

Dear Mom, Pop, n Grats;

The big news is I'm restricted again. The other day down at the firing range I was strapped in my gun and Connolly ran the trunion up till my feet were about a yard from the deck. Then him + the boatswain took my pants off. I got loose + chased them down the range. It wouldn't have been so bad only a lot of officers wives and staff were there. That Connolly's a bad bug. We were in a movies on trace observation. Hank walks up on the stage and say "O.K you guys, now get the hell outside and come in the other door." Then he calls me up to give a lecture on twenty 'min' I gave it and nobody knew the difference. We got off the platform before the officers came and got away with it. Connolly favorite saying is "It ain't what you do it's what you get caught doing." I always make resolutions not to listen to him no more because everytime he gets an idea it's trouble, but I don't want to be shicken so I always go through with it.

That's about all the big news. You said you wanted to hear all about California, Mom. Well, when it isn't raining it's plenty hot. Down here there's a lot of green grass, palm trees, stucco houses with red roofs + patios, nice roads, hills, and mountains in the distance. There's a large airport and a place called Pacific Square where all the big bands hang out. There's plenty to drink but you have to show your I.D. card before they let you in any place so that let's me out. The town is mobbed with sailors and marines. The base is OK and they cater to the amphib because they're new to this base.

I've visited just about every kind of ship you can think of subs, Destroyers, etc, aircraft carriers, cruisers, + battlewagons, and I think I'll settle for a nice little LCI any day. I got a letter from Palombi. He's in a hospital in Bremerton, Wash. Cut his hand. He expects to be in San Francisco soon and maybe I'll get a


chance to see him.

It's raining again today but was hot yesterday. I've been taking life easy since I came here. ~~I~~ I've been to the firing range every day firing 40 + 20 mm's. They shoot rockets out of a gun for targets and Frank + I couldn't even see the damn things so we shot at seagulls. It's a great life if you don't weaken but who the hell wants to be strong.

I got Donald that crow today. I'll try and stick it in with this letter.

Well, that's all the bullshit I can think of now. Give my love to the Maloy's, Aunt Carrie, and the rest.

lots of love, kisses, and stuff

Rich


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