



Sept 15, 1944

Dearest Dorlin

Another day is almost done. These letters may be confused as I often forget what I have written in a previous letter.

Concerning the targets you forwarded. Tinker didn't do so well but yours was exceptionally good. On one target every shot should have been a bulls-eye as each was a sixteenth of an inch on a direct horizontal line to the left. according to every expert I've ever read that is the fault of the gun and not the shooter. It isn't right that Camille is now considered too young to shoot. It seems so silly among that mob of white-pineers that frequent the Boardwalk in the summer.

You tell that Tinker if he doesn't do as he's told I'll keep his pants warm for him when I come home.

Don't forget my easy chair when you start ~~and~~ acquiring more odds and ends.

although that may wait for it may be a long time before I get a chance to use it.

Mike tried to get a transfer but failed as no one can get away from this Prison. Your clipping concerning the investigation of Naval supplies was received with humor.

That's one Admiral that knows what it's all about. Most likely that's the reason they kept him in the States.

Karl is a Carpenter's Mate first class.

He was a boat builder in civilian life. That is the reason the Navy put him on a Tanker and probably has some hotshot and saw expert repairing boats on a repair ship. Of course the Navy is never wrong in the handling of their personnel.

I'm here an Electrician is an Electrician whether he's an expert on electrical plants or an expert on flashlights. Some of the so called intelligent handling would make a moron blush with shame.

You might tell your friend Helen that that quart of milk she gets on her step every morning and thinks she is ~~at~~ overcharged for is without a doubt the cleanest product in the country. Providing it is from a National Dairy subsidiary. The Government insists upon ~~Intensive~~ inspection of all cattle, but the National Dairy companies, of which there is one in every state ~~except~~ except Utah and North Dakota, insist on a sanitary process from the cow to the doorstep. a farmer, in order to sell them milk, must have clean pastures, bathe cows daily, a running water watering system, a flushing system, fly proof barns, seamless milk utensils and cans, a place cooled to 40° F. to keep the milk until the pick-up arrives (not more than four hours after milking) and personnel cleanliness at all times by those having anything to do with the cattle. After it reaches the dairy via refrigerated railroad and trailer, or tank cars. It's tested for Bacteria per content, bacteria count.

and weighed for solids. It is then pasteurized, (held at 142°F for 45 minutes), tested for bacteria count again, bottled (45 to 120 bottles per min.) and is on the way to the consumer twelve hours after milking at the latest. The expense of maintaining this sanitation is born by the farmer and the company.

Walker - Gordon Certified milk doesn't even come in contact with the air until the consumer receives the bottle and removes the cap. If she wants to know why pasteurization, as most people do, I'll tell her about that also. Ask your farmer if he thinks pasteurized milk is safer than raw milk. I'll bet he will say "no". Most farmers do unless they have been educated and then they don't want to be convinced.

Well, Mommy, call it quits for to-night. Say "hello" to my gang.

Yours ever
Parker

Sept 15, 1944

Dearest Dorlin;

Once again we are back in the old stamping ground. Today I received about ten letters from you and one of those intolerable comedies from Lew. It seems, Darling, that my efforts in your behalf are in vain. I told you of Poe, Valentine, Francis Sergeant, Oxford. I told you I wasn't a poet and from time to time I would send you a story. When I did I always prefaced the preceding paragraph with the mention of the same.

You still persist in leaving dormant the brain God gave you and to say I'm very disappointed is putting it mildly. There won't be any more until you prove to me that you have seen the light. I'll expect you to write Mrs. Hollison at the earliest possible moment when that occurs.

Johnny is certainly struggling under a

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a great misapprehension for we haven't sighted
the states since leaving them in April. As I
told you, the eighteen month business was just
so much Mary Propaganda. This outfit thrives
on it.

Since your friend Helen has appointed
herself an authority on the farm question, ask her
what kind of crop rotation her father used and his
methods of soil conservation. Also, how long does it
take a cow to bear a calf. (273 days.) If that family
of eight were ever hungry etc. Incidentally her mother
is receiving a fair price for her buttermilk at 20¢ a
gallon or 5¢ a quart. Buttermilk is nothing but skim
milk and on many farms it's used for Hogs and chickens.

