





(CENSOR'S STAMP)

TO: Mrs. J. P. Hillman
275 No. Mississippi Ave.
Atlantic City, N.J.

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

FROM

Joseph Parker Hillman
USS Niobrara 7412000
New York, N.Y.

(Sender's complete address above)

Dearest Darling,

Another line, although it isn't a sequel.

You probably feel that I'm a long ways from you.

Don't feel that way for I'm always close to you. Miles never shall make a difference.

The day isn't so far distant when we'll be together again. This time for all time.

Tell the musketees their Daddy says "hello" and for them to be good. I received the Bible you sent me. It was exactly what I wanted.

I'll write you as often as the mail goes from the ship. Until later,
 ... Parker.

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE
ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY
V---MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE
ADDRESS AT TOP?

Somewhere in the Pacific
May 14, 1944.

Dearest Oochin;

This is a revision of a four page letter that was returned to me as I had mentioned a banned place that I didn't know was of the Edges until I had written about it.

I did get three hankies I promised you, also another pillow cover from another place. I can't send them as yet as they haven't been in A.K.
(Big space here)

I don't know where we are going and couldn't tell you if I did. My letters shall probably be infrequent, so don't become alarmed, for this ocean makes the ether seem an oversized Pond. It's a long time between ports. Our sojourn here, in all probability, will be six months or more. By that time Germany shall have been liquidated and the yellow Rats well on their way to extermination. I'm curious to know if you received the 15th mail letter previous to this, especially the one I mailed from our last stop. You and Mom should have received

(Continue to next page) (Brilliant thought eh?)



one at the same time.

Darling, I wish you to pay particular attention to preserving my volumes of Poe's works. There are any number of them of definite value. Though I have not the talent to be a Poet, I may from time to time send you a story ~~story~~ that may be of value if it can be edited to pass the censors. Poe's "Raven" and "Bells" are the acme of his works according to those authorized, (most likely by themselves) to be literary judges. However, I think his "Valentine" to Francis Sargent a good, very much of a masterpiece. To try to make you agree with me I suggest, that upon receipt of this letter you immediately take our copy and read it over. It's definitely the pearl of all his works. That and "Harbor Lights". I'm answer to the question that must now be in your mind, providing you have done as instructed, yes, our Poe is complete.

These next few months are going to be a great trial to you. as I said before, my letters may be posted over long periods. Remember I'm thinking of you and the Musketers always. Every day that passes is one you

by that brings me even closer to you. It's learning
 Patience the hard way. a lesson that neither of us is apt
 to forget.

The last I received from you was that very nice
 Bible you sent me. It was just what I wanted and I
 read it almost daily. I'm starting from the beginning
 and hope to finish it someday.

Of the course I sent for, there has been no word.

When we reach our destination there shall probably be an an-
 swer then. I hope you wrote the N.P. L. as I asked you
 in a former letter. If the cost is small enough I may
 take that one also. There isn't any use being incomplete
 about any subject and that field is mine complete.

Well Mommy, this pen has about used all of its
 words for this afternoon. so until I find something else
 to make talk —

Yours Ever
 Parker.

May 15, 1944.
Somewhere in the Pacific

Dearest Dorlin,

I don't know what I wrote you yesterday or the day before so I can start all over again. I would like to hear about Lew. I wrote him a letter that I shall mail when we reach our destination. He has never answered since I answered his letter, the one telling me he was going to the hospital. If by any chance you can get in touch with his mother-in-law it might be better to ask her just in case anything serious had happened.

My previous letters may be chopped up or returned to me as there was a subject I mentioned that is Tapos but I didn't know it until after they were written. There was a short interval here while I had chow and during that period the visit that Lieut. called me in and returned the letter I have previously mentioned.

will be in a ... but
it won't be the kind I can phone you from.

I've finally answered a letter from Emmet concerning Mary. I may meet him somewhere out here, and while I'm thinking of it you should send me Camille's address so I may be able to spot him, also.

Keep your pretty little chin up and remember that each day brings controversy intellectual humans ever nearer to a finish.

Tell the Musketeers I say "Hello" and that I'll bring them a pair of fop sens, or so, to play with. Everything is fine and dandy and extremely peaceful. We are all set tomorrow for a fifty gun salute and an Admiral's inspection when the great Niagara sails into port.

Yours Ever
Parker.

