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Folder Title:
July 1944

Stack:	Row:	Section:	Shelf:	Position:
G	35	1	1	2

July 1st

Dear Mum and Dad,

This afternoon is a nice
quiet one. 4 of us are back here in the ready
room 'standing by' in case anything comes up, but
it is unlikely that we will have to take to the
air. Today is the first day I haven't flown
since my return to this ship from the hospital.
It is so nice to be able to sleep. We always have
to get up for morning General quarters around 5,
then earlier for flight quarters, but after 6.30 if
we don't have a hop we can sleep. We are
usually so tired we can sleep anytime - This
PM I slept till lunchtime. What I
wouldn't give for a week's rest either in the dorm.
or bungalow at K'port. I told you I had
lost & I didn't I. Don't worry, however,
because we have been on the go steadily for
the last month. I should be able to regain the
& in a week in port when and if we get one.

No news mail has come in with a result
that I have had one letter from you postmarked
Tues. I hope mail has with the ship for you.
I have written quite a few letters the last month
to you, and hope that they have all reached you by now.

We now have 2 new pilots in the squadron. They are both Ensigns and very nice fellows. They haven't had quite so much experience in carrier landings but they'll be O.K. with a little practice.

I maybe have made Lt. (j.g.) today, however the Bill-Navy list doesn't reach us for ages out here so we don't know. We have 8 of us who are June 1st in commission - that means we've been Envs. 13 months. Out here it really makes little difference. If not this month should certainly make it next. The pay is retroactive so notification of promotion has no effect ~~on~~ on your pay. By the way has my \$143 allotment been coming in regularly. I haven't ever heard if you're getting it, but I hope so, since it's been deducted from my pay every month. We can really save the money out here. Except for the mas bill, \$35 this month, we have practically no expenses. I did buy myself a new pipe to spell off my Kaywoodie. Hope I never do take up the cigarette -

of our Mr Melvin and one other pilots, Jack Galy, have been recommended for high Navy decorations. I hope they get them - I can't tell you what they did, but it happened when I was on the destroyer. They won't hear for several months I believe.

This no mail has really left me wondering -
 Firstly did Mrs get home? Are you going
 to Maine? will Nance go? etc. Did Mrs get around,

hard news we may get relieved in
 November - wouldn't that be nice. Though it is
 still months away. I got that ticklish excited
 feeling in my stomach just thinking of getting
 back to the states. I was you all so my wish.

Happy Birthday. Now, I think I wrote
 it before, but today is the day 20 ones
 again very happy returns.

Am now reading "So Little Time" - some of it
 is really funny - maybe it's not supposed to be
 but it strikes me funny anyway.

My blue & green uniforms are beginning
 to molder. It was so absurd to make us
 bring them from the States in the first place.

My new plane seems to be a pretty good one.
 It's not really new - just one for the squadron
 still have my same 2 crewmen, Washburn & Delaney.
 They are both fine fellows and I certainly am
 well pleased with them. Delaney especially is
 really a first rate crewman.

Well that covers what I. H. H. news I can
 write - love to you both and to Ruth, T. J. Nance and
 Virginia. It is there - your ever loving, Pop

Dear Mum & Dad,

July 5th

Yesterday was most unlike the 4th of July - the way we used to enjoy it, though it did have one thing in common. I wonder if the Pyons or Reds had their usual glorious display of fireworks - somehow I sort of doubt it. Perhaps by next year will be able to celebrate the way we used to, but somehow I sort of doubt it - I hope I'm wrong.

Still have gotten no mail. That makes one letter from both of you dated June. It will be so nice to get all the overdue ones, and read all the news I have been dying to hear.

One of our fighter pilots whom they had sort of given up hope for, has returned. He was picked up in his raft after 17 of the most amazing days you could dream of. This is a story which will undoubtedly receive

attention from ~~the~~ some magazine. a May
Incidentally did you see in ~~the~~ Collier's
about "Kiy" Blair's experience - do
you remember him at Maine.

we are still working a good deal
and without any intermission. By now
 alot of the stuff isn't as bad as
it was at first, but there's always
a few moments of apprehension on every
hop. "Seeing Action" becomes a very
fate phrase - its used a lot, and
so often is sort of taken for granted.
with each of us its different, however,
and we give it a good deal of
respect. It's when you get careless
or casual that you usually meet with
unfortune. Don't worry about me,
however, I have to luck to live for to
ever become careless, Mama.

