





UNITED STATES NAVY

December 1, 1944

Dearest Darlin';

No mail today. I think the mail has reached an all-time record for being nil. Somewhere, someplace, there is plenty of mail for the Hibiscus, but where seems to be a military secret.

As the old saying goes, "There is nothing new under the sun." The new book I have of Alaska hasn't dampened my ardor for there, but it hasn't amplified it, either. The more I read of it, the more I find important detrimental facts skipped over, or minimized. Of course an author and alaskan couldn't be expected to emphasize the dull and difficult subjects, however, in every sense of the word it is a grand country but very much exploited. I have always been of the belief that the American business tycoon was allowed to do that in foreign countries only.

This Winter is going to be the worse part of the war. By Spring everything should be on the upswing as far as we are concerned. I know these months are trying for you, and that you do have your hands full with the Indians. I know, too, that they couldn't have



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a better "Mommy" and I never suffer a moment of anxiety concerning their welfare. If you keep your mind occupied you'll find the weeks flowing swiftly by and it won't be anytime before Spring. I find reading a ~~good~~ great time waster and when I can't sleep I find a place to read. You do have the Musketeers and your loneliness shouldn't be as hard to console as mine. Everyday that slides or struggles by is one day closer to the day we will be together again. That future final day, when Uncle Sam says "I done with you" is on its way too.

I hope your letters prove to be full of questions or something to write about for every day finds it more difficult of subject matter. Mike received a Cape May County Times yesterday. I think it was a mid-September issue. That is all we receive, the third-class mail that has been following us for a couple of months. When did you miss the fruit cake?

Say hello to the Musketeers and home etc for all. I have some Nebraska ~~made~~ ^{made} Xmas cards on the way. It has the insignia of the ship. The one Bud Millard painted, except it's not the 36 inch ~~wide~~ ^{diametered} circle he artisted on the wings of the Signal Bridge.

Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

December 2, 1944

Dearest Darlin;

Another day and no mail. We are lost as far as the Navy postal authorities are concerned. It may be that Christmas packages are absorbing all of their attention. Whatever it is, it is a great inconvenience. I think the boys would rather have their letters than all the Xmas packages in the U.S.A..

Karl is still a resident of the sick bay. His foot is well on its way to a total cure. I was just talking to him and he is getting his Xmas messages ready. He still worries about Mimi and bends my ear at every opportunity about the mail. I keep telling him that she can't take time to write to him and take care of the British Army too. Then he grools about the lineup and has a fit of despair and finally decides she has married one of them.

Frank has lost interest in his book for the time being. He is now a father of a baby girl. He seems very happy about it and I hope everything turns out O.K. for him.



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I negotiated a big deal today and now have fifty four stamps. My Pen seems to be flooding after every refill. It's getting too much wear and tear.

Everybody is interested in the cigarette situation in the States. To date it hasn't effected us as yet, but there is no telling when it will. Are they making ammunition from tobacco now?

I sent you, mom, mom, sis and dear a Nebraska Christmas Grating tonight. It has a ~~reputed~~ miniature replica of the ship's insignia on it. The small craft in the rabbit's paw is an L.C.L. I did get a copy of Augusto Recognition magazine, but can't send the picture. Mr. Stevens got it for me. It isn't such a good picture, but it will do for the generally curious.

Say hello to the musketeers and let me know how you get along with Santa. Maybe you had better put your letters in a bottle and throw it in the ocean. I would probably get them just as quickly.

Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

December 3, 1944

Dearest Darlin';

I still no mail; I thought the mail was one thing this outfit made a good job of, well, live and learn.

I haven't anything to write about. Everything remains the same. You know of all that. The States seem a foreign country, we have been here so long. I guess we shall all feel like Columbus when we "discover" America again.

Action is increasing in this vicinity, but nothing "to write home about".

The longer we are here the more I ponder how any writer could find any romance in these lumps of sand and palms. What is worse it isn't even good sand.

The next time I go on the beach I'm going to fill a phial and send it to Clyde Struble in Ocean City. I remember a few years ago they used that method as an advertising medium and since he is Mayor now, he would get a great "pick out of it".

