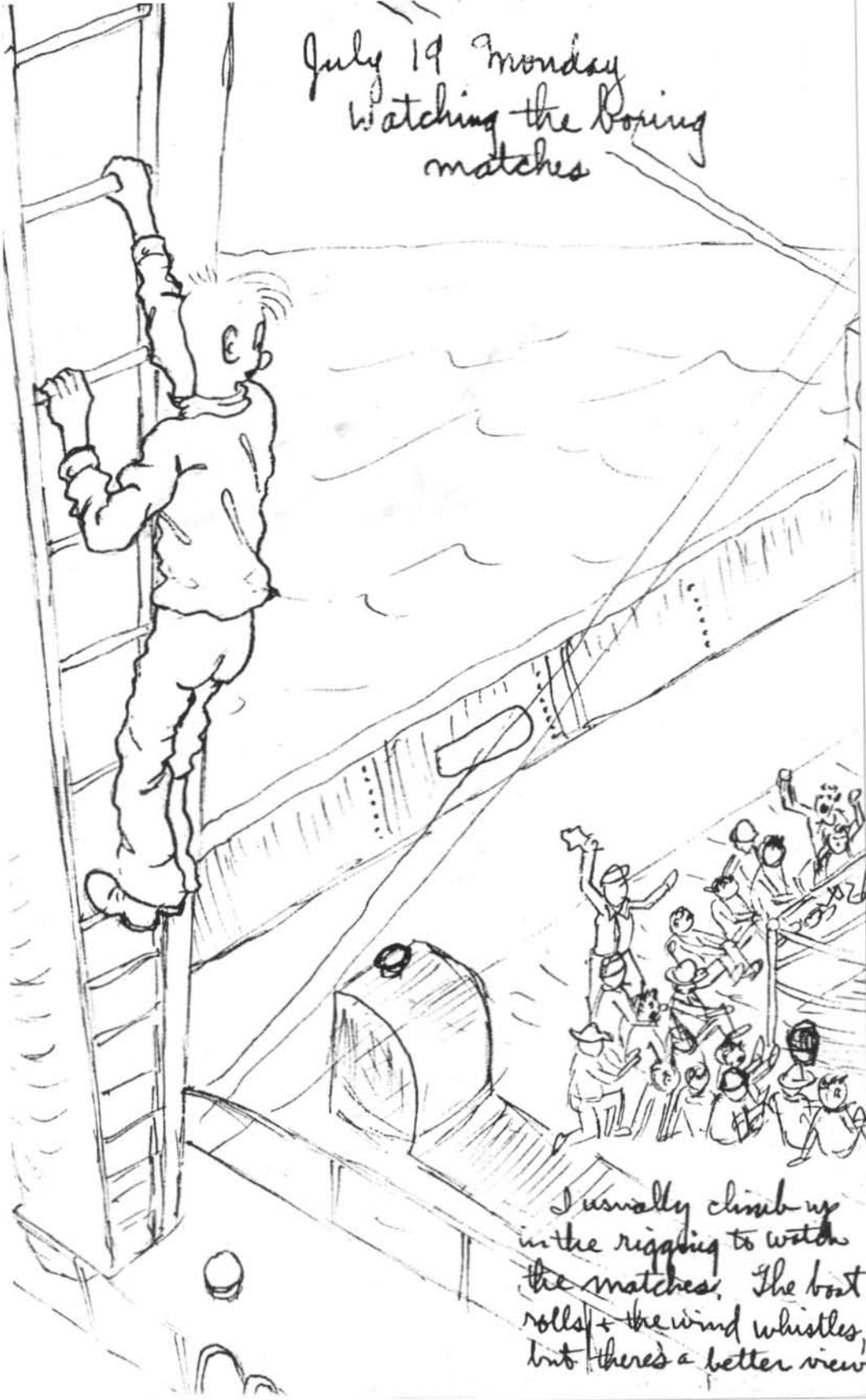


Everyone was squirted with salt water by the fire hoses, but a select group was given an initiation, paddling, crazy hair cut, painted up, & dunked. Plenty ruggs



Each morning after chow we spend a half hour or more reading our testaments and praying. Then we begin our day of reading books, writing or just resting.

July 19 Monday  
Watching the boxing  
matches



I usually climb up  
in the rigging to watch  
the matches. The boat  
rolls & the wind whistles,  
but there's a better view.

July 20 Tuesday  
Pop at PX



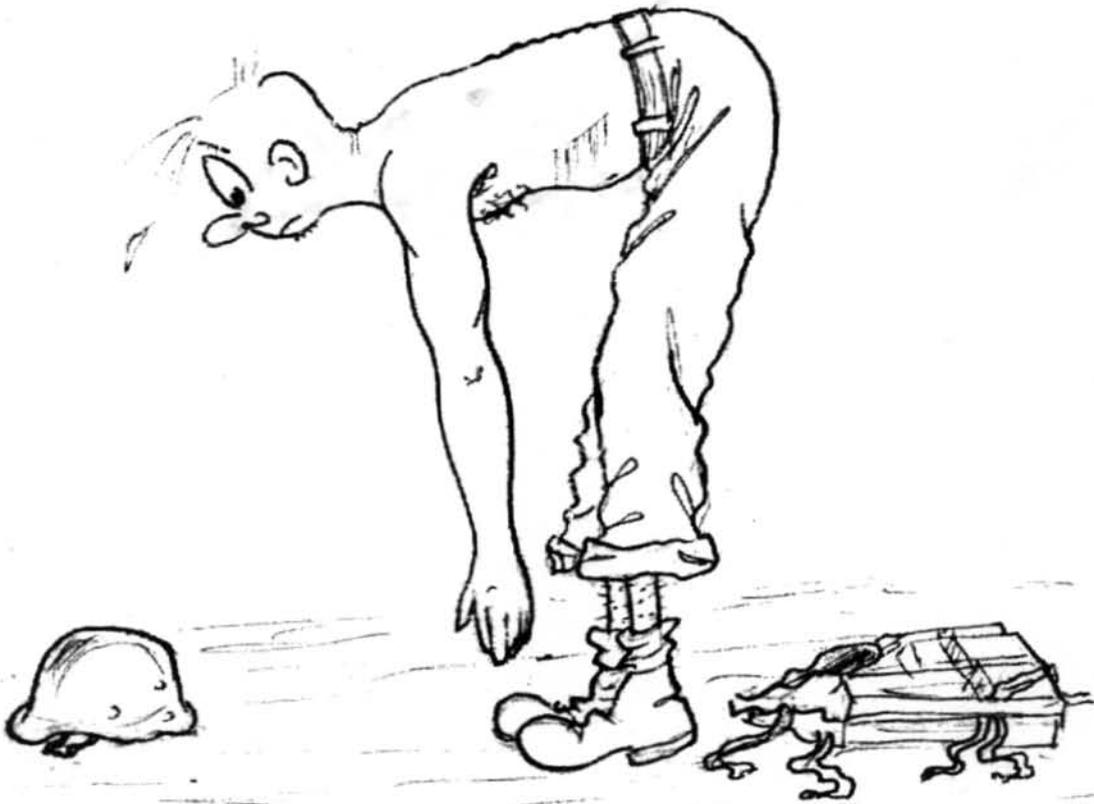
The pop (one brand, Cleo Cola) was not kept on ice, but tasted good even though warm. For the last week of the trip, they were out of candy + cookies; so we all drank our fill of pop. The lines were long, + only two bottles were allotted to each customer. (I usually had four).

July 21 Wednesday  
Rain



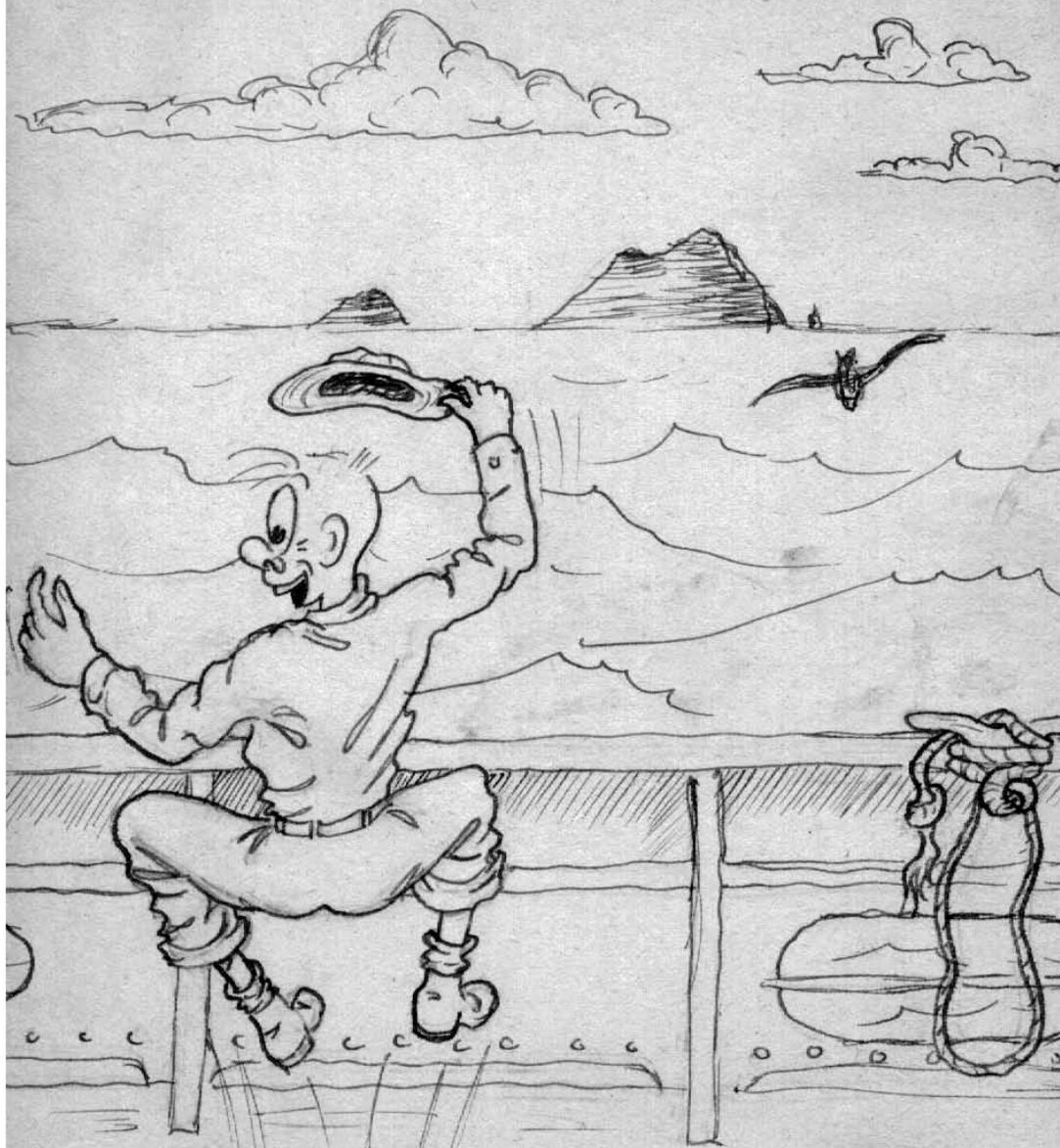
The decks usually cleared when it began ~~raining~~ raining. We could see it coming, but it struck suddenly.

July 22 Thursday  
Exercises



after sitting around so much, simple  
exercises became difficult.

