



UNITED STATES NAVY

Dear Mom, Pop, and Brats.

Well this is the last letter you will receive from me from the states. Tonight we are leaving. I think for Pearl Harbor first.

I been working like hell all day loading ammunition & my back is just about broke. Yesterday we fouled up.

This is one place I kinda hate to leave. I was datin' a nice girl out here. Got so late & slept at her house in her brothers room who is in the navy, too. Her folks were really nice to me. Oh well - what the hell. It's the breaks I guess.

Don't worry about me mom. I'll be O.K. just like always. It certainly is a nice day for sailing. Warm and calm without a cloud in sight.

I'm glad you liked the picture. I sure would like to have one of the tribos. By the way when are you going to send me the one of the pin up girls.

Damn it. I just ran out of ink. I hope I'll be able to get the ball scores this summer and see how my A's are doing. They got Buck Newson this year pitching for them. Tell Duke that's the guy the guy in front of us was yelling "Come on Bobo" that day we saw Detroit. Remember Gantenbein hit a homer and mouth almighty shut up.



UNITED STATES NAVY

Give the Maloys, Aunt Carrie, Aunt Agnes, Gramma
& all the folks from Philly my love. Say 'hello' to the
new Maloy for me. Shame it wasn't a boy you could
give it my hat & glove mom.

Well, I can't think of much more to write. I'll
be thinking about you often. I'll write a long letter
while I'm out and mail it from Pearl Harbor as
soon as we get there. I've still got a lot of work to
do before we leave & I just took time off to dash off this
letter. Please write often and I'll write every chance
I'll get. So long for now. God bless you.

All my love, kisses, n' stuff

Rich

P.S. (How's the oil being doing & Kenny O'ranges?)

SAN PEDRO
MAR 8
6 PM
1944
CALIF.



Mr. & Mrs. Daniel Ulmer
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