

July 4th

Dear Folks,

I don't like limiting my letters to one every other day as I've had to this past week, but with all the flying we've been doing I just can't do any better. Maybe things will slacken up soon and I can do better.

We struck a blow for freedom this fourth of July with a fine display of fireworks - naturally over Japan. Our target was another small town, this time on eastern Shikoku, called Tokushima. And it was the roughest one we've had yet - but I don't mean as far as flak or fighters were concerned. There was an immense smoke cloud lowering up to 20,000 feet and at

least 5 miles across above the target, and in we went. These airplanes can certainly take it. Luckily for us - you have no idea the bouncing we took. At Kawasaki we hit some smoke you may remember, but it was nothing compared to this. The wings were snapping and the engines shuddering so badly I thought we were all through. My chair, which ~~is~~ slides back and forth on three rails bolted to the floor, came off and tossed me against the turret. You re-member? How heavy my sextant and case ~~were~~ <sup>was</sup>; it flew up and hit the ceiling. My books and maps were all over, my flat suit was torn off me, and

my one man life raft  
which I'd been sitting on  
wound up in the nose.  
On the back all the floor-  
boards came up and flew  
all over, the toilet can  
came loose and spilled its  
contents all over; a 70 pound  
emergency kit flew over and  
hit Mac in the leg, and  
all his stuff was all over.  
That will give you some idea.  
The worst part of it for me  
though was listening to the  
wings "crack" and the en-  
gines labor as we surged  
up and down. I don't  
think we lost any planes,  
which is certainly a tribute  
to their ability to take it.  
I almost forgot - this will  
give you a pretty good in-  
dication - our nose wheel

was shaken half-way down,  
and its plenty hefted and  
screws up and down. Never-  
theless, it came down - Bob  
had to run it back up again.  
One humorous note was  
Carey - he'd been leaning over  
his right and wound up  
with one hand on his seat,  
one on the ~~so~~ top, and his  
legs wrapped around the  
bombight. We dropped our  
bombs just before getting  
into the wood of it, which  
was good, as we had a  
capacity load well up in the  
thousands of pounds and I  
don't think the plane  
would have stood it with  
the bombs still in. So much  
for the mission - hope we  
don't have to go through any  
more smoke clouds.

Your packages mailed June 7  
came yesterday, all in good  
shape. The cookies were delicious,  
and drew many compliments.  
I got my biggest thrill out  
of them and the cashews.  
Din really making both  
last. The can of vegetable  
soup I took on the mission,  
set it on the radio all the  
way and warmed it up,  
then ate it out of the can.  
Really tasted well. Thanks  
so much for everything.

I also received a ~~letter~~ box  
from Aunt Garry today -  
Mushroom & Vegetable soup,  
Candy, and orange juice.  
(Speaking of juices, I gave  
away the can of carrot juice  
you sent!) It was a very  
nice of her to send it, and  
I'll enjoy everything in it.

After interrogation and a shower I went right to bed this morning, but was awatered about 1600 by Jim Maher. I was dead tired - they held AA practice in the park near the hut and I didn't even hear it - and it took me about 10 minutes to come to. He was down to see me and two other friends of his here on the island. We went over to the club for a beer then had supper, after which he left. Had quite a nice visit, brought me up to date on all the news of our buddies up on Tinian - Lee was shot down over Tokyo, though, which wasn't very pleasant. He got married just after we graduated last spring, had

a very pleasant wife. It was good to see Juni.

And now to all the mail I have from you. It seemed to all come at once - six letters in two days, yesterday and today.

First is Mom's of the 18th - news of the weather and Mary Ann's outings - not anything that requires any special comment.

Next in order was another of Mom's June 27<sup>th</sup> and. News of your housecleaning, receipt of my pictures, and move on Mary Ann and her Playhouse schedule. I told Bob of your saying you liked his looks and he was quite pleased.

No. 3 was dated the 7<sup>th</sup>, again from Mom. The relocating sounds very

sure - I shall be looking forward to seeing it. Also enjoyed the little intelligence about Betty M. being thinner - is it noticeable or only visible to the critical eye?

Next one is from Dad, on the 26th - started out by saying you didn't know what to write but wound up with quite an epistle.

I appreciated both yours and Mom's advice on my slippage for a while there - I'm back on the beam now though. It's very reassuring to know you're all behind me and praying for me. Mac and I got things straightened out. Aunt Cora's advice to see my "Flight Officer" was a laugh - I don't think she realizes what's going on. You can go to see your flight

Surgeon but he won't ground you unless you're physically incapacitated (broken leg, etc.). If he does, Operations wants to know why and it had better be a pretty good reason. They have to put so many planes in the air at such hell of high water, and we're very short of crews here.

I nearly fell over when I heard Tess was expecting - told Juni Maher about it and he was more surprised than I, as he didn't even know she was married. She and Howie aren't waiting long, are they?

Last letter was from Jack on the 27th. I enjoyed all the news in it very much. Will have to close now.

It's 7:30 and I'm dead  
tired. We're probably going  
out again tomorrow, so, so  
I'll need the sleep.

Love,

Emmett

P.S. 77 missions now!