The last letter I received from



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Sis she said Pop was loaded with work. I wonder what kind of work? I think I'll keep both him and Vonch Bert busy when this war is over. They can turn their talents into monetary value instead of putting around with brick-knocks.

If this letter seems worse written than usual, forgive it, for a pen is continually blowing the paper and I'm in a very uncomfortable position. I'm not in much of a writing mood, anyway.

This Island hopping isn't what it's cracked up to be. They're all the same; to see one is to see them all. Monotonous eh what?

Say hello to the Musketeers for me. At the rate this war is going they will all be voting by the time I return.
Yours ever
Parker.

P.S. I'm sending a joke along that will shock your modesty, but you are a big girl now.



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December 6, 1944

Dearest Darlin;

As yet there has been no mail. We are still lost as far as the postal authorities are concerned. Many have ventured the opinion that the mail ship was sunk. I don't believe it to be that bad.

The first opportunity you have, buy a Times Magazine of November 6th. There is an interesting article, including a map in it. Nothing seems to be a military secret anymore, with the exception of the whereabouts of the Niobrara.

We have just finished another short hop, but nothing worthwhile has come yet. Each place we move to gets worse. No matter how good it would get, though, it wouldn't be the States. I would like the war to be over when we eventually leave this area. I wouldn't want to return to the States knowing I would have to return here. It would be a killing.

Nothing new has happened. You get more war news than we do in the



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daily paper. Tokyo has been bombed repeatedly but much too lightly to suit us. We are waiting for the day they send 3000 planes over Japan.

I've now received Rossie's letter. It may have been lost in the shuffle. How ^{is} Rossie and Jim? I would still like to know what ship Stanley is aboard, and if he still has Atlantic duty.

Someday our mail will catch us and I'll probably have an answer to all the questions I've been asking you. If I don't get some mail from you soon I'll be lost for subject matter. After I finish these letters I often wonder where I found so much to put in them, as short as they are.

Say hello to the musketeers for me and keep the home fires burning. Someday I'll surprise you by walking in when you don't expect me.

Yours ever
Parkes.



UNITED STATES NAVY

December 7, 1944

Dearest Darlin',

Another Pearl Harbor day is almost by and we are still on that long, long road to Tokyo. ~~At~~ I think I can honestly say to any inquisitive person that the road to Tokyo is the longest road in the world.

I'm getting your letter written rather late tonight, having just finished a five-hour checker siege with Wynon Hunt and Holleran and Pare. I lost seven of the thirty-four games we played. It isn't a very good average, but then the mind does insist on little trips of its making no matter how ambitious one may be to concentrate.

I finished that book, "Alaska" by Merle Colby, I was telling you about. I've changed my mind about a habitation there. The country, or rather territory, is very sparsely settled and I think it is still a pawn of politicians and exploiters. I don't feel it is worth trading Jersey for there, perhaps in the



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scenic and recreational sense, but by no means in the economic sense. Willey has written the Government for more detailed information, especially of the Matanuska valley project, but as there is no mail coming our way as yet nothing has been heard.

It's been a long time since I've had a letter from you. Of course through no fault of yours. The mail just isn't, so we don't get any. All kinds of speculations have been made but none of them proven. When we eventually receive it will have to take a day off to catch up.

Eighteen more days until Christmas (you have nineteen) Santa shall have to pass me by for another year and I hope it's the last one. There are those that are very much more worse off than I, so enjoy your Christmas and bearing that thought in mind may help you.

No matter how bad things are they could easily be for worse and many families will feel the weight of the war for more than me on Christmas day. Say hello to the Musketeers. Love plus for all hands.

Yours ever
Parker



UNITED STATES NAVY

December 8, 1944

Dearest Darlin',

Enclosed is a certificate I received when we crossed the Equator, also the subpoena to appear before the court of Neptunes Ref. Since this memorable occasion we have crossed the line four times.

Poshen.



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December 8, 1944

Dearest Dorlin,

It's the same old story, no mail. We don't look for any with the hope we used to have. Everything keeps getting worse, just a little at a time so we have a chance to become inured to it.

There isn't much to write about. Everything is quiet here with the exception of an occasional sub contact. I don't believe the rats making the subs are so anxious to commit hair-rair and receive the plaudits of their countrymen. They run like scared rabbits when a con starts after them.