I hope you mailed me those
stamps. I have very few left and
when I get them soon, my letter
will take months to arrive, because

meals, and with a little rest should
be up again. I am feeling fine now
in spite of my weight loss.

We had a big squaddoon 'Acy-
Quay' Tournament (our main poker
game) I drew it up, but still
lost in the 2nd round. Gar Hole
won and Mont was runner up.
Mont was athletic - hasn't
had any "egg-s-c" for days.

Well, Mum & Dad, I
must be on my way - Give Ben a
hiz. For me if you should see
her ~~her~~

Love to all the Family.
your ever devoted,
Pete

PHOTOCOPY
GB HANDWRITING

Dearest Mum & Dad,

July 9th

Well today is the one we have all been waiting for. Well do I remember when in G.C.D.S. I used to look forward to vacations regardless of the fun I might be having at ~~home~~ ^{school}. From whenever things seemed the three was always the vacation to look ahead to. Out here it's the same idea, only the incentive is not vacation, but putting into a port and getting some mail. We are now there - our work done for a very short time anyway - but at least the intensity and driving routine of life under battle conditions will be relaxed for a day. We cannot go ashore or anything like that - mainly cause there's not a thing to do in this hole; but we can sleep and we can read and re-read your marvelous letters. Never in my life have letters meant so much to me. ^{No sooner had} ~~then~~ we dropped anchor than a lighter came alongside with 80 bags of mail - our first in

ago. The excitement throughout the ship was indescribable ~~and~~ ^{then came} the first mail call and the cheer that went up. It will take several days to get all the mail assorted, but so far I have gotten one each from both of you, Ben, Flash, Garry, & Freddy. I know there are more which makes it even better.

I read yours first, Dad, as it was in the first mail call. You had written it after the Pres-Harmon affair. Just getting the news, bringing ~~you~~ you all so near to me has made me happier than I've been since I've left. Your assumptions were correct about what we've been doing and I will supply details if I possibly can. I'm so glad Ben was there with you all. He loved it and wrote so sweetly about everyone. Incidentally, Ben never should have told you about our laughing over Ham. It was the name I assure you. Ben

catch up on. This last month
has been an experience I can never
forget. Only when the European storm
has subsided, will you realize
the tremendous and magnificent job
that has been done here. I am
proud to be a member (minute
particle) of ~~an~~ ^{an} ~~order~~ ^{order} of this
caliber.

Well my loved ones I won't
stop. Tonight after three letters
and all I feel so happy and
yet I miss you & Barbara so
terribly much. Your trust, ~~and~~ ^{your love,} and
your faith keep me going - keep
me looking ahead to the day when
I can return to you.
Remember, I do feel your love
reaching way out here. It is
a great comfort I assure you.
My pride and love for you both
plus my deep deep affection for you
being Barbara have given me
strength and always shall.
I love you both so very much -
your love,

P.S. Give up taking care ~~and~~
big by and has: for me, Mum. Oh
how I wish to!!

George

PHOTOCOPY
GB HANDWRITING

Dear Mum & Dad,

July 12th

Most of the mail has been landed out and now I feel well caught up on all the family news.

Yesterday I received a letter from you postmarked July 3rd so that will give you an idea as to how the mail runs.

I wish the mail service was always that rapid but unfortunately conditions make that impossible as you can readily see.

The last few days have been a good deal of fun. The weather here at this point is terribly hot and you can't help but feel it, however our room remains fairly cool. For some reason I haven't been sleeping very well but today I slept a little and I'm sure I will have no trouble to write.

First which I remember I am enclosing a copy of a letter from Tim Wykes' mother. ~~the~~ Mrs. Anna Wykes (don't know husband's name) Please save it for me, Mum. It is to me a beautiful letter, perhaps not eloquent or verbose, but one written from the depths of a loving mother's

heart. How ^{my} heart aches for them.
Tim has 2 brothers, both in service, and then
his mother and father. Still no word ~~from~~
him and though I have not given up
all hope, it is a bit discouraging. Today
Buck Daniels, Lou Brooks. I was standing
at the small boat landing when a
dark-skinned fellow jumped out of a
little landing boat. He looked an awful
lot like Tim and tho' I was just
stared. Unfortunately it wasn't he at all.
I told you that Bob Whelan, Wyke's gunner,
is married and his wife is with child. That,
too, is terribly sad. I doubt near to
dwell on this subject for so long, but
Tim was very close to me, and I feel
his loss more each day. He has not
been the only fellow I know that has
been lost - not by a long shot - but I
knew him so well.

