

Dear Mom, Pop, m Brats;

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 bed bug. We were in a movies on tracer observation. Frank walks up on the stage and says "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 officer came and got away with it. Connolly favorite saying is "It ain't what you do its what you get caught doing." I always make resolutions not to listen to him no more because everytime he gets an idea its trouble, but I don't want to be chicken 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 its 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 hangout. There's plenty to drink but you have to show your I.D card before they let you in anywhere so that lets me out. The town is mobbed with sailors and marines. The base is OK and they cater to the amplybs because they're new to this base.

I've visited just about every kind of ship you can think of subs, Destroyers, &c., aircraft carriers, cruisers, & battlewagon, and I think I'll settle for a nice little LCI anyday. I got a letter from Palomli. 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

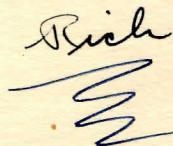
chance to see him.

It's raining again today but was hot yesterday.
I've been taking life easy since I came here. ~~①~~ 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 Maloys, Aunt Carrie, and the
rest.

Lot of love, kisses, and stuff

Rich


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