



July 8, 1944

Dearest Darlin,

There is little or nothing to write of;
I'm in one of my many morbid moods and don't feel
much like writing. The only topic of mutual interest
to make a letter from is Capt. Morts transfer, so
I'll make a story of that.

Pertaining to that, his might find it in-
teresting to talk over with his Aunt. I was talking to
an Aide of the Capt. when I first heard of it. It was
shortly after that he sent for me to stencil some boxes
(Handle with care etc) he was sending to his new destination.
John should see his collection of Phonograph Records. Every
musician worth his salt is represented. There were two
large, ~~stuffed~~ ^{strong} boxes of those. He spoke of a dream he
had whereby he was to be made an instructor at Annapolis.
All in all, to say the least, we had a nice talk. I'm
going to regret his leaving.

Everything is commencing to appear brighter.
Though the end is scarcely in sight. one consolation is

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That every day brings it closer to the grand reality.
These wasted months will soon be nothing but a
bad dream.

If everything goes well I'll have a chance
to go ashore after quite a long stay aboard. I think
all of us would welcome the old run again. This duty
has proven to be very monotonous, and I don't believe
anybody thinks one monotonous.

There is supposed to be a ruling out that
anyone having eighteen months of sea duty is eligible
for shore duty. My period of duty will end Sept 13. 26.
It will be nice unless it's Navy propaganda or someone's
pipe dream. I should like to get into the Pacific Ocean
District again.

I'm writing this in the wee hours of the morn-
ing so it will leave the ship tomorrow. The pen is
running out of ink and I'm running out of words. I hope
there's a bunch of letters waiting for me when the mail

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come aboard tomorrow. It takes the mail so long
to catch up with us here, but then again we've been
like a Mexican jumping bean.

Say hello to the musketiers for me.

What have they been into lately? Tell me of the battl-
ing Swarks and all the other interesting people.

Enclosed is a money order to do with as
you see fit. It should come in handy for paying the
Musketiers their school clothes without touching any of
the other money. This is all for tonight, or rather this
a.m. morning, so until the next time

yours
Parker.



July 20, 1944

Dearest Darlen,

Postponed writing for a few days as I wasn't in the writing mood. It's difficult to find anything to write of; more so when one can't say the things one wants to say, hence the impersonal letters. The censors are young men with a very high regard of their abilities and I wouldn't want to embarrass them or lead them into temptation.

The letter containing the targets was received and you may tell the Forushetens their shooting is excellent. I've studied them often and cannot come to a conclusion of which is the better. Tinker has a slight edge in the scoring but Cornilles. Targets were more difficult. I think you may tell them it was a tie. I would like to see them try it at least once a week. The cost is so small and they'll benefit in many ways.

all this brings to mind an extraordinary thought.



Since being in the Navy (I was going to say war, but that seems inappropriate.) I've fired a rifle containing (ten shots) ten times. That was in Bots. I'd be a worse shot after spending these months in the Navy than before I came in. I don't think I could have done as well as Camille or Finke. By the way, Finke scored 90 and Camille 80, if they want to know. That's according to the way the targets are properly scored, but as I said, Camille's targets was more difficult.

Mail is scarce here, so we've returned to our former position that Mr Nadelman Vouches is the end of the world. His argument on that score is good and sensible, too.

Capt. Morts left us at the end of the last trip and we have a new Captain by the name of Spaulding. He has been in the war and looks to be the youngest Captain we've had as yet.

I don't know who the censor was that made the notation on the seven page letter but it sounded like Mr English or Mr Ettinger. Perhaps the initials weren't legible enough.



to identify properly.

I'm reading a book I should have read long ago. "Northwest Passage". The hero, Major Robert Rogers, would have made a good many men as he built himself largely with Propaganda. Propaganda is nothing more than advertising, and advertising is simply dressing a suit so she looks like "Man O' War". Karl is continually coming to me with "so and so is a book you should read". I've a list of books he's suggested and intend to read them. We've been studying Navigation. He has a book of it; though we are ~~not~~ handicapped by not having the tables and a sextant we manage, in a way. I think it possible to make our old fashioned sextant from Cumberland but can't recall just how. It's in that book "Sea Science" that I have home so if you'd look it up and send me a copy of the subject (not the book) I shall be appreciated.

