

Sunday, 26

Dear Mom, Pop, + Brats.

What's the story, folks? No letters for about a week. Don't I hate anymore? I went to mass this morning and of course remembered you all in my prayers. They're thinking about making me the chaplain while we're underway on Sundays. That ought to be rich I guess I'll have to start acting pious. I can just picture myself if somebody belts me in the mush turning myself face + telling him to whale the other side just to show there's no ill will.

This afternoon we played a game of softball with another LCI. Naturally we won. I haven't had so damn much fun in a long time.

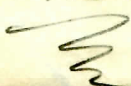
So refer came home with a 65 in algebra, huh? Starting to take after his big brother. Well, now he knows what it's like. Especially with the woman kicking in her bit. I can just see that scene now with you reading the rot act, Man.

You asked me to tell all about the trip over. It was pretty smooth all the way. No, I didn't get seasick. Hank did, though and I had the laugh on him. About the only thing unusual was a rainbow at midnight. It was real pretty. Just like a bright silver halo right in front of our course. I was on signal watch with our spec who is more

or less 'Sir Boss' as far as I'm concerned because he  
is the navigational officer. I get along pretty well with  
him although he eats my tail out occasionally for  
forgetting to wind the chronometer. That I can't  
blame him for.

We have had beautiful weather ever since  
leaving the states with the exception of a few rain  
squalls and I'm getting pretty dark. It was kinda  
tough at first not having you to rub vinegar on my  
back, mom.

Well, folks, it's getting pretty late and I'm  
kinda sleepy so I think I'll knock off & hit the  
sack. Write often and give my love to the Mabry  
Aunt Carrie, Aunt Agnes, all the Ummers & the  
rest of the tribe.

All my love & kisses  
Rich  




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