Yesterday AM the Torpedo Squadron
played the Fightron in softball, or
first exercise in over a month. We
all went ashore. It was terribly hot.
but the marines there have a diamond
and we had a good workout. Every time
I go ashore at one of these places I

realize how lucky we are being ship-based -
clean clothes, plumbing, nice rooms, better
food etc.] The game was fun, Torpman
winning 14-6. I played first & field
alternating with Grah. After the ball
game we went down to the Officers club.
It is just a building with a bar, but
they sell nice cold beer, and they have a
beach there we all tossed some several
brows - tasting like nectar after our
workout and then hit the water. The
water is a bit warm for my liking, but
it still felt delicious. We just rolled
and floated around for one or
two hours. I thought of you all at Kport
or Fletcher and missed you more
than ever.

About 1.30 I washed back for
the ship and at 2.30 hit the sack
feeling all in - mostly from the
blazing sun. I had been very zitty
and had been exposed all day. My
face was so red I could hardly move it,
and my body looked like a lobster -
save for the usual respectable white
ring - yes we do have to wear suits in
there. out of respect for the nurses
who may pass by. I haven't seen one yet,

but there are supposed to be some. I
applied everything from shaving cream to
Tengens lotion to no avail. Last night
we had an ~~Awake~~ ~~Barfly~~ movie - old but
amusing. - My fitful and non-relaxing
sleep was disturbed at 3.30 when I
was awakened for security watch.

Today the ball game went in again,
this time armed with Tropic Acid and
underbills. I fared much better
this time as far as sun went. The fighters
beats us today so now Friday we play
off the championship. This time we took
some sandwiches along with us, and
they went well with the beer. I was
away of the sun so I didn't swim,
but hitched a ride back to the ship
in the Captains gig. Several of us were
waiting in it when he arrived, and he
had no alternative but to invite us to
ride out with him - He is a good man
anyway. I really slept well, after
reading my mail - one letter from Ben. Oh
yes and after censoring about 60
letters. The crew are now writing letters
like mad and as always have a
frenzied stock to censor.
Thanks a lot for the stamps I
(over)

really needed them and was thitted to
have them drop out. All your war clippings
were interesting reading. I hope you
do so next time. I also have
the baseballs, Alvin's clippings.
- Bush Davis subscribes to the Yacht.
weekly, so I see that once in a while.

Once again Alvin, who you don't have
from me for a spell don't worry -
The papers tell lots more than we do can
so get the word from them.

Sam's been seeing Tim lately
but I'll spit on him from the air
shortly for you -

The shipper & Jack Guy are both
getting the Navy Cross I think.
How's that! Wow!

I am reading Husley's *After Many*
an *Evening* did the *War*. However, mail
plus back magazines have kept me
from reading any more of it. Life magazine
is coming then, now. R. D. Grant, N. Yorker, Time,
Bluebook, and like me the ones I get.
The one real old ones they arrive, but
still interesting.

I've gotten tons of mail. Freddy Van St.
over in Eng., Tim O'Brien going to
OCS in San Antonio. Flop Follanoke, Count
Barons, Red Dog, Ross Walker plus Family

How welcome they all are. Mr. Maynard,
about you may remember from P.A. has T.B.
and will be in sanatorium like Pres. was.

Where are Pres. & Anne living. What
will they do etc.?

Be sure to keep me informed on Ed & Vince -
where they go after operational etc. They
don't write, so I am counting on you -
also Bill Gray, Pete Flanagan or any other
that may be coming this way.

Nance is home by now and I am
con wording if you are going to go see
the Penguin. Betty Lois Fether is around
these parts. I've read his name on certain
orders etc, though his work isn't with
carriers. ~~etc~~

Bill, I received and read that
pamphlet. 'Justice Day Letter' Thank
for sending it along.

Well that about covers the
news from this end for the time being.
Much love to you all. I do so
miss you, and long to get back
home -

lots of love

Bob

July 19th

Dea Mum and Dad,

It's been quite awhile since my last letter, but no mail has left the ship anyway so I don't feel too guilty. That's the worst thing about being at sea - no mail to ~~me~~ or from.

