



Aug 1<sup>st</sup> 1944

Dearest Darlin',

Another night trying to determine how to make this a worthwhile composition. I wasn't the recipient of any letters today so tomorrow should bring one from you.

I've repaired the chain you gave me and am using it daily. Indeed, that and the pictures are the only tangible evidence I have of you, but the intangibles are so nice and plentiful that they entertain my waking hours very satisfactorily.

The war news continues to ~~become~~ <sup>become</sup> its optimistic telt and it does seem that events are moving rapidly to the climax we are awaiting. There has been a report of a new "secret weapon". If it is anything very effective the U.S. will <sup>be</sup> its progenitor. It must be in the civilian stage, as yet. Of course no details are forthcoming and everyone has his pet theory.

i I didn't intend to send definite instructions along with the addition to our expenses. You spoke of the immediate demand and I just used that for lack of conscience. You are well able to be the judge of any of our financial expenditures and, despite my parables (to you) to the contrary, I'm well aware I'm no Paragon. See any of it as you consider necessary. Nothing I send you has any "Strings" attached.

Nash had a fortunate evening in chess tonight, ~~and he returns to tell you of his defeats~~ he asked me to inform you of his victories. He is a great fellow. Power carrying the world on his shoulders. A Modern Atlas, and I mean.

Well, I'm ending so endlessly the prattle. Say hello to my Londonians and tell Jimmie I'll expect a letter from him very soon.

Yours ever  
Arthur.

Aug 2, 1944

Dearest Darlin',

As the Storekeepers have been taking inventory at the Canton and its' supplies haven't been available, I have to choose this time to fall short of writing paper. That isn't all; when I use the remainder of the ink in the pen it will be the end of that supply. I'm down to my last carton of cigarettes, so, all in all, it had better open tomorrow or I'll be a pauper.

Conditions here are the same.

The same monotonous ship routine, ocean, sky, stars, moon, sun, faces, eats etc.

It isn't, by far, the worse possible existence in the world, nor am I a candidate for that.

There is a show on now, "Shine on Harvest Moon" and the mess hall is nicely deserted. It's even possible to think if I possess that strange ability. I can't understand why I don't feel any desire to see

these daily, evening shows. The only cause  
I can bring to mind is that the return  
to reality is so startlingly demoralizing  
that I feel better not seeing them.  
Then again, if I see them all here  
there won't be any for ~~me~~ me to take  
you to see when I return and that  
would never do.

The mail has been coming  
through very slowly. I mean by that the  
mail for the entire ship. I suppose the  
Post Master at ~~terminal~~ ~~there~~ ~~is~~ ~~moving~~ ~~to~~  
another locality when we haven't.

This is the end for this evening.  
I'm not as melancholy as this may  
sound. I'm just the same as the rest.  
Waiting for the day we may all find this  
ocean, and all oceans alike.

Say hello to the little things for me.

Yours ever  
Parke.

Aug 3, 1944

Dearest Darlin,

Since this letter is being written in an almost upside-down position, I hope you'll make allowance for same. I prefer the park, tonight, to the mess hall. It is more serene as everybody is attending the movie.

This a.m. we were rolled out at five. You may not realize it but it takes the entire crew to move the ship a mile. yes! Storkpiper, electricians, fishermen, cooks etc. When you go to the zoo again study a chimpanzee, (not too studiously) a degenerate chimpanzee would be a more realistic subject and you'd have a mind picture of the source of modern delinquency as pertains to certain environments.

No letter from you today. I know the mail is being held when that happens. It won't be long, though, before it's rolling in again. I'm wondering if my letters to you are being detained also. I have my suspicions as to the cause and your answer if the subject shall be, practically, a verification. If it happened before, else, I think, to ~~the same~~ <sup>a like</sup> occurrence.

If you see any of my Red Bro-

thus ask them to answer my letter, especially Bill or Stan. They are very dictatory on business correspondence so I suppose I shouldn't expect too much of them. I would like to know who has the hatchery stumps now and few other things. The Bingo and the treasury in particular. Have they rented the store as yet?

I should write a letter to mom. Sis owes me a letter. How is Tom's business venture? If he hasn't made \$500 net profit by the 1st Aug. he has lost. That size stand should bring in that amount in the allotted time.

Well, Mommy. This is all for now. Say hello to my musketiers and tell them that Santa may bring me to them in his pack.

Yours ever  
Barber.

Aug 4, 1944

Dearest Dorian,

Well, no letter from you today. When they do come through I'll have enough reading for awhile.

There is very little to tell you tonight. I don't think it above the rigors of censorship to tell you that a plane crashed very close-by today. It hit the water and bounced almost an half mile, going down below a pillar of black smoke. It happened so rapidly I don't believe the Pilot was saved, although there were three or more boats on the spot immediately.

Pilot was saved (censor 188)

Churchill has finally committed himself and joined the ranks of the optimists. That may or may not be an omen of an early finish. He is also a Statesman,

Probably the best England has ever had,  
a good statesman always has an eye for  
the morale of his people. Lloyd George  
can't hold a candle to Churchill, nor can  
Lord Palmerton, Theauvenow, Von Ribbentrop and  
any of the Past or Present European Cabinet Members.

In some quarters of this area the  
belief is that Japan will capitulate as  
soon as Germany. They don't feel that  
she will risk the utter destruction which  
will be hers if she continues to resist.  
It is strange, although the war had even  
previous to it, Russia has been the unknown  
quantity and will continue to be in this  
unique position with the end of hostilities in  
Europe. She has proven herself a staunch  
and powerful ally, but the world must wonder  
if she will attack Japan, her long time  
enemy.

I wonder if the anti-communistic countries <sup>too?</sup> will continue to fight Communism as bitterly as heretofore. The Persecution of the Communist is certain to meet with unpopular sentiment in the liberated countries. It will take the greatest tact and diplomacy to keep the U.S. down to that one member, in the House, from New York.

There was a new ship, similar to ours, alongside today. I went aboard to try to obtain some Red Shipping print and in passing through the realization of the great strides we've made since our commissioning was torn to me.

