

May 7. V.E. day - no surprise. everything
I see in celebration way. I heard
10 PM. kids up forgot tell them to bed
Come, 1st Comm. Sunday P.T.O. pers. Comm.
Dunkers report - must take after Pap.
from the E. Ireland contest. P.T. which
not here long time - J. Slaney will be
Sunday again will be holding you in my arms
that will be my Victory day.

May 8. V.E. one day Premier's celebrat. Today after Proctor,
no school aft. Noon - rain worse luck - 4th ann.
meeting. Fr. told me abt Cassille ans. questions "that
Fr. You don't st.P. no to know all the ans. do you?"
Navy releasing men over 41 ans. - letter from Johnny
about Newton Hicks. How is he? you'll be squats.
at least kids have reason -

Sunday May 30, 1943.
9.45 P.M.

Dearest Parker,

Well, we've come to the
end of a busy and rather happy
day.

Tinker received First Holy Communion at the 8 o'clock mass this morning. He looked darling! I was so proud! The little girls wore white dresses and white veils. They looked like little brides. They carried a candle and Prayerbook and rosary. The boys wore all white too. They had white carnations on the lapel and a white ribbon on the right arm. ^{the ribbon} ~~which~~ had a gold chalice and the host. and under-
neath, the words, "First Holy Communion".
~~at 8 o'clock~~ They carried a white candle and black Prayerbook and a rosary.

At Communion time, during mass, they approached the altar row by row. Tinker had confided in me that

best in the way of accessories to his suit. I bought the best tie, arm band, etc. - to be had from the pisters. in all, it cost about ten dollars - not counting the white suit. Mrs. St Mayo loaned me the suit her boy wore when he made his Communion.

He has a beautiful picture remembrance. It reads - "Remembrance of first Holy Communion."

Joseph P. Hillman - received his first Holy Communion in St Michael's Church in Atlantic City, N.J. on the 30th day of May, 1943.

John Quaremba - Pastor."

Next year it will be Camille's turn, Oh, I forgot to tell you, the first thing Pinker said this morning was, "Gee, I wish Daddy could see me dressed up like this."

Well, that's the reason I'm having

he was worried. He was afraid the host would slip off his tongue or that he wouldn't be able to swallow it. - Well, I remember when I made my First Communion, I had the same fears.

I watched him as they went to the altar rail when it was time. Father was still three or four boys' away, when I noticed Tinker sticking his tongue out and staring intently at the one who was receiving the host. He was Practicing. I was so exasperated! I hope to one noticed him. He was afraid he wouldn't get his tongue out far enough.

I took him to the Plaza for a photograph, on the way downtown and back, almost everyone admired him and remarked ^{on} how preet he looked.

Jim Proud to say he had the

a good photo made, so you can see exactly how he looked.

Tomorrow night he has to get all decked out again for the May Procession. They have the ceremonies of crowning the statue of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary. It's a beautiful service. The children march up and down the ^{aisles} ~~aisles~~ ^{strewing} fresh flowers then ~~they~~ a chosen girl crowns the Virgin at the Altar.

I don't know whether the above has interested you or ~~hope it~~ ^{hope it} hasn't been boring you. I guess it's hard for a Non-Catholic to understand all the things that mean so much to us.

I have a very bad cold. My head is all stuffed up. I guess I'll get to bed now and finish this tomorrow. Goodnite My dearest - Miss you terribly.



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

TO:

Mrs. J. P. Hillman

275 No. Mississippi Ave.

Atlantic City, N. J.

FROM

Joseph Barker Hillman PR36

USS. Niobrara

% Fleet P.O.

New York, N. Y.

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

(Sender's complete address above)

Darling J. P.,

This is going to be rather short as the words have to be large in case it's photographed. There is very little to write about as censorship makes topics difficult to find.

I did get those hankies I promised you but may not be able to send them until a later date. I'm also writing mom a letter. There is something in that that I can't put in here on account of the small space available. If you put them together you should have everything complete.

J. Barker.

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY
V---MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

17946168

KEITH'S STAMP

To: Joseph Parker Williamson
4401 Richmond
2nd Floor Office
San Francisco, Calif.

From: Mr. J. A. Sullivan
225 N. Duane St.
Atlantic City, N.J.

March 16, 1945

Dearest Parker:- Another day is ending, leading us to that ultimate goal. I hope that you're happy getting my letters and that you've got over the notion that you're being neglected. Perhaps even you'll receive a batch of 20 or 30 letters and feel like a kid for the excitement you're now subjecting me to. (Even and a picture with a caption). That reminds me. Your Mommy is going back to school again. Mrs. D'Neversville asked me to go to the school with her tonight at the Girls Vocational School at Monterey Ave. She's starting her day classes as I enrolled for a course in typing. It's only for one hour every afternoon. It will get me out of the house, anyway, and give me something new to think about. Also, in my new job, I can use a typewriter course in typing. The machines are fine. Camille has a first in a class to be given Sunday at Santa Hall. He is busy studying it. I hope you will soon be getting a leave. The children send their best love and hope. Your Mommy sends you her all. Always your devoted,

Have you filled in your plate address at top?

Have you filled in your plate address at top?

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT PERMIT NO. 14

July 18, 1945

Dearest Parker,

The children are in bed. I've been allowing them to stay up until nine P.M. Johnny still has to have his afternoon nap. For the last week he didn't have one and would get sleepy around six o'clock. I'd put him to bed and he would awaken at nine or ten making my whole night miserable. I had to put a stop to it and now he's being put to bed for a nap at 12 whether he likes it or no.

We've had almost a whole week of steady rain. I've been so down and blue. and no mail from you to make my misery complete. Today the sun came out for a while. I've been washing and washing clothes, but it's impossible to get them completely dry as the air is still damp and the humidity is so high. Everything smells musty here.

Tricker has his Cub meeting tomorrow night. They're supposed to go early as they're going somewhere with the Scoutmaster - it's a secret, so far. He also has to take a cake of ivory soap as they're going to canoe.

You asked about Mr. Becker. He seems to be quite a likeable person. I've seen him only once. He's built like Lew and blonde but handsome and intelligent looking. The kids like him. He lives

2.

in the Apartments has a small son and his wife is a den mother. Jinker asked me to be a den mother but I can't trust Johnny with Camille home alone and the meetings are at seven P.M. and there isn't anyone or anywhere I could leave Johnny. Perhaps it'll be a den mother when Johnny becomes a Cub Scout.

I was teasing Johnny today and he surprised me by getting almost hysterical. I was carrying him upstairs over my shoulder & he laughingly said, "Mama, you carry me like a sack." I said, "Yes, you're a sack of Potatoes." As he was sitting on the clothes hanger, I was washing his legs and getting him ready for his nap. I said, "Yes, you're a Potatoe and I'm going to peel you, cut you up in pieces & cook you for dinner." He began to protest loudly. I laughed, and he began to cry & clutch me as if he thought I was really going to do it. We often kid around and he has never acted like that. I still can't figure it out. He was naughty before lunch and I had to give him a whipping. He knew he had done something wrong and perhaps that was still on his mind.

I'll be glad when you're back here to help me raise our boy, they're really a Problem sometimes & I guess there are times when I use bad judgment.

Perhaps it won't be long now. I can hardly wait for the "Big Three" meeting to be over so we can all know what's what. Darling, keep your chin up and think of your lonely mommy waiting for your loving. The boys send their love, my love, kisses & devotion,
Your Rose

July 19, 1945

Dearest Parker,

Fresh out of air mail paper

so this will have to serve until I get up town again.

Linker went to the meeting I told you about in my last letter.

They didn't do any carrying, but went to the beach for games. I guess that wasn't much of a surprise trip for Linker as they were on the beach all afternoon.

The Pack is going to have a Party at the next meeting.

I don't remember whether I told you or not, but so far, he has purchased his Cub Cap and neckerchief with his own money.

Today a man from the Java Volunteers came and presented me

with Jinker's Certificate of Service
as a Victory Farm Volunteer. He worked
a week picking berries at Hammonton.

The certificate reads: "This certifies
that Joseph Hillman through
outstanding cooperation with the
Victory Farm Volunteer Program
of the U.S. Crop Corps

has made a valuable contribution
to American agricultural production
and therefore rendered a patriotic
service to the Nation in this year of war.

It was unexpected and I was
quite pleased. The man thanked
me, also, for getting him up so early
and off on the bus.

When I told him Jinker he should
be proud of being given the certificate,
he said, "now, you're not supposed
to be proud of yourself, only of other
people." He wasn't a bit enthus-
iastic about it, he said it was
only a piece of paper. I was more
than a little irritated by his attitude.

2.

Our battling Johnny boy has been giving a fighting account of himself all day. He was battling a fat tub of a girl twice as big as he is and really had her yelling this evening after supper.