July 23 Friday  
First sight of land



a lot of excitement this morning when we  
awoke with land off our port side. First we  
seen for over 16 days. Will land in a few days.

July 25. Saturday Sunday  
(crossed the inter-  
national date line)

THOUGHTS OF HOME



In the evening we sit on our blankets atop the resistor house (our usual gathering place), and talk about old times at school + home.

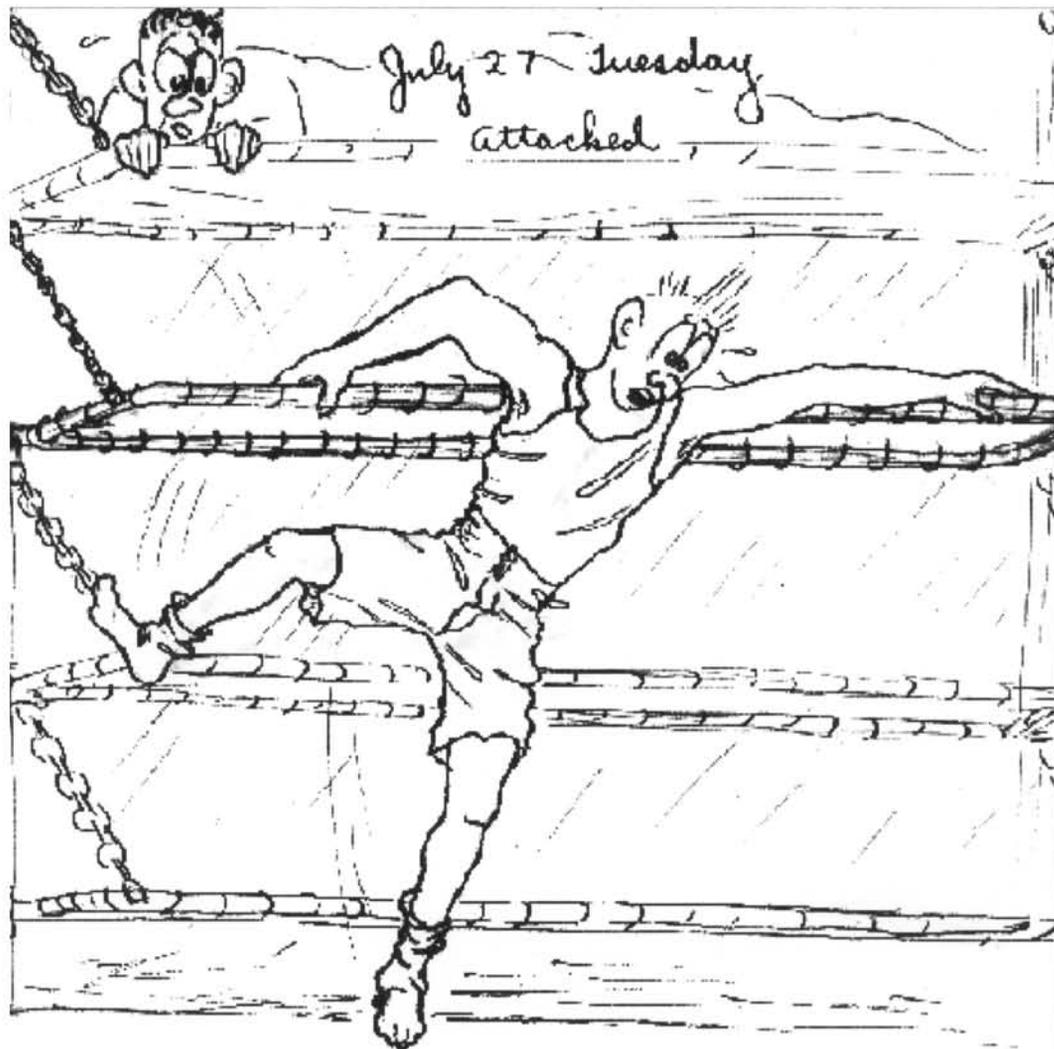
Star cluster is the Southern Cross (upper right). We could tell by the position of the southern cross in relation to the rigging when we were rigging or rigging.

JULY 26 Monday  
Sick Call



Went on sick call to the hospital for minor case of athlete's foot. Got out of letime detail for two days.

Today we sighted a U.S. destroyer which bore down on us. We sent blimper signals to it, and sent up some flag signals, and went on our way. (Later we found they nearly fired on us because of misunderstanding in signals).



Tuesday after show we were all packed, ready to leave the boat the next morning. At 10:10 p.m. everyone was called to his battle stations. + the troops were told to stand fast. I was undressed but ~~was~~ quickly slipped my clothes + lifejacket on. A sub had sent up flares to illumine our boat and had fired on us. When they tried to spot us with their searchlight, our Navy gun crew let fly from the four inches on the

July 27 Tuesday

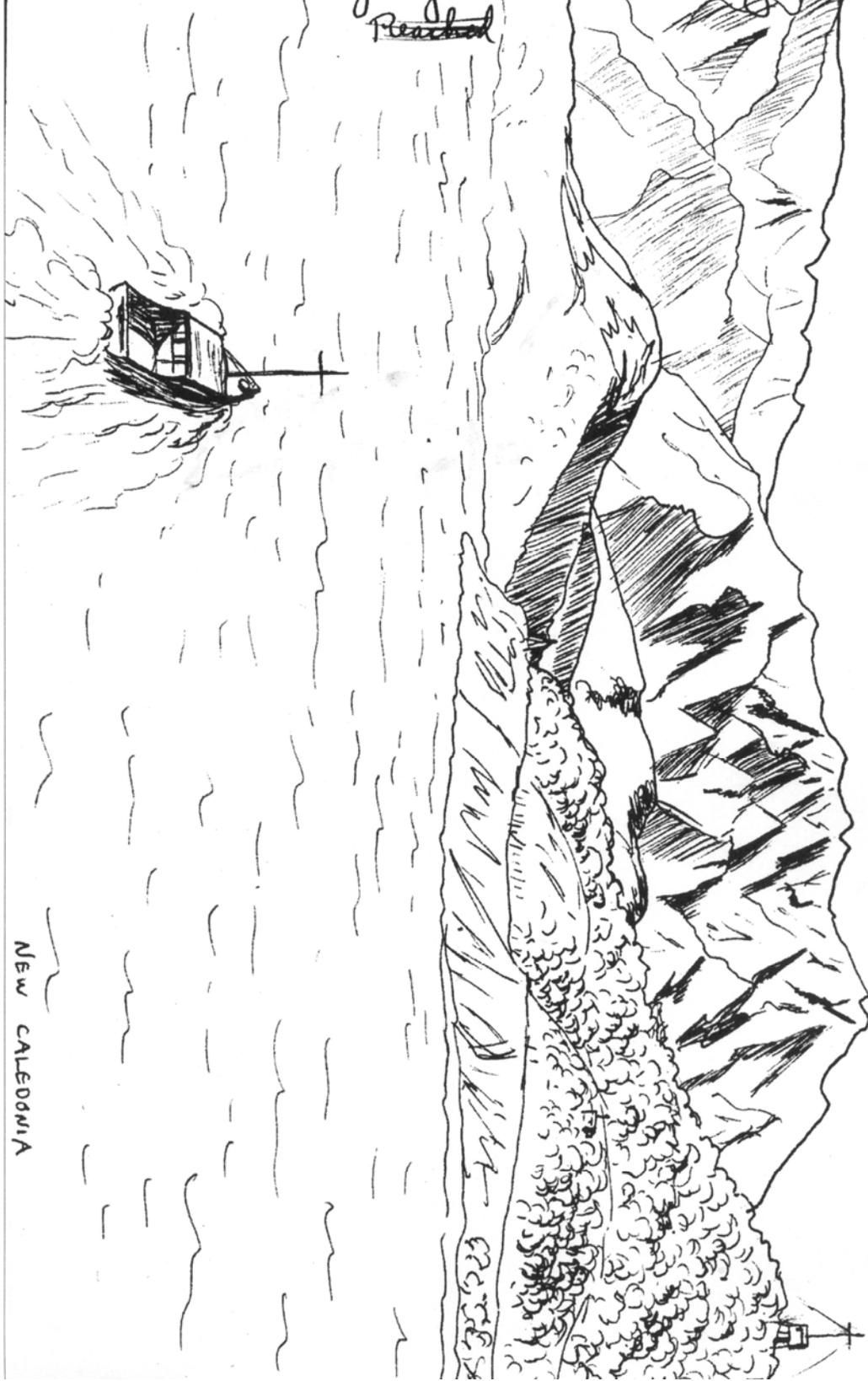
stem. The sub doused ~~the~~<sup>to</sup> light and we put on "full steam". The chase lasted all nite. We fired four shots + sent an S.O.S. for help. We were only about fifty miles off New Caledonia. We had to spend the remainder of the nite on deck. I usually slept on deck, but since my one blanket + shelter half was packed, I had slept down in the hold this last evening of the trip. It was one of the three nites that I didn't sleep on deck. After spending a chilly, sleepless nite on deck, we were glad to welcome the dawn which brought warm sunshine and safety in the New Caledonia harbor.

formed a deepening white rim in the early morning sunlight.  
The waves breaking over the coral reefs were beautiful as they

Wednesday morning we took in the scenery of the rugged hills of New Caledonia. About fifteen boats, transports, freighters, destroyers, landing barges, and battleships followed us into the harbor. It was interesting to watch the activity of the small harbor patrol boats that dashed to and fro between the big boats at anchor. We watched airplanes buzzing constantly over the island and the bay. We plan to go ashore Thursday morning.

"OUR PORT"

July 28 Wednesday  
~~Reached~~



NEW CALEDONIA

## **DIVERTED FROM BATTLE-NEW CALEDONIA**

In the morning we were outside the harbor of Noumea, New Caledonia. It was a beautiful sight: bright sun, clear blue sky, red mountains, green trees, blue ocean with a long line of sparkling white foam in the distance where waves broke over the coral reefs.

After debarking we were loaded onto trucks and taken across Mt. Dor on narrow, dirt roads, with no guard rails, in clouds of red dust to the 6th Replacement Depot on Plum Bay.

Months later at a Navigators meeting in the Protestant Temple in Noumea, I was telling a sailor about the attack on our troopship. "What was the date?", he inquired. "July 27", I replied. He was manning a Navy outpost at the entrance to Noumea harbor that night. An American submarine, surfaced to recharge its batteries, had reported an encounter with an unidentified ship. The report fit my description.

Soon after arriving at the replacement depot, everyone who could type was ordered to Headquarters one evening to take a typing test. I passed with a blazing speed of 43 words per

minute. Chuck Holsinger was rejected with a smoking speed of 23 words per minute. About five of us were held back for assignment to clerical jobs. I was diverted from battle.

The remainder of the 1800 replacements were assigned to the 25<sup>th</sup>, 37<sup>th</sup> & 43<sup>rd</sup> divisions of the 14<sup>th</sup> Army Corps in the Solomon Islands. They shipped out within a few days and were soon engaged in combat. Chuck Holsinger went to the 25<sup>th</sup> Division, Bob Whitaker and Lloyd Cory went to the 43<sup>rd</sup> and Fritz Lange and Nate Goff to the 37<sup>th</sup>.

The 291<sup>st</sup> Army Postal Unit, attached to the 6<sup>th</sup> Replacement Depot to handle mail, was in need of clerk typists. I became one of them, working nights.