May 19, 1944

Dearest Darlin,

Well, we've finally steamed into this grand and glorious Port - very suspiciously - all dressed in helmets and at our general quarters stations. The flat must have thought we were a day early as they failed to steam out and meet us. We weren't even given a gun salute. Apparently they even failed to realize that it was the great Niobrara coming in. There wasn't the least flurry of excitement or curiosity. The power that he must have suffered a keen disappointment for they have been driving the crew relentlessly for weeks preparing the flower of the Pacific for the occasion. Perhaps they'll eventually come to realize that they are fighting a war over here and there isn't time to play house with a touch of grace as they do on the other side.

Now that I have all that out of my system, I must hunt for other topics. I'm serious about making

conversation almost impossible. I even had to decline
 there it banks I bought for you and the Willow
 cover. too.

All is well here and though I haven't been
 ashore as yet there should be a some nice souvenirs
 available. The date of delivery is unannounced. No one
 has gone on liberty as yet and at ~~that~~ this date no
 mail has come aboard although a ship that came
 with us already has there's but of course they don't have
 the famous Nebraska systems.

I'll find something to write you everyday
 as long as we are here. Keep the family posted
 and don't forget to send me Camille's address as soon
 as possible. If you happen to see Mrs. Barker ask her if
 Jack is out here and throw him in for good measure.
 This is all for tonight M-m-m. Say "Hello" for me to
 the little guys and tell them I said to be home.
 Yours truly
 Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

21 MAY 1944

DEAREST DARLIN',

HERE IS ANOTHER NOTE TO KEEP THE BALL ROLLING. THOUGH I HAVEN'T BEEN ASHORE YET, I THINK I MAY VENTURE TO SAY THAT HTIS IS AN EXCEPTIONAL PORT. IT IS VERY AMERICANIZED AND THE FOREIGN ATMOSPHERE THAT IS PRESENT IN PORTS AWAY FROM THE STATES IS PRACTICALLY NIL HERE. TOMORROW I'M GOING TO MEANDER ON THE BEACH AND GET A FURTHER IMPRESSION OF THIS LAND OF LEIS.

THERE IS A RED MENS' LODGE HERE THAT, ACCORDING TO THE LOCAL PAPER, MEETS EVERY FIRST AND FOURTH TUESDAY OF THE MONTH. I WOULD LIKE TO ATTEND ONE OF THEIR MEETINGS JUST TO HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL THE BRETHERN OF THE ARASAPHAS WHEN I RETURN. THE ONLY HITCH IS THAT WHEN A VISITING PAST SACHEM ATTENDS ANOTHER LODGE MEETING HE IS SUPPOSED TO CONDUCT THE MEETING AND I'M AFRAID I'VE FORGOTTEN QUITE A BIT ^{1/2} OF THE TWO HOUR PROCEDURE. HOWEVER, IF IT BE POSSIBLE FOR ME TO MAKE SHORE TUESDAY I'LL TAKE A CHANCE FOR THE NOVELTY WOULD BE WORTH THE EMBARRASSMENT INVOLVED.

LAST NIGHT THERE WERE A FEW OF THE OLD CREW ABOARD TO PAY US A VISIT. THAT IS, OF THE ORIGINAL CREW OF THIS SHIP. THEY ARE ON ANOTHER SHIP OF THE SAME CLASS AND THEIR COMMANDER IS THE BEST AND ORIGINAL EXEC OF THIS SHIP. YOU HAVE PROBABLY HEARD ME SPEAK OF COMMANDER SCHROEDER. ANOTHER VISITOR WAS ABOARD TONIGHT, ALTHOUGH



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I MISSED THAT GREAT EVENT, CAPTAIN HAFF.

DAD COULD ENJOY HIMSELF HERE AS IT'S AN EDEN FOR ~~HI~~ HIS TYPE OF ENTHUSIAST. GLANCING THROUGH THE LOCAL REAL ESTATE ADDS, IT SEEMS AS IF I'M HOME AGAIN READING THE ~~THE~~ LOCAL SHEET. THE PRICE RANGES ARE TYPICALLY THE SAME. THE ILLUSTRATIONS ARE VERY MUCH ALIKE. THE TOWN SEEMS CONGESTED WITH THEATRES AND ALL THEY NEED TO MAKE THE ILLUSION COMPLETE IS A BOARDWALK. PERHAPS THERE IS EVEN THAT AT THE ACCEPTED BATHING BEACH.