I believe I did send you Leo's address in a former letter. However, if I'm mistaken, it's 5 Hessian ave, Wadbury N.Y.



There is probably a letter on its way from him. His letters are very interesting. I'm saving them to show you at the first opportunity.

Mike was glad to receive your letter. He hardly ever gets one. I think there is very inadequate motive to write him more often. I think he answered your letter as I saw him writing. He would write half a page and roll it up and throw it away. I imagine he was trying to compose a masterpiece.

The war is drawing to a close and I don't think it shall be long before it spells finish. We are going to be nice and broke, but what else shall! don't the Government going to donate the tremendous sum of 300 for trucks ~~money~~ while every man puts his business over on a modern footing with his more fortunate & F competitors?

If it is all the same to you, I would much rather not accept a raise in rate about what went over



some extent. It joined only the previous of about 20,000 men
and I lost but so if I care to make the Torpedo is to
that extent. There again, the great American nation
which the Navy is now doesn't appeal to me. It isn't likely
to ever, but just the same I'd rather have you feel to-
ward it. This myself I'd think it an insult if an artist
and man is permitted to feel insulted.

Well Mommy, this is all for now. Say "Hello" to
the Marketers for me and let me know my news. Also I'd
be interested in your comments of my installment articles.

Yours truly
Parker.



July 24, 1944

Dearest Darlin,

The date above is Monday, but I'm writing this Sunday night. Just happened to glance at the plan of the day and that was already posted for tomorrow. I received a letter from you today. It was posted July 13th. It was very interesting, especially the part concerning the Musketers. I'm thinking it won't be long before you'll be obliged to take a larger house. The Musketers are getting old enough for each to have his separate room, or better yet, perhaps, one enormous room for the three. That would be difficult to find.

I can't make up my mind what to step into after the war. I know what I want to do and shall probably do it. However, the question of the war itself is looming larger as the war drags along.



The only story Topic I can find to make a letter of this is the general feeling about the war.

Everyone feels that the fall of Germany is only the prelude to the end. Japan's resistance is drifting away more each day. Hitler's idea of seeking a reward for his efforts by retiring to Japan and forming the German Nazi Government there, isn't likely to meet with strenuous approval at Tokyo. Besides he would likely only to have to move again very soon. What would he do, pick Goebbels and the fat Luftwaffe out on their ears? They won't make any chess over that if they can't go (home) along. Then air-marshal Goering would need a ship to transport tremendous amounts of medals. He couldn't use life without showing off. They're all a case for a psychologist, with all their claims of being super-men. I don't think they are feeling very superior now. The Gestapo is likely to settle his hash, or all of them for that matter. It is a very probable fact that the inner ~~disruptive~~ discipline of Germany is a tottering structure in every phase. With



Winter coming and suspected hardships beginning to take the form of stark, glaring realities, the Populace is going to want peace, lasting peace, they'll hope, regardless of cost. A plenty of food is going to ^{be} their concern. The home life, no adjustment in sight, must be very demoralizing. Oh well! so it goes.

That may appear an abrupt ending to the story, but I realized it possible to go on and on in that vein indefinitely. So I thought I had best call a halt.

Johnny must be keeping life busy for you. Ats' niss he has the playground to go to. It won't be long before he's tagging after Tinker and Camille. The picture playing on the ship tonight is one they would love to see, "Buffalo Bill". I haven't seen four pictures on the ship since its commissioning. I don't have the faintest desire to see them. I think I'm becoming a case for a psychologist too, or perhaps I was always one.



I received an answer from the University of Nebraska today concerning the questions I had sent them in regard to a course there. It was more or less a half answer, however, I think I may take some I had in mind. I haven't very much to lose and I'm sure to gain. That type of knowledge is cheap at any price.

Before we were married I wanted to take a course in chemistry but my Dad didn't think it was the thing for me. Perhaps at the time it wasn't. I was making money hand over fist and was trying to find a way to spend it. He seemed to think I couldn't carry any additional hours as I was working almost eighteen hours, seven days a week. Somehow I never got around to it again. It isn't chemistry I want this time. It's a subject you may not approve of, but I do want to live in the country as economically as possible.