We have been flying a good deal lately and certainly will earn our flight pay for this month - wow. You hit the nail right on the head last time, so this time when we hit port I hope to find your letters filled with the clippings of what we have been doing - they are really interesting to read - just like reading about a ball game you played in.

Right now I am back in the ready room - supposedly a ready pilot. They have to have a certain number of these ready pilots in case anything comes up. I flew this morning. It is really pretty nice to get done flying early in the day. You can shower, get all cleaned up and then look forward to the rest of the day.

Every day I realize more and more how lucky we are to be aboard ship. Flying from a carrier may have a few more wrinkles to it as far as actual flying goes, but what you don't have in the way of tremendous runways and navigational aids in the way of landmarks, you make up for by the comforts which a ship affords. They are not luxurious by a long shot, but we always have the clean bed, etc. - the things that our infantry and also land-based squadrons have to do without. We have seen some of the advanced boys in their "homes". Books portray conditions fairly accurately, but till you've actually seen the places themselves you cannot fully picture what they go through.

The weather is still, and probably always will be, the same. It's hot and the air has none of the zip that Maine offers. How I miss K'port right now. I just wrote Bar and told her how much I wished we were up there. ~~rig~~ I have no trouble sleeping here actually, but it's only because when it comes time to hit the old sack I am really tired. ~~isn't~~

Lt. Carre~~tt~~ (~~xxxx~~), our mess treasurer has been putting on better food lately. ~~xxxx~~ Mess Treasurer sure is a thankless job - everyone complains.

The flying has been going smoothly lately and all is well.

It's almost time for dinner so I'll sign off. My letters have all been so terribly meager lately, but there is little we can write home of interest. I will write soon again and do a better job.

Much much love to all at home. I do so miss ~~you~~ you and love you all.

your ever loving,

GPB
P.S. That looked this over - spelling seems a bit off. I assure you it's the typing - not my mind!

Photocopy — George
Bush Handwriting

Dear Mum & Dad,

July 21st

Another day, another dollar. Today really dragged by. We have been flying a good deal lately and also have been getting a lot of standby's. That is be in the ready room, prepared to take off at a minutes notice. We all hate these standby's.

The news lately has been good. The developments here (note the date of this letter) plus the European shows we have heard rumors about an attack on Hitler - tomorrow our ships paper will give us the word - though it will be in brief form.

This morning I felt very poorly - I had a fever and felt all weak at the knees etc. I shooed anyway and that helped, for when I returned, I felt 100% better. When I turn the light off in a few minutes I should have no trouble sleeping. How I was the good long sleeps I always got at home

and everywhere else except out here -

Our past so far has been quite dull, not as good as before. Things change rapidly, however. One thing, though, the house sure pile up. Ficky Byers is with us this time.

There is a union that will ~~very~~ leave the ship tomorrow. I hope some comes aboard, too, but I don't doubt it.

I have just been reading over some of the recent letters I got - those that came in in port the last time. How much I miss you all. Sometimes I feel like crying, sitting up here reading these letters with my heart thousands

of miles away - right there with you all and my precious Baker. How I'd like to throw my arms around her and also little Buckyboy - and oh well - ~~the~~ my whole wonderful family. Our work is interesting and exciting - what we are doing is worthwhile certainly and I'm proud to take part in it, but my life, my interests and my love ~~do~~ do not lie

out here, but right there with all of you.

During these last few hectic days, I have had little time for reading on the line - most fun when you get the chance is to stretch out on the sack or in a ready-made chair and think. I often try to figure out what I'll do after the war.

One thing which appeals to me, is a job like Pressing - go to S. America for a year (not rich now) - It would be fun provided, of course, I can come with me.

The whole fun of it would lie in our being together - laughing and stumbling along in Portuguese, Spanish or what have you. Perhaps on weekends we could go flying somewhere, see the sites, land at some lake - anything. Barbara with her Northampton Spanish, we with none at all - live in our small cottage.

The only thing I'd be scared of would be that it'd be lonely - miles away from her family and friends. I wouldn't

care what kind of work I did.

