



November 1, 1944

Dearest Darlin;

For an appropriate topic tonight I'll tell you of a dream I had last night. I was in the Navy and aboard the Misbrara, being haunted by the Gestapo. From every stanchion, locker, overhead beam, tank top and most eyes were peering. They were searching, creepingly, sneeringly searching for a particular object. The lower part of the heads or rather from beneath the nose became crescent shaped bugs covered with long, straggling coarse hair. They crawled everywhere, ~~these~~ crescent shaped bugs with the heads containing those creeping, sneering, searching eyes. And then — they found that for which they were searching — a letter to you. Then I awakened. Tonight I may have another dream. The faces were all familiar — awfully familiar.

Karl is waiting for a chess lesson and I am not in a very comfortable position for writing. I won't allow those things to hinder your letter. The trouble is that I can't find much to write about.

I would so much like to see you and the Musketeers again. It seems ages and

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ages since I've seen any of you. How nice it shall be when we are together again. When this all resolves itself into the horrible dream it is.

The more I think of it the more I am certain I will have a dream tonight. You are going to find my dreams exceptional reading.

I've been thinking of writing and marketing stories. Not for newspapers this time, but for magazines. I've noticed some of the magazines have fallen from par. If I only had the old Oliver here (see - a split infinitive). I'll write them and you type them as of old. It would be a constructive way to pass my time and would save me from thinking many thoughts I shouldn't think.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me and keep yourself as beautiful and lovely as ever.

Yours ever
Parker.

November 2, 1944

Dearest Dorlin,

The mailman bettered his average today by bringing me two letters from you. One P.M. Sept 29th, the other Oct 9th. You can see our mail service is very versatile.

You may give up your search for the sandals. It isn't a good time of year to hunt them. My manufactured ones are proving to be all that is needed. To keep in the "Boot camp" tradition exercised on here I had to get the Doctor's permission to wear them. The power aboard a trying, studiously, to qualify for Sea Scout and Boy Scout leadership after the war. If their efforts ~~were~~ were not so tragic they would be laughable. Often I think of the wee guys playing sailor. Tinker the Captain and Camille and joking the crew. Your surprise would be profound if you could only see how close they come to the real thing.

The Checker Tournament has ended and I mismanaged well enough to win. This a.m. at muster Mr Stevens said he had something to give me. Afterwards he gave me an envelope containing a chit for four dollars worth of merchandise at the ship's store. It was a surprise for it was

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totally unsuspected as no sort of Prize was announced prior or during the tournament.

The poem enclosed with your letter was welcome. I wish you had it to do over again. At the present time there doesn't appear to be any chance of our returning to the States. A number of these Islands could be named "The Island of forgotten men." Karl's brother was lost in this vicinity.

Neither Karl, his people nor the War Dept. have given up hope of eventually finding him alive. The chance of that is very small but it does no harm for them to hope. It would be a miracle if it were to come about.

Karl, when we were in Pearl Harbor, spent his liberty with his missing brother's wife and son.

The boy is almost three years old. The best above Waikiki in the shadow of Diamond Head mountain.

Frank and I passed the house on our ride to the top of Diamond Head but didn't stop or take advantage of Karl's invitation as we weren't sure of it being the safest house and both of us not caring to meet strangers.

None of your papers or pictures have come. The mail is slow and mixed but in taking all into consideration it is handled very well. The finest pictures I have of you are those which I carry in my mind. Sometimes, or I should say often, I relax and have a grand cinema of you. I don't believe that any you may send me can surpass these. The only

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difficulty with the mind pictures is that some gargoyle comes along and interrupts my trend of thought.

Not having any dreams last night I'll have to extend that event until such a favorable time as one may occur. The "Eyes" are lingering about and they still have the hair under their noses. I'm sure I'll have many dreams of them and enjoy relating them to you.

I'm anxious to ascertain the whereabouts of John Boswell. He has probably gone from Ocean City for the Winter. If his should see his Mother she can easily find out. She might see Charley as he often visits her in the fall.

Well, Mommy, this is all for tonight. Say "hello" to the wee guys for me. Take exceptional care of yourself for it is imperative you be in A-1 condition when I arrive.

Yours ever
Parker

November, 3, 1944

Dearest Darlin',

Took a little trip to the postage stamp island this afternoon. There was free beer to celebrate the naval victory of our fleet over the Japanese fleet. Then again, anything is pleasant interlude as long as one gets away from the ship. Karl and I sit and drink beer and talk about home. He tells me with tales of Massachusetts and I bore him with tales of New Jersey.