The inconveniences! ~~and~~ Preparations that were yet to be incorporated were apparent everywhere.

The crew was new, too. I talked with several of them and from their conversation they believe they've shipped to the ends of the Earth which, indeed, they have.

My ambitions for after the war

seem to be incompatible with economic security. However, there is a chance there may be some stabilization attempted by the Government. Europe's recovery - her imports and the buying power in the states will determine the best course to follow. Inflation can be more, or as much of a detriment after the war as during. The fine thing about America is that it's virtually impossible to keep any person from making a living. "We shall see what we shall see."

This is all for this fair evening.

~~Tell the little arguments I say Hello, as usual.~~

Yours ever  
Parker

Aug 5, 1944

Dearest Darlin';

Another day Passed and  
no letter. There wasn't any mail, that is  
in letter form, just a few packages.

I received a booklet from  
the New York Ship with the names of  
those in Sept 59 who have joined the  
service. It was a product of Rooster Night.  
They have spent over \$20,000 in monthly  
payments to men in the service. Clyde  
Kulp, Joe Edwards and several more who  
worked with me are in now. George Agnes  
is still general foreman and Charley "Big  
Moore" Teters is still foreman. I think  
I'll send you the booklet and you may read  
all the news for yourself.

Harland I am still  
chessing and I can't say I like that  
game as well as checkers. Pop said it was  
too frivolous. Whatever it is, whether its

too diversified, or its many tangents upset organized systems of Play, or whatever it is it doesn't have the appeal or derive the mental concentration that make checkers the efficient, well planned, forceful game they are.

after a game or two of chess I find my checker game very lax and it takes two or three games to bring it under control. In chess if a certain system of plays are checked one can always reform and renew the attack. In checkers everything must dovetail for success. In chess it's possible to reacquire a lost piece. In checkers, never. That's enough of a dissertation of these subjects.

Everything is going along as smooth as ever. occasionally we are awakened in the wee hours of the morning by a G. A. but that is soon over and in every case has proven a false alarm.

of the packages that came today. Several of the boys received cookies (in powder form) Toll House predominated, but of course they weren't as tasty as yours. The Packages for

have sent me haven't arrived as yet. It takes a long time for them to reach here. There are many more important cargo for the ship to carry than packages. This is the first lot that has reached us since being here.

I am a bit lonely for your letters, although I know it is no fault of yours that they haven't arrived. I've been wondering when they shall, our company may stay for awhile.

Another "million dollar" idea

has been on my mind. I don't see why Bill Hunt's and Henry Foxides' Wildwood Leader, Bill Haeferts Cape May County Times, and Lorraine Angermin's Ocean City Sentinel Sledge couldn't be combined into a stock company and a daily county paper issued that would be about half the size of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin. I don't believe that anyone in the County is without interests of some sort in another part. Its one great object would be to eliminate the petty bickerings <sup>between</sup> among the resorts and.

present a consolidated front against Atlantic City, Asbury Park and almost any resort on the Atlantic Coast. It should be profitable, progressive, and above all, united.

I've never told you but Charley Rupp and I have had some long talks concerning the Chelsea Laundry and if it hadn't been for the abnormally high price the old man wanted we would have been reorganizing that by now. How he manages to hang on, with his old fashioned methods and ideas, is more than I can see. Kendrick of the Quaker City loaned him over \$10,000 about ~~two~~ years ago but I'm of the opinion there were a few strings attached. One of them being that Kendrick would have first preference in the event he should care to sell. What a mess the Laundry business is in now!

Well, I guess I've bored you enough for an Evening. Say "Hello" to my wee ones.  
 Yours Ever  
 Parker.

Aug 7, 1944

Dearest Darlin',

Three logs of mile today  
and still no letter. Don't you ever com-  
plain about my lassitude in that respect, again.  
Perhaps you've found a ~~4F~~ <sup>you</sup> ~~super~~ <sup>super</sup> to your  
sed, run-down husband.

We have been very busy to-  
day and yesterday. Just one after another.  
The sea has been more or less turbulent  
and it has made performance a bit deficient.

I really haven't anything to  
say tonight, with your letters being held  
up there isn't anything for an incentive.  
I'm going to relax and read and to-  
morrow night I may be in more of a  
writing mood and write a longer letter.

Say Hello to my Indians and  
keep your chin up.

Yours ever  
Parker.

Aug 8, 1944

Dearest Darlin,

Once again I have to start this by saying there wasn't any letter from you. I hope that peculiarity shall be remedied tomorrow. It's very unusual as your letters have been coming with satisfying frequency.

There isn't any news for nothing happens at the end of the earth, or rather that seems to be the case. I rigged up that fancy Paint mixer my Dad told me of and with very satisfactory results. It saves time, Paint pigment, labor and helps preserve my Temperamental equilibrium.

I haven't heard from his or from the folks at home for some time. I don't expect to hear from them very often but a line now and then is swell.

## II.

It seems as if we've been here for a long time and no prospect has been forthcoming as to the duration of our stay. If anyone had ever told me I would be away from the States this long I would have thought them crazy. It just goes to show that we never know what destiny has in store for us. This would seem a very cheery statement but for the fact I have such a wonderful reason to come home to. Just that thought sustains the morale and I think of all of you incessantly.

Someday we'll have that bit of paper presented to us that means so much. I don't think I would ever want it if we failed to win this war. The day of that doubt has passed and many are making conjectures of our early ending.

Levi is supposed to get his vacation this month. I know he will come to Atlantic

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bity to Mary's mother. He is supposed  
to stop over and take a look at my gun  
to make sure the barrels etc aren't suffering  
any oxidation in spite of the grease I piled  
in them. I hope you have sent him the  
picture he wanted so badly. If you can't  
get it let me know so I may get him one  
the next time we hie into civilization

This is about all for tonight, mom-  
my. Say Hello to the musketiers for me. How  
much does little Johnny weigh now?

Yours ever  
Parker.

