



June 2 1944

est Dorlen;

Here is one for you to figure. Yesterday -

as How about

Karl and I have been making Star studies.
one of those books entitled "Science from Sea -"
I wish you would send mine. I should have
it along. However, I doubt if I would have
much of those Star charts studying them alone.
has navigated and has something to start from.

There are several things I would like to
show of; it's "agin" the rules so I'll have to continue
the second installment of the article and then I'm
to retire.

Part II

among the twenty five states still having land to give
Nevada leads with over 19,000,000 acres unappropriated

and unreserved, and California is next with 13,000,000. Other states are Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri (only 400 acres) Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming. In all, a total of 51,447,239 acres for those who wish to come and get it.

But it is in the Territory of Alaska, with its 323,000,000 acres to offer homesteaders, that the pioneer has his greatest opportunity. Three fourths of this unclaimed Alaskan acreage lies in approximately the same latitude as Norway, Sweden, Scotland and Denmark. It is so little developed that ~~even~~ ~~the~~ homesteaders except for a small portion, not even the surveyors have touched it.

To be continued.

This is the second part of it, Honey. I can see you now all agog with enthusiasm trying to determine the best way to keep me anchored in Atlantic City. I've spent my life looking and being on the ocean. After the war I don't care if I never hear a wave break again. The awful incited loneliness of the sea isn't in me. Not in these iron hulks, anyway.

This is all for now Mommy. Tell the mustaches to shove. I expect I'll be writing you from away down under soon. Don't forget to let me know the speed of these letters, though I don't know how I could possibly write all this in one V-mail letter.

Yours
Parker.

June - 6th

Dearest Darlin',

Perhaps my letters have started to come through by now. In the past few days I've been rather dilatory in writing you as Karl and I have been battling on a chess board. I received a letter from you yesterday and I notice you still insist upon sending them to New York.

Heris ^{is} hoping by now the Musketeers are recovered from the mumps. They must have been a pretty sight. They have just about run the gamut of children's diseases and should have a little respite for awhile.

I received a letter from Lew yesterday, another of his literary master pieces. There was also a note from Mary telling me to hurry home so I could bounce her on my knee. Lew is fine and is still talking hunting and dogs. Jay grounded five Deer for the season, two in, and three out. He says One is doing nicely in his new place and that George has had to

move from Woodbury due to his usual financial embarrassment. He said, also, that Mary is having trouble with her kidneys and that he has Rheumatism, that all the children have had Scarlet Fever and except for that everything is O.K. He wants a picture of me, why, I don't know, but if its possible for you to get another similar to the one we had taken at Virginia Ave. and the Boardwalk I would like very much for him to have it. Let me know about it as soon as possible.

In the mail, yesterday, there was the answer ~~to~~ to the inquiry of mine to the University of Michigan. I'm not at all satisfied and think I'll wait until the other comes. However, there were a good many additional subjects which I'm interested in and may take one of those.

Your letter was the one in which you told me of your success as a solicitor for the church. If you continue that very long you shall receive as

a wonderful education in Personal Relations besides other valuable experiences. I think

The Present Pattern is a bit risky if he expects you to reap fifty dollars per family in the Territory he has given you. I don't think there are many desirous of going to him at that high a cost around there.

You may find some of my letters a bit chop-chop. The esteemed ~~Conson~~ ^{Conson} avers that I committed some indiscretions, hence the chop-chops. My last letter was so indiscreet that I had to go before the "Great Gingo". It was nothing important, just something to fill in space. It seems that no one is supposed to know where we are except the ^{enemy} ~~enemy~~; and I don't think they are in position to do anything about it. You'll notice in the second line above I beat him to the Park.

I'll continue you with the next installment of the article, although I'm not sure which one it is.

Part III

Homesteading a claim in Alaska or in the States follows the same General Pattern. But there

are some differences. For example, so much of Alaska is unsurveyed that it is necessary actually to mark out the boundaries of your claim; in the States this is seldom required. On the other hand all land in the States was withdrawn for classification in 1934-35 as part of the Conservation Program. Therefore, before homesteading land in any of the twenty-five States it is necessary to have the Government classify the tract you select as "Unreserved and unappropriated."

