



Thursday
November 23

USS Oriskany CV-34
Stuart;

Sorry about not writing in such a long time. I guess I'm one of the sorriest writers you'll ever know.

When are you coming home for the Christmas holidays? I'm going to be there on the tenth of December at two-thirty in the morning. I'll be there until the twenty-seventh. I hope to be able to do a little duck hunting before the season closes on the sixteenth. I don't know for shure whether I'll be able to or not. Ed says he has been killing quite a few ducks in Oklahoma this year. There are a bunch of tanks and a river just a little ways from where they live.

There is not much going on here other than a lot of work. I don't think I've ever worked this hard in my life. In February the guy who runs the office now is getting transferred and I'm the one picked to take his place. I know I've probably got the wrong attitude,



USS Oriskany CV-34

but I really dread all of the responsibility that goes with the job.

How do you like school by now? I guess you'll know more about that though, when you get your semester grade report. Don is having a hell of a time at Texas Tech. That damn Ann Hooker has him so torn up he doesn't know whether to shit or go blind. She gave him the usual run-around and now he comes home almost every week-end and begs her to go back to him. As far as I'm concerned he is making a big ass of himself.

Speaking of the opposite sex, did you ever change your opinion of the women or are you still shuning their affections? I'd really like to see you show one of those female swamp stompers how a Real Texan does it.

Well, I guess I'll put an end to this letter and get back to saving the Country. I hope to see you in December.

Your Buddy,

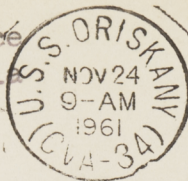
Big Udder

W. B. UTLEY

USS ORISKANY (CVA-34)

Care Of Fleet Post Office

San Francisco, California



Air Mail

Stuart Gentling
Room 367, Bechtel House
31 Mc Alister Dr.
New Orleans,
Louisiana