



Oct. 1, 1944

Dearest Dorlin,

This is quite a novel letter as it is being written by the light of the Moon. We have just concluded a short sea trip, although we are far from contacting civilization.

I won't expect any of your letters to reach me for sometime as I don't believe any mail ships shall reach this place very soon. There is a ship sailing tomorrow that is carrying outgoing mail hence the need to have this letter ready for it.

Karl is still in sickbay. Tomorrow he is going to be allowed to hobble about a bit. Sooty fell down tonight and sprained his thumb and wrist on his way to his G.Q. station. We were the recipients of numerous raids. One of those kind that come close enough to cause a stir but not near enough for gunfire.

Mommy your old-man is half way around the world and has high hopes of finishing the voyage. It is discouraging to have traveled so far and not have found someone as nice as you; encouraging to feel sure there is only one

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you. The thousands of miles that separate us are easily bridged by memories. However inadequate they are their value is doubled a thousandfold here. Some nights I lay and let them run riot and they are the best movie I've ever seen and no Broadway "hit", no matter how perfect could ever replace even one of them.

This experience is not without value. The astounding discoveries of how small a man can be and how big a boy can be, is not without its moral. A birds-eye view of how ~~millions of dollars are spent and the results achieved are even amazing~~. The growing conviction, of all feeling sensed, hope is man's greatest. Its power seems unlimited and all the wisdom of the ages seem contained in its few letters.

Well Mommy. A bank of clouds are creeping across the moon. So until tomorrow I'll say Au revoir. Say hello to the kiddies for me.

Yours ever
Parker.

October 6, 1944

Dearest Dorlin;

As today scores ten years of our more or less wedded bliss I must find something of worthwhile pretext to write to you.

There aren't even the usual topics tonight. We are still ducking hither and thither, winning the war via inspections of this and that and paint. Long after the war the people will be paying for gallons and gallons of paint slapped on and scrapped off and slapped on again with the pretext of keeping the men busy. Ninety-five percent of them can't start a Pacific Marine Pump, adjust a gas mask, tell how the CO₂ systems work or send and receive a message by either mouse or semaphore. Still the painting and chipping goes on since any fool can see the men must be occupied.

There is a very faint possibility that I may be transferred. The Fleet Commander stepped in with a new set of rules and has made it possible. I wouldn't set any store in it as there is "many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip".

I hope you'll celebrate our anniversary and

just as if I were there. If I had it all to do again I would certainly do it, with the exception of the impulse that brought me to my present circumstances. I still feel the finest thing I've received from the world and life in my wife.

I cannot determine how to operate my finances. If the transfer should come through I haven't any idea of where I may have to go. In event it should be the West Coast then I would need something to reach Atlantic City. The entire procedure is doubtful, but not without hope. As usual nothing may be planned in advance.

There is no way I can tell you where we are. However, I can tell you that no one ~~can~~ dare go ashore here, although it is in plain view. You have probably read of neutralizing procedures.

As long as we are in a place where the mail is taken from the ship I'll continue to write you daily. Say "hello" to the Muspetters and tell them maybe Santa shall bring their "Old man" - home for Christmas.

Yours ever,
Parker

October 15, 1944

Dearest Darlin',

I'm venturing a letter in hope that it shall leave the ship before we sail. There has been no mail come aboard for a number of weeks. It must either be ahead of us or behind us.

It is only a matter of days before your husband shall be a full fledged shell-bird. If you are unfamiliar with that term ask John. I cannot elucidate any further at this time.

I hope our next destination may permit shore parties. I haven't been ashore since our last trip to P.H. and that was in July.

It's strange! I haven't come in contact with Jack Cochort. Since being here all types of ships, oodles of them, have been alongside. The two I most want to see have missed.

There hasn't been any further word concerning the transfers. There is nothing to do except sit and wait — and hope. In four more days I'll have been two years in this mess. It seems like fifty. The hand of destiny is for reaching and no one can foretell the fu-

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ture. To enjoy the sailor's life one should not possess any imagination and be very low on the intellectual scale. Our eyes must be leading a life of bliss and supreme happiness.

I do not feel too ~~surprised~~ of a transfer. My rate is not in demand, in fact it is a surplus. According to information available on this ship. On other ships the story is entirely different. I've made it a point to inquire of everyone that has been alongside. A rate in the Navy is nothing to be proud of, for on the outside the ~~possessors~~ would make an ~~efficient lot of Hoopsters, with the~~ exception of Derwick, a machinist, who has fought more than his fellow imbeciles ever knew.