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Aug 9, 1944

Dearest Darlin';

Another day passed and  
no new, or rather late mail as yet.  
Maybe the Navy has lost the Hibara.  
The same draggy days with the same  
daily routine - the same fuss - the  
same petty bickerings - the same  
Posternis and my same regard for  
the propagandized Navy life.

There was some exceptionally  
good news peddled around today that was  
supposed to have come over the Radio. It  
hasn't been verified as yet but should  
it prove true it will be a long step to-  
wards the finish we are waiting for.

Mr English upset me in a  
chess game tonight. Karl hasn't been  
feeling well today and didn't want his

daily lesson. I've had a losing day today. Wyr Hunt spoiled my checker strategies and all in all I think I'll give up chess before it totally ruins my chess. I can't afford him the opportunity to win again or he would move at me and it down. By the way, I never received any answer to that letter I wrote him. Has anything happened to him or Poase? I think he would certainly answer if he received it. Of course there has been no August mail aboard yet. He may have written and it hasn't arrived.

I can imagine your trouble moping Camille study during these summer days. It causes me to feel a bit cruel suggesting such a course. I remember my boyhood and I doubt if

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it would have been much of a  
success had it been tried on me.

The summer belongs to the kids  
for the time shall come when they  
won't be able to enjoy them. I'll  
have to rescind that request, but I  
know you've given it up some time ago.

I cannot acclimate myself  
to this part of the world and don't  
have any desire to do so. I often think  
of the nights I've and I stood in the  
Deer woods, the tree's popping in the  
cold. Stand for over an hour at a time,  
never moving. It shall take a few  
solid winters to get into that shape  
again. I think of Johnny in the  
Engine Room of that Destroyer, how he  
used to go after Ducks with his shirt  
open at the throat and the wind and spray  
flying over the bow of the launch. . . .

IV

We'll all be White Pines when we get home. Mike included. Mike and I are still on friendly terms, but I take my hat off to you. He is one stick article. However, there isn't much chance of his damaging me but his petty little tricks are amusing and the knowledge may be of use at some future time.

Well, Darling, I'll call it an evening as the mob is in from the ~~movies~~ and the Mess Hall is a kind-  
~~ergarten~~ again.

Say Hello ~~to~~ to the three Rough-necks for me, as usual.

yours ever  
Parker.

Aug 18, 1944

Dearest Darlin,

Its impossible for me to say I didn't get any letter from you for one came in today's mail. It was post-marked July 29.

There is very little with which to compose a letter. There aren't even ordinary every day Topics or occurrences here. My spelling is suffering as you'll notice by the word occurrence.

Your letter contained the folder you always send me. You spoke of your new friend Helen, but didn't say anything about the wee ones. You spoke of Cliff's trials at Bainbridge, but there was nothing of yourself. In all it was a rather hurried epistle. I think if you relax a bit and take

more leisure, your letters shall be more welcome. I want to know about the Kilders and their doings. I don't think a day passes that they aren't into something. Not if they are the ones I know.

I don't believe the rent was raised too high, after all. The previous deductions made it seem quite a leap, but when you consider it's only a two dollar increase over the original pre-war stipulation, there isn't any cause for complaint. Mrs. Hill has been very fine to us and I believe this raise shall have its compensation in removing your obnoxious neighbors as they don't belong in that residential class anyway.

Your success at the Commissary was as I adjudged in a previous communication.

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It seemed fantastic that they should ~~the~~ deprive you of that small bit of solace with such an inconsiderate prerogative as the one they issued as a precedent. The ways of the Military are very baffling and it is sometimes dubious if they are aware of their own concerns. To understand their methods, imagine a Forest maze, bisected by a wide, straight trail. Never take the straight trail, always work your way through the maze, and you will be considered a Military Genius.

Has he heard anything of Capt. Marts whereabouts? His Aunt has probably heard from him and as they gabfest frequently, she might have heard some word. The new Capt seems to be O.K. It still lacks the remedy this ship needs and almost everyone has given up hope of utilizing that. It doesn't seem conceivable that such a mentality

could occupy such a position of importance in the great American Navy at no other time, other than war, could such a fraud be successfully perpetrated, no matter how gullible the Command.

If there is anything you need, let me know. Even at this great distance I may be able to help. At no time has the Pen Proven more mighty than the sword, than now, and believe me, we have a mighty sword.

Say hello to the Indians - write more about them and less about the weather. Your old mans lonesome for word of you and the wee bairns.

yours ever  
Parker.

Aug 11, 1944

Dearest Orlin,

Mike furnishes the news for tonight. Today he sojourned to Sick Bay and had his tonsils removed. Tonight he is up and about, seems O.K. but for a sore throat.

I'll have to cease writing every night as has been the case heretofore, for my stamps are running low again. The stamp problem isn't too bad here, but there is always the fear that they may run short. There are no P.O.'s here at the ends of the earth.

Today has been a corker. I'm writing this sitting in a hatch with a myriad of signal lights blinking around the harbor. The usual tomy evening breeze is welcomed by all hands and is fluttering this paper as I hold it to write.

The usual naval strategy, or perhaps I should say, Nickham strategy, has

been put into effect concerning the eighteen months of sea duty. Mr English told me it requires eighteen months in ~~the~~ this Ocean now. I suppose after fourteen months in this command we'll be transferred to another and so on and so on. You see the Navy is full on vagueness and Propaganda as far as the enlisted man is concerned. However, they can't beat the enlisted man or they wouldn't win a battle. It must be very unsatisfactory to those promising minds to see the boys take all they have to hand out and still do their job. Well, that's enough of a beef for tonight I'll have to think of something else to talk of.

Someday we shall return to civilization and see how that part of the world lives. I would like to read the Evening Bulletin again, or the Sunday Inquirer. If you have a chance to get an Ocean City Sentinel Ledger, send it along.

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By the way, your package containing the candy hasn't arrived, yet. I'm wondering if the Souvenirs I sent you have. It's a good thing that type of candy isn't subject to the several ailments that could possibly encompass it, for if that were the case it might swim here by itself.