Mike and I were just talking about John. We would like to know if he is in these waters yet. I suppose that when your letter finally reaches me I'll find all that information in them.

We have a small dog aboard that the boys dogged on an island we visited. It is of unknown extraction but favors a fox terrier and is very friendly. She has decided to eat in the Captain's galley which shows her to be a dog of



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discrimination, if not that she must have been driven to it after eating our chow.

Even more days and hunting season will be over for another year. Tinker is now nine years old. As soon as he reaches the proper age I'm going to buy him a .410 gauge shotgun and take him hunting with me. I often dream of the time when I can take all three and we can have our own hunting party. I think having them with me would give me more pleasure than the hunting.

I've been reading a book written by a duck hunting college professor. He has a few weird ideas concerning ducks but he does agree that the Black Duck is the warriest of all ducks. He has had some interesting experiences on his duck hunting trips but as yet he hasn't secured a champion with snow on the ground to retrieve the days bog. After reading his experience with retrievers I'm sorry I let the Black Labrador go. (Reminds Blacky?) I don't think I gave him much of a chance to prove himself. Then again it wasn't Blacky that slid on his face in the mud, it was I.

Say hello to the musketeers down, and
happies for all of you.

Parker.



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December 9, 1944

Dearest Darlin;

Another day and no mail. Another day and nothing new. The same persistent dreary existence. Days, weeks and months without end.

Karl is still in sickbay with the same trouble. The healing process is taking longer than he expected, or anyone, for that matter. He is heartily tired of being compelled to remain in bed. I see him a couple of times every day and his grumpiness is getting longer and louder.

I've delved further into that book I was telling you about yesterday. The Professor doesn't know much about dogs and ~~but~~ less about hunting. It is written in first person and seems as if he is debating with himself about every topic he chooses to write.

It is certainly desheartening not to receive any mail. How long it's to continue



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that way is anybody's guess. The boat and mailman go to the mail ship everyday and return empty handed.

There are two women aboard tonight from a merchant ship. Rumor has it they are stewardesses' aboard there. It must be a new wrinkle. I haven't seen either of them but one is supposed to require medical attention and our good Doctor is called upon to render it. No matter where a Doctor may be in the world his importance to humanity's welfare never ceases.

Tell the kiddies to be good so Santa shall be generous to them. I hate to miss their Christmas. I think we shall have to have a few additions when the war is over. My spelling is becoming steadily worse. Words that used to be so easy are eluding me. I wonder why? Say hello to the Marshetons for me. Love plus to you and a toast to the day we will be together again.

yours ever,
Parker.



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December 10, 1944

Dearest Darlin,

Under existing conditions it's becoming more and more difficult to write an interesting letter. Today was another "no mail" day. There is supposed to be a ship in the harbor now with five thousand bags of mail aboard. That doesn't necessarily mean there is some for the Niobrara, however, we are looking forward for at least a letter apiece.

Scotty is trying to get a transfer through for a Radio instructors position on shore. As usual he has had difficulties with that person whom insists, persistently, in keeping anyone and everyone from making any advancement whatever if it means they must be transferred from the Niobrara.

Anybody viewing the actions of said person is obliged to believe that he has had much trouble in handling anyone placed in his control, hence is afraid of defamation of character (if any) by anybody getting from under his thumb.



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Very often a bit of research uncovers some nasty "sleeping dogs" and all in all it isn't a bad idea. I'm dealing with the type it's always well to be prepared.

There is much talk in our "Press" of the labor shortage in the States. Little is said, however, of the kind of laborers they short of. Maybe they may get to the point where some of us old people will be discharged, but that's probably a fantasy for tonight's press says they are going to draft men from 26 to 37 to replace army and Navy discharges. Not so long ago some bureau ruled the discharged service men could accept non-war jobs. Sorta reminds me of a dog chasing a rabbit around a stump.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me. I miss all of you but it doesn't do any good to think about that. This hibernation period has to come to a close someday.

Yours ever
Parkes.



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December 11, 1944

Dearest Darlin',

There is nothing else to do but start this letter with the usual phrase of "No mail today". Everybody is heartily disgusted about the mail situation. It doesn't help any, though.