I'm looking forward to your letters when the mail does arrive. You'll never be able to realize of the mental value you have been to me, it's only exceeded by the heart value.

Say "hello" to our Boots and until later I'll say goodnight.

Yours ever
- Pokey.

October 17, 1944

Dearest Darlin';

The mailman was good to me today. He brought me eleven letters from you. One from sis, a ballot, the shipyard. M.O. and that's all. The ballot was late as I had voted by ship ballot previously. Your clippings and pictures of the storm were very interesting. The storm didn't do anything half-way, did it?

Sis' letter was very sarcastic since I hadn't written her recently. It's not anything like the one she will receive when I get around to it. I'm glad Tom was so successful with the stand. A poor season is one of the greatest disappointments at the shore. To see an entire seasons work go for nil is enough to take the stunk out of anyone.

Your plans for my future leave me in "duck bumps". Suppose I'm not able to produce? You know there is "many a ship between the cup and the lip". "A star doesn't rise or fall until its set time". Your picture of the dog in the back-yard was a subtle injection though.

It is good that Father Vincent obliged you and gave Camille and Tinker a dressing down. I'm inclined to believe he shall find himself in the

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unenviable position of one whom has grasped the "Tiger tail". It seems as if Camille is going to be in for a hot time if Tenkes takes advantage of his promotion to bathe. Or should I say Tenkes?

I'm interested to know how Johnny's school situation shall climax. I was wondering how soon that would crop up. Although I think the sisters shall allow him to stay they may find they have to bow to public opinion. He'll be broken hearted if he finds he can't go anymore. It is a rather early start. He won't be four until March. How many months did he go last year?

Mike is across the table writing too. We both stop and stare at the walls (bullheads) in hope of an inspiration. Your conversation with the Major was enlightening. If you can't find a four star General don't bother. Perhaps I shouldn't be so hasty about "hauling you over the coals". The AF's must be having a field day with all the boys away.

We are still in this God forsaken place and no telling how long we shall be here. This particular locality has been in the war knows very recently and by the time you get this shall, in all probability, be mentioned several times again.

I have manufactured a pair of sandals but do to the lack of necessary materials they aren't as comfortable as they might be. You said nothing.

AF

further of your search and since you haven't been able to locate any by now you may as well cease trying. There will do me until I find it possible to be in civilization again.

To tell you how much I miss you and the wee guys won't do much good. There are many thousands miles between us. If you were to stick a hot pin through the world from where you might stick me in the pants. I'd have to look that up. Don't try it until I do. I do know that when I get home I'll have a lot to catch up. Here's hopin' you can take all the lovin' you are going to get when that occurs. Then, perhaps, you may ~~forgive me for my impersonal letters.~~

Say "hello" to the Indians and tell them if they don't believe they will get something Father Vincent didn't give them. I think they will know what I mean.

Yours ever
Parker.

October 20, 1944

Dearest Darlin';

This is a "first" letter from Southern latitudes. Your "ole man" now has the doubtful honor of being a member of King Neptune's Shellback retinue. To achieve this I was beaten with paddles, painted from the waist up with red and green paint, worked on by a Pained Doctor and Dentist whose ~~and~~ ambition in life seemed to be to find out how much of a solution of oil of cloves (and other various ingredients my mouth would hold. This was injected with an oil can. Worked over by the worst barber apprentice that was ever known, then the hair that ~~was~~ miraculously remained was scrubbed with a solution of oil and graphite grease. After all this I was thrown into a tank of salt water and sprayed with hoses, beaten over the head with sock clubs until I found the right spot which was the entrance to a tunnel where a Shellback stood atop with an oar and assisted me through while one of his brethren stood at either end with an 1 1/2" fire hose and made it as difficult as possible.

The day previous belonged to us Palquogs and we kidnapped all the Shellbacks and gave them a haircut. Lt. Hicks suffered most as he is going to the States when we reach port. We clipped the Eke's moustache which he said he had possessed for many years.

all in all it was quite rough on the shells -
 folks since there were only twenty - two of them to
 more than two - hundred of us.