So far I haven't been able to
make up my mind on what I want to
do. I don't want to fly for a living -
(at least certainly not in the way
of being an airline pilot on some
similar job). Further education isn't
at the top of my mind by a long shot. If I
went to college I'd definitely find plenty
to interest me - at that I am now.
Before, while in P.D., I couldn't see
that. I took the war, and the Navy
to show me how advantageous a good
education can be. I say advantageous
and not necessary, for I do feel
that I could get along with a
bit of initiative and honest endeavor
provided I could get some employer
to give me a chance. I am prepared
and fully cognizant of the fact that
my salary will not be the what
it is now. Barbara, to, knows what
to expect. When I return next
fall I'll have saved \$3000 - we
can work that last while anyway.

Besides the 3 other and college plans - there
is a third - a regular job in the U.S.

Fortunately all 3 appeal to me. I know
that no matter which works out, we
shall be happy. Perhaps I am
being a bit stony-eyed, but I don't
seem so. I shall continue to ponder
and to worry - I'm sure of that -

It would be nice to know I could
get a job for me - a job which
would not ~~be~~ require me to do a hitch-
march because I don't have a "college
education".

I have had lots of ideas which
perhaps someday I'll tell you about -

Tomorrow we get to sleep in -
yeah - till 5:15. lately we've been
getting up ~~there~~ much earlier, but
Fricky's Admiral is letting us off without

a real early flight.

I am so anxious to get your
next letters -

All in all, things with us are
fine - life not too rugged. I miss

you were there even last then I
certainly should.

Mrs. Moore writes me about once a
week or once every 10 days. She is
so sweet to us.

Will sign - seal this now -
Here's hoping it reaches you before
too long -
Much love to all,
P.P.

the little "man in the moon" for
1.5 Kilo. Barbara was so right when she
said she looked our first up
like Bush. So often I think of little
things about him - ^{unburst} out
laughing. Still laugh at the parachuting,
and then the Kuro's day episode

"Thanks, Mother, thanks a lot for the
one thing I didn't want" - he said.
then when you told him ^{To} thank Marion
for bringing him his sweater. "Thank, Marion,
for the big hot sweater a guy ever had"

Dear Mum and Dad,

July 26th

Yesterday was just about
the most fun for us since we've been
out. I wish I could describe the hop to
you in detail, but that's out - will just
have to let it go with 'it was really
exciting, gratifying, etc.' I will try to
remember all details to tell you, as it is
well worth re-telling. I have collected a few
pictures which I will bring home with me -
perhaps they will refresh my memory on some
of the details I want to tell you about
when we get there. The hop was a search
(Dick Houle & I were the 2 torpede-planes)
and hunting was good.

we haven't gotten my mail for a
long time - same as before. So I probably
mentioned a few times goes quickly
while at sea, but I sure miss the
old letters. I still don't know if you're
in Maine or what, but this should be
forwarded by Alec if need be.

~~Today~~ Today I had one
flight and now am all there - a
nice free afternoon staying in in the
lunch. I think I'll log in a few more
sack hours a little later.

We have seen a good deal, and I

have brought myself to do things ~~which~~ which
probably would seem atrocious to you both -
things which we've been ordered to do -
but little "asides" when we can vent our
wrath - some on our own. ~~Attorneys~~ ~~also~~
I am in my bed. I wonder if I done
right at times, but I never have regretted
any of my words. It's a funny thing
when you're riding your life you are
captivated by some passion which
increases your anger and when you
get a good safe chance, you want
to let yourself go. At least that the
way it is with me. When opposition is
heavy, however, I prefer to move on. I have
been plenty scared at times and I don't mind admitting
it. Enclosed are some pictures -
poor ones - that were taken recently -
please save them as I probably will
be pleased to have 'em later on.

The one with them 3 of us shows
left to right Delany, my radioman,
He rides in the tunnel of the plane.
He is a good man and I am very
fond of him. Nadreau, my tank gunner
is next. He is a pretty good gunner,
and a nice fellow, but I don't think
he likes to fly as well as Delany.
Next is Bush. ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~4~~.

The guy on the wing is French

PHOTOCOPY
GB HANDWRITING

Paolette, my plane captain. I have told
you about him. He's ~~about~~ ^{is} 28 yrs. old,
looking about 24. I'd say age. Norman
21 or 22.

The test picture is not so good,
but it does show my ~~new~~ latest aircraft,
Paolette thought. Bob was too short, so
it's now Barbara. He really takes an
interest in the plane - always
eager to fix anything which may be
out of order.