Well, Mommy, this is about all for this evening. Ask the Indians if they think they need any spankings. I can imagine their answers.

Your love  
Parker

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Aug 12, 1944

Dearest Darlin';

The neglect of mailing last night's letter may bring you both of these on the same day. I often wonder how precise they are in following each other. A ship could leave here and easily be passed by one leaving the following day. I think the ones that bring the mail always come via the Horn.

I wish you would gather all the reading material concerning Alaska and save it for me. I won't be satisfied until I go there. It has been more or less of a dream for years as you know, and since we aren't growing any younger it is high time it had a culmination.

America's last frontier with fortune for the taking even though it should have to be earned in dredging for a few years. There is no major benefit derived from being

tied to the apron strings of any particular part of the country. To what advantage is twenty acres in South Jersey when it could easily be more than hundred as just a beginning to the equivalent of a Realm. It's my ambition to tempt fate and destiny along with fortunes fickle smile in the land of unknown, for indeed it has. You could talk to thousands of people and they wouldn't have any idea of the immensity of that American Possession. To mention Alaska to ninety-nine of hundred people brings the same reaction as if one were talking of the North Pole. The fallacy of that conjecture is only too apparent when the facts are reviewed. The population there has increased, from the former census to the later, more than any place in the world. To do that there has to be a tangible something. We haven't much to lose in that type of venture and taking everything into consideration it is certainly worth a patch of the dice.

Great resources slumbers in that ice-bound territory. Resources that will draw capital in tens, and where capital goes, goes fortunes. Enterprises of great extent and, perhaps, as great a strangeness will take place there. Even now the territory is run by the wealthy Salomon capitalists. Their reign is going to be short lived. Something else is bound to take its place.

I hope I haven't bored you, but I can't explain my vision the way I would care to if ~~conditions~~ weren't as they are. I intend to sell my idea to Lew, too. What an episode that would make.

The only thing I should be worrying about now is preserving my sanity until I eventually get away from this madhouse they call a ship.

Well Mommy, say hello to the mustache-teers and ~~et~~ so on.

yours ever  
Parker...

Aug 13, 1944

Dearest Dorlin,

Two beautiful letters came from you in the mail today. The one concerning navigation and the other with the clippings of Bill Haeffert and Pete Bennett.

Your accusation that I write

to the censors isn't without foundation. I've always been reluctant to divulge my private affairs to anyone. War censorship is a necessary evil. Of course the officers mail isn't censored. They are too intelligent to allow any war information to escape through that channel, although I read, not so long ago, that eighty-five percent of war information was traced to that source. It just couldn't be true!

I'm anxious to receive the letter you are composing to start our debate. I would like to have your opinions of that

subject. I wonder what points you can make on the "con" side. I wish I could really "open up" and say everything I would like to say, but that is entirely out of question. You may be sure that when opportunity arrives I won't be loo-  
ing.

Your description of the humidity, there at home, is good for a laugh. You are correct in your surmise of my acceptance of that factor.

I'm happy Lew made the purchase he did. If anyone deserves anything it is certainly he. That property has been for sale for a long, long time and Lew with his putterings will probably make a great improvement in it. Many a Bunny we ran around that particular house. I haven't heard anything from him lately but I don't doubt that there is a letter on its' way.

Your conquest of Dirk is very amusing. I'm glad he is only two.

years old. It consoles me that you have found such a nice companion as Helen. You need companionship, and with her husband out here you have been able to start on a common basis.

As for as the De Phillips are concerned I didn't write to Mrs Hill as I knew there was little she could do. Your plan is the best and I hope you carry it through. You can tell her, for me, that if they are there when I get home again I'm going to bounce that husband of hers right on his "nose".

This is all for tonight, Mommy, say "hello" to my roughnecks.

Yours ever  
Parker.

Aug 14, 1944

Dearest Darlin',

What to write about tonight?

Oh yes! Concerning my remark about  
Dr. Darby and your question in yesterday's  
letter about my "slipping". No, I'm not.  
I tried to answer you and still main-  
tain my literary composure. Do I have  
to be literal about everything? You should-  
n't have to ask those sort of questions. If  
you only knew how much I would like to  
be there and answer them personally, for  
after all, action speaks louder than words.

About going into the Paint  
business, again. I have some very definite  
ideas on that subject, too. I'm planning,  
if the other doesn't prove feasible, to open  
a Wholesale and Retail store in Atlantic City  
in conjunction with the contracting there.  
I'm Ocean City, at my father's, to establish  
an office there, via signs, telephones etc. The  
same in Sea Isle at your mother's and

also at Lewis' in Pleasantville. That would give me quite a coverage and as servicemen are exempt from Mercantile license, there is no reason, with the following I have along the seaboard, why it shouldn't prosper quite handsomely. Of course there shall probably be more shoe-makers painters than ever before, but that type of competition shall always exist and there will always be people that have to be taught everything the harder way.

The seasonal irregularity is the most difficult to overcome. The ideal business at the shore is the type whereby the slowing is done in the winter and the slump comes in the summer. Then there is always an opportunity to recoup any losses. a new adjustment shall have to be made in paint coverage, quality of obtainable brushes, purity and strength of products and the ever present bug-aboo of a declining or fluctuating wage scale. The Building Loans will still want their

done for nothing and I don't think I would want to do that type of contract anyway. Lew said in his letter that there is plenty of money floating around, of course there will be many people buying Properties and smearing them in their fashion.

All in all, that makes a letter, doesn't it? Keep the Indians busy so they won't keep you busy running after them.

I'm reading a book, "Raleigh Eden". A story of North Carolina and her part in the Revolution. I've read some very odd books and some very good ones. The Movie Moguls have passed, or haven't seen, books that would make good Pictures. "There is nothing new under the sun".

Yours ever  
Parker

Aug 16, 1944

Dearest Dorlin;

Today is a day the same  
as all the other days. The only bright spot  
being the allied invasion of Southern France.  
The war is in the home stretch but it's  
such a long stretch.