I know you have heard of the Philippine
 invasion. MacArthur has kept his word to the
 Philippines. His success there should materially add
 to the shortening of the war. To listen to some of the
 Japanese broadcasts causes one to believe they are on
 the verge of hysteria. They haven't seen anything as yet.

The crew certainly looks ~~funny~~ funny
 with these fancy haircuts. You might tell Minerva
 it's a worse job than she accomplished a long time
 ago. I went asleep when I got this one.

— There is a checker tournament in full swing
 for the championship of the Midway. I have successfully
 passed the first round, but so has Pace. Unless some
 "black horse" pops up he is the only one I have to fear.
 Karl is entered and has to play Scotty Simpson. That
 doesn't happen until tomorrow and I think Scotty shall be
 the victor.

Our destination is supposed to be a great
 improvement over the past "ports" we have been in. There
 is even a continent at this one. If we keep on ~~at~~ in this
 direction it won't ~~be~~ be long before we'll circumnavigate
 the globe.

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From the storm reports of the eastern coast I think you are in ~~for~~ for a cold Winter. Whenever storms rage along the coast as they have the winter is generally a humdinger.

I've never heard from Jim. He must be very busy. Does Rose still stop by occasionally? Her letter hasn't caught me yet. We are generally one jump ahead of the mail.

This vast lake is certainly a disillusionment to the popular belief of an ocean. Balboa knew his stuff when named it. It has the tranquillity of a sea of blue oil. The past few days have seen hardly a ripple on its smooth surface. It's like sinking through a sea of blue glass, a liquid glass that slides by the ship in a vast, smooth, unbroken stream.

This is all for tonight tomorrow, say "hello" to the musketeers. Maybe I'll see them in the next few months, who knows? Take care of your ~~best~~ beautiful, sweet self for me.

Yours ever
Parker.

October 20, 1944

Dearest Darlin',

We arrived in our new port today. It has many advantages over the previous ones. For instance the ship doesn't have to be darkened at sunset, hence I don't have to sit in some humid corner in the vicinity of the fire or engine rooms to write. It is said there is a canteen ashore where ice-cream etc. is sold. From where I'm sitting I can see solid banks of electric lights twinkling along the shore. Why! we might even get some mail here. I hope souvenirs are available but I doubt it.

Here is a nice joke for you: The radio program "Conf. or nothing" was on the air and one of the persons interviewed was a woman. The first questions she answered quickly and the rest she answered promptly till she had won the thirty-two dollar one. She was then asked if she would like to try for the sixty-four dollar question, to which her answer was "yes". The announcer asked her if she was married and she said "yes". So he said, "this question should be easy". What was the first thing you said to your husband when you had both gone

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to bid?" She thought, and was really stumped and said, "Oh how that's a hard one!" Before she realized what she had said she was handed the fifty-four dollars.

With the invasion of the Philippines just starting we are likely to be here for many months. The U.S.A. seems very remote (and indeed it ^{is} ~~is~~) from here. To see a woman again would be a novelty in itself. However there is only one I want to see and nobody could ever take her place no matter how skrewish she may become when she has me in her power again.

This shall have to suffice for Tonight Mommy. Say hello to the Musketeers and tell me of their latest escapades.

Yours ever
Parker.

ish Paratro

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October 22, 1944

Dearest Darlin,

There isn't much to write about. There hasn't been any shore leave here as yet so the possible topics that might be gleaned from that venture are yet unknown.

We are following with fervid interest, as all people in the States must be, MacArthur's Generalship in the Philippines. The news is somewhat confusing, as a whole. Not so long ago we were reading of the Japanese attempt to split China in two and ~~was~~ assume an overland supply route. Tonight there is a story of Japan's self sufficient armies in China and not even the capture of Japan would make any difference to them.

We tried our new attachment today on the real thing and it was a success. How often it shall be of use remains to be ~~seen~~ seen. It was a lengthy operation but after the experimental stage it should be much faster.

The checker Tournament is in full swing. Karl, Pace and I advanced to the second round. Scotty was to play Karl in the first round but was too busy so forfeited the game. I think he would have won. I, both Pace and I won in the present round.

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we shall meet in the quarter finals. I feel if I get by him I'll come out on top. Tell Jim if I lose I'll take it out on him when I get home.

The radio is talking about the expected invasion of Norway. It seems as if the Gestapo are keeping the German people from ending this war. With only one possible ending it is only a matter of time. I think we shall live to see Hitler, Goering and Goebels scorned by the Germans.

