2-17-1969

Patrice Rowe Vietnam War Correspondence #3

Michael Hammond

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/prowe_collection

Recommended Citation

This Letter is brought to you for free and open access by the CAWL Archives: The Vietnam War at Chapman University Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Patrice Rowe Vietnam War Correspondence Collection by an authorized administrator of Chapman University Digital Commons. For more information, please contact laughtin@chapman.edu.
Subject Terms

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, culture, boredom, homesickness, humor, morale, discontent, discharge, post-war hopes, loneliness, passport, television, education, aviation, sex, immorality, fear, aggressor

Identifier
2014.059.w.r._Rowe_vietnamwar_1969-02-17_004

Copyright
The Center for American War Letters Archives promotes open access to its collections for "private study, scholarship, or research" subject to the intellectual property rights of others. Chapman University may not hold copyright or intellectual property rights to all items in the collections, and contents may be subject to restricted access or use. As a condition of accessing and using material from the Archives, you agree that you are responsible for obtaining all required consents of any copyright holder and to indemnify and hold the University harmless from and against any and all claims, losses, liabilities, and expenses, including reasonable attorney fees, that may arise from any third party claims for copyright infringement, torts, or invasion of publicity or privacy rights. You further acknowledge and agree that photocopies or other reproductions may only be made with the University's prior approval. Requests will be considered on a case by case basis and approval will be in the University's sole discretion.

This letter is available at Chapman University Digital Commons: https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/prowe_collection/3
PH2 Michael Hammond
OP Photo
USS Constellation (CVA-64)
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.
96601

POSTAGE DUE

Miss Patte Rowe
3349 Sherbourne Dr.
Culver City, California
90230
Dear Patti,

This will be a rather dull, short note to let you know that I'm still lolling around down here. And to put you in the spot of owing me a letter. Hope it will be more interesting than this.

Not much happening down here right now, as the ship is laid up for repairs. I've been pretty busy trying to get myself out of the Navy a little early. I hate to speculate on my chances, as I tend to be a rather optimistic pessimist - I think. Anyway, my request is finally in, approved at the first step, but not further. Guess I'll just have to wait and see. Hope my blues hold up - I'm all the way to my elbows now.

Finally got my passport, so the first step in my trek to jelly olde is taken. And I finally got started on my flying lessons. Hope to have my license by April, as we start operating again then.

If this seems rather disjointed, it's because I'm trying to watch laugh in...
at the same time I'm writing. Goldie is an absolute nut but she's great. (Just passed the word that there's a fire in the hangar bay - but it's only an electrical fire, so it shouldn't be bad.)

To go from trivial to worse (me), I'd like to express some of my thoughts about our first (date crosses my mind, but it wasn't really that) - uh - experience. I know I'm going to feel like a fool for what I'm about to say - but that never stopped me before. Well, here goes -

First off, you're a very attractive girl and quite stimulating - I mean that in its best sense. I have no idea what you thought of me, but I'm glad you carried the conversation as well as you did, or I'd have looked like a wasbe klutz than I did. And when I dragged you up to my room, I could see that you were very uneasy - and rightfully so, as everything you were thinking I was thinking. Maybe I'd just been overseas.
too long and just wasn't thinking. But keeping your cool allowed me to keep
mind - and remember that I'm not one
for forcing unwanted attentions on
anyone. I never have before, and I'm
very glad that my record is still intact.
Second, those thoughts that were
crossing my mind still do, but I've
come to the realization that they are way
out of line - for both you and me.
Not that beauty is lacking in any way
on your part. I think I've got an eye for beauty as any other photographer,
and I've seen loneliness in women from
Berlin to Bangkok. And flattery is not
my forte - bluntness is.
And third, it was just great being
around you. You make a guy feel as
though he counts for something. I guess you
personify the typical American teenager (love, children,
sex) and I just wish I'd have met you
about eight years ago - of course, you were
only eleven then, but I think you'll understand
what I mean.
Well, enough of this babbling - I've made a jerk of myself again, in more ways than one, but I'm going to mail this anyway. Guess I just have to "tell it like it is" and that's what's inside.

It's time to cut all engines and stow the old lady in the rock, so I'll close it here. Be looking forward to seeing (not seeing, hearing) from you soon (A rendition, slip??). 

Love,

Mike
Miss Patti Rowe  
3349 Sherbourne Dr.  
Culver City, California  
90230
17 February 1969

Dear Patti,

This will be a rather dull, short note to let you know that I’m still kicking around down here. And to put you in the spot of owing me a letter. Hope it will be more interesting than this.

Not much happening down here right now, as the ship is laid up for repairs. I’ve been pretty busy trying to get myself out of the Navy a little early. I hate to speculate on my chances, as I tend to be a rather optimistic pessimist – I think. Anyway, my request is finally in, approved at the first step, but no farther. Guess I’ll just have to wait and see. Hope my nails hold up – I’m all the way to my elbows now.

Finally got my passport, so the first step in my travels to jolly olde is taken. And I finally got started on my flying lessons. Hope to have my license by April, as we start operating again then.

If this seems rather disjointed, it’s because I’m trying to watch Laugh - in
at the same time I’m writing. Goldie
is an absolute nut but she’s
great. (Just passed the word that
there’s a fire in the hangar bay –
but it’s only an electrical fire, so
it shouldn’t be bad.)

To go from Trivia to worse (me),
I’d like to express some of my thoughts
about our first (date crosses my mind,
but it wasn’t really that) – uh – experience.
I know I’m going to feel like a fool for
what I’m about to say – but that never
stopped me before. Well, here goes –

First off, you’re a very attractive girl
and quite stimulating – I mean that in its
best sense. I have no idea what you
thought of me, but I’m glad you carried
the conversation as well as you did, or I’d
have looked like a worse klutz than
I did. And when I dragged you up to
my room, I could see that you were
very uneasy – and rightfully so, as everything
you were thinking I was thinking & was
thinking. Maybe I’d just been overseas
too long and just wasn’t thinking. But keeping your cool allowed me to keep mine – and remember that I’m not one for forcing unwanted attentions on anyone. I never have before, and I’m very glad that my record is still intact.

Second, those thoughts that were crossing my mind still do, but I’ve come to the realization that they are way out of line – for both you and me. Not that beauty is lacking in any way on your part. I think I’ve got as good an eye for beauty as any other photographer, and I’ve seen loveliness in women from Berlin to Bangkok. And flattery is not my forte – bluntness is.

And third, it was just great being around you. You make a guy feel as though he counts for something. I guess you personify the typical American teenager (love – children excepted) and I just wish I’d have met you about eight years ago – of course, you were only eleven then, but I think you’ll understand what I mean.
Well, enough of this babbling – I’ve made a jerk of myself again, in more ways than one, but I’m going to mail this anyway. Guess I just have to “tell it like it is” and that’s what’s inside.

It’s time to cut all engines and stow the old body in the rock, so I’ll close it here. Be looking forward to seeing (not seeing, hearing) from you soon (a Freudian slip??).

Love,

Mike