You have never told me  
if you have sent Lew the picture he request-  
ed. I hope I shan't have to ask about that  
again. When Lew was there did he look  
over my gun? I also asked you if John is  
on the same run, or where is he? There wasn't  
anything more about Camille, except he was  
home-sick. Aren't we all. How has the  
season been - has Tom made anything etc.

There doesn't seem to be a  
thing to write about. Just the same  
stuff over and over. There are several  
I want you to do for me, and

I'll get them all together and make a letter of them.

Everybody is trying to help me with suggestions on what to write. None of them feasible. Did your authors see the same thing day after day and week after week?

Well Mommy, until a better time and subject or subjects present themselves. I'll call it a night. Hello to my mob.

Yours ever  
Parker

Aug 18, 1944

Dearest Dorlin;

Everything is exactly the same. The weather, the routine - everything. How do you expect me to write a letter. I can't even find anything to write to the censors.

I haven't heard from her lately. Today there was quite a bit of mail came aboard, but I didn't even get a letter from you. It just wasn't my day. Your package hasn't arrived, perhaps it won't come through if it contains food-stuffs, although, some have. Ed received a letter today, from his wife, saying that the package he sent from here, with accumulated souvenirs, had arrived. He lives in Chicago, so I took it, that you have received yours by now.

There's the usual remarks going the rounds that we are going to leave here. If all the places that they know it were destined, we shall make a trip around the world about three times.

7  
all ~~is. Are~~  
They still having "Blockade" tests on the coast?

You said some of my letters seem as if I hurry to finish them. Perhaps that's so. They have always seemed a very inadequate means of expression, especially when they have to be read by others. You should understand and not make silly remarks. See that yours don't suffer from the same malady for they aren't censored. Say Hello to my gang for me.

your ever  
Parker.

Aug 19, 1944

Dearest Darlin';

The mailman brought me two very interesting letters from you today. The one P.M. Aug 8 with the clipping in it concerning the Village and the other P.M. Aug 11<sup>th</sup> telling of Johnny. I expected to hear of that change that is why I've been pestering you for information about him. His grandiose idea of a couple of months is a laugh. It will take him a month to reach his destination.

It's nice to hear Camille is coming home, but a bit strange, too. I imagine he will skip after this home-coming. As for Mary and Theresa being considered so juvenile; they should have asked the person complimenting them whether or not she meant chronologically or mentally.

I'm glad to hear of you considering

II.

ing the purchase of some new furniture but don't go in too deeply. I don't have any intentions of remaining at the Village is I ever get away from this mess, and that will mean a new Refrigerator and an electric Range, for they won't come in the house I'm moving into, also, the heat goblin shall have to be taken care of.

I cannot see anything except a long struggle of little avail if we stay in Atlantic City. If I must struggle I would much rather do it on my property than someone else's. Atlantic City, as a seashore goldmine, is gone. The percentage of profit is too small for the exertion necessary to obtain it. The seasonal rise and fall, everyone endeavoring to make enough in three months to live nine, isn't indicative of very sound business. However, all this is a long ways off as yet. I cannot get my mind away

from the Alaskan Possibilities, nor another venture. Atlantic doesn't fit into either. I had high hopes of interesting Lew in the so-called "Gold Country", but with his purchase of the Pleasantville property I know it is out of question. Its the same old story, if I went there and failed I would be a chump, if I succeeded, all the ones I wanted to go, and didn't, would be the chumps. If I'm going to lose I would rather lose trying something I wanted. "It is better to have tried and lost, than not to have tried at all." "A rolling stone gathers no moss but still stones show nothing but the ravages of time."

I'm worried about your losing weight. I wish you would have a check-up and see that everything is O.K. If you don't look as you should when I come home I'm liable to trade you in on a new model.

one of the officers brought a gizmo to the shop to be varnished and then had a very

mine sentiment inscribed thereupon. I thought it was for his wedding anniversary and asked him, he said he had been married six months, or will have been, on that date. It certainly made me feel old, our next shall be the eleventh year. How have I put up with you that long? I manifestly your wrong about the "holding back" business, or rather I am. I just haven't been firm enough, consequently, you may prepare for some high times when we get in the ring again. I only hope, that of all the boys who have tread the matrimonial path since this ship has been commissioned, ~~they~~ have done just one-tenth as well as I.

Something else, you haven't said a word about that picture for Lew. I'm through telling you about it and if there hasn't been any action I won't come. Immediately. I'll leave the rest to you. All my love to you and the little gump.

Yours ever  
Parker.

P.S. Tell Finken to write me a letter.

Aug 28, 1944

Dearest Darlin',

Just finished four games of Chess with Karl. He lost all of them and is bemoaning his ill luck in no uncertain terms.

A lot of the boys went to church today, but not your heathen husband. It has been a nice, peaceful holiday and I spent it reading "Klondike Mike" an Alaskan odyssey. The story is based on facts and feats of one Michael G. Maloney who is still alive and lives in Canada. If I had known a few years ago I could have obtained some first hand information about Alaska. The book speaks of Maloney's acquaintance with Tex Rickard, now deceased, and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien with whom I was well acquainted. He lives in Ventnor in the summer and I think I spoke to.

You a few times of his imposing physique. He arose at six a.m. every morning and mowed that enormous lawn of his until eight o'clock. He wasn't given much to confidences and as summer sunny ventura was about the last place to think of Alaska, he never mentioned being there. He did speak of Seattle and didn't think much of it. Since reading the book I know why, and taking into consideration that he was talking of the years of 1897-98 and I was thinking in the present, it is easily understandable. Seattle at that time was the jumping off place for Alaska.

There is a passage in the book of a trip the Mahoney too from Dawson in the spring of 1898. (Spring is about April 15.) They came down from the mountains into a valley, and as far as the eye could see the valley ~~was~~ floor was covered with mimroes. So much for "flooded desert".

I suppose you think me a bit "tetchel" but this Alaskan obsession is growing.