Let me know how long it takes this letter to reach you. It has a long, long way to go. It would be kinda terrible if there were not any mail service wouldn't it?

Say hello to the wee guys. I'll retire now and put myself to sleep thinking of you as usual.

Yours ever
Parker..

October 23, 1944

Dearest Darlin',

Today we received our Shellbacks diplomas and I've come to the conclusion that after two years in the Navy the only things I have on the plus side are that and a certificate for crossing the International Date line. On the minus side I have a deteriorated body, deteriorated nature and an aloneness I never knew could exist.

We may be off again, shortly. This is a very busy Ocean. Things are happening daily and its' vastness requires all the shipping that can put in it. I don't think any of the ships here will see the States until the Philippines are secured beyond any doubt.

We have a new slogan for the Niobrara, "All work and no liberty so the crew will be too tired to growl." Anyhow, liberty out this way is only a force. The only ones that can enjoy it are the officers with their additional privileges. The only difference between this organization and the Boy Scouts is that the Boy Scouts are a more intelligent organization and enjoy much more freedom.

You asked me in a previous letter who was Ed Hess. If you recall, I mentioned him when I was last home, many times. He works in

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the Paint locker with me and was a striker for Painter 3% although the rates were closed. He was a painter for at least eight years and was employed in the spray paint dept of Low Rockwell Co. in Chicago. He has been rated Coxswain, which is the Navy way of turning a mans experience and knowledge into practical use. Incidentally, the C & R rates are closed only on the Niobrara except where some favorite wants to be rated by an Officer. Two instances of that, or three, are where a striker was rated shipfitter 3% and we asked him, in the Carpenter shop, how much sheet metal it would take to cover a roof ~~ten~~ feet wide and ten feet long. He answered, "Twenty feet." Another, who had been a shipfitter 3rd for four months was asked the difference between an two inch "45" and an three inch ell and said, "There its the same but one is an inch larger. Another that was recently boosted to shipfitter 2nd doesn't have any idea of the tensile strength of tin or cast iron and I doubt if anyone on here could tell him. Hence the great Navy slogan, "Join the Navy and learn a trade." What a wonderful bunch of pencil and apple salesman they'll ~~be~~ produce at the end of the war.

A other thing of Chief Youngs true joke he tells of his home state of California. An ad for fifty Painters appeared in a San Francisco paper. Down at the

bottom, in large letters, now - no Navy painters need apply. After visiting different ships that have tied alongside and talking to their painters I've come to the conclusion that the sponsor of that ad was indeed a sage.

I've often asked painters on other ships, many of them 2nd class and a couple of firsts, "Can you spare three cans of stripping paint? The three prime colors will do. The answer is invariably, "What in the hell are they?" Another they fall for, "I have a piece of wooden lattice I want to preserve, but can't use paint, varnish or shellac on it, what can I use?" None of them have answered that. ~~The correct answer, according to them, the Navy -~~ (surprise!!), is raw linseed oil.

On my excursion before "Neptunas Rex" I was charged with "making poor paint". I wholeheartedly agree with them. Since the only item comes aboard is zinc whitenings used by a House Painter for interiors only.

Now that I have all that out of my system I feel better. Since it doesn't leave anything to continue writing I'll close here. Say "hello" to the Riots for me. I would like some more snapshots. For you - love plus

Yours ever
Parper.



UNITED STATES NAVY

November 25, 1944

Dearest Darlin',

Another day and no mail. To increase that difficulty there is absolutely nothing to write about. Everything remains the same here and each, long, weary day and night slides by in unending procession.

I wish you would inquire as to the prevailing ~~and~~ cost of New Jersey farm acreage. I'm in quite a dispute about it. I'm under the impression that it is well over \$200 per acre and the fellows from the middle-west seem to think I'm spoofing them. The land in many of the middle-western States is as low as \$4.00 per acre.

Karl is going to have a lengthy stay in sick-bay. I don't think he'll be released until his foot is totally healed. Scotty is angry because he has nothing more of matrimonial bliss than his Atlantic City honeymoon. Everyone is on the road because the mail is so delayed. We are indeed cut off from every contact with the states aside from the radio.