Orders of all incoming troops from the states were sent to us. We typed name, rank, serial number, battalion and company number on a card for each soldier (they didn't have machine record cards yet) and filed them alphabetically in the proper drawers.

This had to be completed before morning so the day-

crew could properly forward all in-coming mail. This required a lot of work when a ship-load of recruits were on their way. All had mail waiting for them when they arrived.

Soon these recruits were assigned to other outfits where they would assume their duties in the war. We received orders the night before they shipped out, pulled their cards, crossed out the old address, typed in the new, and filed the corrected card. Again they had mail waiting for them when they arrived.

"Mail Call!", brought everyone out into the company street. Sarg stood there shouting the names of those who had mail. "Dresser!" "Here!" I yelled. He handed me a large envelope. Men gathered around me. "What's that, Dresser?"

I opened the envelope and pulled out a large certificate certifying "David R. Dresser has been made a LIFE MEMBER of the ILLINOIS WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION," signed by the President and Treasurer of the organization dated October 26, 1944. The company burst out laughing.

I don't know how much this cost Mom. She was determined to keep me "on the wagon". After that, guys frequently jokingly teased me to have a cold beer. I couldn't stand the smell to say nothing of drinking the stuff.

I had lost track of Bob Brooks, son of the Dean of Wheaton College. Bob had gone through basic training with us but was not on our ship. I looked up his name in our records which contained everyone who had passed through the 6<sup>th</sup> Replacement Depot.

I found a couple of Robert Brooks, picked the most likely one and wrote him a letter. It was Bob. He had come across earlier and had been assigned to Island Headquarters in Noumea. This contact began a long and close relationship that encouraged and strengthened my spiritual life.

One day Bob and I decided to go fishing. We caught minnows for bait and swam out to a little French sailboat anchored out from the beach in Noumea.

While we were fishing off the boat, a sailor in a kayak paddling by said he had just seen a twelve foot shark farther out.

Soon we got a bite. It was a large (about four feet long) pilot fish. These fish attach themselves to a shark by a suction plate on their heads and feed off pieces from the shark's prey. We pulled the flopping fish into the boat and beat it to death. Now the problem was how to get it to shore (to take pictures-not to eat).

It was quite a distance to shore. We didn't feel comfortable swimming carrying a bloody fish with sharks around. We fastened the fish to the end of our line, threw it out as far from the boat as possible, grabbed the other end of the line, dove in and swam to shore as fast as we could. I imagined a shark ready to attack me at any moment.

Arriving safely on the beach we began pulling in our line to the amazement of on-looking swimmers as the bloody pilot fish appeared at the end.

Hiking and exploring together, Bob and I found a small home-made boat by a stream that flowed into Plum Bay. We decided to use the boat to explore a small rocky island about a hundred yards off-shore.

As we got into the boat, water came to within an inch of the sides. Using a board for a paddle we struggled to the island. The moment we touched the coral beach a cloud of mosquitoes rose to engulf us. We aborted our exploration and beat a hasty retreat swatting the biting bugs. Most of them left after we were a few yards out.

Waves were becoming choppy. By the time we came back to the stream the little craft was filling with water. We jumped into the shallow water and returned the craft to its spot.

Many soldiers, whom I knew, were church members. Some held positions of leadership in their churches. Most were no different in language and life-style from the average soldier. Some, who seemed sincerely religious, in personal conversation revealed no personal relationship with Jesus.

One such case was a young man who was assigned with me to the Postal Unit.

Back in 'Frisco Chuck Holsinger and Bob Whitaker had been on pass, returning by bus to Pittsburgh Replacement Depot my name was mentioned in conversation. A soldier behind them

tapped them on the shoulder, "Do you guys know Dave Dresser?"

He was from my home town. He was one grade behind me in school. He had completed basic training in Texas and was assigned to the same ship we were. He was one of those who passed the typing test and was assigned with me to the night records crew of the postal unit.

Going to work I stopped by his tent to join him. He was reading his new testament. I was excited, anticipating Christian fellowship. It soon became apparent he was trying to be a good, religious boy from a Lutheran home. He did not evidence a personal relationship with Jesus.

He was a much better typist than I. It wasn't long before he was transferred to the day crew as the Captain's secretary. In a few weeks he was cussing like an old Army Sgt., often at night coming to his tent, drunk. I could hear him vomiting over the side of his tent.

This was beginning to have a profound affect on my life. So few seemed to have a personal relationship with Jesus. My priority to become a prosperous Christian businessman was

weakening.

After about four months I developed a skin rash. Several sick calls failed to cure it. I sat inside my mosquito-bar covered with some sort of purple stuff the Doc put on. They called me the leopard man.

Finally Doc sent me to the hospital. I was there for a month. Rumors started I had been sent home. All the guys were jokingly trying to find what bush or plant I had touched.

One shipment of recruits from the states included some outspoken, religious soldiers. One especially vocal man seemed to be their leader. Dirty and unkempt, he openly rebuked the sergeant's swearing. He approached me with an invitation to join their meetings.

That evening, with a friend, we made our way to a wooded area at the edge of camp. Following sounds of singing we found a few guys in a small clearing sitting on a floor of broken cardboard boxes in the glow of a Coleman lantern. We did not recognize any of their songs.

The leader began a talk aimed at us declaring if you

had not spoken in tongues you were not saved. I broke in angrily, "I know when I received the Holy Spirit and I'm born again. Don't tell me I'm not saved!" With that we left the meeting.

As long as fighting in the Solomons continued, we were extremely busy. In sharp contrast to new recruits from the States were wounded combat veterans sent to New Caledonia Army hospitals to recuperate and then sent to our replacement depot to be returned to their units.

One such veteran assigned to our tent (four men to a tent) warned me not to fool around when I came in from work (often two or three in the morning). He showed me his bayonet under his pillow explaining, "I swing before I ask questions."

He went on to tell how at night the Japanese would infiltrate, crawling silently to the edge of a four-man foxhole to swing their sword at the men who in the dark would begin to stab each other.

One afternoon walking down our company street past an incinerator, a shaving cream can exploded. He immediately

dove into the ditch then got up grinning sheepishly. He was in a cold sweat. After a few days he returned to his outfit. I felt sorry for him.

Fritz Lange sent me a V-mail requesting some items from the P.X. I bought and packaged them sending him a V-mail informing him of the fact. My V-mail was returned with the notice "deceased in action". Fritz was a machine-gunner killed by a percussion grenade on Bougainville. I wondered how the other guys were doing.

After the Solomon Islands were secure, all troops and supplies went that way. New Caledonia was now out of the way. We went from working most of the night to clearing up all our work in about 30 minutes.

We went to work at 5:30. After early chow (we didn't have to wait in line) we had all evening to play checkers, write letters, and then go to bed when everyone else did and get up in the morning whenever we desired.

Permanent passes permitted us to go anywhere on the island. We often hiked up the stream that flowed out of the

mountains through the middle of our camp. After climbing over big rocks we came to a beautiful little waterfall that fed a pool about ten feet deep. The water was clear and cool. We stripped, swam, dried, hiked to the next waterfall and pool to repeat the delightful exercise. I wore out many Army boots on those rocks.

After the Solomon Islands were secure, the 25<sup>th</sup> Division was sent to New Zealand for rest and recuperation. Chuck wrote me about the fun he was having there. From New Zealand they were sent to a remote spot on New Caledonia for extensive training in preparation for hitting the Philippines.

Combat training overseas is nothing like training in the States. Chuck said they suffered 3 percent casualties from their own fire with no enemy around. I had a chance to visit him and meet some of his tent mates. Phoning him to make arrangements, I had to yell to be heard. Everyone within 100 feet could clearly understand our conversation.

Top secrecy surrounded their leaving New Caledonia. The entire Division had to be ready to pull out at a moment's notice.

The Division's commanding officer gave a solemn speech warning fighting would be heavy and many would not come back. He encouraged the men to get right with their God.

Over the radio Tokyo Rose mockingly announced Japan's readiness for their coming. Rumors were rampant. After a few false alarms the entire division quickly and quietly left New Caledonia. All 6<sup>th</sup> Replacement Depot vehicles were kept in the Service Section of our camp where they were repaired and serviced. Fuel was also stored there including white gas for the Coleman lanterns and stoves.

One evening a soldier, filling his lantern, lit a match to see if the lantern was full. Soon there was a raging, out-of-control, fire. The sky glowed as the fire spread to the buildings.

Flames reached the high octane gas. Drums began to explode sending their lids flying through the air. The glow of the flames and sound of explosions could be seen and heard for miles. Rumors spread we had been attacked. Considering the state of the war that never could have happened. We were far from enemy action.

Four of us requested five-day passes to tour the Island. We were given use of a weapons carrier and drum of gasoline. We stayed at a small French hotel about half way up the island. The hotel was near a native village across a small creek.

We met some native kids at the creek. They were eating live Katydid impaled on bamboo sticks. I tried by sign language to convey I wanted to get a war club. They laughed at my antics but did not understand. They pointed us toward their village.

On the way we met a man who understood what we wanted. With a smile he cried, "Rawolle!", directing us to a grass hut. As we approached the hut a man came out to meet us. I said, "rawolle", he went back into his hut and brought out a round club about two and a half feet long, smoothly shaped from a very heavy, hard wood. The top, shaped like a mushroom, tapered down to a very sharp edge.

I brought out a cheap plastic alarm clock I had purchased at our PX indicating I would swap it for the club. Smiling he shook his head, extended the club to me repeating, "Comrade, comrade!" Smiling and extending my alarm clock, I said,

"Comrade!" The exchange was made. I still keep that club under my bed.

Early next morning, before we left, the man's wife waded barefoot across the creek with a large stalk of ripe bananas on her back. We hung the stalk of bananas in our weapons carrier and enjoyed them all the way back to camp.

An attempt was made to turn our replacement depot into a training camp. Plans to use gliders in some invasion had been changed after the gliders had already been shipped.

Convoys of big semi trucks loaded, with unassembled gliders still in their crates, came rumbling over Mt. Dor to our camp. Gliders were removed from their crates and trashed. Crates were used to construct a mock village.