In modern dairies it is the source of a fair
profit and enumerable by-products. The fact that we
~~must~~ pay 15¢ doesn't make the margin of profit much
more between her mother and the modern dairy. We receive
it in a bottle with a cap that alone is figured in
the overhead at four cents. It has been transported,
perhaps as far away as Wisconsin, to the milk shed.

above all, its pasteurized. The sanitary care it receives from the farm to the door-step is alone worth more than its present price. This, also, applies to sweet milk or any dairy product from an up-to-date dairy. Of course the Buttermilk we receive is made by adding a Bacteria Culture to skim milk. From the sanitary standpoint there is no comparison. As to Helen what she knows about milk. That is a subject I can really argue on.

Some consumers advertise the fact that one can see the butter grains in their buttermilk. It is still a Bacteria culture. The butter grains are added by butter being forced through a plate in which there are small holes. It is forced through by ~~compress~~ compressed air and all the grains in a quart would make a $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon full. I believe Homogenization was the root of this idea and it in turn brought about Homogenized milk. Prior to this low cream was the only homogenized product and done by a different process. Sweet milk is homogenized by forcing it through tanks, pierced with minute holes, under compressed air. This breaks up the butter-fat globules and leaves

them suspended through the milk. It is very advantageous in infant feeding due to its easier digestion and every bottle containing the same amount of butter-fat which same is impossible to obtain by shaking the ordinary quart of milk by hand.

If the censor has a baby, this treatise may be of use to him and if he hasn't he shall be that much more prepared.

This is all for tonight mommy. I'm saving all the other things to give me topics for the future. Say hello to my mom.

Your son

Perkins

NO JOB!!!

Sept 16, 1944

Dearest Darlin',

Received a letter from you today that must have been lost in the shuffle. Yesterday your last letter was P.M. Sept 6, today's Aug. 30. It was the one telling me of your shopping tour and its ultimate destination.

I'm pleased to hear you finally purchased the picture for Lew. I think I told you in a previous letter that I had received one from him. He told me about his visit and how well he enjoyed the dinner. In his own words, he said, "We went over to see Rose and we had a big spaghetti feed and it sure was good. Your old lady sure knows how to cook soap food." I'm

saving his letters to show you. Every one is a nut. I don't know whether I've told you, he sent me some snapshots of Mary and the girls and himself. There was also one showing his new Beagle puppies. He said Bill was quitting his job as soon as hunting season comes in and as you said Rossie was doing the same it sounds ~~of~~ as if the gang is battling

100%

He seemed pleased as a "bug in a rug" about his purchase of the P'ville property and said that Jay had moved across from the Leeds av. school. How would you like to live in P'ville again?

Karl sends his thanks for your industrial copy of the Navigation problem.

It was a splendid piece of work and must have been a technical achievement. Karl said I must have a smart wife and as I refrained, under stress, from any reply, I think you owe me a vote of thanks.

In yesterday's letter I sent you the regular ship yard M.O.. I suppose you shall have to go through the usual procedure to use it. You never mentioned anything about the shuffle bag supposedly resting in Camden. If I'm to call for it in person it may prove a bit difficult. However, there isn't any reason why they shouldn't send it if it is mine. In fact if they make an overture to that effect all you have to do is send a reasonable amount of postage with a demand for it.

I'm glad you saw Camille. John will have more chances to come. How does

he rate so much Diesel schooling? When
you see him tell him I said to marry
Hilda while he has the chance. Mom
is just stalling for time. She will try
to find other obstacles in his way the
longer he waits. He and Anne should
have a double wedding.

~~This~~ This should be sufficient
for tonight. Your letters are swell and I
wish I could retaliate. Say "hello" to my
Musketeers.

Yours ever
Parker.

Sept 17, 1944

Dearest, Darling,

The radio brought news today of the storm and its damage along the coast. It mentioned the destruction of ~~Hunter~~ Hientz' Pier and that Atlantic City and adjacent resorts had received their share of the beating it rendered. I'm wondering it was much worse than the usual Sept. storm that wrecks things every year. The Hientz Pier is one of the oldest on the Boardwalk so can't be used for a measuring stick.

I'm waiting for the snapshots you said you would send. I would like to have a bushel of them but I know film is hard to secure. In Norfolk it was practically non-obtainable.

As for as the sandals are concerned the size is 8 1/4. They have solved the athletes

foot problems which is very prevalent in this climate. The medical profession is almost a total loss in that respect. They can cure it by continuous treatments and then a week later it pops out again. It's just a merry-go-round. When it had it went I bought the sandals in Pearl Harbor; it disappeared of its own accord and I haven't had any trouble since. Most of the boys are running around with the toes of their shoes cut out. It's marvelous how this supposedly enlightened and modern Navy persists in its tenacity towards northern dress. I suppose one should be thankful that Naval Headquarters aren't ^{at} the North Pole or one would be obliged to serve equatorial duty in a fur parka.