This stay here portends to be the veriest of night-mares. It seems to go on and on. a never ceasing chain of blue water and small green islands. The romantic south-sea author was



UNITED STATES NAVY

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never chained to the locale of their stories or they would have failed of nostalgia, yet, the human mind is so endowed that only the main phases will be discussed at the retelling and the harsher shown into the background as something experienced but not to be recalled, like sweeping dirt under a rug.

Not even the weather compensates.

There isn't one who wouldn't trade the wane blizzard swept state of the Union for an entire winter in preference to a month here.

I'll conclude this since you may easily perceive I'm not in a mood for writing tonight. You have your own aloneness to combat and mine won't help it any. Someday Mommy, we shall look back on these wasted years and by then perhaps, we shall partially have compensated for them. It's a long road that has no turning.

Say hello to the Musketers for me. Love etc to all, how important that sounds in a letter.

Yours ever
Parker.

October 26, 1944

Dearest Dorlin,

As the old saying goes, "Nothing new under the sun". Today was one of those days you don't like. Rain. Despite that the liberty party went ashore - with the exception of the C+R. We stayed aboard and chased cock roaches in the mess hall. The Doctor wants us all to catch mosquitos. I think all could make their pay and do the ship a service if they were to put a five cent bounty on the Roaches.

Our Navy received a bit of an upset today. Full details are neither obtainable or discloseable. It was one of those hazards of war and was in no way decisive.

I was just watching a short of the Armstrong-Ambros battle. It was one of the finest fight pictures filmed. Armstrong used his head - to butt, and I think that, more than anything, cost him the fight.

There is no ascertaining how long we'll stay here. In the Navy "future events do not cast their shadows before".

Karl is angry with me because I made some choice disparaging remarks of the drawer he built for the rocks in the this office. He'll get over

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it and if he doesn't I won't suffer any loss. He is the acme of a Naval politician and it doesn't particularly care for the type. However, he is a fine fellow and none of us in this world are perfect.

No mail has been reaching us lately. As usual we are a lost ship. Some months ago a fellow came aboard that had been assigned to this ship just before leaving Norfolk, but was not in time to catch it. The Admirals held a council and sent him to Brisbane, Australia.

~~We have never been anywhere near the place yet~~
was another token of Naval efficiency.

Enough for tonight Mommy. Say "hello" to the Musketeers. Love and "everything" for my school-girl sweetheart.

Yours ever.
Parker.

October 26, 1944

Dearest Dorlin,

Still in the same place, saddled by the same routine and subject to the same melancholies. Still nothing to write about, still weather, still Ocean and a not still star.

Benny Hoodman is doing his bit on the screen tonight in "Sweet and Lowdown". I left him to his clarinet after seeing the set-up Tony Galento take his 1939 posing at the hands of the second rate Detroit Bomber, Joe Lewis. If Billy Conn could only get him again!

We are in the midst of water trouble which, I hope, shall prove of short duration. The water has been turned off, with the exception of a couple of short hours, all day. In this climate much more is consumed than would ordinarily be necessary and it is a great strain on the machinery that is involved.

The great Nebraska checker Tournament is progressing smoothly and it is very likely I will tangle with Pace in the quarter-finals. His father was a county champion and when that, in itself, is mediocre, it still enables Pace to be above the average since he learned from him. I've a secret ambition to play

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an opponent on another ship by numbers and via signal flags or lights. Perhaps I may be - for the war comes to a close.

Everything tends to point to a long stay in this locality. However, the Navy and fortune, and fate are fickle so nothing can be definite. The Philippine invasion seems to be progressing well and I've heard it claimed that if MacArthur wanted to offend the men he could conquer the Islands in thirty days.

Paco has come in and is pickling me about the Tournament. ~~He claims he is going to perfect his game to Peterson and be eliminated.~~ I told him that would be the easier way out and save me the trouble. For proportionate such a small thing can be when there is little else to do or discuss.

Well Mommy, this is about the limit. Say "hello" to the wee guys and tell them I said to be good. (as if that would do any good.)

yours ever
Parker.

October 27, 1944

Dearest Darlin',

Today was a banner day. I received two letters from you in today's mail. One P.M. Oct 11 and the other the 12th. Lord knows where the "embellishment" ones is. I'm happy to hear you enjoyed your trip to Camden. You said you went to a high school there for the convention but you failed to mention if it were Camden Catholic High, Camden High or Woodrow Wilson High.

Karl and I are writing letters in the shop. It is quite here though it times the heat causes discomfort. It rained all day today, hence tonight is fairly cool if that adjective may be used to describe that variation in temperature.