Mike and I were talking about Patsy today. Mike thinks he has been exceptionally successful, financially. He (Mike) is thinking of getting a larger boat after the war and go in for deep-sea fishing. Whatever that is. He more or less explained it but I don't have enough knowledge of piscatorial art to understand what he was talking about.

Karl is still chained to sickbay and is bemoaning his fate daily. His foot is very difficult to heal. A glass cut is always nasty and



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he received a bad one.

I'm missing my family and especially my lovely wife so much that it's a steady pain within me. I imagine many of us are in the same boat. One of the officers has a first baby he has never seen and he must be eating his heart out. The lack of mail doesn't help our lots, although we would be in far worse condition and position than we are.

The war news is good but so very slow. It's vexing to hear reports of lack of ammunition on the Western front. It makes us feel that the home front is letting us down. If the C. I. O. and A. P. L. continue their insane gibbling the war may last much longer than otherwise. If one person kills another he receives capital punishment for murder, yet the labor unions, by permitting strikes kill hundreds on every war front, for all the allies are dependant on the States for supplies.



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It might be a good idea to take Green, Dan
John, Phil Murray, John L. Lewis and Sidney Hillman
and let them lead the initial landing on the
shores of Japan.

Last night, or rather this morning, I
had a long talk with one of the very few intellectual
officers we have aboard. It was mostly of conditions
after the war, English intervention in Greece and the
De Gaulle - Stalin argument. He is well versed
in politics, internal and foreign. If there are enough
men would listen to his opinions and adopt them
the U.S. would be a much better country in which
to live than it is, even now.

Well Mommy, I've loved you with enough
ramblings. Say hello to the Musketers. Love 'em and
everything until I can deliver in person.

Yours ever
Parker.



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December 12, 1944

Dearest Darlin;

We hit the jackpot today. The long lost mail finally caught us. The delay was due to a fire in the P.O. of an island base. I don't know if any of my mail was turned. None of the eighteen letters from you contained the pictures. Perhaps you have recorded the date on which you sent them. Besides your eighteen letters I received one from Jim and Rosalie P.M. Sept 18, one from his P.M. Oct. 31 and one from Lew P.M. Nov 14. (Your letters are only seventeen. I had his mixed with them.)

The dates of your letters, the ones inside on the letter head are Oct. 8, 18, 19, 26, 28, and 31. Nov. 1, 2, 4, 6, 8, 9, 15, 20, 21, 23, and 25. I can't answer them all tonight so I'll try to answer two or three every night until I catch up.

Budbops being killed on the western front was a great shock to me. I hate to have to write a condolence letter to Aunt Ada and Uncle Bert, but I suppose it's the proper thing to do. The POW had never had a



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chance to live yet. I can still see him as I saw him last, ~~he~~ smiling, cheerful and quiet. I don't know what to say to them, for nothing anyone says or does can replace their loss. I don't believe if I were in their place I would even read those kind of letters.

Your Oct 8, letter is answered. I've had a few after that but destroyed them as the room in my locker is limited. When they grew into a large pile I read them all over again for ~~the~~ with ~~them~~ and dispose of them. Your Oct 18, letter starts the ones I've to answer. I'm very proud of you winning that "Child Care" prize. See if you can win a new Buick in the American Legion lottery next time it happens.

By now the living room should be very comfy with it all the new coverings. The only trouble is I can't be there to enjoy it yet.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me. That day we are waiting for ~~it~~ is coming closer and closer.

Your ever
partner.



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December 13, 1944

Dearest Darlin;

Your letters of Nov. 27th and Nov. 30th came today. The former had the snapshot of you John and Camille in it. It also told me that you hadn't sent the other pictures as you said you were shopping with Nancy and meant to get them that day.

In answer to your query of Oct 19th I can give you an affirmative answer, but you can bet, my darling, that the repercussions will be heard as far as Washington for anyone living in a glass house should never throw stones. The L.E.E. is Leant. English.

Mom and Sis' Christmas package hasn't arrived as yet. Your fruit cake did as I mentioned in a previous letter. Your idea of the salt water taffy is swell, especially Phalangers. The Italian candy was good. Mike and I ate all of it. You can ship the nuts, for I don't care for them. I'm nearly nuts now. a few lbs of sheep cheese would be very appropriate.