I'm enclosing my two latest publicity items for the Club. It's really Betty's job, but Erich ^{asked the} asked me to do it this time. They were printed just as I wrote them. I worded them a little different for the Press but they changed it and just stated the facts & printed the names.

I've started on another rag rug. This one will be square and it's for the spot in the kitchen in front of the sink. That's where

My linoleum wears out first.
I hope I can finish it before
the linoleum starts to wear
through.

Are you taking care of yourself?
I hope you are. No mail again
today. I hope you haven't again
got the notion that I've not been
writing regularly. Here are the dates
for the past couple months - May 10, 12,
14, 16, 18, 19, 21, 22, 25, 27, 28, 29, 31
June 1, 3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15 - Card,
15, (18, 18, 19 same letter), 21, 22, 23, 24, 26,
27, 28-29-30, July 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 Card, 11, 13, 15,
16, 18, & this one. That's about 44
letters. So don't be blue, you
should be getting lots of mail
darling. I'm going down to mail
this now and come back to bed
a perhaps dream of my beloved.
The other night I dreamed you were home.
Today Johnny was telling the neighbors
that his daddy was home. All my
love and devotion, darling always,
Yours, Rose

July 16, '45

DAILY WORLD (I WROTE THESE
SENT THEM BACK - MY ONLY
COPIES - ROSE)

Pitney Unit Gives Supper

A baked ham supper was served recently by the kitchen committee of the Pitney Village Community Club.

The menu consisted of Virginia baked ham, potato salad, string beans, cake and iced tea. The supper was prepared and served by the kitchen committee headed by Mrs. Blanche Mason.

Assisting Mrs. Mason were: Mr. and Mrs. Barney Horowitz, Mrs. Shepard, Mrs. Hering, Mrs. Chamberlain, Miss Alice d'Hed-

ouville, Mr. Erich d'Hedouville, Mrs. Betty Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Migone, Miss Doris Eastwood, Mrs. Eastwood, Mrs. Betty Hyde, and Mrs. Rose Hillman.

More than 300 persons were served.

BUY WAR BONDS

July 16, 1945 DAILY
World

Community Group Meets

Executive officers and members of the kitchen committee of the Pitney Village Community Club tendered Mrs. Blanche Mason a surprise birthday party recently.

The party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Duke Marshall. Mrs. Mason, who believed she was to attend a committee meeting, was pleasantly surprised by her co-workers. After greetings were sung by the guests, a lovely gift was presented the guest of honor.

Present were Mrs. Blanche Mason, Mrs. Betty Hyde, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Horowitz, Mr. and Mrs. Erich d'Hedouville, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Higone, Mrs. Eastwood, Mrs. Margaret Garcia, Mrs. Rose Hillman, Mr. and Mrs. Duke Marshall.

July 21, 1945

Dearest Parker,

I worked and worked all week. The house is spotless and I'm so darn tired. Tonight I decided to relax a bit by going to a movie. Johnny went to sleep early so I planned to see an early show and be home early. On my way up town who should I meet but Mildred Lemayon, she came to Norma's this week ~~and~~ ^{with} the children and this was the first I had seen of her. She looks the same as ever and still having trouble keeping ^{after} Frank to make his regular support payments. Her latest worry is that he's planning to skip out to Calif. What a skunk! He had his girlfriend here in Atlantic City on a vacation

trip a couple weeks ago.

Mildred was going to a movie too,
so we went together to the Colonial
+ saw "Those Endearing Young
Charnes". I liked it.

She had a date to meet Norma
and Ello at Bensons so I left
her in front of Bensons and
came on home. Mrs.

Sheppard has Norma on the
Pau and is spreading gossip
about her all over the Village.

I certainly don't want to be
seen in Norma's company any-
where by any of the Villagers.

There are plenty of people who
would delight in having
something on me.

ho hum!

No mail from you all week
and I'm desolate.

I can hardly wait till

2.

you get home to take me
out again, like beginning to
feel like an old stick in the mud.

I suppose you'll want to
stay at home during all
your leave though. I

sure would like for us
to do the boardwalk from one
end to the other. In tonight's
movie there was a short feature,

"Coney Island, America's Wonderland"
or some title to that effect. It showed
a sailor and his bride taking on all
the rides at Coney Island and all
the sights; it was in Technicolor
and very interesting.

I Mailed the wrapping Paper
You requested but I suppose
it will be months before it reaches
you even though it was sent
first Class.

Darling, soon you'll be home
again and I'll be cooking all
your favorite dishes, what a
wonderful and happy time
that should be. The waiting
becomes more and more difficult.

To feel your arms and your lips
would be heaven itself.

Chin up, darling, it must be soon.
Love and Kisses from the boys.
My all, Plus, to you. Your devoted,
Wife.

July 22, 1945

Dearest Parker,

I had to take it easy all day, too exhausted to do a thing.

I went to bed around one o'clock. Johnny awoke at 11:30 and came downstairs while I was finishing your letter. He wanted a glass of milk so we both had a little snack of Cereal and went to bed.

He insisted on sleeping in Daddy's Place. I went to sleep and an hour or so later, he awakened me. He wanted to go back to his bed. Then a

couple of hours later I heard a terrific pounding on Betty Newman Hyde's door. I looked out and saw someone in ^{what looked like} a white uniform and thinking it was her brother I went down to tell him she was working. When

I opened the door, I was surprised to see her husband there. He had a 48 hr. ~~fever~~ ^{fever}.

It was 4 am. the front door was locked and I didn't know whether she was in or still working or out somewhere. This morning she told me she came in at 3. she worked eleven hours and was dead tired. That was why the noise didn't awaken her immediately.

I sent him to the maintenance office to have someone let him in. While he was leaving she came to the window and then down stairs to let him in.

I couldn't get back to sleep. The church bells rang at 5:30 so I got up and went to 6 o'clock mass. It was deliciously cool out that early. All day I tried to get forty winks but no soap. After supper tonight I went to bed and slept ~~off~~ ^{and} until 9:15. I shaved the

2. boop off to bed. Johnny was in at 6. So I'll probably have another session with him tonight. I can't understand why he needs a nap. None of the small kids around here get a nap during the day, but they usually are in bed by seven-thirty. Johnny can't even make it till seven sometimes.

She been so low all day. It seems everyone's husband gets home but mine. I know our turn will come, but it seems so far off sometimes.

Golly, it would be the most wonderful thing in the world if it develops that you're at this moment headed for the States. The Halsey's 3rd Fleet the radio tells ~~has~~, has been maintaining radio silence for many

clap now and die wondering
also, if you're out there some-
where.

Trinker wants to go to Pick
Blueberries. He and Ewald are
going to try to get some information
about it tomorrow. Someone
told him that snakes feed on
blueberries so he has been a
little leery about it.

I miss my darling so much
it seems like years and
years since we've seen you.

The children send their
best love and kisses, as
does your ever devoted,
Wife.

July 24, 1945

Dearest Parker,

The children have been asleep a couple hours now. The radio is softly playing "Silver Threads Among the Gold" — Darling I am growing old — — —

I've been working on the rag rug I told you I'm making. The Pantry is next and clean again. I'm using the Machine to sew the rag pieces together. I always used to have to clean the Pantry before I could get out the sewing machine. It always was surrounded by junk. I'm gradually getting rid of all the non-essentials around here. My next job is the children's tarp in the living room closet. I would like to paint the inside of it, but I have already decided

not to do any more painting in this house.

Shortly after I called up to Sinker to get the lights off up stairs, Johnny came down to get his Pajamas buttoned.

That was just a stall, 'cause he can do that himself. He curled up on the Studio and I didn't say anything because I knew soon he would be sound asleep. He was listening to soft music and soon he was sleeping soundly and even snoring a little.

I carried him up to bed. He clutched my neck as I laboriously climbed the stairs.

I had to send Irene an S.O.S. for money. I borrowed ten dollars. Sinker's shoes unexpectedly fell apart and I had no money to get him new ones.

Irene wants us to come over

to Ocean City Thursday and
 spend the night. I suppose we'll
 arrange things like the last
 time. The children at church
 and I at your Mother's to sleep.
 She has an item in today's
 News concerning Point Barrow.

charges for Navy men, and as
 you said, they certainly make
 it difficult. 55 is the minimum
 no. of points. One allowed for each
 year (age) and one for each
 year month of active service.
 I guess that kind of lets you
 out, doesn't it? One would have
 to have at least four years
 of active service to be eligible
 for release under the present
 plan.

On Monday I'll have to get

My sixth Bulletin out for the
Club. I'm wondering what
kind of material I'll get this time to
work from.

I've been so worried about
you I can't get myself out of
the dumps. Guess Irene knew
that when she asked me to
come over to O.C.

Darling, will it be soon?