In general, however, there are the requirements for both Alaska and the States, with the differences as noted. First, you must be a citizen of the United States, twenty-one years old, or the head of a family. If you are a member of any of the armed forces of our country, the age requirement is cancelled as Uncle Sam believes if you are old enough to fight you'll make a good risk as a homesteader. Also, you must not own more than 160 acres anywhere else in the nation. A married woman may homestead if she has been

deserted by her husband or he is incapacitated.

Wacs, Warps, Hacs, nurses, Red Cross workers, and any other women's auxiliary workers directly associated with the service are given the same rights to homestead as soldiers and sailors, so there is nothing to prevent any energetic lady from taking up for herself a likely tract in one of the unfilled corners of our national attic.

(To be continued)

You can easily read the above and find by purchasing a jeep and a plow you can become an independent farmerette if I'm removed from the picture. Just think of all the fun you would have herding cows or sheep, yes! even goats. How appealing a photo that must be. Well, mommy, there isn't anything more to say so I'll say goodnight to you and those "little guys" till the next letter.

Yours Ever
Parker.

June 8th 1944

Dearest Darlin',

Here's another attempt at a letter.

Today I received two photographed letters from you; one dated May 28 and the other May 31st. They don't seem to be the most rapid. The regular air-mail seems to ~~arrive~~ arrive a few days earlier. How many days is there for my regular mail to reach you?

The conquest of Europe has given us all some hope that this might end within a year. How far fetched that belief is, no one knows. About the page missing from your letter: I can't explain that. Probably there was something on it that shouldn't be and it was lost in the shuffle. The censoring officers have their hands full, so they aren't to blame.

Here is a little "Valentine" story for you:

Karl is a sailboat fanatic and he is dabbling away his time with one of the ships N-holeboats. All his spare time is used this way. When he isn't working on projects of that type he is talking them. He knows

II

the New England won't like a book. His talk of employment as skipper of a sailing yacht is very interesting. You would be happy to hear him as both your interests take the same oblique course. Perhaps I shouldn't call it oblique or anything else just because I'd rather hunt.

Well anyhow, that's the end of the story and now I haven't anything to write you. That isn't much of a story for I decided not to arouse your interest in sailing too high as he determined we're going to move away from the coast. anyhow you could have a sailboat on a lake.

Yes, we were there at the time of the explosion. We could see the great pillars of smoke curling above the water, although it was about five miles away. at night flames reached into the sky but it wasn't long before it was under control considering its inaccessibility. You know more about it than I do as we didn't even have a chance to read of it. all we heard were the usual exaggerated rumors.

I'm glad you found the time to get your glasses, and happy that they're so successful. as for as the other

is concerned I'll take care of that very shortly. It's strange I haven't heard from the ship-yard this month. Perhaps their check is still chasing me around. I would like you to send me Mrs. Hill's initials and business address as I think it high time the De Phillieis moved. Don't give me any argument about this just do as I tell you.

It doesn't seem as if I'll see Camille for awhile but there is a chance I'll come across Jack Carhart. If you know of his whereabouts closer than his address indicates pass the word via the post.

Ed Hess is sitting by my side asking me how I find so much to write or he is having difficulty filling one page. Topics are at premium here; one can't even write of a flirtation as women are as expert as Dodo birds.

I'll terminate this by adding another installment

IV

of the article I've been sending you. I hope my letters arrive in rotation so you won't have to wait for fill-ins.

Part something or the other.

Now to pick out the right piece of land to homestead.

In Alaska, as explained, you will have to mark out this piece, making sure that the settlement claim is not more than a mile long, with the side lines running north and south. Inside this rectangle a notice must be posted bearing your name, the date of posting the claim and its boundaries. Sometime during the next ninety you notify the nearest U.S. Commissioner that you have staked out this claim.

Next step is to make an "Entry" on a special form obtained from the nearest land office. There are fees that go along with this, five dollars if the area applied for is less than eighty-one acres, or ten dollars if eighty-one acres or more. There is also a commission of one one to two dollars for each forty acre tract. Except under special conditions, homesteads are limited to a maximum of 160 acres.

These preliminaries accomplished, the homesteading really begins. It is this homesteading which makes the land you select eventually yours, forever and a day. In return for your toil and sweat upon it, the United States gives it to you lock, stock and barrel.