For the first time in many days the movie is outside. I'm telling you of that to fill in for there is little or nothing to write about. It is generally a toss-up to see an entire show without an climatic interruption. Tonight's feature is "Dragon Seed". A rather strange title. I believe it to be a story of the Orient.

The haphazard mail delivery here keeps me guessing and expecting. Today I drew a blank, hence I live in hope of tomorrow. One of the finest parts of life here is that there is always tomorrow.

When I talk to the men from other ships I'm appalled at the length of time. They have been here without a return to the States. Something tells me it shall be a long, long time before we see them, also. I'm always hoping that that

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elusive Transfer shall soon find me. I know how a prisoner must feel to a condemned man.

Don't take that in the wrong vein for we are perfectly safe - as always. I wish we could see some action. Anything is better than just waiting and waiting for the War to end. Sometimes I feel it has effected my mental balance. There are days when the sight of another human is missing. How long this can continue with no dire results is a question. I suppose it depends more or less on the Temperament of the individual.

The one great solace is that I have you to eventually to come home to. It is so nice to know that sometimes I pity all of my shipmates in it's knowledge. You are the only reason that has made this existence bearable. When hard pressed my thoughts turn to you and you are always there. See, even though ten thousand miles separate us you are beside me, and in my poor irreligious way I'm grateful to God for my beautiful wife.

Say "hello" to the Musketeers for me. Until tomorrow night.

Yours ever
Parker.

November 4, 1944

Dearest Dorlin;

I hit the jack-pot today by receiving three letters from you P.M. Oct 6, 18, and 23. I'll try and answer the questions providing I remember them. As for that mark on the envelope it isn't made here and doesn't mean anything. The E.g. is Mr. Gortley, the gentleman who was so kind to tell you the pilot was saved in the plane crash. The S.E.E. is Lt. Stanley E. English our first Lt. and my direct boss. He is a great and wonderful man and should you have any doubt of that ask him and I'm sure he'll affirm my statement with alacrity.

It seems to me you are old enough to know you shouldn't be running all over Jersey when you have a cold. Sometimes you are worse than the wee ones. It doesn't make sense to keep them in and be so strict about it and when you are afflicted not to pay any attention. I suppose I'll have to turn you over my knee when I return. That is if I don't become tangled in the long white beard I'll have by then.

Your aloneness is only duplicated by mine. Someday it shall all come to an end and we'll be together again for what days may be left to us.

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I liked the clipping you sent me of Colonel Bowie. The times have certainly changed. In those days wars weren't the mass murder that they are now. There will always be wars, Hitlers, Mussolinis, Semmican and beans. I'll have to leave a strict paragraph in my memoirs for none of my descendants to get into one unless they are dragged in by the hair. Patriotism could be great but it's being stifled from the Americans by the mismanagement of their wealth and natural resources. It may take a hundred years or more to prove it but under existing conditions it cannot fail to be proved.

My last stamp will be posted on this letter. I'll have to try and get more tomorrow a.m. I never seem to be ⁱⁿ the right place at the right time.

This is all for tonight mommy. Say hello to our Musketeers for me and keep yourself well. It is important for you to be in tip-top condition with three riots to lead you a daily race.

Yours ever
Parker.

November 7, 1944.

Dearest Darlin',

Another day slides by on timescale and finds me in the same quandary of being unable to find topics with which to make a worthwhile letter.

Nothing ever changes in this locality. Everyday is a blue print of the previous. No one could guess the monotony of such an existence. It requires a great governing of temperament and without the hope that someday will be the last day is the only belief that makes its endurance possible.

One does get a first hand insight on the mentality the sea requires. No thinking or imaginative person could long endure no matter how quaint their philosophy. To think of the thousands thrown here and trying to inure themselves I wonder if the effect won't be apparent in the next two generations.

The forces from world war I have never advocated militarism and their experience was gained in a little more than a year. It has been exemplified in the "Unconditional surrender" ultimatum of the allies. The first war was a war to end wars and was a

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dismal failure. Now it has become necessary to destroy, totally, the peoples that advocate them. The Bible says there shall always be wars. ~~what, then~~ what then, shall be the measures used in the next for an attempt at their extinction?

I hope you don't mind my ravings. They make a letter and are more or less a chart of some of my thoughts. Only to you can I express them as I care to, although there may be those whom take an personal affront at some of the things I write to you. They are pot-pouri and hodge-podge of humanity that make^{up} the more intelligent class of our personal.