Perhaps you're on the way home
now. How wonderful that
would be. I feel so lost now,
and so alone. I have not one
friend in Atlantic City. Guess that's
my own fault, I'm so eccentric.
Just our children, and what a
consolation they are, even when
I have to punish them they love
me. You and our children are my only
true loves, I guess, in spite of all my
shortcomings you love me still.

Darling. God give all our
love. Your devoted wife, always.

July 25, 1945

Dearest Parker,

I've been preparing the children's clothes and getting everything ready for tomorrow's trip to Ocean City. Everything is about done, even to the freshly scrubbed necks, ears, and faces of three certain young rascals.

I sent Johnny off to the Barber shop today with Ginker. Acting on a sudden whimsy I said, "Get Johnny a G.I. Haircut this time." I was curious to see what it would look like. Well, I can't decide now whether I like it or not on him, Ginker says he looks cute. Theresa came over from Sea Isle to spend the day and she said he looks sweet.

Harmoner, she still undecided
she wondering what Dad will
say when he sees him tomorrow.

Theresa bought me some
fish and some string beans
out of Mom's garden. We had
both for Supper. I failed the
fish & then took the bones out
and made fish cakes. The kids
prefer that way. They always
groan whenever I cook fish
with bones — Just like their Pop!

"Remember when I first met you
my lips were so afraid to say 'I love you'
I loved you then and I still do,
I can't remember when I didn't
love you " Just a few
lines from a song I heard a
few nights ago. Nice?

I feel like an old unwanted old
maid. Wish you'd hurry back
and change all that. I'd give
anything to be able to see you
or feel you near me, dearest one.
Love and kisses from our
boop, my all and all my
devotion, ^{always,} your Wife

July 26, 1945

Dearest Parker,

This will be a sort of diary about our visit in Ocean City and will be mailed when we return to Atlantic City.

If it rained today, we had planned to postponed the visit as it would be rather an ordeal to spend the time in an apartment with six children. The children were up early as usual this morning. It looked as though it would be a cloudy day and like rain, so I told Parker to go and phone ~~at~~ Irene and ask her if it were raining in Ocean City. He called her and she said it was clear there and to come ahead.

While Parker was phoning, Mildred came over and she sat and sat - We didn't get a chance to leave until 12:15. We had lunch in Ocean City at Irene's. We were to spend today at Irene's and tomorrow at Mother's. After lunch the children got into their bathing

Suits and scooted off to the beach with Johnny Williams. We didn't see them again until six o'clock when Johnny brought them back. They had the twice of their lives. All went bathing in ^{the} Flanders Pools, even our Johnny. After the children left, Irene and I sat on the porch for a while ~~then~~ we got in the car and went up-town and did some shopping, came back and I helped get dinner ready.

The gang trooped in at six. Johnny asked me what kind of cocktail I wanted. They always have Martinis - I said no Martini for me - I hate them. So we had a glass of beer. While sipping the beer, I said, "my favorite Cocktail is an old fashioned." Johnny said, "Why didn't you ~~any one~~, old ~~have~~ had you one."

I didn't think he would have the Bitters.

After the children were dressed, we had dinner and after that, quite a stack of dishes to wash and dry. The children Irker + Cecille went to the movies with Johnny. Mary Lou took our Johnny ^{out} for a walk on the boardwalk. She took him to the Playland

2.

and he had a grand time riding on the Fire Engine, Sailboat, ^{airplanes} and the rest of the attractions. All three certainly had a busy day! After the children left for the evening, Irene and I went to the Methodist Church (are you flabbergasted?) - now don't get excited, it wasn't a service, all the choirs in Ocean City get together there and have a sort of 'Sing'. A woman teaches them how to sing all types of songs. We were there ~~until~~ ^{from} 8:00 P.M. until 9:30 and I really enjoyed it and learned what a lot of practicing it takes to really be able to give a good performance. ~~We~~ had left Johnny home to get a nap so he could take us out when we returned. We drove over to Macuneri's at the Point, I think we had about four ~~so~~ fine beers and came home. Dad was waiting for me when we came back. We had taken Johnny over to Mother's before we left, and put him to sleep.

Dad still likes to use the spy-glasses at night. He said every night, in a house about

a flock away two girls prepare for bed
in front of the window and he never
fails to get a good show.

Well, my darling, that about winds up the
story of today's doings. If you only knew
how my heart aches to have you here near me.
Love and kisses from the boys and
my everything to you, Yours always, ~~R.~~

July 27.

Hello, Again, My darling,

I hoped that Johnny would sleep late
this morning, but he awoke earlier than
usual. 6:15 am. He played in the living room,
but everytime I'd fall asleep he would awaken
me again. ~~Nothing and Dad got up a little after~~
eight, so I got up and dressed Johnny and
we had breakfast. After breakfast Johnny &
our kids came over to take our Johnny
to the beach. Dad went to Shumbergers
(By the way, Dad called me in to his room and
showed me two new suits the major just bought

3. him. one, a summer weight and a heavier one, one cost \$40. and the other \$35 - but I guess he really earns them, he does lots of work for the Shumbangers) and I went out to do some shopping for Mother. When I came back, she said "Why don't you walk over to Elizabeth's until lunch time?" So I went over. Eli looks grand, I like expecting the baby in November and to look at her you'd never know it, she doesn't show it one bit. Richard is always on the go - he's so cute too. Alvin, Jr. is home on a 30 day furlough. He reached Germany just before VE day - He was across only two weeks and shipped back. He looks grand too. He's so tall!

I went back to Mother's and we had lunch. It was the most peaceful and enjoyable lunch I had for ages. The children had theirs on the beach at the stand. Irene came over after lunch and we went to the store. Stanton, the fine + tens and

the beach and browsed around until
five o'clock. (Mother came too.) We took
Mother and the Groceries home and Irene
and I went to the boardwalk. Johnny
was sitting in Playland with Johnny W. munching
Peanuts. He was covered with beach sand, from
head to foot. We took him to the beach club
and ~~made him~~ ~~up~~ and dressed him and
took him over to Pennylaud to have a \$4 for
a photo of him in his S.C. haircut. Linker
and Camille were in Gladders Pool, Johnny W.
went over after them and we had theirs
done too. I'm enclosing the best ones.

We had dinner at Mother's tonight.
Johnny and Irene drove us home about
ten-thirty. We certainly were a tired family
~~when we got home. The children went~~
right upstairs to bed. They didn't want to come
home from Ocean City, so you can see they had
a wonderful time. I was disappointed not
to find a letter from you in the mailbox. Perhaps
there will be one tomorrow. Everyone in
Ocean City is asking for you. All our
best love and kisses, always
Your devoted, Wife.

July 29, 1945

Dearest Parker,

Another weary day is on the wane.
Life is becoming more and more wearisome
and difficult.

The children, Johnny included, went
to see "Dillinger" this afternoon and I
decided to take advantage of their ab-
sence by trying to get a nap. I went
up to bed, but Jackie was crying and
howling outside their door and for an
hour or so I just lay there wondering
how long he would keep it up.

I dozed off and on for an hour or
two. At four I got up and came down
to start dinner. It's over now and
the dishes are washed. I want to go see
"Keep Your Powder Dry" tonight but it is
beginning to rain. I'm also waiting for

Erich to come over and bring me the material for Tomorrow's Bulletin.

I've run out of envelopes addressed (to you) on the typewriter so I'll have a chance to get some done tomorrow. They're very handy and much more legible of course.

~~Yesterday I took Johnny to the~~ store with me. On the way to Atlantic Ave. Johnny again saw the Wilson Milk Horse and again he asked, "Mamma, is that a boy or girl?" I said, "It's a boy," ~~thinking~~ the subject closed. ^{But} he said, "Why, mamma, why?" Exasperating?

The stores are completely out of Laundry soap and ~~mayonnaise~~, eggs and a few more items. There has been a shortage for a few weeks and none to be found here or Ocean City. I had a letter from Anne telling me that Theresa got me a jar of mayonnaise in Sea Isle. That certainly was a big help and I was very

2. Grateful. She also got me some
Oxydol. It's a little strong for my hands
but I'll wear rubber gloves when I use
it on my wash.

We're getting new Ration books in
December. Mine are certainly ^{in a} battered
~~condition~~. The new ones are supposed
to be smaller than a dollar bill.

I think I told you Betty Newman's
new husband came home unexpectedly on
a 48 hr Pass. He went back and returned
again that same night. Something happened
to delay their leaving and he's been here a week
now waiting for the telegram that will order
him back. Lucky?

Did you know, or did I tell you that
Dave Dorn of the Bean Stores in Ocean City
died? He was 39. They were good friends of
Minerva and I.

Anne said she had received two
letters from Bill last week but they

hadn't heard from John or Lanielle.

