

Wednesday 22,



UNITED STATES NAVY

Dear Mom, Pop, and Beate,

Well, it's me again. I rec'd. your letter yesterday. As you can see by the lousy start I can't think of much to write as per usual. We had another beautiful day today but I didn't bother going out. I think something's wrong with me. I'm going up to the dispensary to find out. For the past week I've been getting up on time and feeling ambitious as hell. I spent this afternoon stowing supplies in the sound room. It was pretty hot down there & I got covered with prickly heat. It's only about 4 ft high & you have to work on your hands & knees. This morning I caught up on my logs & publications for an inspection which we never had. That ain't bad considering I rated liberty at 9 A.M. What do you think's wrong? Darned if I can figure it out

yesterday we went into censored, me, Hank, Reds, + Homer, + a kid from Mt. Hely off a DE who is a pal of Russ'. Didn't do much, just browsed around. I can't send you any post cards or souvenirs because they all have _____ (you fill it in) written on them. However I'll get some sent them from somewhere else.

That cheese eatin' censor told me he sliced a few



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things out of my last letter. You undoubtedly know where I'm at, tho'.

So Eagle, Burnsey + some of the boys are out this way huh? Find out what ship they are on will you?

I'm sorry to hear Jesses kid looks like you pop. Oh well, maybe it will change with the years. Everybody can't be good looking anyhow. How is 725 doing. It oughta' be getting warmer.

How about writing me a letter Pefer. I understand from Jan that you have taken the situation over. By the way is there a new girl at High School by the name of Jan Cornell. Frank got a letter from her but I'm inclined to think it's one of Mitchell's gags.

And how are you doing four eyes. Change your religion again? I wouldn't be surprised if you were going to ye olde church with the Johnson tribe when I come home again.

Well me more month and I will have broken my record for being away from home. I'm not homesick but I sure miss the old place + would like to be there for a couple of weeks. By homesick I mean mopey + forlorn like some of the new kids we have aboard.

I'm really happy on this tub. We got a swell gang and we sure have a lot of fun. Couldn't ask for

much more. None of us live very far apart so I guess we'll be able to get together once in awhile after the war. It's going to be a great ~~party~~ day when that old Beverly gang gets together again, too. I hope it isn't very far away.

They have started a laundry on board ship & that pleases me no end as I probably don't have to tell you. It only costs a rock and a half per month and that includes pressing whites & replacing mired articles. Not bad huh?

I'm sitting in the chart room all by my lonesome for a change. Frank's on signal watch, Russ is pressing whites, and Red is in his hole - the engine room. I think he's turning into a hermit. Next thing he'll be eating chow there.

Guess what? I didn't get any mail from me 'girl' back in L.A. I think she's deserted me so soon? Oh well - what the hell. It's the breaks, I guess.

Frank got a letter today from a couple of skits we took skating at Queens Roller Rink in New York. They sent their picture in bathing suits. I always thought Frank had the best of the bargain until now. Wish I was back there.

This letter is turning out longer than I expected. Did I tell you I also sent a picture to Sr. Samain. She got it and sent me a pretty card. Before I left the states she sent me a new miraculous medal. It's got a stronger chain than the old one & I keep my dog tags on it.

If you don't hear from me for a few weeks it's because we'll be on maneuvers. We've got slot of new guys on board & have to break them in.