The smallness of certain ones among us who are supposed to have the "32°" education is a good yardstick with which to measure future, politicians, business associates and competitors after the war. Practical experience is so mediocre as an asset that it's non-existent. Such an attitude is a down-drag on the person possessing it, for only after numerous "trial and error" experiments does he acknowledge its value.

Say "hello" to our rascals for me. Lots of lovin' to you — long distance.
Parker.

November 11, 1944

Dearest Darlin;

After having made another little jaunt I may resume your letters. By the above date you know I'm writing this on the day all the armed forces were waiting for in World War I. Someday our turn will come and I won't have to just say it with letters.

As you perceived in my previous letters these epistles of mine receive every attention. I hope those that take it upon themselves to be so attentive have all the business when the day of reckoning comes. What is the old saying? Every dog has his day?

I saw a movie, for a change, tonight. There were some new films of the Pearl Harbor disaster. I think I'm making a tragic mistake to judge the Navy by one ship. Chief young often told me never to do that. I think he saw the writing on the "bullethead". After seeing the officers engaged in their investigation task I think there are those with ability. I guess the better are assigned to combat ships.

There were some scenes of divers cutting various parts necessary to raise the ships. It was that^{for} which I volunteered in "Boats" and was "worked

out" because my right eye was only 18/20 when 20/20 was required in both. It was the only chance I've had of being any use to the Navy. They do not need my knowledge of paint or painting, besides every officer and Bo's'n mate is an expert "Master Painter". Of such "Master Painters" as Bill Dill and Ray Price, who taught me, could only move their lives back forty years and get aboard here to glean some of this free knowledge.

Concerning your flag. Move it about a thousand miles north. I wish it could be much further but that is the best I can do at this time. I'll have a good time pinning them in the places we have been when I return. I'm curious to know where it shall be after you make the above move. At least you will be in the correct ocean.

You asked me about a trip to the West coast. For a member of the armed forces the fare from "Piseco" to N.Y. is \$66.00. How much a civilian is charged I don't know. Why not stop in the station and ask. Let me know when you find out.

The trip takes four days. If you should care to fly the a.p.s. rate is \$320. Both quotes are for a round trip. I believe the train rate is via coach car. You would have to find out about sleeping and dining cars. The plane trip is made in 24 or 28 hours. (Providing, I suppose, you have proper priority.)



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I hope I'm wrong but I almost sure you will have plenty of time to ascertain the information.

If you wanted to do something for me you could pick out the words I misspell and append them to your letters. I have a dictionary but not a good one. Occasionally I want to use a word that isn't in it and it makes me impatient. I don't bring it with me when I write, now. I know if the corrections are in your letters, I'll be more apt to remember them. More so than if I searched for them ~~there~~ ^{there} or four times in a dictionary. It is strange, my vocabulary is very small yet I find myself tripping over words that two years ago I wouldn't have given a second thought.

Well mommy, this is all your "ole man" can find to write about. All kinds of love to you even though it's not much good long distance. I find thinking of you every night a very good sleep potion. No, it isn't a left handed compliment. Say "hello" to the little guys for me. By the by, the picture I saw tonight was "youth goes wild". I'm certainly glad I have a wife so swell to look after my little ones.

Yours ever
Parker



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November 12, 1944

Dearest Dorlin;

I have just finished rereading some of your letters in hope they might give me in inspiration for this letter to-night. I didn't find any.

There hasn't been any mail since we've come here. It takes a little while for it to catch up. I hope one of your letters contains some stamps. Tonight I'll use my last one. It seems I can't catch the mailman at the correct time to buy any. He sells them after mail call and there is no definite time for that; whenever the boat returns.

Nothing unusual has occurred, in fact not anything that might be used for a topic in a letter. One of the Officers figured we were due in the States in June. It has its good points. We would all freeze to death if we were to return during winter.

The copies of the Atlantic City Press haven't come, nor the Pageant pictures. I think only first class mail gets through in reasonable time. None of Rose's letters have come so I imagine they weren't sent air-mail.



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I expect some letters from Lew full of hunting stories. I'm three more days hunting season will be in full swing. I suppose Jim and Bill will print their work. Lew will just take "French leave". I wonder when they intend to move to Pville?

Harl and I have been chessing to the extreme. We have played forty games and I'm four ahead of him. He has won seven in a row and if I don't find a way to stop ~~that~~ him he'll soon whittle away those four.