IT HAS BEEN SO LONG SINCE I TYPED ANYTHING THAT AFTER A PROTRACTED BATTLE WITH THE MARGIN WE ARE FINALLY COMING TO A MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING.

NO MAIL HAS COME TO US AS YET AND I THINK THAT IT'S DUE LARGELY TO THE LATE CHANGE OF ADDRESS. IF YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY REALIZED IT; YOU HAD BEST SEND ALL YOUR LETTERS V-MAIL AS THAT TYPE HAS PRIORITY DOWN THIS WAY. WRITE THEM IN YOUR USUAL HAND AS I'M SURE THAT WILL PHOTOGRAPH VERY NICELY.

THINGS I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT--LEW, JIM, FAMILY, FAMILY, JOHN, CAMILLE, MUSKETEERS, OYU (SEE, I'M EVEN STARTING TO WRITE THIS LANGUAGE) AND EVERYTHING IN GENERAL. DON'T FORGET TO KEEP ME INFORMED OF YOUR FINANCIAL STATUS AND ANY NEW INVESTMENTS. (CAPT. MARTS WAS JUST IN AND PASSED THE TIME OF THE EVENING AS THE SAYING GOES) IF SIS HAS ANY NEWS FROM HIS AUNT SHE MIGHT WANT PASSED ALONG



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THROW THAT IN ALSO.

THERE IS NOTHING LEFT WITH WHICH TO MAKE TALK-TALK. FINDING TOPICS IS LIKE LOOKING FOR A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK. I AM WONDERING IF YOU PLANTED YOUR POSTAGE STAMP VICTORY GARDEN. EVEN THIS EARLY IN THE YEAR I'M GLAD THAT YOU WON'T HAVE ANY HEATING PROBLEM TO WORRY ABOUT NEXT WINTER. THOSE TWO ITEMS ARE QUITE A ^{Lesson} CONTRAST ON HOW TO SPAN A SEASON OR TWO IN A FEW WORDS. I'M JUST PICKING NOW TO TRY AND FILL OUT THIS PAGE.

GUY CERTAINLY HIT THE JACK-POT WHEN HE GOT SHORE DUTY AT HOME. I SHOULD TAKE A LEAF FROM HIS BOOK. I SUPPOSE THAT NANCE IS RIGHT BACK IN THE OLD GROOVE ^NHEPECKING HIM TO PIECES. IT WOULD SERVE HER RIGHT IF HE ASKED FOR FOREIGN DUTY AGAIN BUT I DON'T THINK HE'S THAT FAR GONE.

I WOULD GIVE ANYTHING TO BE ABLE TO SEE THE LIT^lLE GUYS AGAIN BUT THAT'S OU^T OF QUESTION. I LIKE TO READ ABOUT THEM SO DON'T FORGET TO JAM YOUR LETTERS FULL OF THE^{IR} DOINGS AS THAT SHOULD BE A BOOK IN ITSELF.

WELL MOMMY, THIS IS THE END OF THE ROAD FOR TONIGHT, SO UNTIL THE NEXT ROUND-UP

YOURS EVER,

Parker

May 22, 1944

Dearest Darlin',

The mail is slowly cluttering in; I've gotten letters from you as far back as the 14th of April, yesterday. I noticed in one of them you have me in the "dog-house", oh well - there's no place like home. Of that particular subject - I'll strive to take care of it, though as the war continues and values rise it becomes increasingly difficult.

Then there was your talk of a gift you expected to present me with when I got home again. Is there no more to say about that? The packages you sent haven't arrived as yet. The last package I received from you was that nice Bible.

Timper must be a mess with the mumps, perhaps the other two will escape them. I wouldn't like to hear of Jimmy getting them, he is so little and has plenty of time for that.

So my Dad is going to retire. He's spent time for he certainly deserves a long rest but I'll bet he'll work harder than ever now. The fish should take a grand beating this summer, that is as long as he can get you for the boat.

I am glad Uncle Henry didn't suffer any ill effects from his dousing. I don't think anyone had written Mike anything about it. For when I showed him the clipping you had sent he was equally surprised. He remarked that Uncle Henry couldn't swim. Sometimes it wonders why they don't use barbed wire instead of darning a treacherous blanket as a sail. It would only take an hour longer and when you figure two motor launches and thirteen thousand pounds of fish lost just to save two hours a day it makes the light seem tarry of the candle.

