

Dear Mom, Pop, + Brats,

How are you all? I rec'd two letters from you today. Whatever you do don't stop sending those A's clippings. Don't bother with the newspapers as I don't think they'd get here anyway.

From your letters I guess you still don't know that we've left Hawaii. Well we have.

Glad to hear Kenny is O. K. And Eagle was here too, huh. I must have just missed him. T. S. I met a kid from Burlington yesterday. His name is Camuso + he's some relation to the Camusos in Beverly. He gave me the pap bill. Also some letters which we can't send.

Mom if you ever do send anything how about a good book? I've read every one we have. When I get through with it I could pass it around.

We get the ball scores every night on the radio and a program called the S. D. Five. That

swimming, + playing cards, checkers stuff keeps things fairly interesting around here. Occasionally a big ship invites us to their movies + sometimes we go ashore in a marine base + see shows.

We're still loafing around at anchor doing nothing but collecting barnacles. It's getting awful tiresome. It's not so bad when you are on signal watch tho'. You can shoot the bull with guys

on different ships. Paucher is down here too. I semaphore
to him most every day and we send letters back +
forth by semaphore that we get from guys we both
know from Newport. About a week ago Connolly +
I were over on their ship. Frank has a signalman
pal from Bklyn. there + Home has a radio man
friend he went to school with + Red went to school
with most of the motor men so our news are
pretty thick. It's nice to have a ship like that
with you. Naturally we're always arguing over who
has the best ship but it's one sided as everyone
knows we're tops.

I'll be nineteen tomorrow but I don't feel
any older. A year ago today I was on my way to
Newport. That sure was a great place but it doesn't
compare with being on a ship. The best part was
that it was in the states.

So Gene Samhardt was home huh? I
haven't heard from him for some time. I got
a letter from Palombi the other day. He
is going to radio school now. He sounds as
nuts as ever. He didn't tell me about breaking
his ribs tho'.

That guy from Burlington used to hang out
at Hungry Ann's + the Skating rink. We had
a pretty good time bullshitting last night. Their
ship was tied alongside of us overnight. They
just got back from giving medical aid to

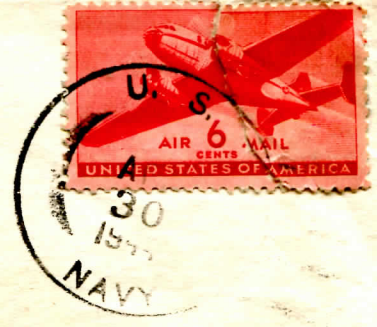
to the natives & picking up a few stray japs. They
got flags, letters, & jap money from the natives for
cigarettes. He said you could buy an island for a pack
of them. I'm thinking about buying one & staying
down here. If I get much blacker they'll probably
call me 'brother'. They brought one jap back
but put him ashore before they tied alongside. He
had been in the islands most of his life. He was
a carpenter & made boats for the natives. I didn't
even know what the hell the war was all about.
I think the army is going to make an interpreter
of him.

Well, folks, I'm running out of words. Keep
the home fires burning'. Give my love to the Maloy,
Aunt Carrie, & the rest of the tribe. Sorry to hear
about Fanny Orem. Tell him to get a few nurses
lined up for me while he's at it. Say hello to Sarah
& Sails for me & their kids. ~~God~~ God bless you.

All my love.
Rich

air
mail

Richard Ulmer Jr 3/4
USS LCIC(L) 725
70 Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Calif.



Mr. + Mrs. D. Ulmer
238 Second Street
Beverly,
New Jersey
USA