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ing steadily. I'm keeping an open mind about all information I glean. To be honest, there hasn't been anything discouraging so far. The average american is ~~so~~ satisfied to have a lot, with a home on it, one hundred by sixty, to roll in the arms of civilization, and struggle to maintain it. That is all well and good — unless there isn't anything better to be had. If there is I want it and intend to stretch a few points to get it. I think the real gold in Alaska lies in the fertility of the soil and not grubbing it from creeks. It isn't the yellow metal I'm interested in, but the versatility of the country for almost any projects anyone may have in mind. There isn't any such thing as getting rich quick, but there is such a thing as enough resources to weather any length depression. Better, in having acres and acres of your own.

Well Mommy, loads of love to all of you, say hello to my mom.

yours ever  
Parker.

Aug 21, 1944

Dearest Dorlin,

another letter came from you today, along with the long delayed package. Mike, the boys and I soon put a large ~~hole~~ <sup>hole</sup> in it. It arrived in very good shape. In fact not a piece was broken or smashed.

You asked me about the gun watches.

They are stopped when war are at sea.

A new innovation, one that is gladly accepted. When we are at anchor there are no full gun watches and to fully explain it I would have to explain the entire ship organization and I don't believe the censor would appreciate that.

Mike remarked the other day that he had received a letter from Rose. I don't know if he meant you or his sister. I'm sure he is very pleased to receive yours.

letters and hope you'll continue writing to him.

The movie showing tonight is the "Cobra women" and I believe it was the one we saw the last time I was home. I haven't seen any since then so it must have been.

In the event my letters cease coming you'll know we are once again wandering around the ocean. There is a can tied next to us tonight and they are showing a Henry Alabridge picture that I want to see.

I'll keep an eye open for Johnny. Mike and I had a good laugh about his saying he would be back in a couple of months. We think we are stuck for the duration.

Say hello to the Musketers.

Yours ever  
Parker.

Aug. 22 1944

Dearest Darlin;

The mailman was good to me again today, bringing me three letters from you. P.M. Aug 13-15, but one of them had been written the fourteenth. I like to read about the things at the beach and I'm glad you are able to take the musketons there every afternoon.

Your new-found friend, Helen, seems a very interesting person and, though I don't know her, I like to read about her, for anything that interests you, interests me. There is very little chance that I'll ever come across her husband, but had I known, when we passed through there, I may have been able to find him.

For a bit more about the beach.

Your observations were amusing but I would suggest you should pick better object situations.

your letter comprising the navigational data I asked you to compile for me arrived some time ago. Karl and I intend to use it at the earliest opportunity. I thought I had spoken of its arrival. I know it was a difficult project and it was done very well and very thoroughly.

There are innumerable good books with that information spread, but as they are located in another world and the enlisted man isn't supposed to be able to cope with, or have the necessary brilliance that requires their use, we must go elsewhere for our information.

I've been collecting all the obtainable information on the Alaskan subject. It is woefully small. I'm not alone in my interest. I asked the librarian if he could obtain any additional books of the matter and he replied that I was the second person had asked him about it. I found the first person and we compar-

ed notes. He had quite a bit of information that I didn't. Neither of us are looking for the better part, rather trying to determine and value the obstacles. The Government has shown helpful interest in its' colonization and it is something to have the best and most powerful Government of all times as a sponsor. You could do much by helping us with our research. The Atlantic City library probably is well supplied with books concerning it, and besides, reading broadens the mind. I can sense your antagonism by your keeping mum about the entire writings. However, I believe you know your husband well enough to concede a bit of study to see if you are right in the position you have chosen. I believe a little knowledge of the possibilities will change your apathy to, at least, tolerance.

I spoke to you some time ago of some courses I wished to study from the V. of Neb., as yet you haven't concurred or otherwise. I don't want to do this without your consent, but time doesn't wait for anything or anybody. The ones that

are consuming my interest are: Agriculture, Soil Conservation, Poultry Raising, Swine Husbandry and Field Crops.

They are very cheap and considered very good. Any investment into those particular ones would always pay dividends for there shall always be the necessity of the Farmer. The first one, General Agriculture, would only cost me \$6.50 as the Government pays half. The others, at the most, would cost \$13. apiece and to take everything the College has to offer in that line would cost about \$110. I wrote them and found I could take as many courses as I wanted, the Gov. paying half of the first one. In the event I was discharged I could still continue with them. It is a cheap way to get the necessary foundation and with the bit of practical knowledge I have, combining the two should give me what I want. I believe the antiquated <sup>methods</sup> the Farmers use is their own undoing. Scientific Farming is the only way to success in the field. Millions of acres, alone, have been thrown into the discard by Farmers ignorant of such an easy thing as cover cropping. The fallacy of trying to make eight or

ten acres successful in the ever changing economic scheme is a grave error. I remember Senator Swards three-hundred acres in Bridgton, surrounded by numbers of those kind of small places, in 1927 through a fitful dry spell his was the only farm in Cumberland Co. to show on the black side of the ledger. He lost his enormous crops but his live-stock pulled him through. The little fellows didn't have anything to take up the slack and all that summer migrated to cities for work. The next year the Senator put irrigation in the entire farm. It then became the largest irrigated farm in the world. Of course he wasn't dependent on it for a living. Just the same he was business man enough to make it a paying project instead of an expensive hobby. My Uncle Russell, had three lunch cars at the time. An investment of very nearly fifty thousand dollars. He made money but his troubles were manifold and the collapse of that novelty would have left him with nothing to fall back on. Most business are just one item, automobiles, painting, radio, restauranting or what have you? Farming is the backbone of a way

and every nation. No wise Government can, honestly, fail to protect its farmers, as no business man can afford to part with a skilled and hence, valuable man. The farm, containing the necessary acres, is a creation unto itself. If necessary it can be almost entirely independent of any other business. It requires hard, long hours of work. When I think of my past experiences in working hours I know I've been a chump not to establish myself in that capacity long ago.

