



17 April 1944

My Beautiful Darling,

As I told you I wanted to write to you as soon as I returned. Due to the fact that our pay was held back until today I thought it better to wait and send them both at once.

Tomorrow we are leaving Porto Muro for the Roads and after that I don't know. There is a very stubborn rumor going about that we are bound for the Pacific Coast. In the event I don't manage to get any letters to you for some weeks you shall know that the rumor was correct. In any event, at the earliest opportunity I shall get in touch with you.

Those nine days! They were so fast! You answered so many questions that I often wondered about. You are more the wife than I ever expected to have. Honey, if you could only guess how deeply I love you. It's impossible for you to conceive, even, to the remotest depth. Every expression, be it just the rising of an eyelash I feel poignantly. You are the dream I've always dreamed. Just stay your own sweet self. So beautiful, so sweet and so good.

I'm sending this letter by a pharmacist mate I
know as Bob. He's stationed directly across from the
ship. His wife works in a bank and he offered to get
me a certified check for the amount I'm sending you.

I had quite a talk with Scotty today and
told him if he ever went to Atlantic City again that
he should come to our house. So - if anybody by
the name of Simpson should knock on the door make
them at home.

There isn't much else to say Honey. We are
fast nearing our time from the ocean; should we
make a Northern port before we sail for any place
I'll certainly try to make Home. The Radio just ann-
ounced that "The Song of Bernadette" is playing
at the Grandby Theatre in Norfolk. Did you
see it yet? I had liberty tonight but went
to Colloghan Centre instead of Norfolk. It's much
nicer than.

Yours
Parker



Mrs. Joseph P. Killman

275 No. Mississippi Ave.

Atlantic City N.J.

19 April 1944

Dearest Darling,

Last night I sent you a letter from the Sick Bay across the dock from the ship. When I come from Gallagher Center I go in there and have sandwiches and milk that we buy from the canteen next door. I wanted to send you that money and was going to place it in the envelope as the P.O. on the ship was closed all day and I couldn't get a money order, when Bob said that his wife worked in a Bank and that he would get me a certified check. I gave him the \$2.00 and asked him to send it air-mail special delivery as I know you must get it. When you write let me know if it came through in time. I don't know him very well but he seems to be O.K.

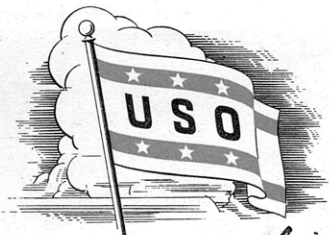
The rumors of us going to the Pacific are becoming more persistent and it looks very much like the real McCoy. In that event it will be a long time before I see you again, but it will mean that when I do I'll have more than nine days. In view of no invasion, the war in the Atlantic, as far as the Navy is concerned,

about over. As far as the Pacific is concerned we won't be in much danger out there. It will be a little different routine but we will always be behind like the horses tail. That is where the war really has to be won and the Navy is going to win it. The sooner the Pacific is filled with American ships the sooner it will all be over.

I must confess I'm looking forward to it as sort of a new adventure. In fact I'm anxious to see what that part of the world is like. It's probably going to be very lonely for I don't see how we'll ever hit Port when there is any civilization. Perhaps I can get you a guess sheet. Well Darling, the Pen is running out of words as usual and the Radio here in the mess hall is blasting away. So I can't very well think of anything to say.

Just remember Honey, that I love you so deep it hurts and I'm only living for the day that we can be together again. You are the total sum of everything I want in this world. It won't be so long now before the mess is finished. All any of these fellows want is to get home. They are all anxious to turn the Navy back to the regulars after we win the war.

Say hello to the little guys and tell them their Daddy misses them very much. I'll have to bring them some more rings from the South Sea Islands. Goodnight Mommy.
Parker.



April 20, 1944

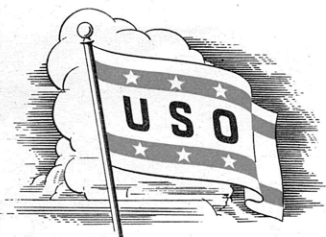
Darling,

Here I am in the U.S.O.

Trying to find some words to write you.
I bought one of those "Pocket Books" tonight.
A book that I've always wanted to read.
Dale Carnegie's "How to win Friends and
influence People". I haven't read enough
of it yet to be able to pass any com-
ments on it.

Last night I went up to Seib
Bay and chatted with Frank Gible. for
a couple of hours. His brother's name is
Gordon Gible and at Present he is an
Army Lieutenant and stationed in the Al-
batross Islands.

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II

Frank himself is in a very
mess. It's funny if you know Frank,
for he possess that Mexican Temperament,
although he isn't Mexican. He is a
fervid, impetuous lover, with an inat-
tachable ~~not~~ weakness for the fair sex.

