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U. S. NAVAL RECEIVING STATION

KEY WEST, FLORIDA

May 2, 1944

Dear Miss Mc Slynn,

Well, I guess I should be walloped a few times for not writing much sooner, but I guess I can make some sort of an excuse -- we had ten men in this office but have been cut down to just four now. Of course that gives each of us a little more work to do now so we can't waste any time now.

I just got to realizing that there isn't much left of this school year also so I thought I should let you hear from me again before it was too late. I just received a letter from "Dinny" Ljks today, and I sure was "tickled silly" to hear from a real pal after about five months of waiting. He is aboard a ship in the Southwest Pacific now, but I suppose you may already know about it. It seems funny that we should get such opposite assignments after training -- I end up in

a vacation land, and he ends up in the thick of it right off the bat. I suppose my turn may come up to leave some one of these days though, and then I may get a chance to see more of this world.

I was up in Miami for three days last week and had a swell time with a fellow "blueyacht" who comes from Syracuse, N. Y. We flew up via National Airlines instead of taking the bumpy, and dusty bus ride. We saved about four and half hours and were saving to go when we got there instead of being tired and dusty after a bus ride. These islands and Miami are a beautiful sight from the air just as they are from the ground. While in Miami, we went swimming at Miami Beach, took a boat ride along Miami + Miami Beach viewing all the beautiful homes belonging to millionaires, hired a snappy ^{road-}ster to ride all around Miami and its suburbs, saw the greyhound races - but didn't do any betting, etc. The three days flew, and we were back in Key West again before we knew it. I tried to get in touch with Jack

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Pineault while I was there, but I couldn't seem to locate him. We did, however, meet a few fellows who used to be stationed here with us and now have duty in Miami.

I'll be coming home again in August for fourteen days, but I'm afraid I won't be able to see anyone at school -- I should say college -- at that time. I'll be looking forward to coming home again during the winter again though when I can see the college in full session once more.

I want to thank you and the committee again for all your kindness in remembering us with your packages, News-letters, etc.

We have quite a number of Free French sailors here living on our station and attending school here along with a few Norwegian sailors who are waiting here for ships. The French sailors are awfully courteous and like to take part in sports here. They get quite a kick out of basketball and have gone in big for roller skating and table tennis also. Hardly any of them can speak a word of English, but they can make you

understand what they're trying to say. Most of the young ~~the~~
Norwegian sailors can speak very good English as they spent
quite a bit of time in England before coming to the U.S.
Both the French and Norwegians have much nicer uniforms
than the English "lads."

Well, now that I've just about ten minutes to make
the show I guess I'll have to say good-bye!

One of the boys,

Eddie Bocho

P.S. The new "rec" room looks mighty nice in that pic-
ture on the front page of the Log.