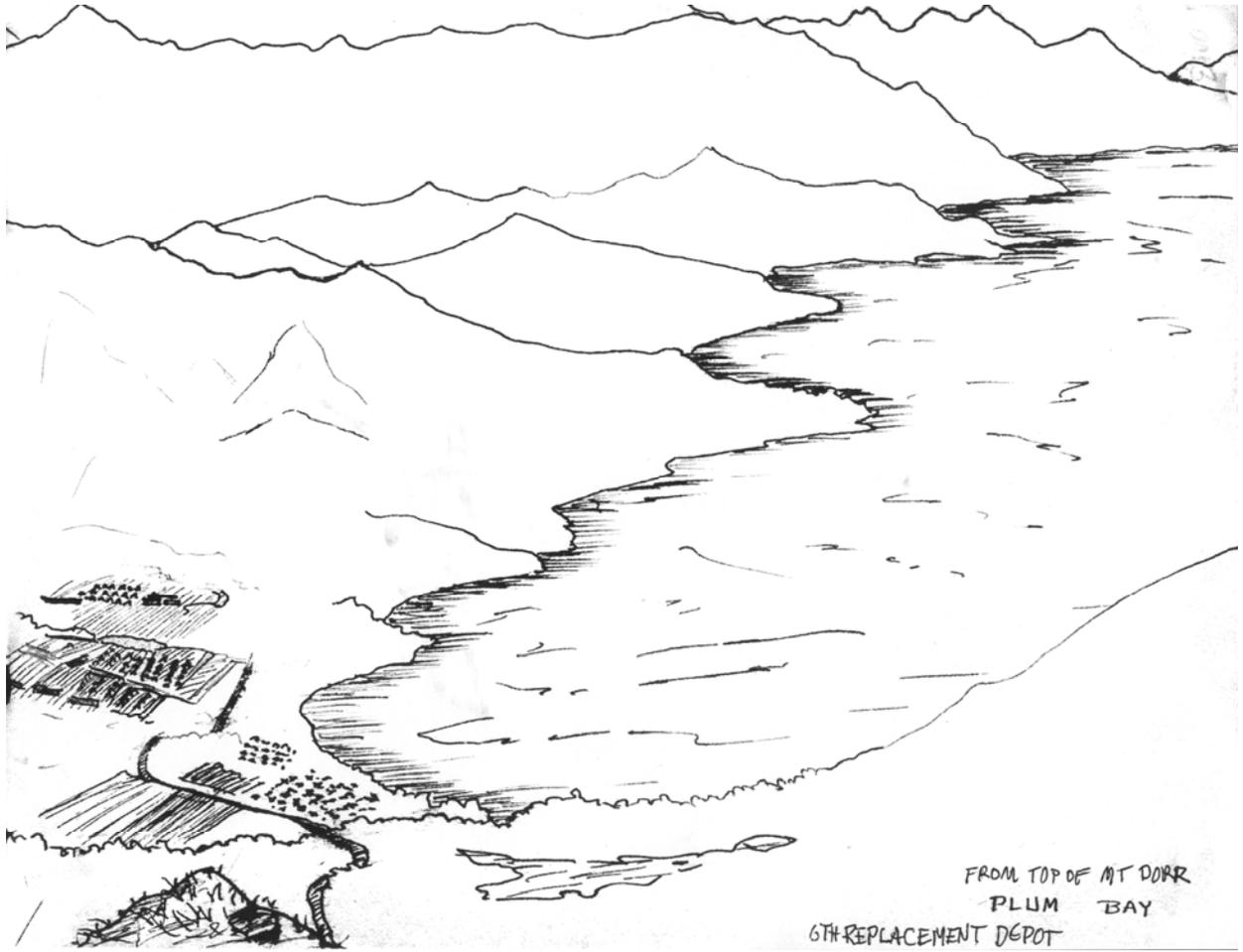
I don't remember much training but I do remember taking my turn at firing a 50 caliber machine gun and watching the tracers. Our usefulness for the war effort in that theater was over.

Dismantling our camp was fun. Buildings were bulldozed to the ground and piled in one gigantic heap in the middle of the

parade ground.

I commandeered a dump truck. Soldiers loaded it. I drove to the pile, put the truck in reverse and backed full-throttle until with a splintering crash the truck stalled, pushing the trash as far back as possible into the pile.

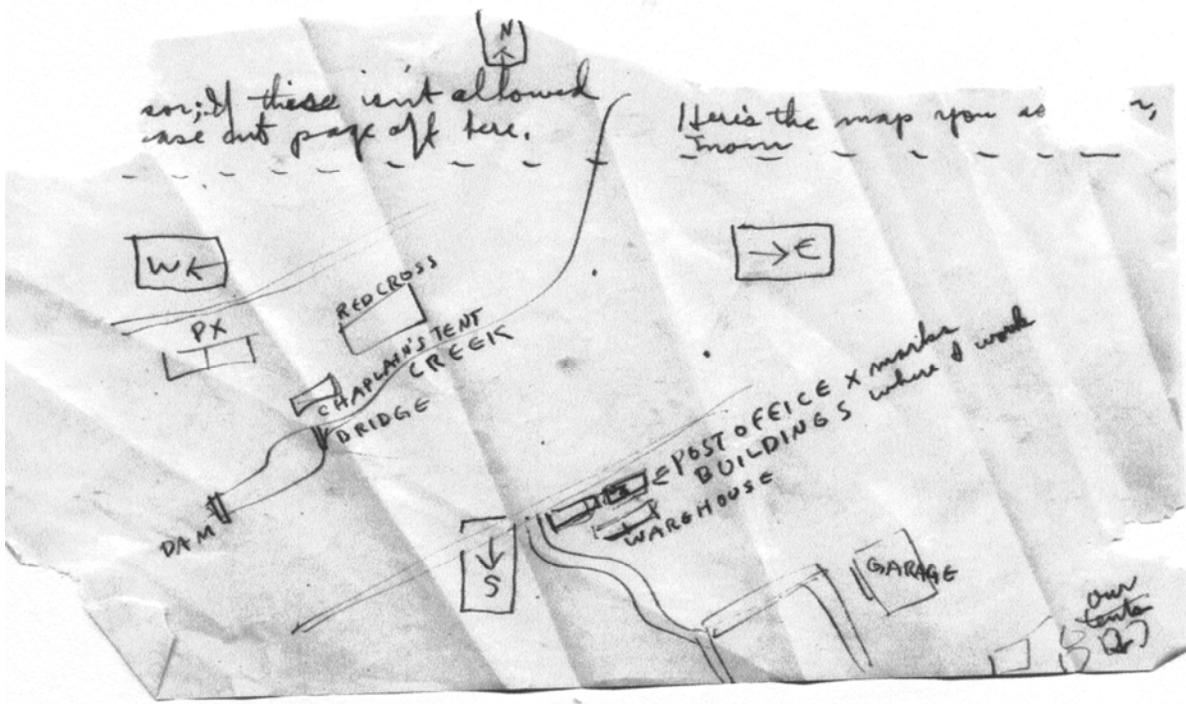
I wish I could have been there when they burned that pile! We were busy in Noumea loading the Liberty Ship which had been converted into a troopship to carry us to the Philippines.



FROM TOP OF MT DORR  
PLUM BAY  
6TH REPLACEMENT DEPOT

if these isn't allowed  
use cut page off here.

Here is the map you as  
know



August 6



I was put on Special Duty about my fifth day here at Camp Jewes. I work at the post office forwarding mail.

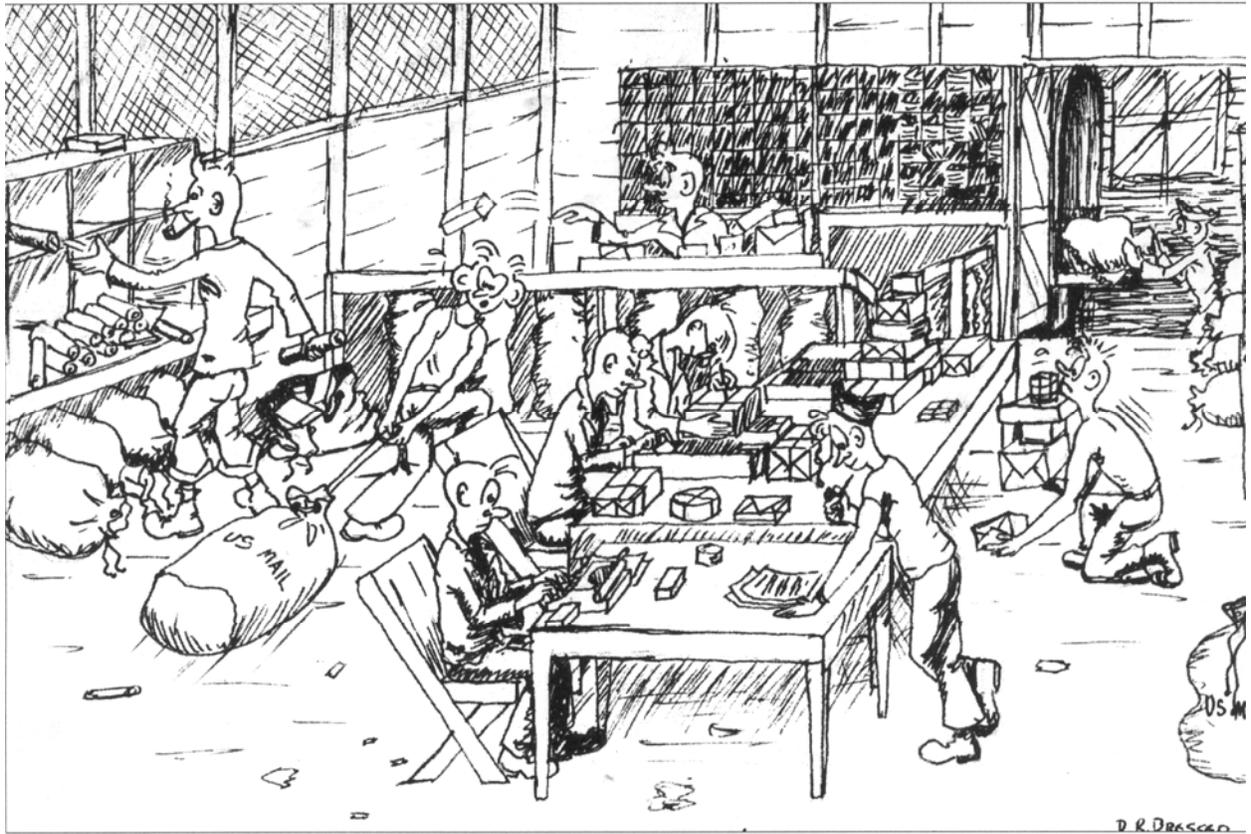
In September I was transferred to night duty typing new addresses on cards.

August 11, '43



ABE Lincoln - 1943 style

It seems funny to read ~~and~~ write by  
candle light, but I don't mind <sup>it</sup> so much.  
I'd read by brail if I had to 'cuz word  
from home means a lot. I <sup>am</sup> alone now.  
The six other Wheaton fellows have gone  
up front with to combat.





D. DRESSER

# CHOW !!

291 A.P.U. -

1745

Jan., '45

CHRISTMAS RUSH  
(THE MAIL MUST GO THRU)

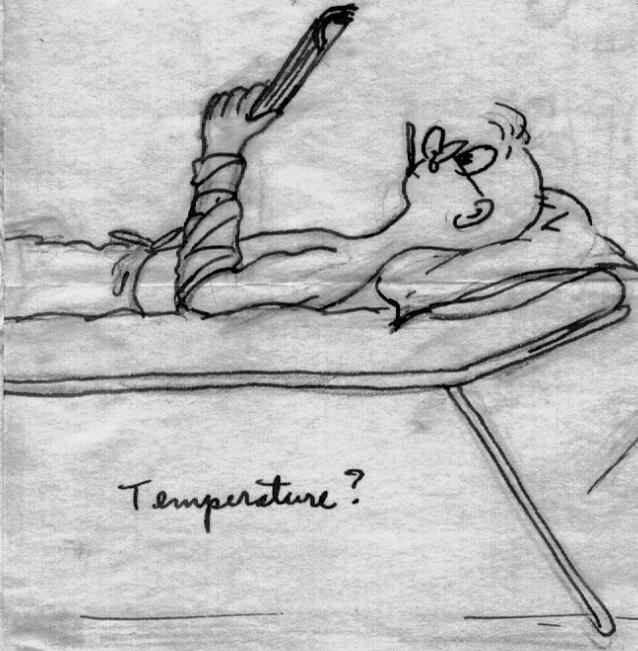


The Christmas rush started  
in November and continued through Jan-  
I spent from Dec. 7 to Dec. 27 in the  
hospital with a skin disease.