You must live on the land you choose. Residence must be established ^{within} six months ^{of} ~~after~~ filling in the entry blank, and this residence must be continued for three years, although sickness, drought and other catastrophes which you are unable to cope with are taken into consideration if you cannot meet this requirement or those which follow. If you are not a veteran of our nation's fighting forces you must not leave your claim for more than ~~for~~ a total of five months during these three years.

To be continued.

I'm hoping that that missing page didn't have part of this article on it. In the event it did send me the last two lines of your continuation and the first two lines after the break. I was going to add more to the above, but the lights were extinguished and as the mess

hall is crowded; I'm in too disadvantageous a position to continue.

How are the Musketeers? I'll bet they had a grand time viewing the plane crash and I'll bet that's the first thing they tell me of when I see them again. I can picture them telling you. Tinker telling you and Camille butting in and Tinker telling him to "Keep quiet Camille!" and little Johnny the silent ~~sp~~ disapproving spectator. Well, it isn't everyday a plane crashes on Arkansas soil.

This is about the end of the line, mommy, so until I write another

yours ever
Parker.

June 10, 1944

Dearest Darlin',

I hope by now my letter of the eighth is on its way to you. and that you had no trouble reading it. It was such a strange term I'm afraid you might give up too soon.

Mike is asleep across from me, all stretched out on his tummy. I imagine Aunt Rose will be glad to know where he is as it's not so nice not to have any idea.

Tonight I was going to write to Lew but after looking at my beautiful wife for a few moments I decided to write you again. I hope we haven't our explosions mixed as there was two of them on opposite sides of the country about the same time. I should write to Mom, too. This letter writing is a trail. If it were only possible to write of the things that would make interesting letters.

It looks as if well be in this

It

locality for quite a while. I'll be in the same fix with the weather as when said he would be when he got home. Is he still on the same run?

There is nothing left now but to continue with the article. I don't know what I'll do when that reaches an end.
Part?

But consider the soldiers, sailors or Marines who want to homestead a claim when the war is over. The government credits them with two of the three years required residence, provided of course, that they have been two years in the service of their country. Therefore, a man or woman on active duty with our armed forces is actually homesteading a tract of land though he may be thousands of miles from it and may never have seen it even on a map. Upon receiving his honorable discharge, two thirds of the minimum residence required will be already behind him. One year from the date of this discharge any one of the 11,000,000 who serve in our forces and who does not already ~~have~~ own more than 160 acres, ~~of land~~ may have completed his residence requirement, built himself a house, started a garden



and made a sizeable tract of land his forever.

In addition to residence, a homesteader must cultivate part of his land. This means actually breaking the soil, followed by planting, sowing seed, and tillage for a crop other than native grasses. In general not less than one-eighth of the claim must be under cultivation by the end of the third year. Special allowances are made for veterans of the armed forces who have been discharged because of disabilities incurred in the line of duty.

The End.

June 17, 44.

I never did get to finish this for we've had a hectic week discharging and loading cargo. We'll try to bring it to a close tonight. In fact this is the first time in a week the mess hall has been clear of the movies. They've been moved



to another place on the ship.

Today I received what I thought would be a letter from you, only it was those yellow let's folders. I was so disappointed I put them in my locker without looking at them, although I intend to later.

My story is ended and the only thing I might offer for a valentine until I find another may-again article to copy is this:

Many hearts are lonesome tonight,
Far from the place we call home.
Enjoined to bring peace and light
Issued by those that are yet unknown.—
By a prayer or an act of their own—
To dream — To hope — To pray — unblighted!

I don't know who wrote that, I think it was anonymous. after reading it I don't blame them.



I'm trying a new system using air-mail stamps so if you have any postage to pay on my letters let me know. Enclosed you'll find a money order from the ship-yard I am anxious to know if it comes through in time to be cashed.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me and tell them their Daddy says the war is on its last legs and he'll soon be with them soon. This is all for now, Mommy

Yours ever
Parker.

Joseph Parker Hillman P.O. #1
USS Nisibara #1 Fleet P.O.
San Francisco, Cal.



Mrs. Joseph P. Hillman
275 No. Mississippi av.
Atlantic City, N.J.