I'm hoping all is well with you this trip. This has been a long, long wait. I'm praying there will be something for me in tomorrow's mail. ~~When there isn't any mail in the morning~~ I say to myself, "Cheer up, better luck in the afternoon mail" - then if I'm disappointed again there's always another day to look forward to. Perhaps the next letter, when it does come, will tell me you're on the way back.

Darling, I'm existing only for the time when I'll be held in your loving embrace. The Children send their best love and your handsome Mommy sends you all her love and devotion.

Always Yours,
Rose.

August 1, 1945

Dearest Parker,

Well here it is, the beginning of another month. Wonder what this one will bring -

Happiness or added despair and disappointments?

I'm inclined to be a little pessimistic today.

The month has already begun with a disappointment for me - My Check usually arrives on the first of the month, but not today. I had exactly one dollar left and it had better get here tomorrow - the Check, I mean.

What did you think of my last Club Bulletin? It was the eighth one so far. Today I had to write "Hizzoner" the Mayor of Atlantic City a "Thank You" letter. I'll enclose a copy. Erich came over to sign it and he said that Mrs. Hill is anxious to see a copy of it. I think she'll like the way it is worded. You see, last month, the Mayor and the Commissioners sent us a check for \$25. for baseball gloves and stuff. ~~The day~~ We should have acknowledged it sooner, I think, but I guess Erich was waiting for a meeting so the matter could be put on the floor, etc.

Incidentally, this paper I'm writing on belongs to

the club. I use it when I make duplicates of outgoing letters for my file.

Anne wanted me to ask you what kind of ships does the Hopping Convoy, but now I remember you told me they are on Patrol duty so I don't suppose they do any convoying.

Theresa came over again today. Wednesday is her day off. She brought me six pounds of sugar (the was down to my last cup & the next stamp isn't valid until Sept.) a jar of Hellman's Mayonnaise (very rare these days) and two boxes of laundry soap. I consider myself very, very fortunate, so one good thing did happen to me this first day of August!

Johnny has been so ornery all week since at my wife's end - he has never had so many lickings. He keeps going out in that lot behind the Village and wanders off - there's a sort of running little stream that winds thru that lot & must lead to the bay. He likes to go out there and try to catch minnows or whatever. He's my little brother Johnny all over again.

Linker and Conille have been behaving unusually well. Guess Johnny is making up for it.

They send you their best love and they too are waiting hopefully.

A big hug and my sweetest kiss for my sweet darling, & what I wouldn't give to have you here now, Always Your,
Rose.

recy

My dear Mayor Altman:

I want to thank you and the City Commissioners for your recent donation of \$25. to the Pitney Village Community Club.

May I take this opportunity, in behalf of the Club, to thank you, also, for the use of the baseball lot now being prepared on Massachusetts Ave.

This very worthy project has already incited very favorable comment. We feel that besides being a boon to the residents of Pitney Village, it serves to draw the attention of the influx of visitors arriving on the railroads adjoining the lot.

We are, dear

More than grateful for your generosity.

Respectfully yours,
P. U. C. C.

E. E. d'Neversville, Nee.

E. d'Neversville.

15-85

This is a copy of my latest
communication to "Argosy"

August 3, 1945

Dearest Parker,

The check came yesterday. I usually get it on the first day of the month. The rent is paid, the milk bill paid today, tomorrow the bread bill and Paper bill and other small bills. Then the rest is clear.

Yesterday I got four Pairs of shoes (repaired) out of the Shoemakers'. I'm not sure whether I'll be able to give Irene her whole \$10. this month. She told me not to be in a hurry to pay it back, but I do want to get it off my mind.

Uncle Maurice said he would get Finkers Scout outfit. He sent five dollars and I bought the shirt, knickers and socks. Finkers had already earned the money for the hat and neckerchief. I wish you could see him in it. He looks so cute. As soon as all the emblems are sewn on I'll try to have a picture taken and send it to you. Golly, he sure looks neat in it. It's the Navy blue cut uniform with gold.

He is in Pack 14, den 2. Last night was their meeting night and they went to the beach in bathing suits and had games. Next week they're to ~~bring~~ take their kites. There is to be a contest of some kind.

2. Finker and Canille went to see Danny Kaye
in "Wonderman," a Comedy supposed to keep you
in stitches. They said they enjoyed it. I've
been trying to keep them from telling me
about the Picture because I want to see it
but it's hard for them to keep still about it.
There are so many very good Pictures out
now I can't keep up with them. I'll surely
have to miss some as our finances won't
permit more than one movie per week.

The Lyric has reopened. The ^{new} interior
decoration is Modernistic and it has a larger
seating Capacity. They charge more now - 40¢

Darling, guess that's all the news for
tonight. No better again today. I've never
known such desolation!

I miss your kiss, I miss the touch
of your hand. I miss having my sweetheart
nibble my ear. I miss hearing you call me
"hon." I miss the bear hugs, I miss being squeezed
and kissed until I'm breathless. I miss you,
my dearest and I don't know how I'll ever
go on until you get home to me.

Always yours
- Rose

August 5, 1945

Dearest Parker,

I've been rereading your letters of June. I see you still put a question mark over words you're not sure are spelled correctly. I jotted down all those in June's letters and looked up the corrections in the dictionary and they are as follows:

<u>Your</u> <u>du</u> <u>correct</u> <u>spelling</u>	-	<u>correct</u> <u>spelling</u>
<u>occassional</u>	-	<u>occasional</u>
<u>ship</u> <u>Personnal</u>	-	<u>ship</u> <u>Personnel</u>
<u>time</u> <u>flies</u>	-	<u>time</u> <u>flies</u>
<u>disalussion</u>	-	<u>disillusion</u>
Made him <u>loose</u> business	-	<u>lose</u> business
It must be a <u>loo-loo-</u>	-	<u>lulu</u> or <u>lu-lu</u>
<u>ridance</u>	-	<u>riddance</u>

Your letters were very interesting. I like to read your opinions of the Islands, Pictures, People, etc.

I have only one July letter. Here it is August fifth already and still no more. I am desolate.

You remember my telling you how nicely our Johnny and Johnny Welsh played together. Well, all last week and the week before, they've been

2. battling constantly. Johnny welsh is mentally retarded and I suppose I should make allowances, but he has been hitting Johnny so often with heavy sticks, iron toep, etc. I've been at my wits end and also out of patience because Mrs. welsh doesn't seem to reprimand her child or punish him, while I punish our Johnny very severely whenever he starts a fight. The day before yesterday our Johnny was screaming, I ran out and he was holding his head and crying bitterly. He said Johnny W. hit him with the iron train because J. W. chased him away and our Johnny wouldn't go. Mrs. welsh came to her door and started with, "yes, your Johnny often starts things too." Well, I saw red, I almost shouted, "well, you had better take that child in hand, else getting sick of this." All the neighbors are annoyed at the way J. welsh is forever hopping all the other kids with no provocation. I just couldn't hold it in any longer, hence the outburst. We were cool toward each other for a couple of days - at least I was toward her. She isn't the type who can stay mad at anyone and today our Johnny was playing with her Johnny again and I was out looking for him as he had been gone for a while and I began to wonder if he hadn't wandered off somewhere. As I was passing her house Mrs. welsh came out and said Johnny was with her Johnny they had gone to buy ice cream cones.

3. Then she walked over and remarked how silly it was to quarrel and shout at each other over the children. I replied that it wasn't so funny when they almost kill each other. I had been on edge all week and that constant hitting and screaming nearly had me out of my mind. Our Johnny had so many lickings from me for being bad, and then those added bops and scratches from Johnny Welsh - I really felt awful. As she left, she said she wasn't going to fight with me over the children and I said I had no desire to quarrel with anyone over anything.

I became "indisposed" last night and never have I had such cramps, even the Anacin tablets haven't relieved me. They usually are effective.

I saw father Vincent after Mass this morning and I received a slight reprimand for staying away from the bazaar & other activities. He said he had told Linker to tell me he was asking about me, but Linker forgot to tell me. Father said, "How have you been, you're quite a stranger - Are you a Catholic?" "Cute?"

Linker went to the Star-of-the-Sea Church again tonight with Ewald. They both served at Benediction. Linker is still pestering to be allowed to go to the Star-of-the-Sea School. All his friends go there.

He doesn't seem to get along with the kids at St. Michael's and I'm surprised that he can assist at Benediction at Ewalds Church and not at St. Michael's. I guess I'll have to have a talk with Father Vincent about it.

Golly, I just happened to think, only four or five more weeks and school reopens - it doesn't seem possible! Probably when you are able to return home school will be in Progress and then what will become of the California trip?

Darling, you've told me not to get my hopes up, I just read it again and remembered. Well, I guess it will be a long time before I see you again, I might as well face it. I tried to be an ostrich these past two months, but now I have to wake up and try to cheer up and thank God that you're still safe. My heart aches for those wives who will never hear from their beloved ones again. We are fortunate so far and I pray the blessed Mother will keep you in her protection ~~and~~ bring you back home safely to your family. The boys send their best love and Prayers.