I noticed Camille has made Aviation Machinists Mate and I'm thinking seriously of taking steps in that direction if we can return to the States and I have the time to ^{prosecute} ~~propagate~~ it.

The latest event of any consequence to occur on the dear old Nisibis is the institution of "Water Hous". It seems the crew has been using too much fresh water making it necessary to collect them. It does have its favorable side - I'll only shove once a week now.

The only other topic I can find to talk about is our Checker Tournament. Pace and I, both

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won in the past round and are matched in the quarter-finals. There are only four contestants left the other two being the Captains Cook and a Radawman.

The sisters must have had a grand time with Johnny. It's strange the other two aren't jealous of him. Although I remember the last time I warmed his little fanny they ran to him and loved and soothed him so much they made me feel lower than a worm's toe.

The different heads of hair are recovering in various fashions from the initiation. Some of the boys have had their heads shaven and ~~look much like the popular con-~~
~~ception of an zombie.~~ Within six weeks we may send our diploma's home which are more or less of an elaborate affair and an astute person should be able to locate our present whereabouts from them.

This is all for this P.M. Mommy. Say "hello" to the little guys. Keep yourself as you should and enjoy any activities that may come your way. There is no sense for both of us to be imprisoned.

Yours ever,
Parker.

October 28, 1944

Dearest Dorlin,

Today I went ashore. The first time since July; to a postage stamp size island on the end of the ~~island~~ c't was disgusting, revolting and any other adjective that tends to be descriptive and is in that category. There were very few trees and a number of canvas covered shelters much in the order of a picnic ground. There were, I estimated, about five hundred sailors on a three or four hour liberty there. The majority were drunk and very obnoxious and quite discouraged. Such as that cannot be blamed on the Naval authorities. Each "man" was allowed approximately four cans of beer and how these boozers ever managed to get into such a condition on such a small lot is indeed a problem.

The fellows from this ship were the finest ordered of the lot and no one made himself conspicuous in any way. The majority of enlisted men are ill-bed and unwomanly to the extreme, not only they, but a definite percentage of officers can be accepted in this class. A man enlisted man it can be tolerated, but in an officer is an unforgivable offense.

Karl and I stayed together and were

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amused by the various antics of the inebriated. Of course much consideration must be given the fact that most of these boys have been away from civilization for a long time and most likely have ~~been~~ seen long weeks ago. Psychologically they do need a place to "cut loose", hence cannot be held too strictly to account. The same people in Norfolk, New York or San Francisco would probably be much different.

We went ashore in an LCI and I was glad of that for I always wanted to see the ramps in action. They are a clever arrangement. On the return the boys ~~rearranged~~ the song "America the Beautiful", substituting the word "Nebraska" for America.

There wasn't any mail from you today. I didn't expect any as the mail ~~situation~~ situation here is a plight.

Well Mommy, it's a bit warm in here so until tomorrow night I'll say Goodnight. Say "hello" to the musketmen for me.

Yours ever.
Parker.

October 29, 1944

Dearest Darlin';

How I'm ever to make a letter of this is a problem at present. I've just finished seeing Humphrey Bogart in "Sahara". No comments. It wasn't too good or too bad.

Mike went to church this a.m. and afterwards he and three with him were taken for a ride through the natives village. He said the natives were chased from the west to the pines, lived in grass huts in a small village surrounded by a palisade, and very black and some of them are red-heads. Your heathen husband missed the trip. I've always figured you have enough Religion for both.

I met Pace today in the quarter-finals of the checker Tourney and managed to come out on top, winning the first game, tying the second and third, and winning the fourth. For the necessary two wins. There is only one more season to play and I feel that the worst is well taken care of. However, there is many a slip betwixt the cup and lip.

Harold is still much troubled with his foot. It doesn't heal very rapidly. It was such a deep gash it may take longer than any suspect.

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It's extremely warm where I'm writing this letter. So warm the perspiration is dripping from my elbows. I hope you'll excuse me if I cut it shorter than usual.

Tomorrow starts a new week for us and who knows what a new week may bring. Today is the muslimans holiday. The only trouble he has about four a week. Your last letters must have caught a fast ship. Eighteen days from their P.M. until the time I received them.

Say hello to the Musketiers and remember I'm awaiting the opportunity to tell you all the things I can't tell you in my letters.