I hope you'll continue writing to Mike as he doesn't receive many letters. You know the things he likes to hear about. As soon as Johnny is located let me know. I think Carmille will be home before you get this letter. I wish the war progressed as fast as you made it in your letter.

I hope you and the censor like my dissertation of the above. Say Hello to those wildmen of mine and keep me posted of their latest escapades.

Yours ever  
Parham.

Aug 23, 1944

Dearest Darlin;

You asked me if our mail is regular. There are very few days that we don't have mail come aboard. Sometimes when the harbor is full it is a bit slow. I think the mail is handled very well, taking everything into consideration.

The package I sent you may take as long as yours did to reach me. Eds made a quick trip, however, it was sent <sup>as</sup> first class mail while I sent yours Parcel Post. It was so heavily wrapped that three-quarters of the weight was in wrappings. I hope you are satisfied with its contents. I should have the opportunity to return to the place where Helen's husband is located. I'll try to find some of that Killigrew family you spoke of.

I suppose you have read Hersey's assertion that two million men shall be discharged when Germany retires from active combat. Don't take that propaganda to heart. It's on the same order as when the Recruiting officer told me that with my experience I would make first in six months and the horse laugh here, that if one served eighteen months of sea duty <sup>he</sup> they could ask for shore duty and choose the naval district <sup>he</sup> they desired. Don't forget there is an election in November and, as usual, the politicians must hold out some candy. If Germany is occupied before election rolls around you may feel assured of a Democratic landslide. If the Germans can hold out until after that the Republicans will send them all replicas of white elephants to wear in their lapels.

According to the Navy Magazine that comes aboard each month, the total percentage

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of the Naval Personnel in my age group is  
five percent of it. We old people may be  
dumped first, but as yet that is a long ways  
off.

Karl and I have been chessing regularly  
and at his suggestion I've been keeping score  
of the games each has ~~won~~ and lost. Ties and  
stalemates are counted as games played and to  
date his percentage is .200 against my .600. Tell  
my Dad to keep in practice for I'll be looking  
for a victim when I return. A good saying  
for that is, and quite a story in itself. —

Loose late and win early  
Pull consolation from the sky  
Teams confliction, leaving daily  
Hah! MacGulkindey are you win?

That little sonnet was sent to Connie Mack  
by a disgruntled young fan when the A's were  
falling behind towards the end of a season.  
He doesn't have to worry now, for they have the

cellar well secured. There was more to it than that but I remembered that for its pathos and humor, according to the mood of the reader.

If you are in need of any money for anything (except taking out some 4¢ sigs) let me know. That is one nice thing about mother money - the ever enlarging spending horizon.

Bud Millard is engaged in painting that crazy rabbit that decorates the comic books on either side of the Budget. He is standing with his legs crossed and arms akimbo, with an oil can in one hand and an L.C. I. in the other\*. There is three feet of brown bunny against a yellow circular background. The Chrome yellow Background has a black border about two inches wide. The brown is Van Dyke and the bunny's face is white. It is a very good picture. I wish the marketeers could see it. Tell them I say hello etc.

Yours ever + a day  
Parker.

\* The rabbit, not Bud Millard

Aug 24, 1944

Dearest Dinkin,

The super good news came over the radio this afternoon that Paris has been taken. The German armies' speed of advance seems only to be exceeded by their speed of retreat.

We have a local radio station and I've been wondering if my Dad couldn't receive it on that power house of his. The next time they stop in ask him to try.

I'm more or less at loss what to write about tonight. I haven't been able to obtain any additional reading matter referring to Alaska. I'm reading two books now that are interesting but rather remote from the subject. "The Oaks" a story or rather autobiography of Wellington and "Livestock Raising". When I feel in a studious mood I read the latter, and when in an entertaining mood, the former. I started to

in their bathing suits with the state bands on them. We have almost every state in the Union represented aboard and I'm sure it would create a welcome diversion for the boys. Almost every photographer in Atlantic City will take them. It may be well to make a few enquiries at the Plaza etc. so you may place an order and ascertain the ~~cost~~ cost. Especially do I want one of "Miss Massachusetts" so I may bid Karl for a week or so. "Miss Texas", "Miss Wisconsin", "Miss Tennessee" and "Miss Ohio" shall also be welcome. If you could send the girls in person I feel sure you would be voted the Navy Cross, but for me just send your.

Well Mommy, this is all I can think of for this P.M. Say hello to the wee ones for me.

Your ever  
Parker.

read the sequel to Mein Kampf but it was such a sad piece of literature I gave it up. How any intelligent people could be made to believe in that trash is more than I can see. It has lowered an already low ~~opinion~~ opinion of the Germans. It is the strongest evidence obtainable that they have given up culture and learning for a stark militarism. Hitler isn't half as much to blame as the people themselves. They had to be in a very receptive frame of mind to accept those types of doctrines. The Japanese are less to blame than the Germans, for they never accepted civilization in the humane sense of the word. The Japs used it as a veneer to further their implacably sadistic nature and to gain the confidence of the gullible, humanely civilized peoples of the world as well as Asia's vast host of ignorants.

When the Beauty Pageant takes place I want you to get me a group picture of all the entrants

Aug 25, 1944

Dearest Dorkin,

Well, tomorrow being Saturday is the great day. We all get dressed in new dungarees and line up like a bunch of monkeys and the Capt and the Powers that be stroll along and see if the boys are as trim as becomes the great Niobrara. I believe the general idea is to see that the boys take a bath on Friday instead of Saturday like the popular civilian belief has it.

The movies are very entertaining, but if you could see the official Chetopa on the Bridge when the Capt is Present you would consider the movies and Abbott and Costello far behind in entertainment. The Captain will pass from one wing of the Bridge to the other and the half dozen Officers Present follow along in single file. On a few

occasions I've seen the Capt smile to himself and I believe he enjoys it as well as any opener. When he stops they all try to stand next to him and its much like the jockeying for position that takes place soon after the start of a horse race. This should make the censors angry with me and I'll analyze the effect in the a.m.