This is all for tonight Mommy. Say "hello" to the Musketeers for me. Lots of lovin etc for all of you.

Your ever
Parker



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November 13, 1944

Dearest Darlin;

No mail again today. Everytime we move our mail is delayed. By the time it catches us we are ready to move again. Such are the vagaries of life.

Frank is undertaking the authorship of a book. A book on Mexico. His idea was to put it in form of a historical guide, but he has such a wealth of knowledge of so many subjects I've convinced him that he should write historical books, not just a book. Through close contact, via his Tourist agency, he has accumulated a colossal store of first hand historical facts. Not only that, but he can sit and relate Aztec legends by the hour. I believe he could write a book on every town in Mexico and with his writing style make a great success as an author.

To hear him discourse on Popocatepetl, the "old man who smokes" and Ajtaccuath, the sleeping "White woman" is to see the Aztecs live again. They are twin mountains lying between Mexico City and Puebla.

I have a part here that Frank has written. He has chosen me for his proof reader



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although I fear I have not the qualifications to be of much help to him in so great a work. I'll write of the twin mountains as he has them described and you will get an idea of how fine a writer he may become.

Puebla, 85 miles East of Mexico City, is reached by a highway crossing the legendary lake beds of Texcoco and Chalco, and then ^{from this highway} winds rapidly upward past geometrically situated maize plantations, corn and wheat fields, through forests of cedar and pine and around the foothills of Ajtaccuatl, the "sleeping white woman" and Popocatepetl, the "old man that smokes". ^{this great therefore} It then crosses the continental divide at an altitude of 12,000 ft. Here it passes through a section that overlooks five separate states, Tlaxcala, Puebla, Mexico, Morelos and Hidalgo. Their panoramas extend for 100 miles in every direction. At this point the "sleeping white woman" lies a mile above, serene and magnificent; covered with a shroud of white dappled snow. The profiles of her face, and of her hands crossed over her breast; her knees slightly elevated, and of her feet stand out vividly against an azure sky. Popocatepetl

Popocatepetl stands guard, solid and majestic; to one side and above her like an ancient idol.

According to legend Popocatepetl was a warrior & a



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veteran of trying and bloody campaigns. Now he is as gnarled and brown as an iron-hard trunk of mahogany. He is part forest, part man and part rock. His thick lips are set in an expression of broken-hearted but undefeated firmness under an eagle nose. Behind his hard and high jutting cheek bones shine his eyes, dark, quiet lakes. His eyebrows are like belting crags. It is almost as if he were cast in the image of his geography. As if turbulent forces of the world had fashioned him in a likeness of the mountains. He is an Aztec!!

Axtacxhuatl was a beautiful Aztec maiden; promised^{to} and very much in love with her warrior. They had planned to build their home on one of the chinampas in Lake Chalco but the nations of Tenochtitlan and Ixtapalapa were at war, and before their dreams could be fulfilled he was called away to defend his land. Many moons passed and she had had no word of him until one day a fellow warrior returned, and warning Axtacxhuatl for his, told her that Popocatepetl had been captured by the Ixtapalapas and sacrificed to their gods. The ~~terror~~ ~~sent~~ ~~up~~ sorrow and horror in her heart overflowed, stunned and breathless for an instant, then screaming she ran into the night. The warrior, real-



izing what his maliciousness had done, followed, but youth and utter honor lent wings to her feet and before he could stop her and explain she had escaped into the night.

A procession of early market women with their laden baskets and hipflasks, winding down the mountainside at dawn, found her lying bruised and torn far below at a point where waves from the wind-flowed surface of the lake lapped the shore. They fished her face to revive her, bundled her in their blankets, and then began disputing among themselves as peasants do. She was only half conscious, incoherent, and they could not decide what to do with her or where to take her. They were disputing whether to leave her at one of the farms on the edge of the City of Tefoco they were now approaching, or to take her to the market place and turn her over to the authorities. None of them knew who she was; perhaps they had never seen her. They were mountain people and it was obvious that she belonged to a tribe that lived on the lakes; she seemed partially to recover her senses and understand what they were saying. She told them her name and begged to be taken to her father's home. There, put to bed and made comfortable, the family was able to gather from the girl's incoherent utterances a partial comprehension of what had happened.