My all to you, my dearest one.

Your devoted,
Wife.

May 7. V.E. day - no surprise. everything
I see in celebration way. I heard
10 PM. kids up forgot tell them to bed
Come, 1st Comm. Sunday P.T.O. pers. Comm.
Dunkers report - must take after Pap.
from the E. Ireland contest. P.T. which
not here long time - J. Slaney will be
Sunday again will be holding you in my arms
that will be my Victory day.

May 8. V.E. one day Premier's celebrat. Today after Proctor,
no school aft. Noon - rain worse luck - 4th ann.
meeting. Fr. told me abt Cassille ans. questions "that
Fr. You don't expect me to know all the ans. do you?"
Navy releasing men over 41 ans. - letter from Johnny
about Newton Hicks. How is he? you'll be squats.
at least kids have reason -

Sunday May 30, 1943.
9.45 P.M.

Dearest Parker,

Well, we've come to the
end of a busy and rather happy
day.

Jinker received First Holy Communion at the 8 o'clock mass this morning. He looked darling! I was so proud! The little girls wore white dresses and white veils. They looked like little brides. They carried a candle and Prayerbook and rosary. The boys wore all white too. They had white carnations on the lapel and a white ribbon on the right arm. ^{the ribbon} ~~which~~ had a gold chalice and the host. and under-
neath, the words, "First Holy Communion".
~~at 8 o'clock~~ They carried a white candle and black Prayerbook and a rosary.

At Communion time, during mass, they approached the altar row by row. Jinker had confided in me that

best in the way of accessories to his suit. I bought the best tie, arm band, etc. - to be had from the pisters. in all, it cost about ten dollars - not counting the white suit. Mrs. LeMay loaned me the pinst her boy wore when he made his Communion.

He has a beautiful picture remembrance. It reads - "Remembrance of first Holy Communion."

Joseph P. Hillman - received his first Holy Communion in St Michael's Church in Atlantic City, N.J. on the 30th day of May, 1943.

John Quaremba - Pastor."

Next year it will be Camille's turn, Oh, I forgot to tell you, the first thing Pinker said this morning was, "Gee, I wish Daddy could see me dressed up like this."

Well, that's the reason I'm having

he was worried. He was afraid the host would slip off his tongue or that he wouldn't be able to swallow it. - Well, I remember when I made my First Communion, I had the same fears.

I watched him as they went to the altar rail when it was time. Father was still three or four boys' away, when I noticed Tinker sticking his tongue out and staring intently at the one who was receiving the host. He was Practicing. I was so exasperated! I hope to one noticed him. He was afraid he wouldn't get his tongue out far enough.

I took him to the Plaza for a photograph, on the way downtown and back, almost everyone admired him and remarked ^{on} how preet he looked.

Jim Proud to say he had the

a good photo made, so you can see exactly how he looked.

Tomorrow night he has to get all decked out again for the May Procession. They have the ceremonies of crowning the statue of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary. It's a beautiful service. The children march up and down the ^{aisles} ~~aisles~~ ^{strewing} fresh flowers then ~~they~~ a chosen girl crowns the Virgin at the Altar.

I don't know whether the above has interested you or ~~hope it~~ ^{hope it} hasn't been boring you. I guess it's hard for a Non-Catholic to understand all the things that mean so much to us.

I have a very bad cold. My head is all stuffed up. I guess I'll get to bed now and finish this tomorrow. Goodnite My dearest - Miss you terribly.



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

TO:

Mrs. J. P. Hillman

275 No. Mississippi Ave.

Atlantic City, N. J.

FROM

Joseph Barker Hillman PR36

USS. Niobrara

% Fleet P.O.

New York, N. Y.

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

(Sender's complete address above)

Darling J. P.,

This is going to be rather short as the words have to be large in case it's photographed. There is very little to write about as censorship makes topics difficult to find.

I did get those hankies I promised you but may not be able to send them until a later date. I'm also writing mom a letter. There is something in that that I can't put in here on account of the small space available. If you put them together you should have everything complete.

J. Barker.

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY
V---MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?



To: Joseph Parker Williamson
4401 Richmond
2, 1st St. Bldg.
San Francisco, Calif.

From: Mr. J. A. Williams
225 E. Duane St.
Atlantic City, N.J.

March 16, 1945

Dearest Parker:- Another day is ending, leading us to that ultimate goal. I hope that you are getting my letters and that you've got over the notion that you're being neglected. Perhaps even you'll receive a batch of 20 or 30 letters and feel like a kid for the excitement you're now subjecting me to. (Even a picture with a caption!) What reminds me, your mommy is going back to school again! Mrs. Williams asked me to go to the school with her tonight at the Girls Vocational School at Westing Ave. She's starting her day classes as I enrolled for a course in typing. It's only for one hour every afternoon. It will get me out of the house, anyway, and give me something new to think about. Also, in my new job, I can use a typewriter course in typing. The machines are fine. Camille has a first in a class to be given Sunday at State Hall. It is being attended to. I hope you will soon be getting a leave. The children send their best love and hope your mommy sends you her all. Always your devoted,

Have you filled in your plate address at top?

Have you filled in your plate address at top?

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT PERMIT NO. 14

July 18, 1945

Dearest Parker,

The children are in bed. I've been allowing them to stay up until nine P.M. Johnny still has to have his afternoon nap. For the last week he didn't have one and would get sleepy around six o'clock. I'd put him to bed and he would awaken at nine or ten making my whole night miserable. I had to put a stop to it and now he's being put to bed for a nap at 12 whether he likes it or no.

We've had almost a whole week of steady rain. I've been so down and blue. and no mail from you to make my misery complete. Today the sun came out for a while. I've been washing and washing clothes, but it's impossible to get them completely dry as the air is still damp and the humidity is so high. Everything smells musty here.

Tricker has his Cub meeting tomorrow night. They're supposed to go early as they're going somewhere with the Scoutmaster - it's a secret, so far. He also has to take a cake of ivory soap as they're going to canoe.

You asked about Mr. Becker. He seems to be quite a likeable person. I've seen him only once. He's built like Lew and blonde but handsome and intelligent looking. The kids like him. He lives

in the Apartments has a small son and his wife is a den mother. Jinker asked me to be a den mother but I can't trust Johnny with Camille home alone and the meetings are at seven P.M. and there isn't anyone or anywhere I could leave Johnny. Perhaps it'll be a den mother when Johnny becomes a Cub Scout.

I was teasing Johnny today and he surprised me by getting almost hysterical. I was carrying him upstairs over my shoulder & he laughingly said, "Mama, you carry me like a sack." I said, "Yes, you're a sack of Potatoes." As he was sitting on the clothes hanger, I was washing his legs and getting him ready for his nap. I said, "Yes, you're a Potatoe and I'm going to peel you, cut you up in pieces & cook you for dinner." He began to protest loudly. I laughed, and he began to cry & clutch me as if he thought I was really going to do it. We often kid around and he has never acted like that. I still can't figure it out. He was naughty before lunch and I had to give him a whipping. He knew he had done something wrong and perhaps that was still on his mind.

I'll be glad when you're back here to help me raise our boy, they're really a Problem sometimes & I guess there are times when I use bad judgment.

Perhaps it won't be long now. I can hardly wait for the "Big Three" meeting to be over so we can all know what's what. Darling, keep your chin up and think of your lonely mommy waiting for your loving. The boys send their love, my love, kisses & devotion,
 Yours Rose

July 19, 1945

Dearest Parker,

Fresh out of air mail paper

so this will have to serve until I get up town again.

Linker went to the meeting I told you about in my last letter.

They didn't do any carrying, but went to the beach for games. I guess that wasn't much of a surprise trip for Linker as they were on the beach all afternoon.

The Pack is going to have a Party at the next meeting.

I don't remember whether I told you or not, but so far, he has purchased his Cub Cap and neckerchief with his own money.

Today a man from the Java Volunteers came and presented me

with Jinker's Certificate of Service
as a Victory Farm Volunteer. He worked
a week picking berries at Hammonton.

The certificate reads: "This certifies
that Joseph Hillman through
outstanding cooperation with the
Victory Farm Volunteer Program
of the U.S. Crop Corps

has made a valuable contribution
to American agricultural production
and therefore rendered a patriotic
service to the Nation in this year of war.

It was unexpected and I was
quite pleased. The man thanked
me, also, for getting him up so early
and off on the bus.

When I told him Jinker he should
be proud of being given the certificate,
he said, "now, you're not supposed
to be proud of yourself, only of other
people." He wasn't a bit enthus-
iastic about it, he said it was
only a piece of paper. I was more
than a little irritated by his attitude.

2.

Our battling Johnny boy has been giving a fighting account of himself all day. He was battling a fat tub of a girl twice as big as he is and really had her yelling this evening after supper.

