December 16, 1943

Majent Service Club,

Merry Christmas & a Happy New Year to you and your folks back there state side. I am fortunate enough to have a quart of good Scotch, which by the way I could sell for fifty dollars, that I have carried with me from the States one twelve months ago; yes I think Ill have a Merry Christmas way out here.

I can imagine its pretty nice to see all the old gang paying visits to the college & also great fun for them to be back. As for myself it will be July before I expect to be back in Little Rock just two years since I left.

But here its business as usual with strikes every day, to date I’ve been on nine strikes or raids as some people call them & several flights aiding ground troops. Don’t forget for a minute that these ground troops are really going through hell up against Japs who are experts in really digging in & making themselves invisible.

As far as dive bombing goes it’s still as much fun & exciting as it ever was only now we have a new added attraction – that’s the stuff thrown up to greet us. AA or this is plenty of it. You go into your dive with your two trustees flying away right into your target all the way from fifteen to twenty thousand feet & straight down then drop your bombs & get out – I do mean fast unless you want a tail full
of arrows & they can really burn. All this sounds wonderful nothing to it but don’t forget you’ve got a target to hit that is about twenty to forty feet across such as a gun position. Sometimes you on your target & sometime you not but you do your damnedest for its either you or him.

The chow is fair nothing to brag about, plenty of dust when it’s dry or plenty of mud when it’s wet, bugs not too bad, rats plentiful in fact every night we hear the bell tower not once up or down in the hut chewing everything they can get into.

This isn’t much of a letter just a few odds & ends of our life out here & what life bombing is like. No you don’t feel too good at times in fact your head stuff but it all happens so fast you don’t have time to sit around worry about it.

My regards to Mrs. Rawley & any of the other teachers still around. Right now its me for the next a good nights sleep undisturbed by misses naps I hope.

Sincerely
Bob Marshall

P.S. Thanks for the letter & information on some of the Bryant Alumni.