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They dispatched a messenger to intercept Popocatepetl with the needless plea that he hurry home. Her father, with typical Aztec psychology wasted not another instant waiting for her lover to return, took matters in his hands and set out to confront the indiscriminate warrior that had caused the trouble. The old man well knew that there would never be a chance of convicting him on the unsupported evidence of a maiden of unsound mind.

Before the arborescent ~~Popocatepetl~~ arrived she had lapsed from semi-consciousness into a state of deep coma from which she has never awakened. Only his inflexible tenacity, his overpowering determination that someday she will regain consciousness, dried his ~~love~~ has kept her alive. He has tried time and time again to arouse her. He roars so loud that he can be heard for hundreds of miles. He shakes her so violently, so desperately, that huge rocks come rolling down the mountain side and people are thrown to their knees. The fire in his heart burns so ardently that an endless stream of smoke flows skyward above him.

Say hello to the Masteter's mommy.
I'll do better, perhaps, tomorrow night. To you, to-
night, and always I'll dedicate the song "Poisé Marie".
Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

November 14, 1944

Dearest Darling;

Today was another "no mail" day. I'll have eleven or more letters due when it is delivered again.

It seems conclusive that we will be here until June. That is, as conclusive as anything ever is on here. You may want to see Hawaii but it shall take a considerable amount of cooking to get me among the Sea Islands again.

Frank and I worked until late on his book last night. He has such a wealth of material and a style of expressing it that is both romantic and mystic. He insists he is writing a Travelogue to use in conjunction with his Tourist Agency, but I think it too a work to give to Tourists as he wishes to do. He chooses any city within a hundred miles of Mexico City and writes its history, geography and past and present industry as if he had founded it and lived there ever after.

His knowledge of Aztec history and their legends, religion and psychology is astounding. He makes any history I've read of Coronado, Pizzaro or Montezuma



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seem but the merest glossary of the subject. As soon as I set it in my mind, I'll write you the story of the rabbit that was slammed into the face of the Moon. Another interesting tale, that is true, is of the floating Aztec gardens. Gardens that floated in the lakes where corn and other agricultural products were raised. As he tells them, with the Spanish influence causing him to use colorful descriptions, it is ~~not hard~~ to see them pass in review through one's mind like a well directed picture. Indeed, his description of one small Mexican town hanging on the side of a mountain, near a lake shore, took me to the Ocean City Hippodrome where I used to slip "slides" into the camera for "Coming Attractions" when a boy. Everything he describes is as if a big "slide" were slipped in front of one's eyes; not even Zane Grey, whose reputation as a deft wielder of adjectives and adverbs is second to no writer of fiction, can more adequately describe Franks' mind pictures.

"Kelms" Kelley has a new book on Alaska. A book written by a W.P.A. writer. It is very well composed and facts and figures given are unglorified and true. After I read it



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I'll tell you where your future home will be.

I often wonder how much the musketeers have grown although I'm more interested in their mental growth than their physical, however, the mental does rely considerably on the physical and I hope they are doing well in both. I hope you aren't worrying about me. I don't want you to endanger your beauty in that way even though it would take a vast amount of worry to detract from it. I'm perfectly safe, in fact too damn safe. The only way we may see any action is if we get lost in the Ocean and end a cruise in Tokays Bay; our navigator is much too efficient for anything like that.

Say "hello" to the musketeers and keep the central heat in the radiators so I may warm myself by them someday. How is Johnny getting along in school? Tinker? Camille?

Yours ever
Parker.



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November 15, 1944

Dearest Darlin;

Our mail remains an unsolved mystery. My stamp situation hasn't been remedied. Karl is still thumping me at chess and everything looks very bleak except the weather.

They are having another painting spree. The show has improved during the past week. There have been no new "million dollar" ickses tried on the crew and nothing seems brighter.

Since those two ~~contradicting~~ contradicting paragraphs have all in a nut shell I might call this letter finished, however, since that would make it extremely short I'll try to find something to fill in.

Of course I could write you a love letter but I don't care to divulge my technique to the censors. They might attempt its use and end their brilliant careers before an altar. I would be blamed for their doom and I wouldn't care for that. The ones already weakened might try it on their wives, and since it is very apparent they don't "wear the pants" at home, it would cause them innumerable excursions to the "log house" and subject the poor fellows to



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an unnecessary amount of 'hen-pecking'. I wouldn't want that on my conscience, either, hence, why I keep my letters just gossipy or whatever they may be.