I'm enclosing my two latest Publicity items for the Club. It's really Betty's job, but Erich ^{asked the} asked me to do it this time. They were printed just as I wrote them. I worded them a little different for the Press but they changed it and just stated the facts & printed the names.

I've started on another rag rug. This one will be square and it's for the spot in the kitchen in front of the sink. That's where

My linoleum wears out first.
I hope I can finish it before
the linoleum starts to wear
through.

Are you taking care of yourself?
I hope you are. No mail again
today. I hope you haven't again
got the notion that I've not been
writing regularly. Here are the dates
for the past couple months - May 10, 12,
14, 16, 18, 19, 21, 22, 25, 27, 28, 29, 31
June 1, 3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15 - Card,
15, (18, 18, 19 same letter), 21, 22, 23, 24, 26,
27, 28-29-30, July 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 Card, 11, 13, 15,
16, 18, & this one. That's about 44
letters. So don't be blue, you
should be getting lots of mail
darling. I'm going down to mail
this now and come back to bed
a perhaps dream of my beloved.
The other night I dreamed you were home.
Today Johnny was telling the neighbors
that his daddy was home. All my
love and devotion, darling always,
Yours, Rose

July 16, '45

DAILY WORLD (I WROTE THESE
SENT THEM BACK - MY ONLY
COPIES - ROSE)

Pitney Unit Gives Supper

A baked ham supper was served recently by the kitchen committee of the Pitney Village Community Club.

The menu consisted of Virginia baked ham, potato salad, string beans, cake and iced tea. The supper was prepared and served by the kitchen committee headed by Mrs. Blanche Mason.

Assisting Mrs. Mason were: Mr. and Mrs. Barney Horowitz, Mrs. Shepard, Mrs. Hering, Mrs. Chamberlain, Miss Alice d'Hed-

ouville, Mr. Erich d'Hedouville, Mrs. Betty Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Migone, Miss Doris Eastwood, Mrs. Eastwood, Mrs. Betty Hyde, and Mrs. Rose Hillman.

More than 300 persons were served.

BUY WAR BONDS

July 16, 1945 DAILY
World

Community Group Meets

Executive officers and members of the kitchen committee of the Pitney Village Community Club tendered Mrs. Blanche Mason a surprise birthday party recently.

The party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Duke Marshall. Mrs. Mason, who believed she was to attend a committee meeting, was pleasantly surprised by her co-workers. After greetings were sung by the guests, a lovely gift was presented the guest of honor.

Present were Mrs. Blanche Mason, Mrs. Betty Hyde, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Horowitz, Mr. and Mrs. Erich d'Hedouville, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Higone, Mrs. Eastwood, Mrs. Margaret Garcia, Mrs. Rose Hillman, Mr. and Mrs. Duke Marshall.

July 21, 1945

Dearest Parker,

I worked and worked all week. The house is spotless and I'm so darn tired. Tonight I decided to relax a bit by going to a movie. Johnny went to sleep early so I planned to see an early show and be home early. On my way up town who should I meet but Mildred Lemayon, she came to Norma's this week ~~and~~ ^{with} the children and this was the first I had seen of her. She looks the same as ever and still having trouble keeping ^{after} Frank to make his regular support payments. Her latest worry is that he's planning to skip out to Calif. What a skunk! He had his girlfriend here in Atlantic City on a vacation

trip a couple weeks ago.

Mildred was going to a movie too,
so we went together to the Colonial
+ saw "Those Endearing Young
Charnes". I liked it.

She had a date to meet Norma
and Ello at Bensons so I left
her in front of Bensons and
came on home. Mrs.

Sheppard has Norma on the
Pau and is spreading gossip
about her all over the Village.

I certainly don't want to be
seen in Norma's company any-
where by any of the Villagers.

There are plenty of people who
would delight in having
something on me.

ho hum!

No mail from you all week
and I'm desolate.

I can hardly wait till

2.

you get home to take me
out again, like beginning to
feel like an old stick in the mud.

I suppose you'll want to
stay at home during all
your leave though. I

sure would like for us
to do the boardwalk from one
end to the other. In tonight's
movie there was a short feature,

"Coney Island, America's Wonderland"
or some title to that effect. It showed
a sailor and his bride taking on all
the rides at Coney Island and all
the sights; it was in Technicolor
and very interesting.

I Mailed the wrapping Paper
You requested but I suppose
it will be months before it reaches
you even though it was sent
first Class.

Darling, soon you'll be home
again and I'll be cooking all
your favorite dishes, what a
wonderful and happy time
that should be. The waiting
becomes more and more difficult.

To feel your arms and your lips
would be heaven itself.

Chin up, darling, it must be soon.
Love and Kisses from the boys.
My all, Plus, to you. Your devoted,
Wife.

July 22, 1945

Dearest Parker,

I had to take it easy all day, too exhausted to do a thing.

I went to bed around one o'clock. Johnny awoke at 11:30 and came downstairs while I was finishing your letter. He wanted a glass of milk so we both had a little snack of Cereal and went to bed.

He insisted on sleeping in Daddy's Place. I went to sleep and an hour or so later, he awakened me. He wanted to go back to his bed. Then a

Couple of hours later I heard a terrific pounding on Betty Newman Hyde's door. I looked out and saw someone in ^{what looked like} a white uniform and thinking it was her brother I went down to tell him she was working. When

I opened the door, I was surprised to see her husband there. He had a 48 hr. ~~fever~~ ^{fever}.

It was 4 am. the front door was locked and I didn't know whether she was in or still working or out somewhere. This morning she told me she came in at 3 - she worked eleven hours and was dead tired. That was why the noise didn't awaken her immediately.

I sent him to the maintenance office to have someone let him in. While he was leaving she came to the window and then down stairs to let him in.

I couldn't get back to sleep. The church bells rang at 5:30 so I got up and went to 6 o'clock mass. It was deliciously cool out that early. All day I tried to get forty winks but no soap. After supper tonight I went to bed and slept ~~off~~ ^{and} until 9:15. I shaved the

2. ~~hop~~ off to bed. Johnny was in at 6. So I'll probably have another session with him tonight. I can't understand why he needs a nap. None of the small kids around here get a nap during the day, but they usually are in bed by seven-thirty. Johnny can't even make it till seven sometimes.

I've been so low all day. It seems everyone's husband gets home but mine. I know our turn will come, but it seems so far off sometimes.

Golly, it would be the most wonderful thing in the world if it develops that you're at this moment headed for the States. The Halsey's 3rd Fleet the radio tells ~~has~~, has been maintaining radio silence for many

clap now and die wondering
also, if you're out there some-
where.

Trinker wants to go to Pick
Blueberries. He and Ewald are
going to try to get some information
about it tomorrow. Someone
told him that snakes feed on
blueberries so he has been a
little leery about it.

I miss my darling so much
it seems like years and
years since we've seen you.

The children send their
best love and kisses, as
does your ever devoted,
Wife.

July 24, 1945

Dearest Parker,

The children have been asleep a couple hours now. The radio is softly playing "Silver Threads Among the Gold" — Darling I am growing old — — —

I've been working on the rag rug I told you I'm making. The Pantry is next and clean again. I'm using the Machine to sew the rag pieces together. I always used to have to clean the Pantry before I could get out the sewing machine. It always was surrounded by junk. I'm gradually getting rid of all the non-essentials around here. My next job is the children's tarp in the living room closet. I would like to paint the inside of it, but I have already decided

not to do any more painting in this house.

Shortly after I called up to Linker to get the lights off up stairs, Johnny came down to get his Pajamas buttoned.

That was just a stall, 'cause he can do that himself. He curled up on the Studio and I didn't say anything because I knew soon he would be sound asleep. He was listening to soft music and soon he was sleeping soundly and even snoring a little.

I carried him up to bed. He clutched my neck as I laboriously climbed the stairs.

I had to send Irene an S.O.S. for money. I borrowed ten dollars. Linker's shoes unexpectedly fell apart and I had no money to get him new ones.

Irene wants us to come over

to Ocean City Thursday and
 spend the night. I suppose we'll
 arrange things like the last
 time. The children at church
 and I at your Mother's to sleep.
 She has an item in today's
 News concerning Point de
 charges for Navy men, and as
 you said, they certainly make
 it difficult. 55 is the minimum
 no. of points. One allowed for each
 year (age) and one for each
 year month of active service.
 I guess that kind of lets you
 out, doesn't it? We would have
 to have at least ~~four~~ years
 of active service to be eligible
 for release under the present
 plan.

On Monday I'll have to get

My sixth Bulletin out for the
Club. I'm wondering what
kind of material I'll get this time to
work from.

I've been so worried about
you I can't get myself out of
the dumps. Guess Irene knew
that when she asked me to
come over to O.C.

Darling, will it be soon?