I'll have to bring this letter to a close, as the censor won't appreciate its length. You mentioned some candy you mailed me and remarked it would probably arrive in a lump. I think you are correct about that. I received the cookies and they were swell. I gave some to Mike and he enjoyed them. At this location we don't receive many packages, in fact I haven't ~~received any~~ ~~delivered~~, so I won't advise sending any more. Tell the wifes I'm looking forward to seeing them as soon as we take Toykays. That may not be as far off as you think.

Yours ever
Parker.



July 26, 1944

Dearest Darlin,

Don't expect the texts of my letters to be in sequence. I write of the inquiries as they pop into my mind. I haven't seen Jack Cartwright yet, but am likely to run into him any day now. I haven't heard from Phillip lately and as far as Marianne is concerned I don't care if I ever hear from her, though I suppose it's inevitable.

If it were possible for you to wrap up a mis, white, cold, snowball and send it I think I could sell it for a fortune. Karl and I are still chessing and Paul and I are still checkering. I often think of Jim and his checker surprise. I waited a long time for that. I wonder if Jim or Brass, preferably Brass, would lend the name as master of Linley's ship. We contact a good many merchantmen and perhaps I may have the opportunity to see him.



As the days drag by it seems as I said before. "I'll wake up and find this all a bad dream". I feel as if I'm walking in a dream - nothing penetrates - sometimes I look at myself as looking at a stranger. The feeling is almost indescribable. I know I have to stay here and make the best of it. It's very similar, I suppose, to being in Prison, except the food is probably better there. All in all we are very fortunate. When I think of the soldiers stationed in this vicinity and what they must endure, I know we are on a holiday. Whatever possessed me to come in ~~was~~ more than I can explain. It was mostly patriotism. I didn't like to think of running around as a civilian when all able men should be in uniform. I thought I could bring some skilled help in, too, or if not that improve my knowledge of Printing. Weather has done me very good. The many people I've met don't know any more that



a pot of paint than if it were a bucket of bricks. Chief Young told me a story long ago. He was out of the service for a while and being a painter was working at the time. (He was a painter on the Golden Gate Bridge). One evening he was looking through the ads in the paper and came across one: "Fifty Painters wanted for high construction work" and at the bottom in larger type "No Navy Painters need apply." If any painter could see the paint smeared on, or even a layman, he would realize how necessary that bold type was. It isn't fair to expect these fellows to be painters. They do it because they have to. They aren't interested in it, in fact it's a bore to them, but it does create a bunch of "thornbush" artists that cause the legitimate tradesman a loss until they're needed out. Even in the Navy, with the paint stuck in the busiest place on the ship, the rates are slowed on account of such ~~slow~~ performers. I had a striker for almost a year. They finally gave him a coffee can's rating as no painter's rating was given. He



had been a painter for eight years, four of them
with Sears Roebuck as a spray man. He should be
at an airplane base where his knowledge would save
the country better than it does here. He was
told that in the survey that was taken at Norfolk.
That was another little Naval joke. For someone
that wasn't in it. It would all appear very chock.
I'm ~~fact~~ fact ~~that~~ have as many pleasant moments re-
lating these comical anecdotes to the Masters when I
return.

all this brings to mind that I haven't
heard from the New York ship lately. There is probably
a money order somewhere in the post between here
and Camden.

I'm afraid Mr. English is going to be
transferred ~~to~~ very soon. He is a fine man and I
think he shall go far in this war of tears if he ever
leaves the Navy. In many respects he does better than
Mr. Engle although one would travel a long distance to



make a better acquaintance. This ship has been
graced with a fine group of Officers with very few
exceptions. One in particular we shall probably have to see
until Armistice. The new Captain seems to be nice
enough, though for the life of me I can't understand why
a ship needs a Captain, but there are many things I
don't know about.

your recent letter haven't said much
~~concerning John. Mike generally asks about him.~~
~~Is he still on the same ship? the same run?~~

I received a letter from Emmett yesterday. We are
still looking for each other. I haven't heard from
Biddle for sometime. Don't forget Leo's picture.