I don't like the way you twist my



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words around to ^{to} mean something entirely different than intended. "I have never met anyone as nice as you". What I had in ~~mind~~ ^{mind} ~~mean~~ was my years of selling to thousands of women. If you don't like my compliments I won't send you anymore. (I can still think them).

I'm answer to your letter of Oct 48 I can tell you that King Neptune is done with me. I wrote you a description of the ceremony in an earlier letter. Today I bought some pictures that were taken during the initiation. You shall receive them from somewhere in the states. I think they are shipping the film to a studio there and the pictures will be sent from the studio.

Never mind sending me the ~~picture~~ faceless picture. I could use the corpse but not in a photo. Your picture with John and Jr. regained me all the ground I had lost by the other one. I'm glad to have that too, for the Indians are in it.

I'm glad Ann is getting hooked. Although it seems a slow and painful process. Give her my congratulations and tell her of the thousands of kisses I'm bringing home I'm saving one for the bride. The rest are for my



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bride.

To refresh your memory, Emmett is on the coupons. It was Parks who was one the Princeton. I haven't heard from Emmett for sometime. I may never hear from him again. Is Mary still in California? You should write to her for she may be having a very trying time and be in a spot where a "fellow needs a friend". She isn't as sophisticated as she would have one believe.

I'm happy to hear of the successful mortgage fund. That is a large payment. The interest on such an amount must be terrific sum. I like to read of Johnnie's doings in school. I'm fast all of their exploits.

The last paragraph of all your letters is so nice. I wish I could retaliate but I hope you understand my conservatism. Nobody reads your letters but mine are open books.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me, darling. Keep tip-top for your next honeymoon.

Yours ever
Parker.



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December 14, 1944

Dearest Darlin;

Last night I went to sleep before answering your letter. So tonight (15th) I'll write this to stay even. Today I received a back letter ~~sent marked~~ Nov. 19th. To remove any cause for confusion I'll write of your letters by the date on the letterhead and not the post mark.

I'm dwelling on your letter of Oct. 28th. I'm it was your financial report. I think you ~~have~~ done very nicely. As usual you insist upon spending three times as much on the Musketeers as you do on yourself. Prices are high but if it weren't for the O.R.A. they would be much higher. In my position, inflation would be disastrous to us.

Now to skip along to your letter of Oct 31st. I would have liked to see the Indians in their Halloween costumes, especially Johnny. He's a winner whenever he goes. You don't ever want to tell him that everyone thought "Little Red Riding Hood" a girl when grows more. I don't think he would appreciate it.



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Six days for a letter to reach you is fast traveling. It is roughly forty miles per hour from the time it is post marked. I wish yours reached me as fast.

The Christmas cards are of no consequence here. If you care to send one to Abner & Eliza, Mom & Pop, Dave & Minerva, Mom & Family, Johnny, Junior and Jim & Rossie, and Ier & Mary I would appreciate it.

~~You are certainly promising a good~~
Many things, Mommy, and in writing too. What is more I'm going to hold you to them. You are very correct when you say to close my eyes and you are there, for you are - often!

This is all for this roundup. Say hello to the Musketeers and have a merry Christmas.

Yours ever
Parker.



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December 15, 1944

Dearest Darlin

Before I start to answer your letter I'll write the only prevailing news. I received a Christmas card from Alvin and Eliza yesterday. That is the only one so far. It takes mail (other than airmail) a long time to reach us. About August I'll be getting my Christmas cards.

I do want to tell you about those "postscripts" you send me. I appreciate the feeling behind them, but I'd much rather read something from you. They aren't very interesting and wouldn't be unless one is a dyed-in-the-wool Philadelphian.

(Y.L. Nov. 12th) I would enjoy watching Tinker trying to eat with that lipstick on. What did he say when the soldier thought him a girl? It seems that Halloween and Milk-of-Magnesia are partners, doesn't it?

How many days leave did Johnny get, and how many ducts? Tell him to beware of too much leave, that's shipping.



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over propaganda.

It hardly seems possible like a son nine years old. Seems only last year he was a baby. I must be getting old.