My leisure hours have been occupied reading of Alaska. Not very many books on the subject are obtainable here. I did get one that told the story of the Governments.

Matanuska Valley project. It was the same old story of inefficiency and too many fingers in the pie. Remembers when the army tried to carry the mail?

Two - hundred future settlers and their families were acquired (not chosen) from Wisconsin, Wyoming and Minnesota and shipped there at Government expense. In the meantime the C.C.C. was to clear the ground and build places for them to live until such a time they might construct them. The outcome of the proceeding was the C.C.C. didn't have the proper tools to clear the ground. (Even when the settlers were on their way.) The marines stepped in and erected tents. When the people arrived there weren't enough tents. Both tubs, sinks, stoves, mails, horses, plows etc arrived in great profusion. The only trouble was there were no houses to put the tubs sinks and stoves in. No lumber for the mails, no harness for the horses and no clevises for the plows. More than sixty of the original two hundred returned

IV

to the States. The author said that even the location was ill chosen. He claimed the T'arana Valley was by far and away the better sight. (This has since been proven by the

Govt. agric. exper. station situated there.) The Government also was rather mercenary. It gave each settler fifty acres of land for which he ^{was} loaned \$3,000 as a working capital, this was to be paid or returned to the Govt in 30 years. I think that was a high-handed exploitation of the people. The Homestead Law says any ~~any~~ citizen, or person with intention of becoming a citizen, may file a claim of 160 acres on any public land open to settlement. After filing a claim he may borrow the necessary capital for its improvement and use the land as security. It is a long, long story but the entire proceedings were unconstitutional for it was public lands that were settled.

I can't think of anything more to write about. I think I shall let your quiz game.

V

Accidentally, if you do any reading on Alaska try to find books that have been published between 1933 and 1943. Anything before that ~~is~~ just history.

Say "hello" to the wee ones for me and don't forget the snap shots. I'm curious to see how my family looks. You'll always look like a little girl mommy and I guess I had best reserve my opinion about the "acting" part.

Yours ever
Parper

Sept 18, 1944

Dearest Darlin';

There isn't much to say tonight. Karl and I have just finished two games of chess and he is bemoaning his fate. Everything is proceeding the same as usual. The states seem a long distance away in more than mere miles.

Your sarcastic comments about the course was duly received and is filed away for future reference when I'll turn you over my knee and make you utter "Uncle."

By now the Musketeers have had their first weeks schooling and you have had your first weeks rest since Spring. Once, again, you will be able to get your regular sixteen hour beauty sleep. Although you certainly don't ~~lose~~ need it for beauty.

I'm interested to receive your

quiz. For every question, sensible question, you send I can't answer I'll send you five dollars. Of course I reserve the right to use any reference material that is available here. For every ten I answer correctly you have to make a concession, all figures out just what that should be when I return. You might get a large, wooden saddle ready. Believe me, anything that tends to relieve the monotony of this existence is more than welcome.

It never did ask Lew when he expected to move to Pleasantville. He certainly doesn't intend to leave the house empty any great length of time. Then the hunting season is only a couple of months away and he should be starting to feel badly now.

I want to see the picture tonight. I don't recall the title of the picture but there is a news reel of the American and Chinese forces in Burma. Anything that General Stillwell is in has to be

^{III}
good. of course he is eclipsed by that
great politician Mac Arthur. However, when
the final count is made he won't be
lacking plaudits.

I must terminate this as
I'm going to miss the picture. Say
"hello" to my Indians and tell me
of any worthwhile happenings. Mike
receives the Cape May County Times, but
by the time it arrives you have told
me all the news in it.

yours ever
Parker.

Sept 19, 1944

Dearest Darlin';

Two letters arrived today, one P.M. Aug 31, the other Sept 9th. your interesting observations concerning Camille and Timber were as much a surprise as your handling of a delicate situation. You are on the right track and your tact and diplomacy deserve commendation.

Something terrible happened to me yesterday. I left my Gellette in the lavatory and it was either thrown away or appropriated. I paid a half-dollar for it fifteen years ago so I don't think I'm losing too much.

There is a rumor about that we may return to the States in a couple of months, but it would probably mean the west coast and that's a long distance

from Atlantic City. However, it won't be true until it comes direct from the mess cooks.

