

U. S. S. AQUILA

% Fleet Post Office

New York, N. Y.

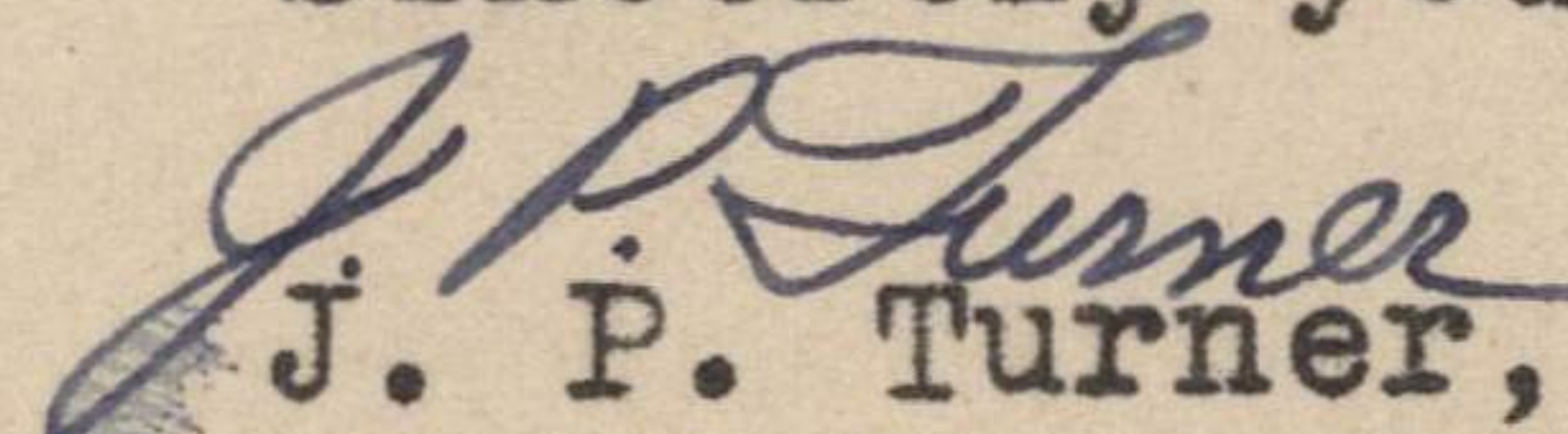
something from a destroyer on up-just to be on something that can raise a little hell, don't you know.

I thought I was going to get to see the Pacific Ocean this trip, but we stopped a little short-guess they were'nt ready to change our fleet post office address. I'm getting plenty of that old tropical sun at any rate and am mighty brown. Played golf on a mighty sporty little 9-hole course loaded with sand traps and cocanut trees. One thing about those trees though, you don't have to worry about low hanging brances; you have to get a direct stimie before you are in any trouble- sand traps - we'll skip those-huh. I had a 40; that is'nt bad for a rookie on a par 37. I'll have to sharpen up a little before I ever play you again, or I'll get beat sure as the world. I've been doing some daily exercises which means I don't have to work to hard under these tropical conditions to work up a mighty good sweat. I have to watch my waist line; I'd hate to let that little situation get out of control. I weigh 201lbs stripped; that's enough don't you think?

It's time I was knocking this letter off, and I was getting my whip out to get the gunnery gang to slaving away. Tell Dean, Elmer, Henry, Straight, Mrs. Hulteen, Mrs Webster, George, and any of the rest of the P. E. Dept. "hello" for me. Take it easy and keep firing those rebounds my way; for I sure do appreciate hearing all the news from Mt Oread and from the boys overthere.

PS;-* Whatever become of "Thin Man"
Buescher?

Sincerely yours,


J. P. Turner, Ensign, USNR.