

Dear Mom, Pop, and brats,

It's the prodigal again with the same old sad story. Nothin' ever happens. I don't even get in trouble things are so bad. All I do is stand signal watch, eat and sleep. It gets awful monotonous. Every now and then we old salts (the guys who have been together since Solomons) get together and have a bell session about the good old days in New York, Portland, Calif., and even Pearl Harbor which wasn't so hot. Every time we think of something new to talk about, we sure had some great times.

I wish we would have this place. We don't get to even go to a movie anymore. It was O.K. up at the other island but it stinks here. I haven't got any mail for close to a week and that don't help matters any. Guess I'd better write more letters.

Well, despite the griping, we all feel fine and are in good humor. The chow is good and the only thing wrong is sitting around.

How is everything back home? I hope you're all well. I wish you wouldn't worry about me Mom. It doesn't help your nerves any. I'm like a bad penny and it'll take more than a war from keeping me from giving you headaches again.

I hope the day ain't too far off when I can



come cruising down Cooper Street again. You  
won't even know me. I've got a terrific beard now.  
Have to shave almost every day. Well, twice a  
week anyway. A lot of my old habits still stick  
with me, I ~~do~~ always leave my soap in the head.  
I remembered it the other day and Frank congrat-  
ulated me. He said quite, "And you're only  
nineteen, too." unquote. Got quite a laugh out of  
that. The boatman was talking about buying  
a tug after the war and operating in the Hudson  
River. He said I could be the Pilot. I said why  
don't we get a steamer. He said "Hell no, I'd always  
be picking up your clothes after you and trying to  
get you out of the sack." This is the only ship in  
the navy where you have to beg the boatman  
to get you up in the morning. He always says, "Aw  
you guys won't get up anyway." I feel kind of  
sorry for him. He came off a battleship out here.  
Everything goes on he says - that ain't the way  
we did it on the Colorado. And we always remind  
him that this is the 725. I think the boys  
would fire on the Colorado if we ever saw it. They  
call us the 'Colorado Jr.'

Prunes is still with us. I semaphore to  
him most every day. I don't get to see him tho'.  
They never tie alongside us anymore for obvious  
reasons. Every time a ship comes alongside Frank  
& I go and visit it. 'Pop' or one of the old boys  
always say "Oke I h, there goes the forty thieves,



better watch 'em". An officer on the 491 hung  
that tag on us 'cause we took all equipment that  
came aboard before the regular crew did.

How are the digits coming pop? Aint got  
no hot ones but look up dogs in the dream book. I  
dreamt I was walking down some street and every  
time I'd see a dog I'd kick it in the snoot. See  
even my dreams are batty. I think I'm really  
going wacky in this tropical climate. Did you  
get a chance to see any of the Philly teams play  
ball? I guess the Phils are the team to watch but  
maybe a miracle will take place. I was reading  
in a magazine about how the teams lined up. It  
named every team and told all about their hitting  
and pitching strength. When it came to the A's  
it said "Connie Mack is 81 this yr." How are  
all the boys up at the mill? Say hello to the ones  
I know for me. Are you still running with the  
office girls? - or has Mom caught up with  
you.

Well, guess I'll call it quits for now,  
Give my love to the Malop, Aunt Carrie, Uncle  
Robert, Aunt Agnes, the Almers and everybody  
else. Write often and keep sending the A's  
& Phils clippings. God bless you all.

All my love + kisses

Rich



P.S. (When J.P.J. said "We have not yet begun  
to fight" he wasn't kidding. If things keep up  
like this we'll be ambushed here for the duration.)

air  
mail

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