Your clipping concerning the Real Estate boom in Ocean City was received with interest. I think the war is initiating a new phase there, also. Next Summer shall see Ocean City peopled with a different type than heretofore. I'm inclined to believe, that as far as money circulation is concerned, it's a detrimental result.

You certainly are going over-board with the opticians. Did you ever hear of an optometrist telling anybody they didn't need glasses? I'll certainly have a four-eyed family when I return. However, you grow best, and Johnny may as well climb on the Glass wagon too.

Tinker must be almost as tall as you. If your measurement is correct he is

4' 8" tall and Mommy, you ain't much taller than that. Shall we say you are 5' 2" and be generous, if course that's without the french heels. Are there any French heels in Atlantic City now?

Within the next two months I'm going to send you your Xmas Present. of course it has to be a M.O. and I'll expect you to spend it on yourself. I expect to have the best dressed women in Atlantic City to take out when I come home, not just the most beautiful. The longer I retain the M.O. the larger it shall be. So don't become impatient. After all, even if there is a war, Santa has the priority on Reindeer and there isn't any need for a hurry, hurry.

I'm the event we ~~shall~~ do go to the west coast and there is leave I don't see how I can make it home. I don't

mind spending money, but to spend \$78
just to travel across the country and then
have to turn around and start back again
seems like poor economy. What is your
idea of this?

As you say the map is on the
wall and you should be able to take one
of your pins and stick it into the spot
I'm in right now. Mommy, don't be dis-
couraged about my letters but don't expect
too much, in fact don't expect anything. I
have no intentions of going to ~~Alaska~~ by
myself and your opinion and my opinion
of what a fortune is doesn't see. I think
you would look cute in a fur parka, on
a dog sled, with ~~ice~~ icebergs dangling
from your chin anyway.

Love and everything

Parker

P.S. Love more love

Dearest Earlin;

Sept 20, 1944

Your letter containing the snap-
shots came today. It was certainly nice
to receive it. I only have one complaint.
The one you were in was terrible. I've
been bragging how beautiful you are and
then you send me a monstrosity. I wasn't
sure that it was you until I had look-
ed at it for a long time. I want some
full length snap-shots of you and some
from the shoulders up. — and for gosh
sakes remove those goggles. The kiddies
were all squinting. Doesn't anybody there
know how to take a picture? Also, I
didn't like the remarks about my only
interest being the Musketeers. You are old
enough to know better! It is easy to
see you need a bit of chastisement when
I return and believe me you'll surely get it.

Today's letter was P.M. Sept 11 so I won't look forward for any tomorrow. You have never said anything about the package I sent you. Most likely it hasn't arrived as yet. If there is a legible P.M. on it. Tell me how many days was necessary for it to make the trip.

You shall have to give me another system. The valentine has outgrown its use due to the explanatory letter. I don't feel free to continue in that vein. Perhaps you could suggest something different.

It was nice of you to remind me of the October episode. I remember marrying somebody at the time. Since I've only made one venture in the matrimonial field I've deduced you must have been the victim.

All the boys are looking forward to the Bathing Beauty pictures. I would still.

III

much rather have some of you. There is quite a spirit of competition concerning the feminine intellectuals of the various states. There is almost every state represented abroad. So you may easily imagine the interest it has aroused in this remote anchorage.

Ed Hess wants me to come to Chicago after the War. Can you imagine me living in a city that large? Not even if my unknown relative gave me all his stores there.

Mommy, you persist in making it very hard for me to write. You know, as well as I do, that I can't bring myself to write the letters you desire. I'm not thrown together that way. You should also know there isn't any need for them. I'll convince you after the War.

Everyone is inclined to believe the war shall have an early finish. I can't understand the kind of thinking that brings

that idea to the fore. Very much depends on Russia, of all the allies, she alone, is within easy striking distance of any part of Japan. Stalin certainly won't pass up his golden opportunity & rid himself of the seventy year old enemy on his doorstep. Russia can easily lessen the extent of time by a year or more. Russia can make San Francisco and the western seaboard ~~just~~ greater than New York and the Eastern seaboard. Her future lies in the Pacific, not in the Atlantic. Before another fifty years elapse Russia and the U.S.A. shall be the two great powers of the world. No other country on the globe has the power to challenge, with the exception of China, who is too backward to convert ~~to~~ her resources for the use of her own people, let alone compete with a foreign power. Some stuff! eh mem!

Love to you - for you - all I have.
 Parker

Sept 21, 1944

Dearest Darlin';

There isn't anything to write about tonight. There wasn't any letter from you today so I can't even start an argument. I did catch a PopWax today. you might ask Pop if he ever caught any at Fort Lauderdale.