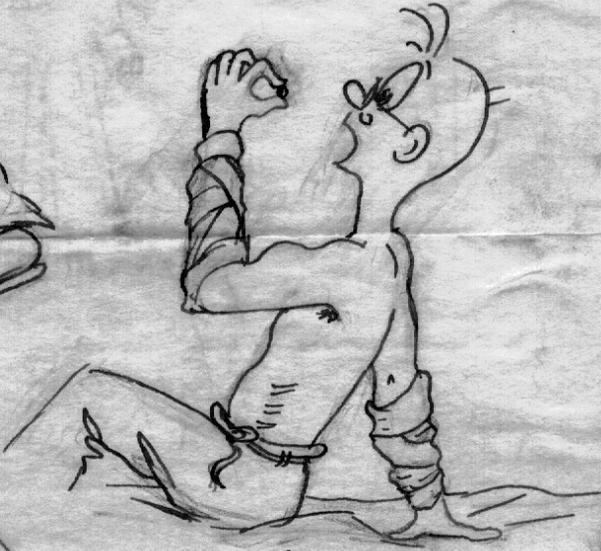
DEC 7 - ADMISSION 1949  
HOSPITALIZED WITH SKIN RASH THAT WOULD  
NOT RESPOND TO TREATMENT - IN FOR SEVERAL  
MONTHS.

PATIENT'S CLOTHING

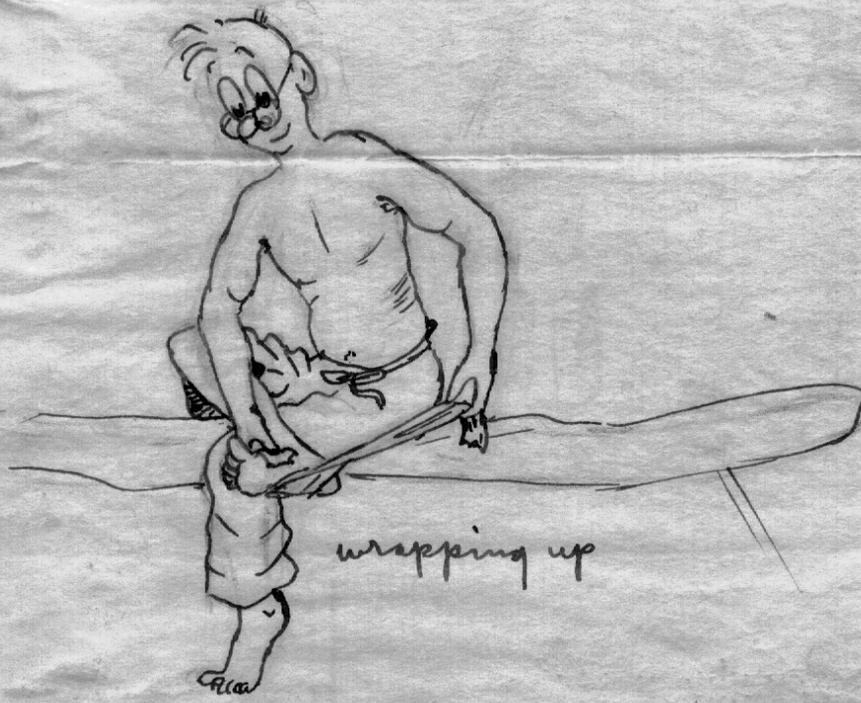




Temperature?



Vitamins



wrapping up



PILOT FISH (ATTACHES TO SHARKS)  
BOB BROOKS AND I SWAM OUT TO MOORED SAILBOAT  
AND FISHED OFF OF IT.



PVT D DRESSER 16172218

6TH DEPOT POSTAL SECTION

APO 502 2/PM ST. CALIF.

FREE

See Instruction No. 5



*Increased letter weight  
Capt. J. H. Patterson*

**V... MAIL Verified**  
RETURN TO SENDER

*J. H. Patterson*

PVT. FRITZ LANGE

15-29470

PASSED BY  
U 19655  
ARMY EXAMINER

Co. D 145 INF. APO  
INTER ISL. MAIL



PFC. FRED LANGE  
March 9, 1944

V-Mail Service provides the most expeditious dispatch and reduces the weight of mail to and from personnel of our Armed Forces outside the continental United States. When addressed to points where micro-film equipment is operated, a miniature photographic negative of the message will be made and sent by the most expeditious transportation available for reproduction and delivery. The original message will be destroyed after the reproduction has been delivered. Messages addressed to or from points where micro-film equipment is not operated will be transmitted in their original form by the most expeditious means available.

**INSTRUCTIONS**

(1) Write the entire message plainly on the other side within marginal lines. (2) PRINT the name and address in the two panels provided. Addresses to members of the Armed Forces should include rank or rating of the addressee, unit to which attached, and APO or Naval address. (3) Fold, seal, and deposit in any post-office letter drop or street letter box. (4) Enclosures must not be placed in this envelope and a separate V-Mail letter must be sent if you desire to write more than one sheet.

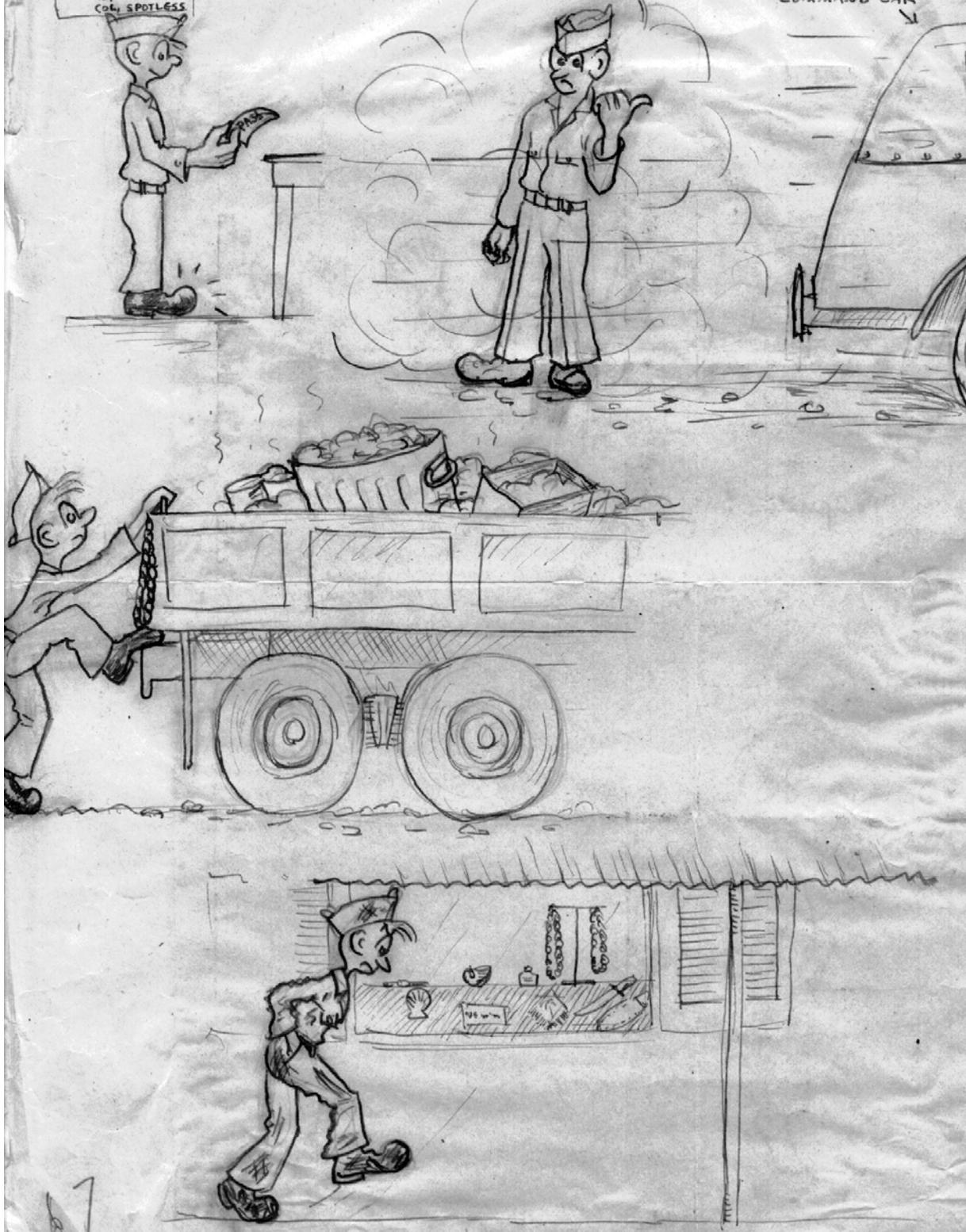
sent free of postage by members of the Armed Forces  
postage must be prepaid at domestic rates (3c ordinary  
desired).

16-28143-2

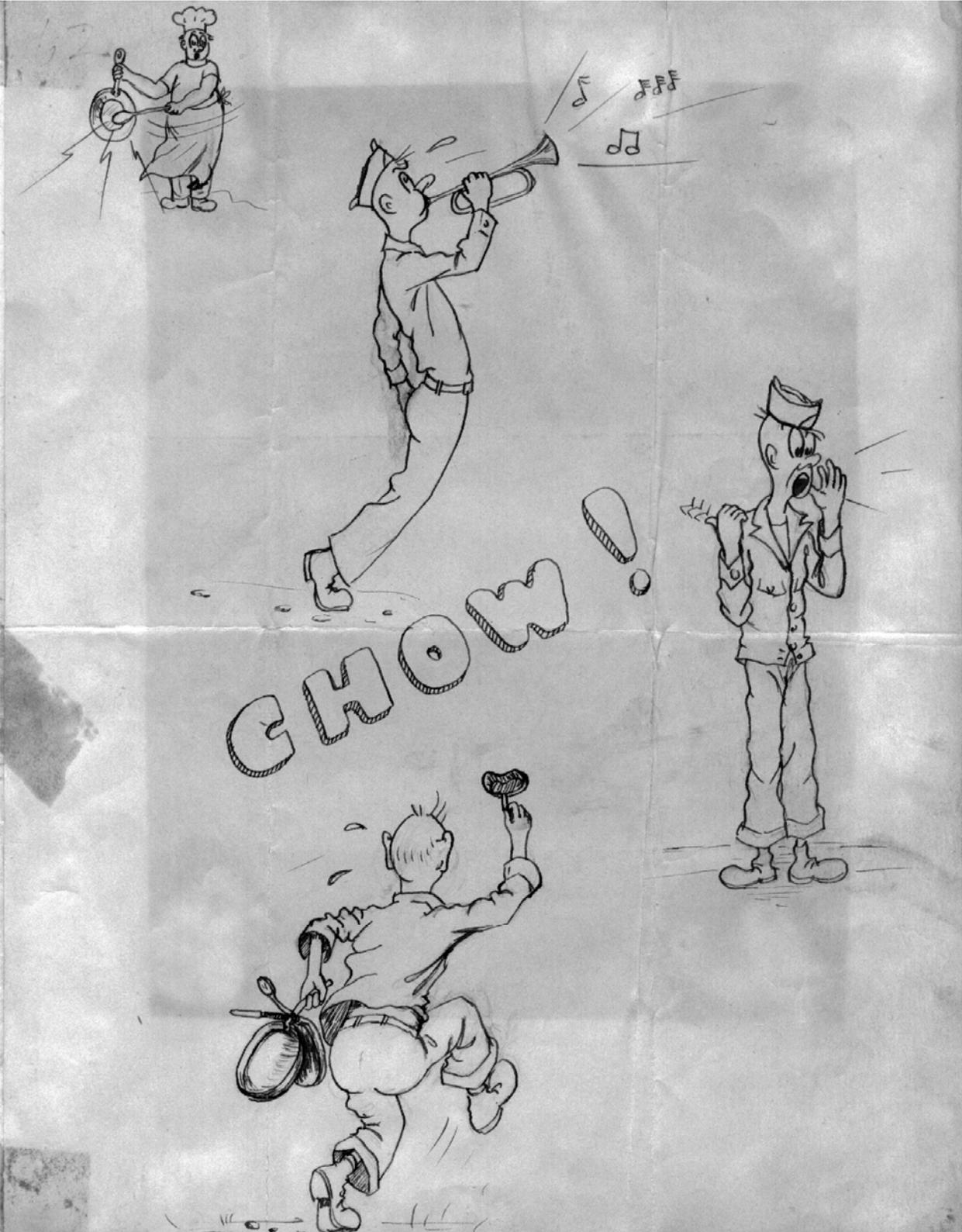
R. G. SCHLAGER  
CAPT. A. G. D.