It hasn't received any letters of yours saying anything about John's demise. Don't forget to send my mail to Fleet P.O., San Francisco, Cal. as you should have construed if even if you didn't notice the change on the envelopes. I've stopped writing to mail as there isn't room enough to say anything in them. If you should be able to figure how long it takes this kind of letter to reach you, tell me, for if it be too long I'll resort to U-mail.

We are still in this metropolitan port, though I don't imagine we'll be here much longer. I tried to get shore early here but didn't meet with any success. I think in order to effect a transfer one must be a personal friend of A.C.R.

My first trip ashore here was enjoyable,

although this place makes Times Square look like
a country cross-roads. I wish I could tell you
more about it but the censors would only chop-
chop. If you take Coney Island, Atlantic City,
Wildwood and Ocean City, mix them all up and

you know
the a ~~er~~ I can up-
plotting ~~courses and vacationists~~, but believe me
I'm just an amateur of the poorest class compared
to these legal pirates here. Can you ever remem-
ber paying twenty-five cent, for a hamburger
at any time, at any place in the States? Did
you ever see a Beer line a block long waiting
to get in a barroom to drink four bottles of beer
and then have to leave to make room for others?

It takes all kinds of people to make our
world and all kinds of places too. This place
is really something to write of, but my hands are tied.

Well Mommy, this is all for now,

Yours truly
Parkes.

May 23, 1944

Dearest Darling,

There is practically nil to write of tonight. I don't know how I'm even going to be able to get by these opening lines.

Every day is more or less a repetition of the day previous. So if you can find anything to make of that, it's more than I can. I'm still eating, sleeping, working and playing checkers. I've completed the first book of the Bible and am well into Exodus. Perhaps I'll wind up as a future Evangelist and go into a partnership with Amy MacPherson. It reminds me of a joke I once heard. St Peter was standing at the gate when a good man approached. St Peter asked him his name and checking over his list told him to go in with the good people. The next customer was "Diamond" Jim Brady and he sent him to the Devil. After him came a preacher and he told him he had to wait a month in Purgatory before he could come in. Next came a Priest and he received the same sentence. The next subject came to the gate and

St. Peter said "What's your name?" This personage
 drew himself up importantly and answered, "I'm Billy
 Sunday", "O kays!" answered St. Peter. "You go into
 the department reserved for African Voodoo Doctors".

That reminds me of another, two little
 toby's were playing together. They were dressed in the long
 dresses that toby's wear. One looked at the other and
 said "What are you, a girl or boy toby?" The other an-
 swered, "I'm a girl toby, what are you?" "O h, I'm a boy
 toby" "How do you know?" at this the boy toby pulled
 up his long dress and said, "see, blue toobies!"

Well Mommy, you asked for a few lines
 and there they are. If it weren't for these two items
 I don't know what I could write about. There is supposed
 to be quite a bit of mail come aboard tonight, so maybe
 one of your letters will have something for me to talk
 about. I hope the musketiers are well and not all
 down with mumps. Take care of yourself and see
 that you get those glasses as it always wanted you to
 see the world through rose-tinted glasses.

Yours ever
 Parker

Dear Dad,

I'm on line of a line
or so. I let you know that all is well.
I don't know if these V-Mail letters are
photographed. I'm the event may are it's
necessary to write large writing so you'll be
able to read some. At the best they can only
be notes. I'm reading another letter the
old-fashioned way. How long it shall take for
either of them to arrive I don't know, but I wish
you would let me know. This is being written
May 14th. It's going to be a long time be-
tween letters, so don't be worried. Tell the little
guys their Daddy says "Hello"
Love and Everything,
Parker

HAVE YOU PAID IN COMPLETE
ADDRESS AT THE

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ADDRESS AT THE

WAR & NAVY
DEPARTMENTS

V-MAIL SERVICE

OFFICIAL BUSINESS



PENALTY FOR PRIVATE USE TO AVOID
PAYMENT OF POSTAGE, \$300



May 25, 1944

Dearest Darlin,

Your letters are coming through in fine shape now. You and your dreams. Its time to conjure another as I haven't any idea where our next stopping place shall be.

You might ask my Dad if Mickey's Father is still in the trucking business. I received a letter that said otherwise and just for curiosity sake I would like to know. Please don't forget.