At the pace Kelley and I are assimilating information of Alaska we shall be authorities on the territory by the time the war ends. Most people erroneously believe it to be an ice covered land almost devoid of any civilization. That is anything but the truth. It has the same climate as Norway or Scotland, according to the latitude and the Japanese current is as much a determining factor as the Gulf Stream is on our Eastern Coast. There are Railroads and a few roads. Electricity and the production of it is going ahead by leaps and bounds. Three months of the year it is possible to read the finest print

anytime of twenty-four hours. If you will support my research at your ~~and~~ leisure, with the better facilities that are present there, I feel sure you will be of much help.

It seems that our stay here is indefinite. Everybody was under the impression we were to go to sea again, but after spending our couple of months here a few more won't make any difference.

Don't forget my picture of the Beauty Pageant for I'm well assured of its general acceptance. Say hello to the roughnecks.

Yours ever  
Perkins

Aug 27, 1944

Dearest Darlin',

Due to unforeseen circumstances I missed writing you last night. I saw the movies instead. There was a newsreel shown and in it was a piece showing the Spars learning telegraphy at the Coast Guard school on Virginia and above Pacific. It also showed a group of the Spars marching by the school between Pacific and Boardwalk towards the Boardwalk. That close die come to home this week. It is news that helps to compose this letter.

I hope I shall soon receive a letter from Linker. That is one reason I'm glad they go to a Parochial school so they may learn to write in a good hand and won't need an interpreter (as their father does) to decipher their hand writing.

According to the Radio Bulletins, Germany is nearing the end of her last military career. Just how much speed that will lend to the termination of the war is yet to be ascertained. Japan has been fighting an independent war and the only help derived from the cessation of hostilities on the Eastern front will be the additional forces it ~~will~~ releases. All in all it looks as if we will be here a long time. The one consolation remains that with every passing day it is one less of the unknown total score.

I've friend who has a wife, two small girls and a baby boy in Philadelphia. He told me his wife is worrying as she doesn't know his whereabouts. As I told him (his name is Frances Holleran) there were many wives that didn't have any idea where their husbands were but if there was a will there was a way, he has expected me to solve his problem. How that is to be done, I don't know. I'll have to sleep on it awhile.

Karl is another case, a sad case.

He is very much in love with a girl he has been courting for six years. (I told him that had I tried to court you that long you ~~not~~ would have had sense enough not to marry me.) He is now a nurse in England. After waiting five months he finally received one of the most impersonal letters I've ever read. However, he has his head in the clouds again and when I look at him I often wonder if a good belt in the chops wouldn't do him a lot of good. It takes all kinds of people to make a world.

Mommy, this is all I can find to talk of tonight. Say hello to the new ones for me.

Yours ever  
Parker.

Aug 28, 1944

Dearest Darlin',

As usual I'm at loss

for something to write about. I'll never  
be acclimated to this part of the World.  
Everything seems to fit in more or less  
with the exception of this kind of weather.

The sameness of everything  
becomes, at times, unbearable but those who  
make their beds are obliged to lie in them.  
once more we are busy after a two week lay-  
over due to half the Bridge being carried away  
in a collision.

Francis and I started to see  
the movie but I couldn't become interested  
and decided to write to you before the mob  
invaded the mess hall. I wish you would  
drop his wife a line. He wrote her and told  
her she would hear from you in the near fu-

ture. In the event you have forgotten the address. It is: Mrs. Francis J. Hollman, 2349 N. Marshall St., Phila. Pa. He wrote to her about F. S. Orgood and I believe a word of explanation on that score would clear her mind considerably.

The war news continues to be hopeful, but no matter how fast they move, it makes it seem very slow here. The duty here is nothing to complain of; only the monotony causes it to seem ugly. However, we have much to be thankful for and war was never a precedent of comfort.

Say hello to the musketeers for me. The more questions you ask me in your letters the more I'll have to write about.

A few months ago, when in civilization, I bought a pair of sandals which I've been wearing ever since. They have been the answer to Athlete's Foot problem but are now becoming the warier

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for me. If it is possible for you to buy me  
two pair and send them first class mail I would  
appreciate it very much. They must be open at the  
toes, have a strap that travels around the ankle  
and holds up the heel. A small heel on them is  
impractical, although an arch isn't necessary. If you  
can get them with composition soles they'll be  
more durable. The ones I have cost \$3.85 but of  
course that was an over-charge. The soles haven't  
~~be~~ been affected by the oil or lamp-glass.

Yours ever.

Parker.

Aug 30, 1944

Dearest Darlin',

There hasn't been any mail from you for several days. I believe it is due to mail ship or plane that hasn't arrived as yet, then I'll get a batch as that the usual method.

There may be a lapse in my letters from the above date. However, at the earliest opportunity the chain will be renewed. No matter how impotent letters may be they are a comforting link. I don't think it will be long before their necessity shall cease. Adolph has little of his rope left, and the old Arab Proverb of "No star shall rise or fall until its set time" doesn't give him much leeway.

A fine movie was shown tonight. "Andy Hardy and his class" or something like that. a very good comedy. Andy Hardy reminds me of Camello when I catch him doing something wrong and he

starts to explain with "Well, Daddy" — "Well Daddy" and then bogs down.

I hope you shan't forget the snapshots you promised me. Sometimes I wonder if I'll know them when I arrive, for the new ones won't be so well any more. I'm glad we may make a change. The desolation of this place is beyond comparison and nothing is likely to be any worse. Although that was the consensus of opinion about Nor-folk, also. How good that would look now!

We are waiting for the day when we read of ~~thousand~~ ~~Centers~~ over Japan — and may they all be super-Portusae. A few trips like that and the sea of Japan would just be part of the Pacific ocean. There would only be a hole in the water where Japan had once been. The sons of the sun would have a cloudy day.

How are the Battling Stewarts? Tell them he should disregard that sonnet I sent you as it was a foul ball. Is he still preserved in alcohol?

This is all I can think of for tonight, Mommy. I'll have to get your letters to give me a new start. Say hello to my boys,

yours ever  
Perkins