This is all for now. Say hello to the little guys and
tell them to keep up the good shooting. I have a dream
of them going hunting with me some day. The first
day a boy goes hunting is one of the proudest moments
of his life. Just think, maybe you will give me the
privilege of seeing all three of them enjoy that!!
yours ever
Parker.

July 26, 1914

Dearest Darlin',

My mind being in more or less of a turmoil tonight, I don't know just where to begin. I received your letter containing the stamps. They shall come in handy. Thank you! We were given permission to mail our souvenirs. I mailed yours day before yesterday. It shall probably take a month for them to reach you.

Your letter telling me that the Postman has been passing you by for the past two weeks arrived today. You should realize when that occurs that we are as a rule, coupled with my fits of melancholy when his no desire to write or talk to anybody, is sufficient reason to prolong the time between posts. There are times when a letter seems so inadequate — when the corpus (not yet definite) is just not in the writing mood. I received one of those enervating letters from Lew. He is still the same Lew and expresses himself in the same imitable way. He said if he gets to Atlantic City he will be around to see you. He closed by saying (as usual) that Mary was waiting for me to come home and bounce her on my knee but that he thought that would be a big job. I would like to see Mary too. He mentioned how big she has grown and

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what a beauty she is.

I must attempt to shorten my letters for there is no doubt that the censors have a busy time with two hundred men writing letters. At least I'll try to make my letters interesting so they, too, shall enjoy their reading. The censor that commented about the seven page letter was Mr. Martley. You mistake him for an *ex*. I think the censors are fairly well versed, by now, on those who write long letters and they must have an enjoyable time ducking them from pile to pile so the other fellow gets them.

Your letter today spoke of them raising the rents in the village. That is inevitable but I don't think they shall raise them as highly as you believe. Perhaps that will have its blessing by taking care of our undesirable neighbors. I didn't write to Mrs. Hill as I had first planned on just that account. This is no time to do any self-advertising for we shall probably be brought to her mind soon enough.

In one of your former letters you mentioned your surprise at the grandeur of the East. It wasn't many years ago when it was the show place of the East west from New York south to Cape May Point. The depression closed it and I'm surprised that it wasn't opened sooner. In the past there was only vaudeville presented. The innovation of talkies should bring it to the forefront once again.

I can imagine that Johnny keeps you on the run. Maybe you might put hobbles on him and then you wouldn't have to chase him so far. Thank Joe for his nice letter and tell Tinker there is no reason why he should feel ashamed of his. I'm always pleased to get his letters and I am able to decipher them very easily. ~~His~~ His writing isn't much worse than mine.

I don't believe any of you need worry about Gamble as both of those ships you mentioned are merchantmen and unless he is in the armed Guard he wouldn't be anywhere near them.

My application card for a ballot in the coming election has been delivered and I intend to use it to cast one more vote for the greatest President this country has ever had. (Hope the censor doesn't come from Maine)

Tell the Musketeers I'm saving their targets until they send me some more so I can compare them and see if there is any improvement. This is all for now, Mommy.

Yours ever,
Parker.

July 29, 1944

Dearest Darlin,

In the letter I wrote you last night I failed to mention an important item. When I received the money order, which I enclosed in that letter, there was a note in there saying there is a Duffel Bag waiting me at the Union office at 2332 So. Broadway and to have someone call for it. I can't imagine what it could be. They may have me confused with somebody else. You'll probably have to look in a directory to see just what Union they mean. It might be the Union Station office, Western Union office, ~~the~~ C. I. O. Union office or A. F. of L. Union office. 2332 So Broadway might be in Camden or might be in Gloucester. I'm inclined to believe that they mean the A. F. of L. Union office, but it must have been moved to there recently or perhaps to another local. In the event you can find that address in the Directory phone them and inquire what it is all about. I'm enclosing the note they sent me. In the event you can't get any satisfaction from them, drop a line to "Scotty" Puntius

to New York Shipbuilding Corp. Camden, N.J., and ask him
for the answers. He started all this anyway. I'm almost
sure it's a false alarm as I haven't any duffel bags that
have strayed. You could ask Lew to call for it when
you determine ownership. It's very close to him and I know
he would be glad to do it. The letter containing the note
is postmarked June 20th, so it may be a closed issue now.