Perhaps you're on the way home
now. How wonderful that
would be. I feel so lost now,
and so alone. I have not one
friend in Atlantic City. Guess that's
my own fault, I'm so eccentric.
Just our children, and what a
consolation they are, even when
I have to punish them they love
me. You and our children are my only
true loves, I guess, in spite of all my
shortcomings you love me still.

Darling. God give all our
love. Your devoted wife, always.

July 26, 1945

Dearest Parker,

This will be a sort of diary about our visit in Ocean City and will be mailed when we return to Atlantic City.

If it rained today, we had planned to postponed the visit as it would be rather an ordeal to spend the time in an apartment with six children. The children were up early as usual this morning. It looked as though it would be a cloudy day and like rain, so I told Parker to go and phone ~~at~~ Irene and ask her if it were raining in Ocean City. He called her and she said it was clear there and to come ahead.

While Parker was phoning, Mildred came over and she sat and sat - We didn't get a chance to leave until 12:15. We had lunch in Ocean City at Irene's. We were to spend today at Irene's and tomorrow at Mother's. After lunch the children got into their bathing

Suits and scooted off to the beach with Johnny Williams. We didn't see them again until six o'clock when Johnny brought them back. They had the twice of their lives. All went bathing in ^{the} Flanders Pools, even our Johnny. After the children left, Irene and I sat on the porch for a while ~~then~~ we got in the car and went up-town and did some shopping, came back and I helped get dinner ready.

The gang trooped in at six. Johnny asked me what kind of cocktail I wanted. They always have Martinis - I said no Martini for me - I hate them. So we had a glass of beer. While sipping the beer, I said, "my favorite Cocktail is an old fashioned." Johnny said, "Why didn't you ~~any one~~, old ~~have~~ had you one."

I didn't think he would have the Bitters.

After the children were dressed, we had dinner and after that, quite a stack of dishes to wash and dry. The children Irker + Cecille went to the movies with Johnny. Mary Lou took our Johnny ^{out} for a walk on the boardwalk. She took him to the Playland

2.

and he had a grand time riding on the Fire Engine, Sailboat, ^{airplanes} and the rest of the attractions. All three certainly had a busy day! After the children left for the evening, Irene and I went to the Methodist Church (are you flabbergasted?) - now don't get excited, it wasn't a service, all the choirs in Ocean City get together there and have a sort of 'Sing'. A woman teaches them how to sing all types of songs. We were there ~~until~~ ^{from} 8:00 P.M. until 9:30 and I really enjoyed it and learned what a lot of practicing it takes to really be able to give a good performance. ~~We~~ had left Johnny home to get a nap so he could take us out when we returned. We drove over to Macuneri's at the Point, I think we had about four ~~so~~ fine beers and came home. Dad was waiting for me when we came back. We had taken Johnny over to Mother's before we left, and put him to sleep.

Dad still likes to use the spy-glasses at night. He said every night, in a house about

a flock away two girls prepare for bed
in front of the window and he never
fails to get a good show.

Well, my darling, that about winds up the
story of today's doings. If you only knew
how my heart aches to have you here near me.
Love and kisses from the boys and
my everything to you, Yours always, ~~R.~~

July 27.

Hello, Again, My darling,

I hoped that Johnny would sleep late
this morning, but he awoke earlier than
usual. 6:15 am. He played in the living room,
but everytime I'd fall asleep he would awaken
me again. ~~Nothing and Dad got up a little after~~
eight, so I got up and dressed Johnny and
we had breakfast. After breakfast Johnny &
and our kids came over to take our Johnny
to the beach. Dad went to Shumbergers
(By the way, Dad called me in to his room and
showed me two new suits the major just bought

3. him. one, a summer weight and a heavier one, one cost \$40. and the other \$35 - but I guess he really earns them, he does lots of work for the Shumbangers) and I went out to do some shopping for Mother. When I came back, she said "Why don't you walk over to Elizabeth's until lunch time?" So I went over. Eli looks grand, I like expecting the baby in November and to look at her you'd never know it, she doesn't show it one bit. Richard is always on the go - he's so cute too. Alvin, Jr. is home on a 30 day furlough. He reached Germany just before VE day - He was across only two weeks and shipped back. He looks grand too. He's so tall!

I went back to Mother's and we had lunch. It was the most peaceful and enjoyable lunch I had for ages. The children had theirs on the beach at the stand. Irene came over after lunch and we went to the store. Stanton, the fine + tens and

the beach and browsed around until
five o'clock. (Mother came too.) We took
Mother and the Groceries home and Irene
and I went to the boardwalk. Johnny
was sitting in Playland with Johnny W. munching
Peanuts. He was covered with beach sand, from
head to foot. We took him to the beach club
and ~~made him~~ ~~up~~ and dressed him and
took him over to Pennyland to have a \$4 for
a photo of him in his S.C. haircut. Linker
and Camille were in Gladders Pool, Johnny W.
went over after them and we had theirs
done too. I'm enclosing the best ones.

We had dinner at Mother's tonight.
Johnny and Irene drove us home about
ten-thirty. We certainly were a tired family
~~when we got home. The children went~~
right upstairs to bed. They didn't want to come
home from Ocean City, so you can see they had
a wonderful time. I was disappointed not
to find a letter from you in the mailbox. Perhaps
there will be one tomorrow. Everyone in
Ocean City is asking for you. All our
best love and kisses, always
Your devoted, Wife.

July 25, 1945

Dearest Parker,

I've been preparing the children's clothes and getting everything ready for tomorrow's trip to Ocean City. Everything is about done, even to the freshly scrubbed necks, ears, and faces of three certain young rascals.

I sent Johnny off to the Barber shop today with Ginker. Acting on a sudden whimsy I said, "Get Johnny a G.I. Haircut this time." I was curious to see what it would look like. Well, I can't decide now whether I like it or not on him, Ginker says he looks cute. Theresa came over from Sea Isle to spend the day and she said he looks sweet.

Harmoner, she still undecided
she wondering what Dad will
say when he sees him tomorrow.

Theresa bought me some
fish and some string beans
out of Mom's garden. We had
both for Supper. I failed the
fish & then took the bones out
and made fish cakes. The kids
prefer that way. They always
groan whenever I cook fish
with bones — Just like their Pop!

"Remember when I first met you
my lips were so afraid to say 'I love you'
I loved you then and I still do,
I can't remember when I didn't
love you " Just a few
lines from a song I heard a
few nights ago. Nice?

I feel like an old unwanted old
maid. Wish you'd hurry back
and change all that. I'd give
anything to be able to see you
or feel you near me, dearest one.
Love and kisses from our
boop, my all and all my
devotion, ^{always,} your Wife

July 29, 1945

Dearest Parker,

Another weary day is on the wane.
Life is becoming more and more wearisome
and diffinet.

The children, Johnny included, went
to see "Bellinger" this afternoon and I
decided to take advantage of their ab-
sence by trying to get a nap. I went
up to bed, but Jackie was crying and
howling outside their door and for an
hour or so I just lay there wondering
how long he would keep it up.

I dozed off and on for an hour or
two. At four I got up and came down
to start dinner. It's over now and
the dishes are washed. I want to go see
"Keep Your Powderdry" tonight but it is
beginning to rain. I'm also waiting for

Erich to come over and bring me the material for Tomorrow's Bulletin.

I've run out of envelopes addressed (to you) on the typewriter so I'll have a chance to get some done tomorrow. They're very handy and much more legible of course.

~~Yesterday I took Johnny to the~~ store with me. On the way to Atlantic Ave. Johnny again saw the Wilson Milk Horse and again he asked, "Mamma, is that a boy or girl?" I said, "It's a boy," ~~thinking~~ the subject closed. ^{But} he said, "Why, mamma, why?" Exasperating?

The stores are completely out of Laundry soap and ~~mayonnaise~~, eggs and a few more items. There has been a shortage for a few weeks and none to be found here or Ocean City. I had a letter from Anne telling me that Theresa got me a jar of mayonnaise in Sea Isle. That certainly was a big help and I was very

2. Grateful. She also got me some
Oxydol. It's a little strong for my hands
but I'll wear rubber gloves when I use
it on my wash.

We're getting new Ration books in
December. Mine are certainly ^{in a} battered
~~condition~~. The new ones are supposed
to be smaller than a dollar bill.

I think I told you Betty Newman's
new husband came home unexpectedly on
a 48 hr Pass. He went back and returned
again that same night. Something happened
to delay their leaving and he's been here a week
now waiting for the telegram that will order
him back. Lucky?

Did you know, or did I tell you that
Dave Dorn of the Bean Stores in Ocean City
died? He was 39. They were good friends of
Minerva and mine.

Anne said she had received two
letters from Bill last week but they

hadn't heard from John or Lanielle.