He told me his first marriage
was enacted when he was 17. His wife
being 27. His second when he was 23. His
first wife was his Father's wife's sister, a Con-
cert Pianist and Portrait Painter. He is second
son of Garner, niece of "Cactus" Jack Garner.

He made the unfortunate error of
divorcing his first wife in Mexico and it
wasn't held valid by the U.S. Courts, so his
second was annulled. Now he has met a



THH

Girl here in Norfolk who's husband is in
North Africa and has gotten her pregnant.
She is very much in love with him and
wants the baby. There is nothing she
could do about it now anyway. Did you
ever hear of such a mess? I'm won-
dering which one of them will shoot him
first.

I think the middle of next week
shall see us on our way. Where to I
don't know for sure as yet. If there is
any way possible to let you know, I will.

all I can say is the same old philosophy,
"Each day brings the war nearer to its end."
Keep yourself well Darling, and don't worry, for
I'll be back before long. Say hello to the "Musketeers"
for me.

Parker.

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22 April 1944

Dearest Darling,

I do have a few things to tell you. First, I received your letter today when we came into Port. There are a couple of things I want to straighten out that you spoke of in it. I'm glad your jealous for one. I'm very jealous of you. Another thing, that when I look at other women it doesn't mean a thing. I might make some remark about their shape or some thing, but everytime I look at anyone else, there is a surge of pride goes through me that you are my wife. I've never met or seen anyone that could hold a candle to you, Honey, so don't worry your sweet little head about that. What's more I'm not looking for anybody. I'm totally, happily, sublimely satisfied in every respect. I only wish you could say the same, but I know you can't. I've made your life very miserable and I only hope I can make some of it up to you.

I'm sending away for a Navy course to night. Like everything else in the Navy it's going to take some time. The course I've chosen is Radio Service and Sales. They have a catalogue here on the ship that shows the courses. There are about fourteen or fifteen by the Army Institute. The rest of the 700 courses are from

almost every College in the U.S.A. I ~~first~~ have to send a
form letter to get the cost of the course. I pay half and
the Government pays half. The closest college that has the
course of'm taking is the University of Nebraska. You may
call me for College pretty soon. The cost isn't supposed
to be much. Total cost from \$20 to \$30. Mr Engle, the
First Lieutenant, says they are very good. I would like you
to write to the N.R.I. (National Radio Institute) where Jim
is taking his course and get all the Particulars of theirs.
You can find their addrs in almost any magazine. Particu-
larly Popular Mechanics, Popular Science or any Radio
magazine. I may as well do the job up brown if
I'm going to attempt it at all.

The ship I told you of in the previous
letter was the Mataponi (MATTA-PON-I). It makes me feel
bad for when we were in Texas last, and I was in Baytown
on Shore Patrol, we stopped often at the Navy Mother's Club
for cake and coffee. There was a very nice lady there who
told me her son was home as the Mataponi was with us.
I hope he was saved.

Some fellows from the Badger, a Destroyer,
were aboard today and told me they had passed it after
it happened and it was still burning. (It sunk later).

This is all for tonight darling.

Parker.

25 April 1944

Dearest,

This may be my last letter for awhile. I think we are taking off tomorrow, but I don't believe it will be for the Pacific. At this moment we are taking on boat load after boat load of mail and its marked for England.

I've always wanted to go to England. Though I can't be certain that that's our destination. No matter where we land, if there is any possible way to get a word to you I'll do it. If it put it at the top of the letter where I put "Dearest" you'll know we are in the Pacific. If its the same as usual you'll know we are still in the North Atlantic. You had best send my letters V-mail just in case they send any across. As soon as I get back in the States I'll call you.

I've only received one letter from you since I've been here. Is that all you've sent? That was the one telling me you received the money I sent you.

I'll be thinking of you constantly on the gun watch. I've been made Gun Pointer on the gun which is a more responsible position than Gun Capt and, as things as it seems, it pays \$3 per month extra in peace time and with

ing in war time. no C+1? man can be a gunner.
I'm supposed to be one of the best 3" gunners on the ship
which same I don't get any picks from.

There isn't much else to say, mommy.
I'm only waiting for the day when I can be with you
again. I'm having a terrible time writing this letter.
I'm in the paint locker and am being interrupted every
five minutes to give somebody some paint. I'm going on
duty at four o'clock and want to get it finished so I
can get it mailed.

Say hello to the Musketers for me. I hope
it won't be long before this is finished and I can be
with all of you for life, for Darling, you are my life.
There isn't any worthwhile existence without you.

Tell Guy if he has any good addresses in
England he wants me to look up to send them along. Have
you heard anything from my sister since she was over
lost? I wrote a letter home a few days ago. There
hasn't been time enough to get an answer as yet. Try not
to be worrying about me, for if you'll remember I told you I don't
think my number is up in this war, and I still feel the same.
This is all for now sweetheart, so until I send you a V-mail
Porter.