

Sunday
June 10

Stu,

I guess by now you're home in Port
Worth taking life easy. Or maybe you've got
a job? No, I thought not.

Right now I'm on my way to Pearl Harbor.
The ship is about fifteen hundred miles
from San Diego right now, and is
supposed to arrive in Pearl Harbor this
coming Wednesday. I'll be there for
seven days all together and four of them
will be holidays. I'm going to meet
Jim Beard there and let him be my
guide. He has my civilian clothes there
and he also has a car. My four days
start on the twenty first of this month
and I will be twenty years old on the
nineteenth. Twenty years of age and a full
packet book are the only two requirements
for drinking on Oahu Island. Sounds like
fun, No?

Stu, I really saw something new this
morning. I was up on the flight deck

Taking a swim bath. All of a sudden
I started seeing millions of flying fish
skimming over the surface of the water.
They all jump clear of the water at once and
sail into the wind for about fifty or
seventy-five feet and disappear beneath
the surface again.

Well, I guess I'm about out of words
of wit and humor for now. Take it easy,
(or however you can get it) and I send you a
post card from Waikiki Beach.

Yours truly,
Bill