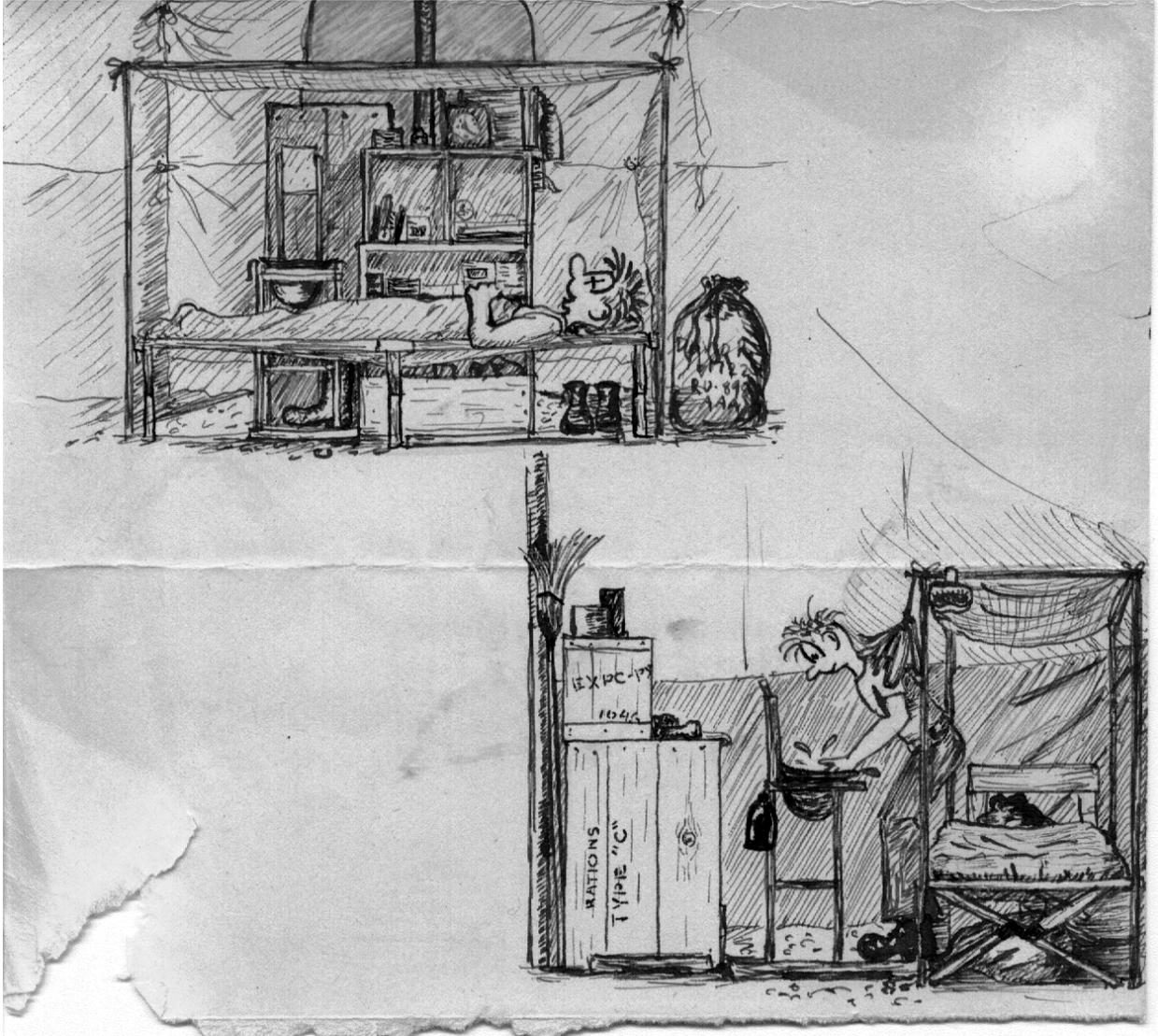
ALL MEN WILL BE  
NEATLY DRESSED  
IN TOWN!  
BY ORDER OF  
COL. SPOTLESS

OFFICER IN  
COMMAND CAR



7

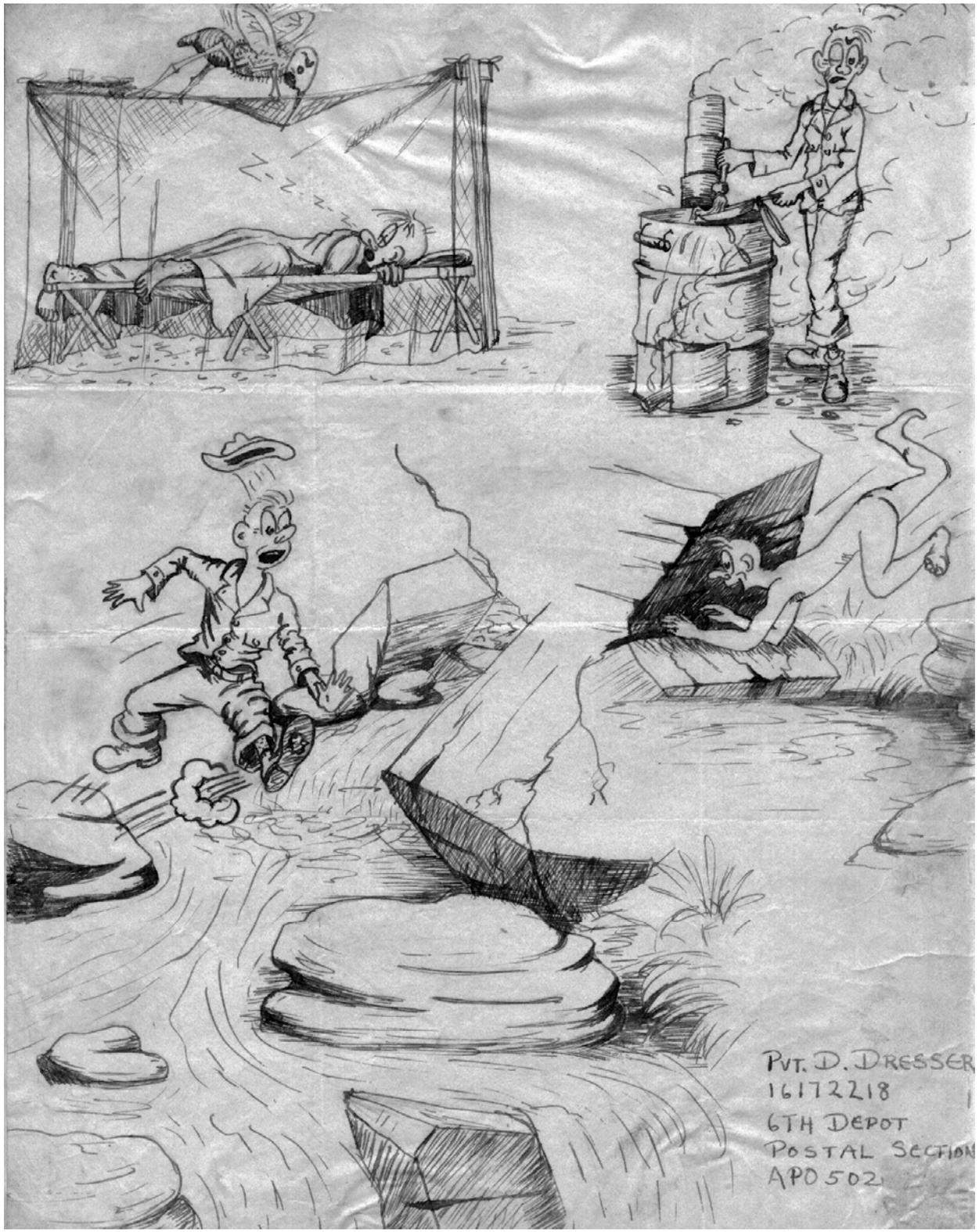




TRIP  
TRIP TO TOWN (NOUMEA, NEW CALEDONIA)

We cross Mt. Dore before coming to  
a good road. The three miles of twisting  
mud road are bumpy + dusty.





Pvt. D. DRESSER  
16172218  
6TH DEPOT  
POSTAL SECTION  
APO 502

"ALL ILLINOIS FOR GOD AND TEMPERANCE"