MS

MS



June 17, 1944

Dearest Darlin,

Received four letters today.

one from you, one from my sister, the Father's Day card and a letter from Emmett Brand. He is around here someplace and we are both looking for each other. I'm not sure but I think I saw his ship when we first came here but at that time I didn't know its' number, he told me that in his letter today. He spoke very nicely of Mary and wishes her complete success in her matrimonial venture. Have you heard from her lately?

John was certainly fortunate in that incident. That's something that doesn't happen very often, although on one of our trips there the same thing occurred only it was a miss.

Mike hasn't heard from the family for a long time. His mail must be washed

IT



somehow. He is plenty sore and says he doesn't intend to write to them.

The letter I received from you today was dated June 8th. Yesterday was May 19th. So you can see how they come through. Regular airmail. The postal facilities here are taxed much over their limit, hence the late deliveries.

My sister said that Timken was getting quite tall. I probably won't know him when I see him again. She told me of Jimmy & Ethel's being shipped out; how much your glasses have benefited you; Eads' doings and Tommy's business venture. You had already told me about the latter.

This is all for tonight Mommy, I love you and the Mursters for the Father's Day card. Tell them I said hello.

Yours ever,
Parker.



June 21, 1944

Dearest Darlin,

Still traveling and still nothing to write of. Everyone is wishing for the East Coast but that seems a long ways off. It certainly is going to be a novelty to set foot on land again.

Did you do anything about the picture for Lew? The mail is extremely slow getting to us. Perhaps it's because we're on the move so much. I know you have probably written me about it but I'm rather anxious for him to have so I can't help asking. For something to fill in this letter and to make an interesting story. I'll tell you about Karl and his sailboat.

Enterprise was at its height when Rod was snared into trying to make a Clipper ship from the motor wholboat. He worked all day stepping the gawky mast and finally got it to work. He sailed



for land and sailed for sea and that's the end of the story.

all in all he didn't do a bad job. Not having any ballast and the center weight and trim of the boat made it difficult to do any reaching and only a sailor like Keel could have made it reach at all.

This is about all there is to say. morning. Conversation is rather lacking, or rather it's the same old story of topics. So I'll say goodnight in my I land kingdom. Say hello to the marketers for me and maybe before long we'll all be together again. The experience I'm gaining is invaluable.

Yours ever

Parke.

June 23, 1944

Dearest Darlin;

The mailman brought me two letters from you today. one of June 13th and the other June 15th. It's slowly being proven that the regular airmail is more rapid than the v-mail.

As for that paragraph that was slipped; it was as you surmised in your remarks about the line etc. I'm surprised that as much is getting through as is. Emmett sent me the number of his ship so it could identify it, readily, if we sighted her. The same would be censured on her, but of course he's ~~not~~ on a carrier, not the great Niagaras.

All we do now is take care of the business at hand, which is plenty, and play house, you know, the inspections. This is an military or rather naval ship and that all goes

with it. Of course all these boys would have joined the Navy anyway, war or no, as they like that sort of thing and go along with the Powers that be in the belief that winning the war is secondary to the insurrection; ~~and~~ the morale of the crew, despite the thousands of dollars donated by various States, is the last thing to be considered.

It will be a beautiful day for ninety-nine percent of the officers and crew when they stand as our discharge and we are free men again. The petty, little-boy, Tyranny that is practiced in the Navy, or rather on shore, is laughable, but it becomes wearisome after a half dozen months or more. I think Capt. Jones' Sea Scouts were highly competent and happy from what I have seen, and he was a hard man.

I would like to know the last place you
perimed a flag on, just for curiosity's sake. I ant
would answer a good many questions I'm worrying
about.

It's nice that Tinker was promoted, but
Johnny is going to be the student of the three. He
will never be as brilliant as Tinker, but still be
a slow, steady pluggers. You don't want to worry
about Gamble being left in the 1st grade. He isn't
any dummy and his concentration shall come later.
The less said about it the better, for I believe that,
as small as he is, he is suffering from an inferiority
complex. Tinker is the cause of it, though it's no fault
of his. For the present you should discourage any
competitive spirit between them. Allow Gamble more
responsibility, though not at Tinker's ~~expense~~. Anything
either of them do well, compliment them accordingly, but
make Gamble's as little more impressive. Try not to
be too ready to ^{criticize} ~~criticize~~ anything they do carelessly.