By the looks of things here, he'll be voting by the time I get home. Does any of them remember their father?

How are your pennant journeys coming along? Have you found me yet? Maybe if you and Pop got together you might reach an ultimate verdict.

An Electrician is being transferred and he gave me a book he had my eye on for sometime. "Best loved Poems of the American People". So if I start writing you poetry in the near future you will know what brought it on.

Well, Mommy, I'll call it quits for tonight. Love and everything to you and the Musketers. I would like to have a snapshot of them in their costumes if it could be arranged.

Yours ever
Parker.

P.S. if you put a circle around the marks. Is that the ones?



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December 16, 1944

Dearest Darlin;

No mail came today but I did get a package from Mom and one from sis. I haven't explored their contents fully; mostly an assortment of candy. I see sis' - there was a can of shoe polish, of which we have plenty aboard. I see Mom's I see a half pound carton of Kraft American.

(cf. L. Nov. 2nd) After a look at Tinkers school report it seems he's just about getting by. How about Camille? I notice his higher marked subjects are the same as mine were in the "good old days." For his personal traits, they seem to be half and half. If he can get those kind of marks without paying attention in class he'll be O.K.

Your enclosure and the contents of the Ocean City casualty list were quite a shock. Norman Blackman is gone. Many a day he, Charley Boswell and I spent together. Stanley Townsend used to play on our baseball team. Two of them of.



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I don't remember and I do remember Pete Mignicco and Joe Foglio very well. It says in the last paragraph, "In addition there are three on the missing in action list and three with local connections who are prisoners of war". I wonder who they are?

Your intention of seeing Dr. Quinn may be very well, but I don't think much of it. In the first place I have never heard of him before, (that doesn't say he isn't a good Dr.) in the second place that Dr. that Mom went to is one of the best in the east. Dr. Hildebrand. If it's necessary for you to have medical care see him. It may cost much more but he is well by the standards of "guinea pigs".

As to your pajama proposal, I think that a very good idea and I'm going to hold you, rigidly, to that promise. Don't let the village fool you about the heat, they have to produce. Tell everybody to keep the pressure on them.

Pay hello to the musketers for me. Lots of lovin' to all
Parker.



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December 17, 1944

Dearest Darlin;

Two letters came from you today, Nov. 29th and Dec. 3rd. There was, also, a letter from Mary saying that Lew would only write when he was in the mood, and two Christmas cards from his. Oh yes! a letter from Mom, a rather hurried affair.

Y. L. of Nov. 4th. You must have looked like a group of emigrants boarding the bus with that portable party in your possession. It's strange to me that Bill hasn't been beheaded by Mom for stealing Anne. I felt sure Mom was going to make an old maid of her. Your craving expectations appears to have been very successful, even though John couldn't spear any eels. Maybe John being home saved Bill from the hotchpot.

Y. L. of Nov 6th. The pictures Mike sent aren't the same as I'm having sent you. The rope you speak of is commonly known as eleven inch. It is about three inches in diameter. As for the value the whole ship is



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cluttered with them.

I'm surprised to hear of you doing all that crying in church. Were you crying because the prayer might ^{not} do us some good? If not what was there to cry over? Of course there's nothing like a good cry to make a woman feel tops, but you can't expect Johnny to understand all that. He hasn't been ~~and~~ initiated as yet.

We'll skip your meeting of Uncle Bert and Aunt Ada and get to the enlistment business. My enlistment was for two years and it is finished — except for the clause calling for service for the duration and six months. I don't know just how they are going to go about the discharges. I doubt if they know themselves. Anything new on that score would be received with appreciation.

Sometimes I study these "20 year" men and wonder what (if any) mental processes they have.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me and thank me in the next letter for saving you so much Christmas money.

your cousin
Parker.

THE TOWN OF DON'T-YOU-WORRY

THERE'S A TOWN CALLED DON'T-YOU-WORRY,
ON THE BANKS OF RIVER SMILE;
WHERE THE CHEER-UP ~~AND~~ BE-HAPPY
BLOSSOM SWEETLY ALL THE WHILE.
WHERE THE NEVER-GRUMBLE FLOWER
BLOOMS BESIDE THE FRAGRANT TRY,
AND THE NE'ER-GIVE-UP AND PATIENCE
POINT THEIR FACES TO THE SKY.