Yours ever,
Parker.

October 30, 1944

Dearest Darling,

As no letters have had time to come from you concerning your financial arrangements for Christmas I'm more or less undecided upon a course in that respect. I'm the faint hope of a transfer, and the probability of one causes me to hesitate to touch the little I have on the books. Another just cause is the fact that the Executive Officer, on account of excessive gambling abroad, has passed an order confining a maximum pay of fifteen dollars per week or thirty dollars per month. Extra money may be drawn by presenting a mimeographed request signed by the Division Officer and himself. However the reason for the withdrawal must be averred on same. I overheard one of the Bridge Division men saying he had requested an hundred dollars and was only permitted to draw fifty five.

If I were to suffer the same reverse on a like request I should feel very much like testing the legality of such an order and would let myself in for such type of persecution that would be considered in order. So as you may easily read; this

particular ships, "and I suppose many of them, are nothing but glorified Russian ships as far as delving into ones personal affairs. Of course the type of Executive we have would certainly never come within a shadow of a four-field Navy Executive or even a civilian Gentleman.

On November 15th or a few days prior, I'm going to enter a request for half of the amount I have out for the reason I'm going to make "Money orders. Should it not be duly recognized I intend to find out why if it takes ten years and I have to finish the ~~time in~~ townworth. I ~~have~~ am on that date to be able to send you at least \$150.00.

You would do me a great favor if you would give this letter to Dad and ask him if he would show it to John Boswell or George Richards. Their legal opinion would be welcome regardless of the outcome of my request.

Of course I'm not so stupid to believe that these boys should be allowed to toss their money away with dice and over cards, but as no exception was made between the gamblers and non-gamblers such an order can be nothing but unthinking, unintelligent and superfluous.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me and have Pumpkin Pie for Thanksgiving
yours ever
Parker.

October 31, 1944

Dearest Darlin',

A woman has been rendering of one of Strous's compositions on the radio and my ears are yet ringing from the quilling they have received. It has given way to "you are my desperation" and is easier on the ears and nerves.

One of the crew was unfortunate in losing his wife during the birth of an eighth child and is now well on his way to the States. A collection was taken for him aboard and presented to him before he went. It amounted to more than two hundred ~~thirty~~ ninety some dollars. It was an excellent response considering it arrived but a couple of days before payday.

The letter I wrote you last night was rejected in its entirety by a censor. It was a two page story of a condition existing here aboard ship. Since they are so determined to suppress it I am equally determined you shall receive it. I can destroy the letter but not the thoughts that prompted it. Hence it still always materialize at the pen point when I wish. At the

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first opportune moment I intend to send a copy to John Boswell and another to George Richards.

One may easily realize that though they come from a "free" country upon joining the Navy they give up that freedom. They willingly give it to the Navy, but when the Navy stands encompassed in one person and that person is the arbitrator its high time to test the fallacy of that type of bargaining.

I wish only that Bill Bates were still among the living and still Editor of the "Republican" and Hamilton F. Kearn were behind him as in the old days. Since wishful thinking can bring nothing but negative results it's useless. However there are still Bill Bates and Kearn's and neither of them could incorporate one John Boswell.

To change to a lighter theme, I often think of Charley Boswell and wonder where he is now. Someday I want you to meet him as he is one of the witnesses to my declaration "I'm going to marry her someday" when I saw you across the street on our way to High school and I didn't even know you, nor did I until almost three years after. If you had only known you could have escaped. It's a strange world isn't

it? Here I am a patriotic fool among a bunch of irresponsible drofters that have to be overlooked as a Mother Ken cares for her chicks. To achieve such a distinguished position I gave up every comfort and at least \$3000 a year for as long as this mess lasts. I can see Dave, Leo, and Alvin laughing at me now. Why didn't I have sense enough to ride the "Money Train"?

The American people have no idea what war is and feel no appreciation for what the boys are doing over here. Be patriotic and buy War Bonds! They do that to buy their safety and because it's a good investment. If they could see the Russian war pictures we have seen they would realize that money buys safety, perhaps, but not freedom. There is such a long story to all this and it's all so useless I won't bore you with it any further.

I know I have made the most terrible error of my life and if one makes a bed one must lie in it; not for too long. Say hello to the Masketers for me and keep your lovely self that way for me.

Yours ever,
Paikes..