The movie tonight is "Two girls and a sailor". I'm going to look in and see what's what. Last night's was "~~the~~ "Hastight". I did start to see it and it rained, when it commenced again I was playing checkers and didn't return.

I've been talking to Ed Heas; he's from Chicago, in the event we do go to Puerto you could come to Chicago and I could meet you there. I doubt very much if I would have time enough to make the East coast. Of course there

II

are a lot of ifs and anything does happen in the Navy. Your ideas would be very welcome concerning the above subject.

I wish I had something interesting to write of; it's difficult to get as far as this tonight. I'm reading a book titled Liberia, so I don't want to go there. It is much more interesting than I anticipated. Most of the books in the library are hand-me-downs, like old clothes. Some of them must have come over on the Mayflower. Many of them are historical stories of different parts of the country at different times. I do like those. I suppose I should say they are based on more or less authentic historical facts into which the stories are woven.

Well Mommy, This must suffice for tonight. Say "hello" to my three sisters.

A = saddle

B = Bottomless Urn

} Dip saddle "A" into Bottomless Urn "B" and help yourself to as much love as you desire



P.S. I'll keep it full.

Parker.

Sept 22, 1944

Dearest Dorlin,

What to write! what to write!
The latest controversy afoot is the
benefits derived from membership in
the American Legion against the some-
what doubtful and uncertain attain-
ments of a new organization.

The pros and cons are being
aired daily in the ships paper. It
should prove quite a source of content-
ion if enough take interest in it.

Our paper told us today of
Dewey's mud slinging campaign.
If he isn't more careful he won't
even carry Maine. How an intelligent
man can hope to benefit by holding
his opponent up to ridicule is by me.
The people know what has been done
and what isn't being done that should
be done. If he would use his golden
opportunity to promote the general well-
fare by intelligent discussion of inter-

national and national problems, instead
 of disparaging those that are or are
 not trying to solve them, he would be
 of much help and more respected. In
 my opinion, a man that cannot sling
 mud with no more finesse than he,
 doesn't deserve a vote or even the
 party nomination. His phrasing is
 worse, rude and inane. A. Grant
 Scott, as much as I dislike him, was
 at least an intelligent campaigner. He used
 the Democrats errors to show how they
 helped the Republican Party, and even the
 Democrats got sore and voted for him.

Oney is far from Presidential calibre.
 Well mommy, what do you think
 of this for a letter? Say "hello" to the
 musketeers for me.



--- a ship-load of love
 for you

Parker.

Sept 23, 1944

Dearest Darlin';

Your letter P.M. Aug 24, came today. It told me many things; I saw the arrival of the souvenirs & sent you and your desire to stay in Atlantic City.

I'm glad you liked the souvenirs. The coin I found. The hankies were probably Dutch linen in manufacture as that is a Dutch possession.

I should be very angry with you. It seems you do have a smallness about you that crops out at the most unexpected times. You do seem to dislike Lew for no reason I'm aware of. He is far from your mental equal and there was no malice in his mind when he ~~says~~ said things your super-sensitiveness made you resent. His heart is as big as all out-doors and I think you know that as well as I. He wasn't trying to

belittle you. He just was doing the human thing in his own crude way, crowing about his success so the world would know. As for your inference that they hinted for a spaghetti dinner. I'm sorry to even read that. Is your hospitality so lacking that the guests must remind you? I asked Lew in a letter to look at my gun when he came. I could write you all the instructions in the world but I might miss the item he would see at a glance. Seems to me, Mommy, the kiddies aren't the only ones that get out of hand. Do you remember when the water pipes froze and it was 8° with a forty mile wind and Lew came from a mill room here, of his free will, and helped me to thaw them. The job taking more than two hours? Do you remember the free access I had to his hundreds of tools and used them to keep my cars and trucks running thereby saving many dollars in repair bills?

You need more than loving Mommy, a good clip on the snout might help. You'll receive plenty of the former, but I'll probably weaken

III

the latter when I return. If you weren't so lovable and I could stop loving you for a moment I might be able to keep you in line.

We didn't stay long in the place you wanted to pin the flag. about three days if I remember right. you may as well place one there. As to writing any description of the place the Papas came from, I'm afraid is taboo. I can tell you they are beautiful but not as seen through the eyes of a sailor. Not a navy sailor, anyway. and above all not this so-called sailor. They are modern and very Americanized. The beaches are not, in any respect, equal to Atlantic or Ocean City. In fact the finest beach I've ever seen is in Atlantic City.