There is a fellow on the ship who has a relative living here and she has given him a very accurate description of an attack I'll tell you of when the opportunity offers. His Brother was a Navy Flyer and was reported missing some time ago. He still retains some hope that he'll turn up some day and thinks, perhaps, he may have been taken and is now a prisoner.

There seems to be a possibility that we may lose Mr Engle, the fine First Lieut. I told you of; that's one thing about this ship, nothing ever happens for the best but always for the worse. To date we've never been disappointed.

II

It won't be long now before Kate Smith. See if you can figure that one out. I was on the beach yesterday and had a swell time. I wish I could tell you about it. I'll certainly have oodles to tell you when I get home again.

Has Pop made the move yet? If he has still let his wandering around trying to find something to do. Then again the summer shouldn't present any great problems on that score. I would also like to hear how Uncle Mike is, and if the boat was recovered. That should take care of him for awhile as the "law of averages" won't be hunting him.

Say "hello" to the Musketeers and tell them I'll bring them something from the other side of the world. Everything that I've seen so far is more or less junky, but I haven't been in any of the large places as yet. Liberty here starts at 9 a.m. and ends at 6.30 p.m. It isn't any fun. Gain for it takes two and one-half hours to get into town and the same to return. Once in a while one might get a lucky break and make it in an hour. Oh well, it's better than none at all. You may not receive any letters for a while. Don't be worried I'll send you some from Tokyo.

Yours. Ewen
Kasper.

May 30, 1944
Somewhere in the Pacific

Dearest Darlin',

There still isn't anything to make conversation. All I can say is that we're still rambling around the Ocean as before. The war on this side is a little more serious than otherwise, and when I look on a map and see all that is to be done it's very discouraging. It seems as if the end will never come.

I've now made a friend on here, a fellow that is a newcomer aboard since we left Norfolk. He's a bit above the average vulgar youth of today and he might even be called intellectual. With it all he's very unassuming and exceptionally pleasant. at times he sometimes causes me to think he still believes in Santa. His name is Karl or Carl Adler, from Lexington Mass. you will probably ~~too~~ hear of him often as you'll know who I mean when you come across his name in my letters. His Brother was a Navy Pilot before Pearl Harbor and is either a prisoner or dead. His Brother's

family still lives there— wife and year old son.

Tonight both the famed Southern Cross and North Star (Polaris) were visible as I imagine they now been for some nights but I neglected to look for them. So if you happen to look at the faithful Polaris you'll know that somewhere I'll be looking at it too, though some hours later.

I hope the Musketers are all A.K. and happy. Their school days shall soon terminate and then you'll have them to keep you occupied all day. I'm going to send you a story or rather article that I clipped from an Esquire magazine. I'll have to send it in installments as it's quite long and would make a very bulky letter. It in no way pertains to the other story I remarked about or any of Poe's works. So don't confuse the issue. It's something I want your opinion of; a dream that I've had for a few years. It follows:

If someone you know is in the Army, Navy, Marines or Coast Guard here's a surprise for him. Every day of the first two years he spends in Uncle Sam's Armed Forces he is homesteading as ^{much as} 160 acres of land in any one of the twenty-five states, or the Territory of Alaska. He may be on a sun-scorched beach in the Pacific, walking a gold-scented deck off Greenland or unloading a jeep in Utah — it makes

no difference. Under the laws governing vacant public lands he may count up to two years of his service towards the three years residence that is required to make a piece of land irrevocably his.

From its earliest days as an independent government, the United States has offered land to its fighting^{men} as a partial reward for their services in the Army and Navy. World War II is no exception. Men who have been serving as much as ninety days in any branch of the service have the same opportunity to carve out a homestead for themselves as was given to veterans as far back as the Indian Wars of 1817. Although the General Land Office in Washington cautiously states that opportunity to pioneer land still in the public domains today is not unlimited, there is at this moment available to homesteaders an acreage of vacant land, exclusive of national forests and grazing tracts, which is twice the area of the entire Japanese Empire.

To be continued.

That should give you something to do or little research on. I hope none of these letters get lost for I do want you to get all of the story. The mail comes through to me more or less haphazardly. I'm wondering in what station you received my letters. Of course there are a good many things more necessary out here than mail cages, but anything you want me to know of, quickly, V-mail is the better bet.

Nite sweetheart;
Parker.