I think I'll write a book on "How to handle sweethearts and wives, have it published and sell it for five dollars. With every edition, in order to promote their sale, I'll give a baseball bat and a pair of handcuffs, and a shot-gun. If the wife or sweetheart ~~has~~ can't be phased with the book or bat, then the husband or lover can handcuff ~~them~~ ~~and~~ shoot 'em. I'll take you along on my sales trips as a living example. I'll read you the book, before the crowd, bang you over the head with the bat and hope you will have sense enough to feel over as I want to save the shotgun shells for hunting.

Since I've managed to fill this with enough nonsense to make a letter, I'll ask you to say "hello" to the marketers for me and retire with hope that I'll get your letters soon.

Yours ever
Parker



UNITED STATES NAVY

November 16, 1944

Dearest Darlin,

Another day and no mail. It takes a letter long enough to arrive here, at the end of the world without it being unable to find us.

There is absolutely nothing to write about. Karl and I spent last evening star studying. There are so many of them. We've have learned to find Sirius, Lepus, Pleides, Orion, the Triangulum, the Great square, Cassiopeia, the Northern cross, Adelta-tornen and a few others that I just can't think of at the moment. It does pass away a few of the weary hours. You would be surprised how long an hour, day, week and month can be, or maybe you know.

The information obtainable, and that very meagre, is that we won't see the States before June. How far away that seems!

The question of compulsive military training is being argued hot and heavy aboard. It has many sponsors and just as many opponents. Some very strange and obtuse arguments are heard. Everything from the C.E.C. to the W.P.A and National Guard. We wonder if there is as much of a controversy in



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The States.

Our pay day has been changed to once a month and I won't receive any pay until December 1st. I'm curious to know how Santa shall fare if you use your money. I would like to leave mine in here until June, if necessary. If you feel you would rather have it and leave the other alone, I'll send whatever you suggest. I think this letter, and a reply, will reach you and me, on time.

Frank is still writing this book. The more he writes the more he remembers and the more he writes. It's a sort of an unending chain. He started a chapter today on fishing. Tomorrow he'll probably be mountain climbing.

This is all for tonight, mommy. Say "hello" to the Musketers — and remember, you may be a "June Bride".

Yours ever
Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

November 20, 1944

Dearest Dorlin,

We have just ended a small trip and came here with the hope of receiving some long overdue mail but it had been sent from here to the place we vacated. We must have passed it on the way, however, there were some postages and I received the picture of the Beauty Pageant.

The picture created quite a sensation and the Miss America of 1944 impressed everyone favorably. It was quite acceptable as a female of the species is as extinct here as the Do-Do bird. It has been six months since any of the crew have seen a cheri', with, perhaps, the exception of a nurse or two on a hospital ship that sometimes may be seen through a telescope.

I would certainly like to have your letters. It seems as if we are cut off from civilization entirely, when the mail fails us. Those few written pages, and the ship's paper, are all we have that can be called a connection with home.

There has been no change in the tentative plans to return before June. One's guess is as good as another. I believe we are going through the



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most difficult year of the war. There is no danger of our personal safety. The marines and soldiers and the boys on the combat ships are doing our fighting for us. We supply the wherewithal so they may get themselves blown to hell.

I suppose you read, long ago, of the Princeton being sunk. She was from the shipyard and Joe Edwards, Old Bill and I worked on her when she was not much more than a keel. I have seen many ships from there and there are many I haven't seen as yet.

Once again you shall have to change your banner. Move it back to the position you had it before this letter. We have been and returned.

Well Mommy, this is all for tonight. Say hello to the musketeers for me. It won't be long now.

Yours ever
Parker.



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November 21, 1944

Dearest Darlin',

The picture is still a sensation and the fellows aren't in accord with the Atlantic City pageant judges. In the unofficial poll here Miss Illinois has the most admirers followed closely by Miss Chicago, Miss Texas and Miss Florida. The present Miss America doesn't get a "look-in". Miss America of 1943 is unanimous choice of all concerned. The photographic ability of Miss Washington D.C., the present Miss America, must be lacking. She has not here many enthusiasts. One of the fellows asked me if you would get another picture. If possible try to do so.

The mail hasn't reached us as yet and it is hard to compose a letter without any inspiration. As a few papers have been coming through I've daily expected the Pageant issues you had mailed. Oh yes, one of the crew went to school with Miss Philadelphia and recognized her from the picture. He is in great hurry to return to Phila. Maybe he wants to go to school again.

Everything here is the same. When one sees one South Sea Island one sees them all.