Frank DeLoe is out here and
I hope to see him when we hit port.
It's such fun to meet people you
know.

Please send along a few more
stamps if you can, Mum, or already
that good supply you sent me is beginning
to dwindle.

We got another new pilot, making
our total 14. I don't know if he'll stay
with us for good. He is an Ensign
and graduated around January 1st
of this year. You see these
replacement pilots come right out

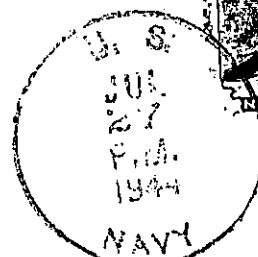
after operational training - they
don't go in a squadron and train in
the d.s. for a while like we did!

All in all things are ok. with
me. I've put back a few of those
missing pounds. I am happy
but missing you all and But
none there now.

Nothing much does to report -
love to all,
Mick

PHOTOCOPY
GB HANDWRITING

Encs: 6 H.W. Bush
UT 51
F.R.O.
San Francisco,
Cal.



Mr. & Mrs. P. S. Bush

Grove Lane
Greenwich,

Conn.

A 2A.

PHOTOCOPY
GB HANDWRITING

Dear Mom and Dad,

Sunday July 30th

Still at sea and still no mail, however yesterday some left the ship, and at least I have the satisfaction of knowing that a few letters are at last on their way to you. We have been out for quite a while, and now I am so anxious to get all the news from you both and from Bar. Perhaps someday soon some destroyer will bring us what we're all waiting for.

The last week has been one of some excitement and some sorrow. We lost ~~an~~ another one of our pilots. 4 of us went out and the 3 of us had to return without him. I cannot give anyone details about it, but it is sad. There is still a chance that he has been rescued, and we just haven't heard as yet. That's what we're all hoping.

Yesterday Jack and Melvin both received the Navy Cross - a great honor. The medal itself is being sent to them but they got the citation.

They The person passed the citations so it is now O.K. to say that they were the first planes to attack and hit the enemy fleet. Only 2 of our went out and

Those were they. Several fighter pilots
received the DFC or Air Medal for
shooting down planes, and the signal
officer got the Bronze Star for
safely landing a goodly number of planes
under hazardous conditions. The Captain
of the ship did the presenting, since no
awards were available.

We have been doing a good deal of
flying and sort would be welcome right
now, however time goes by much quicker
at sea, it seems; so I figure our
tiredness is worth it. It only we had
the mail come aboard regularly.

The papers at home undoubtedly
have carried reports of our latest
activities, and for the most part things
must look pretty encouraging on both
fronts.

Paul Ingalls wrote me ages ago
so when you see Mrs. I mention it to her
with you. I am most anxious to know it
you are at home right now. It so
Bucky must be having the time of
his life. Too bad J.T. has to live out on
piloting the "Tomboy". Pres and I did
have such wonderful time in it. I'm down
at camp - you never mentioned it, so

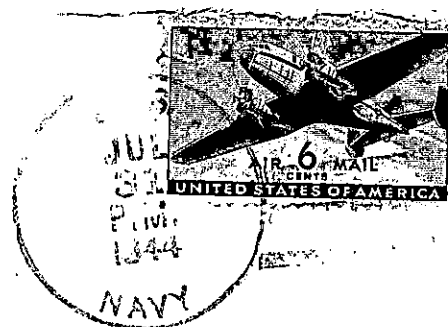
I forgot about that possibility till
just now.

I wrote the Pinner a few days ago
asking them how they felt about
a wedding when I got back. I have
been thinking about it so much and
wondering how they felt that I just
had to write. I don't even like to think
how it will be if they say "No." I
have counted on it so much, even then
imaginary plans so so often, and in
fact just based my whole future
around it, that I shall be very
disappointed if they choose
to wait.

If they agree I shall apply for
instruction duty as soon as I return to
the States. What my chances of getting it
will be I don't know - not too good. I'm
inclined to believe, but I could apply
anyway. ~~But~~ If I don't get it
I should wait a few months in the
States anyway - either training with a
new ^{or} squadron or shifting into
different type planes and training in them.
In any case we should have time enough
to get married in, and then be together for
a while. Oh I do so hope they say
(over)

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