

Dear Mom, Pop, + Brats.

I received all of your letters this afternoon. I was sure glad to get them. You can expect a lot of the following to be cut. Anyway we are no longer at Pearl Harbor. It wasn't such a bad place but it was strictly a Navy town. That is the city of Honolulu. We rated liberty every other day but as we have three men for signal watch, Frank and I were able to go out two out of three. We usually went to Waikiki beach which isn't all it's cracked up to be. It's a nice place as far as scenery + so forth is concerned but it isn't very good swimming. The sand bar goes out for about a mile. You can rent surf boards there. We have really gone native. We run around practically naked anymore all the time. That's one thing about this branch I like — informal. When we weren't at Waikiki we either went to a place called the chicken coop and guzzled beer + ate hamburgs or out to the Navy recreation center "The Breakers". I don't know what it was before the war but it sure is a swell place. It has a large dance floor overlooking the ocean + in general it's better than anything you see in the movies. The Royal Hawaiian Hotel is operated by the navy, too. I think rooms used to be \$60 per day there. Now it's a dime

for enlisted men + \$1 for officers. Looks funny to see whites + skivies hanging in the windows of a place like that. They have a beer garden there, tennis courts, basket ball + what not. Also it is right in front of Waikiki + that's where we used to borrow swim suits.

I guess I won't be able to tell you much about the place where I'm at now if anything. There isn't much to tell about it. It is nothing but sunken ships, dead palms, + bombed ruins. I don't know how long we will be anchored here but I hope not for long.

We had a swell trip coming here. We all have walkie talkies in our cots + on the night watches the boys on different ships exchange insults + jokes, and play records. Pancho's radio was out so we heard naught from him. They are tied up alongside us. There were two officers who were funnier than any comedians you ever heard on the radio. Their names were Taylor + Johnson. They insulted each other all the way here + they had some pretty good jokes. The best part about this hook up they can get away jokes that are far beyond Bob Hope's aspirations (Butcher - I mean now)

It is about 1 a.m. here + I'm on signal watch. There isn't much signaling + about the only thing

I have to do is to take anchor bearings every half hour,
+ check on the drift lead. I just took time out to do that.
It's a nice warm night out with a fresh breeze.

We went swimming off the ship this afternoon.
Well, I can't think of much more to write, Give my
love to the Malop, Aunt Carrie, and the rest, God
~~that~~ bless you.

All my love, kisses, + stuff

Rich

AFTER FIVE DAYS RETURN TO

Richard Ulmer 2m 3/4
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VIA AIR MAIL



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