

ENSIGN RICHARD T. CLANCY
U.S.S. COLORADO
% P.O. SAN FRANCISCO

29 July 1944

Dear Edna,

Getting a bit chummier now that I'm away from the conventions of S.T.C. aren't I? I have so many letters to dash off at this my first opportunity in over a month that I ma forced to type so that I shall reach the maximum output before we get underway again in forty eight hours. There is a great deal taking place out here as you may gather from the press reports. At this writing though I am little the worse for wear. A bit more tired perhaps but that's about all. I'm sorry that I am unable to give you an on-the-scene report of our activities but the censorship lid is now clamped down tighter than ever. The picture on the whole looks well but no better than to cause me to re-echo my sentiments ~~that I may have mentioned to you in our very brief teta-a-tete. -to the effect~~ that this struggle will linger on for at least another three years. The opponents are not getting any easier as we near the goal line or would it be more accurate to say while we start throwing the ball around in ~~their~~ their part of field.

I say that I haven't written in over a month. Neither have I been in a position to receive mail. So there is quite a gap to befilled in . During the next two days I am hoping that this lag will be taken up. You may begin to comprehend what I have missed in the line of news when you recollect that since I've received my last message from the home front, the invasion of Europe has begun and is no longer " news ". I'm anxious to learn who from Salem participated in the big drive. I know that you are busy sending out that and similar information to us. //

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The weather out here at this season of the year is nigh on to unbearable. The sun is directly overhead and believe me Old Sol is showing very little mercy. My nose, ordinarily bothersome, during the summer, is typical of the stage Irichman's after an unusually long bender. I'm told if it gets a shade brighter they'll not let me stand topside watches at night for fear of disclosing the position of the ship to lurking subs.

Found one bit of silver lining in these dark clouds. A few days ago the Admiral of our Battleship division transferred his flag to our ship. Among his staff of communicators, much to my astonishment, appeared George Freeman. You may have heard from Mr.

Lowery that I wondered if I hadn't seen Freeman in San Francisco on the night of May 3rd while I was boat officer guiding a liberty party back to the ship. For the past few days we've had many enthusiastic discussions of Alma Mater, its instructors and our mutual friends. The Frat and College social events in retrospect brought about many a nostalgic moment. During my senior year I visited Freeman at his school in Connecticut. So we had that in common to discuss as well. He was making out splendidly theretill "duty whispered low thou must" and the breath of the draft board quickened his steps seaward. For the record his address is:

Ensign George Freeman
Battleship Div. 4
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco

Or his address for the next four or five weeks is the same as mine. He follows the Admiral wherever he whims to go and in a few weeks he'll make the West Virginia his flagship.

There is little more of news interest to write about now Edna, so I'll close. Remember me to everyone at Salem and to all your family.

Sincerely,

Dick