IN THE VALLEY OF CONTENTMENT,
IN THE PROVINCE OF I-WILL,
YOU WILL FIND THIS LOVELY CITY,
AT THE FOOT OF NO-FRET HILL.
THERE ARE THOROUGHFARES DELIGHTFUL
IN THIS VERY CHARMING TOWN,
AND ON EVERY HAND ARE SHADE TREES
NAMED THE VERY-SELDOM-FROWN.

RUSTIC BENCHES QUITE ENTICING
YOU'LL FIND SCATTERED HERE AND THERE;
AND TO EACH A VINE IS CLINGING
CALLED THE FREQUENT ERNEST PRAYER.
EVERYBODY THERE IS HAPPY
AND IS SINGING ALL THE WHILE,
--IN THE TOWN OF DON'T-YOU-WORRY,
ON THE BANKS OF RIVER SMILE.

I. J. BARTLETT.



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December 18, 1944

Dearest Darlin',

(Y. L. Nov. 8th) You seem all excited about the State Constitution being changed by the legislature. They have been trying to put that through for years. They may have committed political suicide by the method they are using but it is a noble sacrifice. The entire proceedings are aimed at Mayor Hague's Jersey City political machine. With a divided vote (if they used a referendum) elsewhere in the State, Hague would beat them everytime with his solid system in Essex County.

I'm glad they had the nerve to push it through that way. There may be a few howls but it won't be anything alongside the clamor that will come from Essex County.

Roosevelt is wary of Hague's support for it's bad advertising for the Democrat party. Governor Edison has fought Hague on every corner in every Major town and city in Jersey and is a Democrat. He has succeeded in under-



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mining Hague's kingly power so seriously that Hague is beginning to trade on Roosevelt instead of vice versa as in the old days.

Without a changed constitution the State (especially North Jersey) judiciary that is Hague controlled cannot be removed, nor his system of municipal employment abolished. He has for years been the man behind the Governor's chair and his political system in Jersey can only be likened to the old Tammany Hall of New York.

You can tell Dick we don't carry torpedoes. The only chance we will have of getting one is from a sub and I don't think any of us will care to remove the head to find if there is any alcohol in it.

I'm sorry you had to miss Ann's shower but you seem to be getting around very lively. I don't know what to tell you to get Mary for graduation. A gross of smelling salts might be very appropriate.

I'm sorry to hear Joe left the shipyard but I guess he is more or less



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of a rolling stone. It was nice of Katie to stop in. Who's feeding with whom now?

If there are any old "Field & Stream" lying about the house you may find some swell new duck recipes in them. How many ducks did Tommy get? Rabbits? Wonder if he's going Deer hunting this year?

I should write Sis a letter but Stuart and Stark are waiting for me at the shop for a little stag session. (I have the Nes' Cafe locked up.)

Say hello to the Musketeers for me. Tell them to be good and maybe I'll take them someplace different when I come home. I would like to take them to the Philadelphia zoo. (I mean just to see the animals.)

Well, goodnight Mommy, pleasant dreams etc!

Yours
Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

Miss You

Miss you, miss you, miss you;
Everything I do.
Echoes with the laughter
and the voice of you.
You're on every deck*,
Every turn and twist,
Every old familiar spot
Whispers how you're missed.

Miss you, miss you, miss you;
Everywhere I go
There are poignant memories
Dancing in a row,
Silhouette and shadow
Of your form and face,
Fancies and reality
Everywhere displace.

Oh I miss you, miss you!
God! I miss you, Girl!
There's a strange, and sad silence
'mid the busy whirl,
Just as tho' the ordinary—
Daily things I do
Wait with me, expectant
For a word from you.

Miss you, miss you, miss you!
Nothing now seems true
Only that 'twere heaven
Just to be with you.

David Cory



UNITED STATES NAVY

December 19, 1944

Dearest Darlin;

There hasn't been any mail from you for the past two days. Tomorrow may tell a different story.

(Y. L. of Nov. 9th) your guess in this letter is much closer than in the previous one. I wrote Pop a letter a few days ago and I'm sure he can pin it in the correct place.