I think I'll drop a line to Scotty and see
what he thinks the Shipyard will have to offer when the
war over. It would be a good place to capitalize for awhile,
although I don't want it for a steady diet.

Tell the Musketeers I say "Hello" and as for your
heart I assure you you have no cause to entertain the least
fear. Didn't Dr. Darby tell you about that?

yours ever
Parker.

July 29, 1944

Dearest Darlin,

There isn't much to make a letter tonight. I've been thinking about your letter saying the rent would be raised. If it were to be raised as high as you say it might be just as well to move to Ocean City in one of Browlee's apts., for the time being, or some place there just as nice. Perhaps the Ocean Court has something. If you do decide to meander try to get a place where they will at least have heat ~~and~~ refrigeration. The village is hard to beat at almost any ~~price~~ price though. It would be difficult to find a place with all those conveniences in such a locality.

I hope the picture for Lew has reached its destination by now. If I continue to plague you about it you'll probably remember to send it.

There is a movie tonight, called "Cover Girl". It's supposed to be good. I'm not attending for

This is the best time to write as no one is in the Mess Hall. At other times the Radio is shrieking at its top pitch, wrestling matches are going on here and there, everybody is talking in his loudest voice, and some one is banging on the drums. all which makes it a noisy place to read or write.

The war news continues to stir a hope that it may soon end. To be sure it has to end some day. It seems to be a case of when the "East meets the West".

I'll call it a night, now. Say Hello to the Musketeers for me and tell everybody that's interested I'm asking for them. ~~Jim Mac~~ did answer my letter, which same is O.K.

yours ever
Parker.

Dearest Darlin,

Received your clipping about Harold Mulford being
wrong. It doesn't seem hardly any
since he was a little kid in the
think he'll be a prisoner very long
of the opinion that Germany can
longer. One Radio commentator
be finished in two weeks and R.
thereafter.

According to your
in for a busy week. I'm sure you
victory over the commissary unless
Mrs Hill shall be the difficult pro.
to get an increase though I doubt if it is
eight dollars. Incidentally, while my
ancial matters; I expect you, too, to
from that money order. I don't think
course I had in mind as I can't re



when I didn't make more money than seventy five per. cent of the college men employed by the various firms I worked for, even though I may have had to work harder for it. My Grand-mother always said "Hard work never hurt anybody". Then on the other hand the same thing can be derived from books. I may have to work quite a few to get the same result but it's found to be there. I'm of the opinion that you will be more able to use any additional finance.

I'm glad you had that picture taken before I came in. Besides its' consolation those that have viewed it are astonished at the beauty of the woman who is my wife. If they only knew how much more beautiful the "Red McCoy" is their astonishment would be profound. Doesn't that give you an enlargement of the facts?



I like to read of the doings of the mus-
ketters. I'm sorry Camille had his glasses broken.
You should impress upon him that if he must
fight to remove them. He isn't that good yet and
he is now fighting. I did tell Jenkins in a
previous letter that I enjoyed his letters and
that I can read them very easily. He shouldn't
feel ashamed for I can't write much better and
I'm his "ole man". I would like to see little
Johnny again if he could stay in one place long
enough for me to get a look at him. I wonder when
he gets his stubborn nature? Maybe you can
enlighten me?

I've been wondering how you are going to give
me all the good things I want to eat as fast as
I want them. Stuffed Peppers, Meat loaf, spaghetti a la
italienne, Egg Plant, Chicken Pie etc. I could go on and on.
I think you had best hire an extra cook for the first
two weeks. That's a long ways off and it doesn't do



much good to think of it now, just a bit of
amusement.

Harl and I are still chessing
and he is coming out on the east end continually.
He always vows to do better the next time and I
have lots of fun ragging him. When he wins he
does his best to make that up, too. He is a very
fine fellow and as for as his having a good in-
fluence on me, I'm very much afraid that a leopard
doesn't change its spots. So, my Darling, you'll have
to put up with ~~what you have unless~~ ^{unless} you're bound
someone else you prefer. I should think this
your golden opportunity and I don't want you tell-
ing me I didn't tell you so. After ten years
I doubt if you could find anybody besides me that
would put up with you. (That's all in a joke, beautiful)

Say hello to the Muskettiers —

Yours Ever,
Parker.