Perhaps sometime next week I'll get your letters with the news of the passport. I would much rather have pictures of you. kindly take care of above request.

I'll answer to your question about the Red men. I didn't have a liberty fall on the proper day. I wish I had. I wanted very much to attend

their meeting and see what kind of a wig-
wam they had. I only hope I can remember
the opening ceremony. I used to get to the
meetings early enough not to have to see it.
And it is funny, but I never paid much
attention to the visitors we had after my part
was finished. It would be very embarrassing for
a part botcher to foul up on something as trifling
as that, especially in a place as remote as that.

Well Mommy, I guess I hauled you
over the coals properly. Though I doubt its doing
any good. ~~Just stay your own sweet self.~~ I'll put
up with you. Say "hello" to ~~our~~ our little Demo-
crats.

Yours ever
Parker.

P.S. Thank you for the stamps. They will
come in handy. I'll let you know when
I start to run short again.
P.

Sept 24, 1944

Dearest Darlin',

As usual there isn't anything to write about. I'm trying to get a "Regiment" magazine. There's a picture of the Nebraska with the new addition in it and I want to send it to you. After the war we'll make our favorite highballs and burn it with a toast.

I think it was taken when we were outward bound from Norfolk for here. Perhaps John could get a magazine. It is the August issue and is restricted to the ships of the fleet. Glenn Stark has one and I may be able to talk him out of it when the novelty wears off.

Today is one of the usual languid days, being Sunday the languidness is much enhanced without the help of the climate. It's a perfect day for reminiscing and I cannot help but think another.

Christmas shall pass without me being home,
I hope it is the best one as I don't want
the new ones to be too big for me to en-
joy their Christmas'

Somebody has started a new
idea of organizing another fraternity after
the likeness of the American Legion and
V. F. W. In my mind anything new of
that order would be working against itself
and any similar organization. The perpetu-
ors seem to feel that they could displace
the present organizations but that is a fall-
acy. The American Legion has its' ground
work finished. It is a political power in
every Government, Federal, State, County and Munici-
pal. A new type would only enlarge the dis-
unity that is present to a certain extent in
every organization. Then again competition
is the spice of anything. However, the

ascertained fact of strength in unity is something that should be taken into consideration.

No matter what the result its' paramount benefit would be its' political power and no matter how well organized the individual generally votes as he sees fit and not as anyone dictates. Those that follow the dictates of any organization in that respect are in minority and their weight is scarcely recognized from without.

So I'll sign off with those reflections, Mommy. Say "hello" to the little ones for me. Love plus for you. Boy! Do I need some love!!

your ever
Parker.

Sept 25, 1944

Dearest Darlin;

Received a letter from you today ion-
taining the P.M. and P.M. Sept 13. Now it
you said you hadn't received any mail from
me for about a week. By the time this reaches
you, you'll probably have had oodles of letters for
they are on their way.

Karl is in Web-way with a deep
gash in the sole of his foot. He cut it on a
piece of glass, yesterday. Four stitches were
taken in it and as he had lost much blood
he was injected with blood plasma. It may
have been yours. If I notice him getting can-
tanterous I'll know why.

This new writing paper seems very
wide. I don't know how I'll be able to
complete these pages of these. The small was
bad enough, now this.

From the recent war reports they
seem to be making slow progress in Germany.
Due to our impatience everything seems slow.
We can only think that after they are through
there, they must come over here to finish. The
German end of it seems to us to be a side-
show. It is so distant.

I'm pleased to hear that Johnny likes
Kindergarten. Maybe he shall be the intellectual.

II

of the family. It certainly could use one now that I'm gone. huh?

At this moment we have a Transport on each side, refueling. They are crowded to the rails with soldiers, Marines, sailors and some Coast-Guardsmen. The soldiers all look alike as two peas in a pod, with their fatigue suits and small peaked caps.

Francis has been worrying in regard to the favor I asked you to do for him. By this time you should have everything under control if you saved my letters. There is a very interesting story in one ~~concerning~~ Germany.

In your letter today there was a clipping with a word puzzle. I don't know what it intended as I haven't had time to concentrate on it as yet. I suppose there is one of your "smarty" tricks in it someplace. Don't forget your quiz program.

This is the end until tomorrow night Mommy. Say hello to our Musketeers. As for you - Love and everything. You great little Beautiful Doll.

Yours ever
Parker...