

William Ben Utley
USS Oriskany CVA 34
Care Of Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, California

Sunday
March 25

Stu,

Sorry I haven't written sooner, but you know how it is. Plenty of time but nothing to write about.

I did do something fairly interesting the other night. I went to the ship's annual party. Stu, Such a party I have never attended. They had about five groups of intertainers and dancing. Very little dancing though---everyone was too damn drunk to dance. The ship purchased fourteen hundred dollars worth of beer and anything else you'd care to name. You could drink as much as you wanted and it didn't cost a cent. I've never seen such a bunch of drunks in my life and, of course, I was among them. It nearly turned into a riot. On the bus returning to the down town area there was a girl (pig) fucking anyone and everyone who could crawl on. The marines and the sailors got into a fight over who was next and all hell broke loose.

Only nine more months and I'll be home. I don't guess it's too early to plan a hunting trip. I should be home from about the twentieth of December to the twentieth of January. This time there WILL be a great deal of hunting involved. I'd like to go to Cisco for about a week and really cash in on some carcasses. It's a long way off but there's nothing like planning ahead.

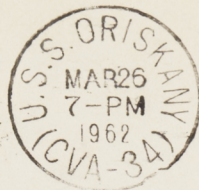
It's finally over between Beverly and I. She sent my ring back last week and I can't say I'm the least bit sorry.

How are you doing in school now days? I don't guess I should ask that question. You are probably still a perpetual honor roll member. Most nuclear physicists are.

Guess I'll go now and put ~~XXX~~ an end to this little masterpiece of a letter. It is a fairly shitty one but as you can probably tell, it lets you know I'm still alive.

Big

W. B. UTLEY
USS ORISKANY (CVA-34)
Care Of Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, California



Stuart Gentling
Room 304
Bechtel House
31 Mc Alister Dr.
New Orleans, Louisiana

Air Mail