**Illinois Woman's Christian Temperance Union**

This is to Certify that Derik R. Dresser has been made a

**LIFE MEMBER**

OF THE

**ILLINOIS WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION**

Maude P. Fairbairn President

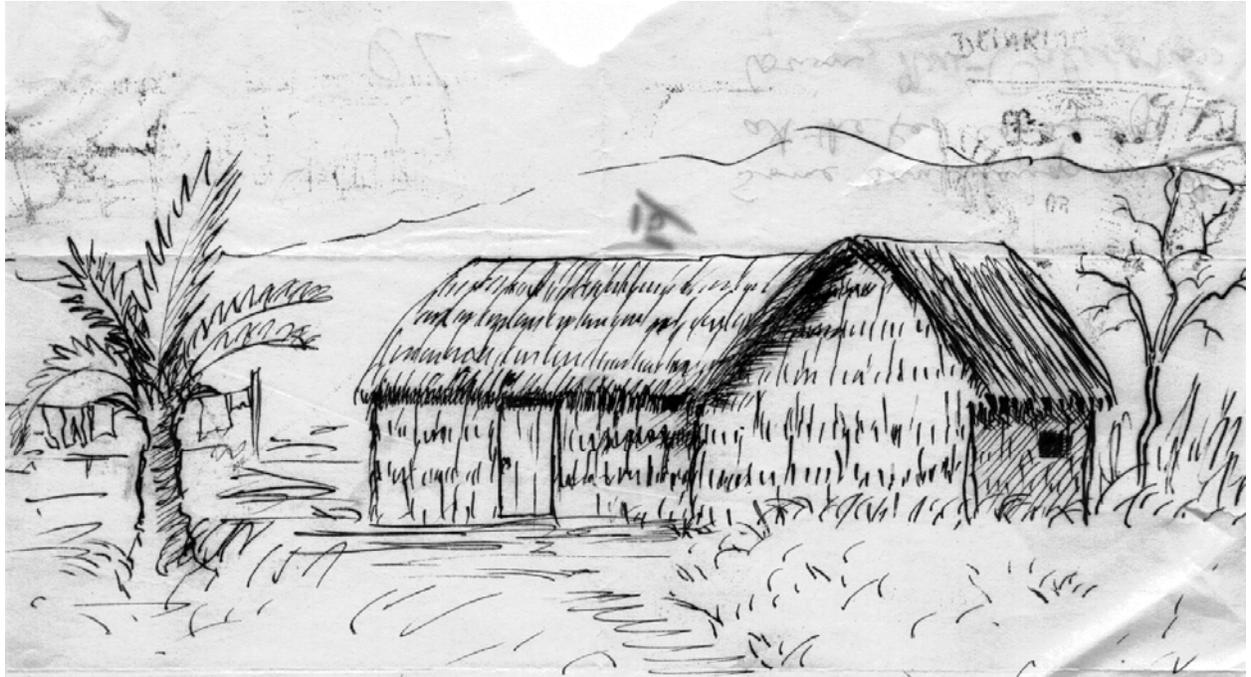
Bessie Barr Treasurer

Date Oct. 26-1946

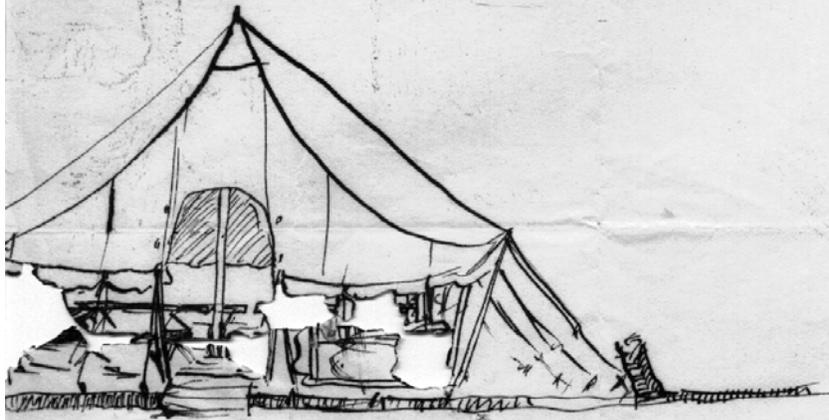


P.S. I hope you like the sketch. I don't have a pen so  
I used a whittled match stick. ~~11/10/1930~~ 11/10/30, hwp

D.R.P.



MY LAUNDRY MAN'S HUT



HOME



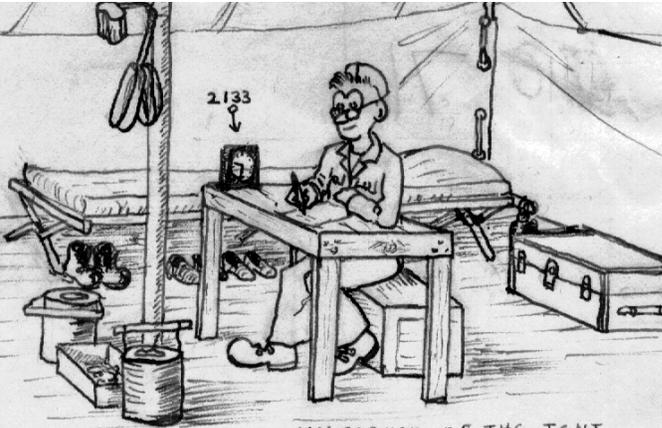
DRINKING FOUNTAIN

Sunday  
2  
SEPTEMBER

Rec'd 9/11

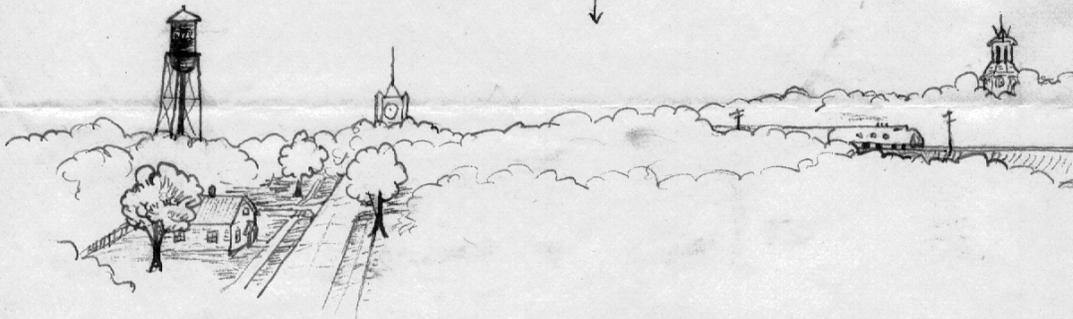
DEAR  
FOLKS:

As I  
write →

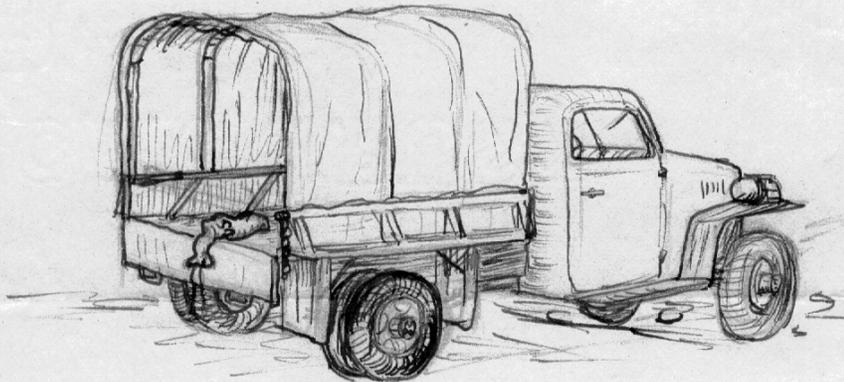


MY CORNER OF THE TENT

I wish I were here ↓



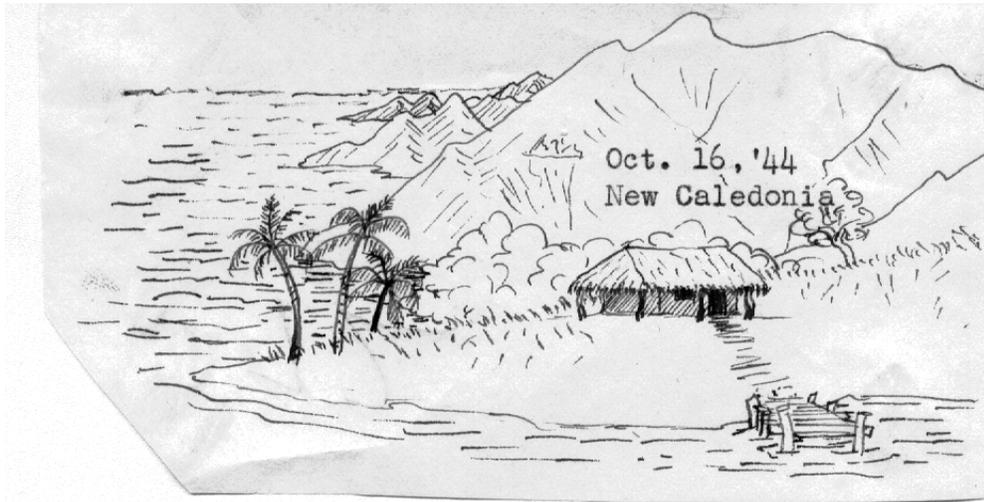
No mail today ↓



Nothing new here. I'm well 'n  
happy 'n waiting for the war to end.  
I'll write more later.

Much love 'n prayer,

Dave



## WHERE FIGHTING ENDED - LUZON

The battle for the south pacific was now centering on the Philippine Islands. Our Replacement Depot would be needed once again for the final assault on Japan. When Luzon was fairly secure we were moved to that Island to service the Army units fighting to take Japan.

Our voyage was uneventful except for one boiler that broke about three days out. We were limping along at three knots. They decided to put into Hollandia, New Guinea, for repairs.

We weren't allowed to leave ship. A bright light shined over the spot where some officers boarded small craft to go ashore. I was amazed by the large variety of sea life attracted to the light.

We weren't long in port. Soon we were back to sea watching the flying fish or schools of porpoise playing along side.

We arrived in Manila, Luzon, on July 5<sup>th</sup>. I thought about my brother, Elbert. It was his birthday. Manila was devastated! Some buildings were rubble. All had large portions missing or big shell holes in their sides. One tall building was leaning against the one next to it.

The port in the harbor was useless. We had to climb down rope ladders into landing barges to go ashore.

After establishing a temporary camp in Polo, Bulican Province north of Manila, a permanent location was assigned outside the town of Angeles near Clark Field. Signs of warfare were all around us. There were downed Jap planes in the fields.

Recruits from the States in search of souvenirs from an abandoned Jap ammunition dump near our camp, suffered two deaths and multiple injuries in one month. They would find the ammunition dump, pick up a nice shell, still loaded, bring it back to their tent to disarm it, and "WHAM!!"- ambulance sirens, severe injury or death. I wonder if they got purple hearts.

Youth for Christ meetings were held at Clark field on Saturday evenings. There I met Arnie Nelson. He flew patrols along the China coast in the big Navy Privateer bombers. He was a song leader for those meetings. More about Arnie later.

Being near Clark Field we would hitch-hike plane-rides to Manila. As we approached the field, a B-24 Liberator bomber was taxiing to the end of the runway in preparation for take-off.

The pilot saw us, stopped the plane and yelled down to us, "You guys want a ride to Manila?" We ran to the plane. There were no bomb-bay doors. We climbed a ladder, fastened our seat belts, and sat there looking down at the ground through this big opening as we took off for Manila.

Another time we went to the control tower to ask if there were any rides to Manilla. An officer referred to a truck nearby, "The pilot has to pick up some cargo first if you want to go along." We jumped into the truck as the pilot drove toward the warehouse.

On the way we asked him what kind of a plane he would be flying. He replied, "A C-47". That was the Army's airborne jeep. When asked if he flew C-47s often, he replied, "No. I fly a B-29 bomber." We inquired about the difference in handling the two different planes. The answer came back in terms of so much weight and horse power. He laughed as he added, "I'm supposed to be checked-out to make the transition but we won't have any problem."

At the warehouse he loaded four big B-29 tires in the back

of the truck and drove to the plane. There was already a long aileron covering the floor. He stacked the four tires on top of each other behind the door at the rear of the plane.

The flight was uneventful. We approached Neilson Field outside Manila for a landing. I felt the wheels touch. "What a soft landing!", I thought to myself. Then the wheels touched again and again. We were bouncing down the landing strip!

Suddenly the pilot applied full throttle trying to regain air speed. We barely cleared a low fence and some parked cars at the end of the runway as the plane lumbered into the air. The pilot, sweating profusely, calmly said, "You guys better come and stand right behind me." Our weight counteracted the weight of the tires. The second attempt worked. Whew!

A large shipment of officers came to the replacement depot at Angeles. Some of them were chaplains. Our chaplain used some of them for vesper services, etc. One of these befriended me. His name was Alister Sinclair.

It turned out he was a graduate of Dallas Theological Seminary, a classmate and personal friend of Chuck Holsinger's

chaplain, George Oestreich, in the 161st Battalion of the 25<sup>th</sup> Division. The 25<sup>th</sup> was now way up in the mountains where the few remaining Japs were hiding.

Chaplain Sinclair had made arrangements to visit his friend. He asked if I would like to accompany him and visit Chuck. Being an officer he was able to get a weapons carrier for the trip. I jumped at the opportunity.