They should be punished for; the things they do in a different way than is expected shouldn't be criticized ~~criticized~~. Any loud expectations to Camille, on your part, should be curbed. When Tinker says, "I did so-and-so" and Camille couldn't do it." He should be made to show Camille how to do it, immediately. Camille should be encouraged to ask him about his (Camille's) schoolwork. If Tinker acts smart and loudly showing him, give him a pat where it will do the most good. Camille argues about everything, partly because of his fear of punishment and partly because he's ashamed he has done wrong or made a mistake. It's obvious to justify himself, no matter what the cost. Hence, the absurdity and illogicalness of his arguments.

The story I've been sending you in in installments was in Esquire. I don't know the month but it is entitled "Land for the Brave". It is more or less of a vague dream on my part, but I don't think it could be realized, as there are too many people to be derived

from civilization, especially when the little guys come first. However, I haven't given up the farm idea. To be more explicit, the country.

In regards to the course in Paris I was desirous of taking it became necessary to clarify some minor details and I've written those concerned about them; as yet no answer has been received. The N.R.L. must have lost the address you sent them as there's been nothing from them. How has Jim terminated his venture?

I wrote him a letter and one to her, too. I got the greatest "lift" from Leo's letters. I'm saving them to show you. His last was filled with an anecdote about a new Walker bound he has, he claims that when it starts splping he has to start shooting, it's so fast on a Rabbit. Of course he's taking a dig at the Red Bone. I was never kept chained, for he was greased lightning on the Bunny line. He also remarked that he would like me to be there, as Mary said she wanted me to pour beer on my knee, but that she's getting long-winded. His letters are a circus. written only as few can write them.

Have you done anything about the picture he has asked
 for innumerable times? His address in the event being for-
 gotten, is 5, Mission Ave, Woburn N.H. He said he
 was deer hunting with a gun club there last season.
 Two does walked up to within five feet of him but he
 couldn't shoot them "on account he was with a bunch
 of White Pines who didn't believe in shooting does". Also
 he remarked that he was unhappy "without Donna Larson
 on his ---". I imagine him is passing Donna
 busy these days. How we are to raise his
 blood pressure with the top hunting story and shoot
 him over & shot when he knew we weren't hunting.
 That and somewhere in the brush around us a pile of
 Bucks that was caught. He would say, "Well boys,
 everything looks O.K.". He'd walk around and the look
 of his neck would be so red his shirt collar would
 start to redden. They were the good old days. I
 asked him, if he ever came on, to find out how lucky was
 he. I miss him and Bill don't so much as any-
 body could miss a dog or boys they thought very much of.

As for the books. The "Circuits Book of Logy Stays" was here in our ship library and I've read it and it was a "lust" as far as I'm concerned. Perhaps I'm too prejudiced about hunting logs. However, the only interesting story in the entire book was the "Voice of Bugbarrin" and if you've already bought it, Read that and then put it in campfire. I wouldn't advise you to mail any packages. It's hard enough to get the mail without doing that. If you have purchased the books keep them home so they would be a long time catching me.

Well mommy, this sorter takes care of the business at hand. Oh yes! If you get me the address of the people responsible for the Commissary, that is, above those in charge. I'll see that you get your card back. If you care to drop a line to John Boswell, who is in the State senate, telling him who you are, I'm sure he'll help. Only do that in case you can't find the proper authorities.

Love and stuff
Parker.

Tinker.

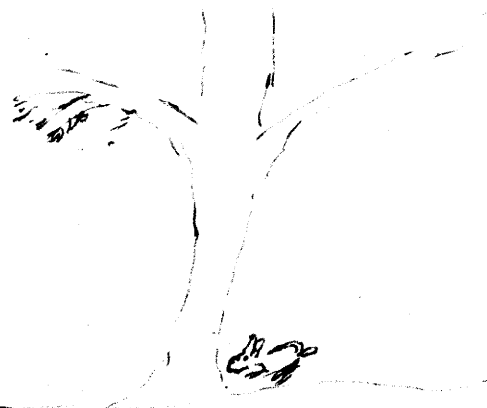
You are to help Camille with his School work.

