

2 September 1945
Sunday Eve.

Darling Melba,

I love you Sweetheart and am still waiting for your wonderful letter. Today we had mail-call, but there was hardly any ^{air} mail in it. I received the letter from "Doc" Surgeon mailed "free" from Notre Dame on August 1st; so the air-mail is still way ahead of the regular mail. I also received the July issue of the Readers Digest.

Today one of the airplanes crashed on landing. He was little too low on his approach and the ship was pitching a little so that the stern came up to meet the plane just as he was landing, that made the force of the landing twice as hard and the plane hit the deck a little sooner than was expected, so the nose was down too far. When the plane hit, it blew out both tires and the nose went over on ~~the~~ the deck. It bent the propeller all out of shape smashed one landing gear and cut a hole in the wooden deck where the prop hit. The

A pilot wasn't hurt and it took a little time to patch the deck before the rest of the planes could land, but that only took a little over five minutes.

Today they landed the 13,000th plane on deck. They had a huge, five layer square ~~cake~~ baked with white frosting and one large candle and the words 13,000th written on it. They took pictures of the pilot with the cake and then cut it up and gave pretty large pieces to the pilots and landing crew. (Helldiver)

Today one of our SB2C planes failed to return. They were to go out over Japan just for a display of strength and show, but were forced to return because of bad weather. He was missing right after his formation went through a ~~bad~~ spot of weather and never showed up again. He called his flight leader at the time asking for his position and that was the last heard from him. It looks as if he spun in. Search planes went out all

afternoon to search the area but had no success. Tomorrow they are going to send out more search planes, but things don't look so good and bad weather is moving this way. It seems a crime to lose pilots now that the war is over and on an unnecessary flight too.

I wrote a long letter to the folks today. The first I have written since Eniwetok. I related my experiences up to the present. In fact I was amazed, it was a twelve page letter. I am going to try and get caught up on the rest of the letters I owe, but it seems a rather hard task for me.

"Doc" Surgeon didn't say much except that he was married and his wife was with him in South Bend. He is Personnel Officer and Aide to the Epec, which means he replaced Left. In fact one of the fellows on the transport ran into Left at Pearl Harbor. "Doc" says he doesn't know what he would do if he didn't have competent yeoman. He says he would much rather be an instructor or company officer.

Take care of yourself and be good Darling. all my love
1945

AFTER FIVE DAYS RETURN TO

Lt. (jg) F. E. Swagerty

U.S. Ticonderoga (CV-14)

% F.P.O. San Francisco, Calif.



VIA AIR MAIL

Mrs. Floyd Swagerty
1029 Cleveland Lane
Napa, California

Rcd. 9/12

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