On the way he asked me, "Dave, how would you like to become my assistant?" My immediate reply was, "No!" I went on to explain I felt I would have a greater witness as a regular soldier than as a chaplain's assistant. He suggested it might be helpful preparation for the ministry.

From what I had observed of chaplain's assistants I couldn't see much preparation for the ministry. Chaplain Sinclair assured me if I were his assistant, it would be excellent preparation.

My visit with Chuck gave me a picture of what I missed by being able to type. He showed me a notice on the bulletin board saying there was no longer any use for prisoners. Act accordingly.

Chuck shared the following experiences. While digging a foxhole during the fighting, it began filling with water. He abandoned it and dug another foxhole several yards away. No sooner was he in his completed foxhole than a short artillery round landed directly in the original hole. It was a dud. Another time a mortar shell that failed to explode landed between his legs.

Infantry advanced directly behind the artillery barrage to get behind enemy lines while the enemy were still in their holes. Chuck told how they threw smoke grenades in the holes forcing the enemy to stick their heads up for air. Well-placed rifle fire removed the enemy.

At night the company dug in forming a perimeter of foxholes around the company with mortars in the center. A large six-man foxhole was dug at the end of a finger of land that extended beyond the company's perimeter. Chuck's hole was about fifteen feet back on one side of the rise. Japs infiltrated, killed a couple of the men in the six man foxhole. The other three withdrew, wounded.

To protect the company Chuck began firing his rifle at the enemy. He could hear them talking. As they rolled hand grenades toward his hole, He threw them back where they exploded on the ones who had thrown them.

He yelled back, directing mortar fire on the hole fifteen feet in front of him. Chuck realized calling mortar fire on a target that close was almost suicidal. He told the Lord if it was his time to go, he was ready.

In the morning the area was littered with enemy dead. The company was secure. Later Chuck was awarded the Silver Star.

Chuck was still suffering shell-shock from a short artillery round that later exploded near him. Shrapnel from the shell went over him but the shock disabled him emotionally for a time.

After that visit I was grateful that I had been spared the horror of direct contact with the enemy.

On the ride back I told Chaplain Sinclair I would be willing to become his assistant. Here's how it would work. He was going to be assigned to a small signal corps outfit that did not have a place in its table of organization for a chaplain's assistant. He

knew Colonel Bean, head chaplain of the Southwest Pacific. I would transfer to Colonel Bean's office in Manila. He would then transfer me to Sinclair's outfit with the understanding that I would be his assistant. I got the transfer to Bean's office but never heard from Chaplain Sinclair again.

The Sgt. in charge of Col. Bean's office was Dudley Olsen, a student at Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. Dudley was a real go-getter. He had tried to get a half hour Christian broadcast over the Armed Forces Radio but was denied. He then approached the Philippine Government who gave him a free half hour over their station KZFM.

John Trotter directed a small choir. We practiced and performed in a small studio with no air conditioning, sweating profusely in our T-shirts. Different ones prepared a message. I listened to my talk, recorded on a wire-recorder, while on the bus to board the Admiral Sims troop ship to return to the states. My voice sounded terrible!

The only work I remember doing in the Chief Chaplain's office was cutting stencils for the covers of the G.I. Gospel Hour

and Youth for Christ meetings.

Some Christian Servicemen had approached the owner of a large funeral home in Manila to use his chapel on Saturday evenings for evangelistic meetings called the G.I. Gospel Hour.

Before the meetings a large black curtain was hung to separate those observing a wake. The meeting would proceed with musical instruments and loud singing. After an evangelistic message an invitation would be given and many would come forward to accept Christ.

Santo Thomas prison is where the Japanese kept many American prisoners. Ed and Marion Bomm, Baptist missionaries, were among them. When released, they elected to remain in Manila to open their home as a Christian service center. We spent a lot of time there and met lots of soldiers, sailors, marines, air corps, WACS, WAVES, WRENS-you name it. Manila contained the largest concentration of Christian service men and women in the South Pacific.

The Bomm's church building had been demolished. Someone got the idea to rebuild the church. One soldier had

been a building contractor and seemed to take charge. It was amazing to see how materials and equipment appeared when needed. Before long the building was complete.

Madam Quezon, wife of the president of the Philippines, was attending a wake for a friend at the funeral home where the G.I. Gospel Hour meetings were held. The customary black curtain was put up, the music started, the meeting proceeded. She was infuriated. It was our last meeting in that chapel. The next meeting was in Bomm's rebuilt church.

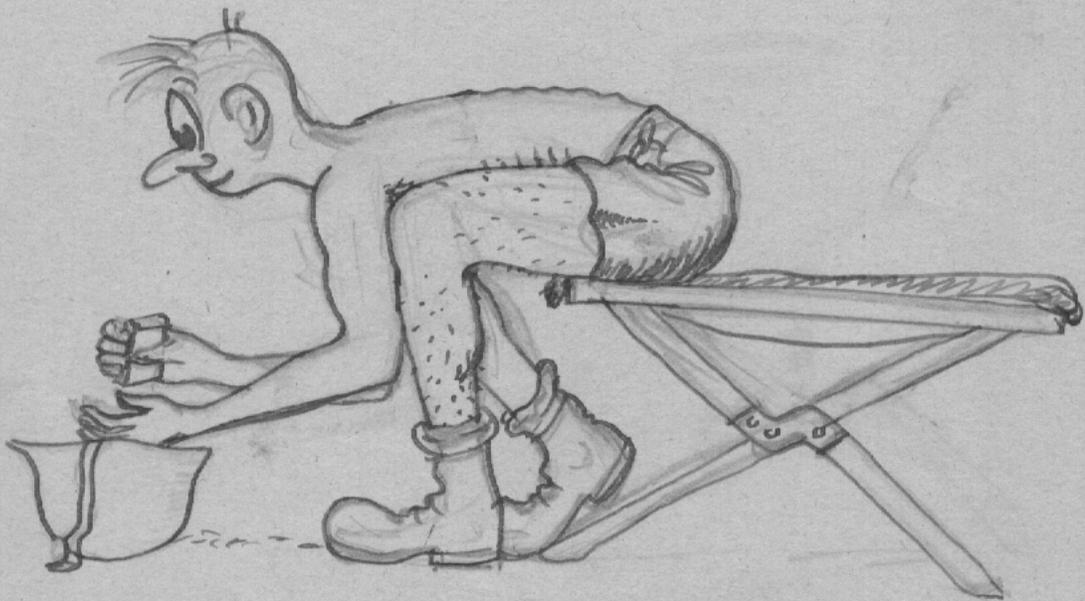
The night the church building was completed, there was a slight drizzle of rain. Everyone formed a large circle outside, holding hands. We sang the doxology. Chaplain Honeywell said what had been taking place among the Christian service people was too big to drop. The seeds of The Far Eastern Gospel Crusade were sown that night.

Orders came releasing me from duty. I boarded the Admiral Sims. We made it home in about nine days, docking in San Diego, California, midst a lot of hoopla, bands, cheers, the works.

German prisoners of war served chow at the camp where we

stayed overnight until boarding a train to Camp McCoy, Wisconsin and discharge.

JULY '45 MOVED TO LUZON, PHILIPPINES  
1ST CAMP IN POLO, BULACAN PROVINCE  
RATHER PRIMITIVE; NO SHOWERS. WE  
BATHED IN OUR STEEL HELMETS.



Symbols:

RESTRICTED

wnw

TENT Transportation Corps will furnish necessary transportation.  
EWM Travel by military aircraft directed for accomplishment of emergency war mission.

HEADQUARTERS  
UNITED STATES ARMY FORCES WESTERN PACIFIC

APO 707  
6 December 1945

Special Orders.)

No.....168)

EXTRACT

4. F01 EM reld asgmt orgns indicated and further dy in this theater, atchd unasgd 29th Repl Depot (Disposition Center), APO 238, for purpose returning to US UP current WD Readjustment Regulations. EDGMR 7 Dec 45. FCS

HQ, DET, AFWESPAC, APO 707

		<u>ASN</u>	<u>MOS</u>	<u>ASF</u>
Pvt	HENRY L AKIN	34205987	835	59
T Sgt	ZENO ALLESSIO	31130614	502	55
Tec 4	NATHANIEL B ALLMAN	34604411	405	58
Tec 4	FRANK J AMOROSO	39106103	816	57
Tec 5	JOHN C ANDERSON	36186587	699	57
S Sgt	OSCAR F ANDERSON	33747864		56
Cpl	GEORGE S BARON	35673012	649	58
Cpl	CLEO M BEDSOLE	34972029	345	57
Tec 5	LEE R BLANKENBILLER	39286992	055	55
Tec 4	CHARLES BOHENSTEIN	13179214	368	56
Tec 3	JULIAN R BRANNON	34814537	275	59
S Sgt	MATHEW FREYER	12162610	152	55
Sgt	WILLIAM E BROADHEAD	34801881	405	55
Tec 4	ROBERT V BROUSE	35609487	128	57
Sgt	EUGENE H BYRUM	34656933	405	58
S Sgt	ALFRED CHAMPELLONE	31008731	405	58
T Sgt	MARION A CARSON	34085363	585	59
Cpl	RALPH J CASTALDI	32984604	745	59
Tec 5	CLARENCE H CHELLIS	6860041	301	58
Sgt	ALBERT M CLARK JR	39047968		55
Sgt	WILLIAM E CLARKE	39217156	805	56
T Sgt	RICHARD S COBE	35455392	813	59
Tec 4	ROBERT J CONLEY	35876591	290	58
S Sgt	THOMAS J CONNOLLY	37174511	047	58
Pfc	JAMES D CORRELL	39466094	245	56
Pfc	FRANCIS J CONNELLY	33458893	237	58
T Sgt	PHILLIP D COZAD	39045221	355	57
Tec 5	LAWRENCE J GRAHAN	32822631	504	59
Sgt	CARL DACHS	32794437	777	57
Tec 4	JACK H DIKES	32934130	502	57
Tec 5	DAVID R DRESSER	16172218	667	57
Tec 5	HOWARD A ESCHENBACHER	37308825	747	57
Tec 4	PAT F FASANELLI	32809960	386	55
Tec 4	SALVATORE F FILANDA	31326095	323	59
Cpl	WALTER L FLEMING	37482105		58
T Sgt	LLOYD M FRANKLIN	37500489	502	58
Tec 5	ALBERT B FRYE	16101133	212	56

"...relieved from  
further duty in this  
theater."

5 DEC '45

MANILA, P.I.



The beginning of the end.

Saw my name on bulletin board  
on the list of 55 to 60 point men who  
were to be ready to ship by Friday  
morning. My feelings cannot be  
expressed.

What don't I need? 6 DEC



Spent most of the day packing. Excess clothing, the accumulation of 2½ years, presented quite a problem. I bought a "Val Pack" at the PX which was very handy. I looked + felt like a sack sack as I staggered from the tent under a full barracks bag + Val Pack on the following day.



ON THE SHIPPING LIST

7 DEC '45

STA 9 PRESS  
ONE COPY  
STATION

STA 9  
SURRENDER  
ALL RECORDS

STA 10 GIVE  
TYPIST FORM  
101





DAVID R. DRESSER

*To you who answered the call of your country and served in its Armed Forces to bring about the total defeat of the enemy, I extend the heartfelt thanks of a grateful Nation. As one of the Nation's finest, you undertook the most severe task one can be called upon to perform. Because you demonstrated the fortitude, resourcefulness and calm judgment necessary to carry out that task, we now look to you for leadership and example in further exalting our country in peace.*

*Harry Truman*

THE WHITE HOUSE