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Perhaps from a different outlook they would be a paradise, but from the present one they are but a green scar upon a blue, oily sea.

The war news continues to be fair, although the Japs are running wild in China. There is a rumor going about that the American Red Cross is going to feed the Japs in isolated islands that have been cut-off from their supplies by our forces, if that proves true I want you to strictly remember never to donate a penny to them again. Of many instances I ~~like~~ heard concerning the Japs' inhumanity is a lot one in particular, American sailors from a sunken destroyer, struggling in the water had hand grenades thrown at them by Japanese passing in a cruiser. They aren't humans. They're animals, more vicious than the American Indians, in the wildest authors mind, could ever conjure.

I wish you would send me ~~for~~ some stamps. It's practically impossible to get any here. The Post office has no regular stamp selling time. I would rather you sent them, anyway. The only thing these people can do for me is to give me a transfer away from this machine. and its lunatics

Say "hello" to the Marketins!
Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

November 22, 1944

Dearest Carolin;

Still no letters! The mail has chosen a round-about course, it seems, to reach us, and what is more, I haven't anything to write about tonight.

I showed the Pageant picture to the Captain and he was disappointed in the New York beauties as he comes from there. He liked Miss Chicago, but being a diplomat didn't acclaim her too loudly. He is a fine person, but unfortunately, doesn't have any way open to him to remedy the local situation. He is aware of it, however, and temporizes at every opportunity.

Karl has been steadily winning in our chess games, in fact he has won ten straight, which leaves me only one ahead of him. He has been feeling very chipper and casting some very caustic remarks as to my ability as a chess player. I must find a method to upset him soon or I'll never hear the end of it.

Mr. Crawford has been kind enough to lend me a primer of Navigation. It is very



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interesting and I'm learning much from it. When we return to the States I'm going to buy some charts, if available, and try some of the Navigational methods prescribed.

In my letter telling you where Mrs. Boswell lived I think I said Corinthian ave. If I did it's an error. She lives at Park Pl. and Atlantic ave. The correct address is 801 Park Pl. If the armed forces haven't gotbled Charley, he lives in Gloucester. John's legal and political career here, in all possibility, kept him in Trenton. Since Sis travels so extensively in the Ocean City 400 she can easily get the information I require.

We have finally used all our paint. I've started a vast cleaning-up plan in the Paint room but before it matures I expect they will obtain more and I'll be back in the same mess I'm trying to rid myself of.

I've studied the Pageant picture minutely and have come to the conclusion that there is ~~none~~ no one in it as beautiful as the little wife waiting for me home. That isn't my opinion, only, one of the fellows, making a study of all the sweethearts and wives pictures aboard, has chosen you as "Miss or



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Mrs. Hibbard, as it were. Don't become too in-
flated at that information, for he may not be much
of a judge, still, a gal going on thirty that can com-
pete with the eighteen year olds, even photographically,
does have something to be proud of. Your "ole man"
considers that the least of your many virtues. The
"goodness" and sweetness of you far exceeds any possible
feminine beauty. By golly! The next thing you
know I'll be writing a love letter, that would
never do as you persist in taking advantage of me
when I do such things.

Well Mommy, this is all for tonight.
Say "hello" to the musketeers. I hope you can read
this as comfortable writing facilities are void here.

Your ever.

Parker.

P. S. Send me some stamps. If you would include
a couple in every letter it would help. Beside
writing to you daily, except when at sea, I
write sis, mom and Lew a letter about once
a month. When I get a months supply ahead
I'll tell you and you may discontinue them.
P.



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November 23, 1944

Dearest Darlin';

Another day passing and no mail as yet. Everything is upside down. We had to postpone our Thanksgiving because the ship with the turkeys hasn't come. Did you get a turkey or weren't any available to you abused civilians?

One thing is inevitable; that is every day brings our stay in these waters closer to termination. Time does pass slowly, but it does pass. The war is going to be a long drawn affair. I think that two years is an absolute minimum for its end after the defeat of Germany. I hope I'm wrong but it doesn't seem probable unless there are some exceptional gains.

Something has happened to the ventilation and it's growing increasingly warmer in here. If it isn't the lights, it's the ventilators or the ovens and the refrigeration or the water fountains. Never a dull moment! One set of ventilators has started again, now they are both going. What a relief!

I managed to break Karl's winning streak in chess, tonight. It was just in time as he was getting uncomfortably close. It's a



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good thing I had such a long lead.
I wish I could obtain a book of chess
instructions. I know I'm not playing it as it
should be played. All our games amount to
knock-down and drag out affairs.