Next fall I want him in second grade. You are to take one afternoon every week this Summer, and help him study. Sister will let you have the books you need.

You should feel badly that your Brother failed in his School work, When you could have shown him. You and Momma.

Daddy.

Johnny.



I let the answer get a kick from this, but not from the same pages.

THAT'S NO
LIE
CENSOR

Camille,

Momma told me you didn't pass this first
year. It is o.k. I know you did the best you could.
Tinker is going to help you this Summer, and so is
Momma. One afternoon each week. Do you want me
to sell you to the Indians?

Daddy

June 26, 1944

Dearest Dorlin,

The same old story. Nothing to write about. We're plugging along in fine shape. Waiting for the war to end. The only kind of a story I'm able to tell you is of Mark and I struggling with chess.

Every spare moment we have we try an assortment of new moves. Whoever wins has the privilege of ragging the loser. It has been mix and match the way things have gone so far. We do learn something from each game, though. Pop would probably get a laugh to see our gambols across the board. Hint to steal the other queen generally wins so far. Well, chess takes its' fair share. I don't want to bore you.

All of us are looking forward to the day we shall be in the States. I, for one, have seen all of the world I'm desirous of seeing. Water, water everywhere and not a drop of beer, wine, or Teasdale's Highland

anywhere.

I didn't know Guy was in such ill health. His ~~containing~~ won't help it any. Nancy's putting in another detriment. It must be meat and drink to her, though.

Very shortly, I'm going to send you a money order with which to purchase the Musketeers winter clothing and any other odds and ends you need so you won't have to touch the other money. I think prices have reached their peak and this time next year will see them on the decline.

Your letters are taking ten days, not more than twelve to reach me. The airmail is much more rapid than r-mail, but are yours ~~more~~ judgment as any speed-up on either would, in all probability, ~~be~~ ^{give} Public notice.

I'm wondering how the new Harris liked their letters. Especially Sam's. Johnny must be

liked his if he could figure it.

After sending my last letter I'm anxious for the answer. My curiosity has grown steadily. I didn't know of the gismo on the wall. Now you can keep me up to date. If an error occurs I'll have the laugh on you, even though I can't correct it.

I don't think you are to be complimented for letting ^{the} Indians sunburn. You've lived at the seashore long enough to know the sun's regards. Mr. Greenwald marketed a very fine salve for it. The best I've ever heard about.

This is all for tonight, mommy. I miss all of you and hope it won't be too long before we are ~~are~~ together again.

I'm keeping a sharp lookout for Jack Garkorts ship, but this is a lot of ocean. I'm looking for Emmett too. It's amazing to see so many faces and know none of them.

Love + ever yours
Patsy.

June 27, 1944

Dearest Darlin,

The magazine clipping I thought lost

has found amidst my writing paper. The correct title is:

"Land Free for the Brave" and its from Esquire's April, 1944

issue. It should be very easily obtainable for the Esquire

is a widely read magazine. There are so many opportunities,

apparently, open for servicemen after the war that its diffi-

cult to decide upon which to lose one's meagre capital. There

are drawbacks to all of them, but that's so in everything.

No matter how civilized any country ~~comes~~ becomes Nature's

law of the survival of the fittest is always present. Perhaps in

a different sense, but it's there.

My abhorrence for anything remotely resemble

ing city life is growing stronger with each passing day. It

is convenient in many ways, but detrimental in others. The

few advantages are dispelled by its' gross disadvantages. I'm

afraid, sometimes, that I'm a rolling stone. You may persuade

yourself to become a country lass or find another happy

that's satisfied with the machine of life.

all care and love and probably to what you want,
 anyway. I'm that much prepared for a battle. I'm
 convinced of the moral, physical and financial advantages deriv-
 ed from the country. The largest city can't compensate
 for the smallest hamlet. In any type of adventure I
 wouldn't want anybody but you for a help-mate. Maybe
 my views shall undergo a change ere this ends, but I
 sincerely doubt that.

Tell the musketeers their Daddy is waiting to
 see them, and in the meantime for them to behave as
 much as little boys can.

Love ever
 Parker.

P.S. Send me a \$1.00 worth of airmail stamps. There isn't
 any Post office here.
 P.