

12-10-1968

1968-12-10, Michael to Patricia

Michael Hammond


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Subject Terms

Michael "Mike"  Hammond; Patrice Rowe; December 10, 1968; Vietnam War 1961 1975 United States. Culver City (CA) -- History -- 20th Century; Vietnam War 1961 1975 United States. Personal Narratives; Vietnam War 1961 1975 United States. Social conditions 20th century; Vietnam War 1961 1975 United States. Social life and customs 20th century; Vietnam War 1961 1975 United States. Women - History - 20th Century; Vietnam War 1961 1975 United States. Regimental histories Photographer's Mate Second Class; Vietnam War 1961 1975 United States. Regimental histories Navy;

Keywords

U.S.A., U.S. Soldiers, correspondence, San Francisco, CA, Culver City, CA, troops, postal service, postal stamp, photography, foreign occupation, women at home, USS Constellation (CVA-64), U.S. Navy, Philippines, Baguio City, Philippines, Gulf of Tonkin, Vietnam, holiday, Christmas, culture, homesickness, gift, food, morale, humor, recreation and entertainment, leisure, hot weather, alcohol, celebration, housing, post-war hopes

Identifier

2014.059.w.r._Rowe_vietnamwar_1968-12-10_003

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December 10, 1968

Dear Patti,

Guess I should take my own advice and get hot. The date on your letter is Nov. 17, and you can see what the date is on mine. Be that as it may, here I am again, blabbering away about nothing in particular. That seems to be my forte.

We just left the Philippines, and are now back in the Gulf of Tonkin. Time passes by only a minute at a time out here, but it seems that our minutes are longer than anywhere else. I suppose that's mostly because it's nearing Christmas, and all of us are wishing we could be home for the holidays. I guess we'll all survive it, but none of us likes it.

Enclosed is a Christmas present for you. It's kind of bland, but at least I don't have to worry if it's the right size or color. It was made at an orphanage in Baguio City, so you can assume that it wasn't really very expensive as gifts at this time of year go, but it is genuine Filipino. That's not saying much, but you wouldn't understand that unless you'd been to the P.I. Anyway, Hope you like it.

In my last letter, I forgot to mention something that you asked about. That was cookies. My favorites are chocolate chips, but I'd like very much to try your specialty. Homemade cookies are something of a rarity out here, and are muchly appreciated by all hands - whether you want all hands to partake or not. The wolves just don't give one any choice. And if you mail them by SAM, it will save you considerable coin of the realm.

A couple of the things you mentioned in your letter started a wave of nostalgia here in the photo lab. One was report cards, which none of us have gotten in more time than most of us care to admit. Not that we're a bunch of old fuddy-duddies, it's just that if you admit to getting one fairly recently, you've also admitted to being able to remember grades, which I know I personally would rather forget. The other was football. Most of us follow the college and pro teams fanatically, but rarely, if ever, hear anything about our old high schools. A lot of us, myself included, played high school ball, and would like to hear, at least occasionally, how, or if, they ever made it without us.

You also mentioned that the temperatures there have been going into the 50's at night, which aroused a murmur of discontent. Out here, it runs into the 100's during the day, and cools(?) down nights - to the high 90's. I think all of us would like to be cold again, even just for a few minutes. We can't even get a cold shower, as the fresh water is stored near the boilers.

Sorry to say it, but I've got to go to work now, so I'll have to end this. I'll be looking forward to hearing from you soon. Have a merry, and drink one ~~to~~ for me New Year's Eve, as I'll be at sea - even on my birthday, the day after.

Love,
Mike

P.S. Sorry this letter is so typographically bad. I'll get the typewriter fixed before I use it again. It seems to make too many mistakes.