I hope the Winter is treating you
well. It does seem strange to speak of
Winter from here. Are the Indians minding
their P's and Q's in school? Has Johnny
regained his lost interest? If not you had
best see what is causing it and perhaps it
can be rectified.

This is the end of the line for to-
night, Mommy. Love etc. etc. to all of my
mob. Don't forget to send a few stumps
now and then. I did get your lost ones and I
would advise you to send them in oiled paper
rather than parchment.

Yours ever
Parker.



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November 24, 1944

Dearest Darlin;

The third section had an enjoyable time today ashore on an island one-third the size of a postage stamp. It was a better place than the regular liberty island, much cleaner, less crowded and more comfortable. It was the culmination of the Captains debt to the Trusty shellbacks as he chose to give each section a days liberty rather than be initiated. You see, he was a pollywog ^{it} when we made our first trip across the equator.

The day was spent playing baseball, basketball and pitching home shoes. About noon we roasted weeners, or perhaps I should say burned them, as the majority wouldn't wait for the fire to become coals but tried to roast them in the flames. All in all a nice day was had by all, in fact it is the first day I've enjoyed in these waters.

If you were to go to the library and find a book written by Lowell Thomas, the radio commentator, entitled, I think, Raiders of the Sea, or Sea Raiders of World War I or something to that effect and were to read Count Von Zuckers Trip in it to the end of his ship your flag difficulties would be over. I don't think he has written many books and this particular one is



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compiled of data he gathered in Germany after the first World War when he went there to interview the surviving Submarine Commanders and make a book of their adventures.

There is a very good story of the sinking of the *Louisiana* told by the second-in-command of the U-boat that did it.

I'm wondering if you have ever heard any more from Mrs. Holleran. It was a shame that method went away as it was very good but, as the old saying goes, everything happens for the best. Francis is striking for Electricians rate now, he also runs the movies. The movie operator receives \$5.00 extra per month but believe me he earns it. The daily boat trip in the hot sun, alone, is enough to earn it. By that I mean the movies are exchanged every day between ships and the movie operator has to go along and make the exchanges.

Karl is in sick bay due to the foot he cut. It never completely healed and the continued use of it must have had much to do with its remaining open. He turned in today and he will probably stay there until it is completely healed.

The mail hasn't caught us as yet and if it doesn't hurry it will be too late. I should get another eleven letters or so from you by then. This is the end for tonight, Mommy. Say hello to the Musketeers and love to all of you.

Parker.



November 30, 1944

Dearest Darlin';

We have finished another small jaunt but I think it too inconsequential to tell you to move your penneant. I suppose we will return to the other place shortly.

The mail is still among the missing. I'll certainly have a large number of letters to read when it does catch us. (I hope) I did get your fruit cake today. It was quite a coincidence as we had our Thanksgiving today. For our dinner, ~~so~~ we had what the USNs call "shipping over" chow. It was an excellent dinner. Tom turkey, virginia ham, sweet pickles, olives - both ripe and prepared, mashed potatoes, filling, cream of tomato soup, bread, butter, peach jam, cake and ice cream. Cigarettes and cigars. Christmas we will have a similar one and then go on a diet for eleven months.

As soon as Karl is released from sick bay I'm going to have a "stog session" in the shop and dissolve the fruit cake. It certainly looks good!

I don't know whether or not it ever told you the story of Boned fruit cake. When Hellog sold



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his business to Bond or the General Baking Co. it was bread only. Kellogg never handled cake or buns. When H.B.C. took over they were desirous of adding cake and bought the Countess Cake Co. The Countess Cake Co. was at that time negotiating with a Southern cake Co. who were the exclusive possessor and user of an old Southern (dark) Fruit Cake recipe, for purchase of ~~the~~ same. The H.B.C. went after it and not being able to buy it, bought the company that owned it. True? I don't know, but it makes a good story. I do know that Bond Fruit cake is a byword in any kitchen and so it is their pound cake. I hope your baker won the contest and when you tell him where this cake is being eaten he may be surprised. You must love your "ole man" a lot to send a \$3.50 Fruit cake so far. It might have been spoiled, however, it was in perfect condition, not even a crumb. ~~There~~ This year's cakes were supposed to have been baked last year - I hope it was and they shipped with the brandy etc.

Say hello to the musketeers and keep your beautiful chin up.

Yours ever
Parker,