I'm hoping all is well with you this trip. This has been a long, long wait. I'm praying there will be something for me in tomorrow's mail. ~~When there isn't any mail in the morning~~ I say to myself, "Cheer up, better luck in the afternoon mail" - then if I'm disappointed again there's always another day to look forward to. Perhaps the next letter, when it does come, will tell me you're on the way back.

Darling, I'm existing only for the time when I'll be held in your loving embrace. The Children send their best love and your handsome Mommy sends you all her love and devotion.

Always Yours,
Rose.

August 1, 1945

Dearest Parker,

Well here it is, the beginning of another month. Wonder what this one will bring -

Happiness or added despair and disappointments?

I'm inclined to be a little pessimistic today.

The month has already begun with a disappointment for me - My Check usually arrives on the first of the month, but not today. I had exactly one dollar left and it had better get here tomorrow - the Check, I mean.

What did you think of my last Club Bulletin? It was the eighth one so far. Today I had to write "Hizzoner" the Mayor of Atlantic City a "Thank You" letter. I'll enclose a copy. Erich came over to sign it and he said that Mrs. Hill is anxious to see a copy of it. I think she'll like the way it is worded. You see, last month, the Mayor and the Commissioners sent us a check for \$25. for baseball gloves and stuff. ~~The day~~ We should have acknowledged it sooner, I think, but I guess Erich was waiting for a meeting so the matter could be put on the floor, etc.

Incidentally, this paper I'm writing on belongs to

the club. I use it when I make duplicates of outgoing letters for my file.

Anne wanted me to ask you what kind of ships does the Hopping Convoy, but now I remember you told me they are on Patrol duty so I don't suppose they do any convoying.

Theresa came over again today. Wednesday is her day off. She brought me six pounds of sugar (the was down to my last cup & the next stamp isn't valid until Sept.) a jar of Hellman's Mayonnaise (very rare these days) and two boxes of laundry soap. I consider myself very, very fortunate, so one good thing did happen to me this first day of August!

Johnny has been so ornery all week since at my wife's end - he has never had so many lickings. He keeps going out in that lot behind the Village and wanders off - there's a sort of running little stream that winds thru that lot & must lead to the bay. He likes to go out there and try to catch minnows or whatever. He's my little brother Johnny all over again.

Linker and Conille have been behaving unusually well. Guess Johnny is making up for it.

They send you their best love and they too are waiting hopefully.

A big hug and my sweetest kiss for my sweet darling, & what I wouldn't give to have you here now, Always Your,
Rose.

recy

My dear Mayor Altman:

I want to thank you and the City Commissioners for your recent donation of \$25. to the Pitney Village Community Club.

May I take this opportunity, in behalf of the Club, to thank you, also, for the use of the baseball lot now being prepared on Massachusetts Ave.

This very worthy project has already incited very favorable comment. We feel that besides being a boon to the residents of Pitney Village, it serves to draw the attention of the influx of visitors arriving on the railroads adjoining the lot.

We are, dear

More than grateful for your generosity.

Respectfully yours,
P. U. C. C.

E. E. d'Neenille, Sec.

E. d'Neenille.

15-85

This is a copy of my latest
communication to "Argosy"

August 3, 1945

Dearest Parker,

The check came yesterday. I usually get it on the first day of the month. The rent is paid, the milk bill paid today, tomorrow the bread bill and Paper bill and other small bills. Then the rest is clear.

Yesterday I got four Pairs of shoes (repaired) out of the Shoemakers'. I'm not sure whether I'll be able to give Irene her whole \$10. this month. She told me not to be in a hurry to pay it back, but I do want to get it off my mind.

Uncle Maurice said he would get Finkers Scout outfit. He sent five dollars and I bought the shirt, knickers and socks. Finkers had already earned the money for the hat and neckerchief. I wish you could see him in it. He looks so cute. As soon as all the emblems are sewn on I'll try to have a picture taken and send it to you. Golly, he sure looks neat in it. It's the Navy blue cut uniform with gold.

He is in Pack 14, den 2. Last night was their meeting night and they went to the beach in bathing suits and had games. Next week they're to ~~bring~~ take their kites. There is to be a contest of some kind.

2. Finker and Canille went to see Danny Kaye
in "Wonderman," a Comedy supposed to keep you
in stitches. They said they enjoyed it. I've
been trying to keep them from telling me
about the Picture because I want to see it
but it's hard for them to keep still about it.
There are so many very good Pictures out
now I can't keep up with them. I'll surely
have to miss some as our finances won't
permit more than one movie per week.

The Lyric has reopened. The ^{new} interior
decoration is Modernistic and it has a larger
seating Capacity. They charge more now - 40¢

Darling, guess that's all the news for
tonight. No better again today. I've never
known such desolation!

I miss your kiss, I miss the touch
of your hand. I miss having my sweetheart
nibble my ear. I miss hearing you call me
"hon." I miss the bear hugs, I miss being squeezed
and kissed until I'm breathless. I miss you,
my dearest and I don't know how I'll ever
go on until you get home to me.

Always yours
- Rose

August 5, 1945

Dearest Parker,

I've been rereading your letters of June. I see you still put a question mark over words you're not sure are spelled correctly. I jotted down all those in June's letters and looked up the corrections in the dictionary and they are as follows:

Your <u>du</u> correct spelling	-	correct <u>spelling</u>
occassional	-	occasional
ship Person <u>na</u> l	-	ship Personnel
time <u>flys</u>	-	time flies
dis <u>al</u> ussion	-	disillusion
Made him <u>loose</u> business	-	<u>lose</u> business
It must be a loo-loo-	-	<u>lulu</u> or lu-lu
<u>rid</u> ance	-	<u>riddance</u>

Your letters were very interesting. I like to read your opinions of the Islands, Pictures, People, etc.

I have only one July letter. Here it is August fifth already and still no more. I am desolate.

You remember my telling you how nicely our Johnny and Johnny Welsh played together. Well, all last week and the week before, they've been

2. battling constantly. Johnny welsh is mentally retarded and I suppose I should make allowances, but he has been hitting Johnny so often with heavy sticks, iron toep, etc. I've been at my wits end and also out of patience because Mrs welsh doesn't seem to reprimand her child or punish him, while I punish our Johnny very severely whenever he starts a fight. The day before yesterday our Johnny was screaming, I ran out and he was holding his head and crying bitterly. He said Johnny W. hit him with the iron train because J. W. chased him away and our Johnny wouldn't go. Mrs. welsh came to her door and started with, "yes, your Johnny often starts things too." Well, I saw red, I almost shouted, "well, you had better take that child in hand, else getting sick of this." All the neighbors are annoyed at the way J. welsh is forever hopping all the other kids with no provocation. I just couldn't hold it in any longer, hence the outburst. We were cool toward each other for a couple of days - at least I was toward her. She isn't the type who can stay mad at anyone and today our Johnny was playing with her Johnny again and I was out looking for him as he had been gone for a while and I began to wonder if he hadn't wandered off somewhere. As I was passing her house Mrs. welsh came out and said Johnny was with her Johnny they had gone to buy ice cream cones.

3. Then she walked over and remarked how silly it was to quarrel and shout at each other over the children. I replied that it wasn't so funny when they almost kill each other. I had been on edge all week and that constant hitting and screaming nearly had me out of my mind. Our Johnny had so many lickings from me for being bad, and then those added bops and scratches from Johnny Welsh - I really felt awful. As she left, she said she wasn't going to fight with me over the children and I said I had no desire to quarrel with anyone over anything.

I became "indisposed" last night and never have I had such cramps, even the Anacin tablets haven't relieved me. They usually are effective.

I saw father Vincent after Mass this morning and I received a slight reprimand for staying away from the bazaar & other activities. He said he had told Linker to tell me he was asking about me, but Linker forgot to tell me. Father said, "How have you been, you're quite a stranger - Are you a Catholic?" "Cute?"

Linker went to the Star-of-the-Sea Church again tonight with Edward. They both served at Benediction. Linker is still pestering to be allowed to go to the Star-of-the-Sea School. All his friends go there.

He doesn't seem to get along with the kids at St. Michael's and I'm surprised that he can assist at Benediction at Ewalds Church and not at St. Michael's. I guess I'll have to have a talk with Father Vincent about it.

Golly, I just happened to think, only four or five more weeks and school reopens - it doesn't seem possible! Probably when you are able to return home school will be in Progress and then what will become of the California trip?

Darling, you've told me not to get my hopes up, I just read it again and remembered. Well, I guess it will be a long time before I see you again, I might as well face it. I tried to be an ostrich these past two months, but now I have to wake up and try to cheer up and thank God that you're still safe. My heart aches for those wives who will never hear from their beloved ones again. We are fortunate so far and I pray the blessed Mother will keep you in her protection ~~and~~ bring you back home safely to your family. The boys send their best love and Prayers.

My all to you, my dearest one.

Your devoted,
Wife.