I hope nothing happens to those pictures for they have been promised for a long time. It'll certainly enhance your beauty if lovin' is what it takes to do it. It won't be so very long now. Once the New Year is by the time should go much faster.

Your diagnosis of "Tropical" is correct, but so that you can add that one goes about talking to one's self and stares blankly at other people and is likely to answer any question that requires more than a "yes" or "no" answer with something that is altogether irrelative to the subject.



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I'm sorry to hear of Judge Corio's death. The "Big 1" lost a great friend in his passing, also. I don't know whether you have ever met Mrs Corio or not. She is a nice person and I feel sorry for her. The judge had an extensive Real Estate business and a large, modern home in Ventnor. Financially, she will be well situated.

(Y. L. of Nov. 15th.) Your description of the Anniversary celebration is very minute, so I take it that you enjoyed it. Was that \$33,000 raised in a year? If so the Bing's ruling is going to cause much distress. I don't think it can last under pressure. What did Camille sing? "Lay that pistol down mom"? Or is it Johnny who sings that?

It may be true and in all probability is that the coal was reduced for the village, but - if they are allowed 1000 tons a year and are cut 10% that leaves them 900 tons. The following year another 10% cut would leave them 810 tons as the principal changed. That is the only trouble with



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central heat. Some "smart aleck" manager is always trying to make a name for himself at the tenants expense. Keep the pressure on them and if you don't get enough heat cut the rent 20% and see how quickly that brings action.

Mr Read may be right about the thermostats but how long does it take those furnaces to climb from 60° to 88°? If it trips in the a.m. and takes until noon to get to the desired temperature, then trips out until 5 P.M. there is only about five hours it holds 88°.

Camille is leading you a lively race. I'll him I hope I don't have to wear away a switch on him when I come home. There aren't any little boys out here to be whipped, so all be looking for some back nos when I come home.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me and keep your lovely chin up until we wear out our welcome in this part of the world.

Yours
Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

more the same thing - I want you when the stars are shining above me,
I want you when the stars are shining above me, I want you when the stars are shining above me.

I want you when the shades of eve are falling;
And purple shadows drift across the land;
When sleepy birds to loving mates are calling —
I want the softness of your hand.

I want you when the stars shine up above me,
And Heavens flooded with the bright moonlight;
I want you with your arms and lips to love me
Throughout the wonder watches of the night.

I want you when in dreams I still remember
The lingering of your kiss — for old times' sake —
With all your gentle ways so sweet and tender,
I want you in the morning when I awake.

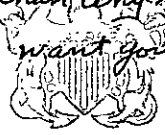
I want you when the day is at its noontime,
Sun-steeped and quiet, or drenched with sheets of rain;
I want you when the roses bloom in June-time;
I want you when the violets come again.

I want you when my soul is thrilled with passion;
I want you when I'm weary and depressed;
I want you when in lazy, slumberous fashion
My senses need the haven of your breast.

I want you when through field and wood I'm roaming;
I want you when I'm standing on the shore;
I want you when the summer birds are homing —
And when they're flown — I want you more and more.

over

I want you, dear, through every changing season;
 I want you with a tear or with a smile;
 I want you more than any rhyme or reason -
 I want you, want you, want you - all the while.
 Author L. Hillom.



P.S. He isn't the guy that wants you. He just wrote the poem.
 I'm the guy that wants you.

your are man.
 I'll be the one who knows you best
 - I'll be the one who knows you best
 - I'll be the one who knows you best

I'll be the one who knows you best
 I'll be the one who knows you best
 I'll be the one who knows you best
 I'll be the one who knows you best

I'll be the one who knows you best
 I'll be the one who knows you best
 I'll be the one who knows you best
 I'll be the one who knows you best

I'll be the one who knows you best
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 I'll be the one who knows you best
 I'll be the one who knows you best

I'll be the one who knows you best
 I'll be the one who knows you best
 I'll be the one who knows you best
 I'll be the one who knows you best

I'll be the one who knows you best
 I'll be the one who knows you best
 I'll be the one who knows you best
 I'll be the one who knows you best



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December 20, 1944

Dearest Darlin;

(Y. L. Nov. 19th) Dragon Seed was shown here but I didn't see it. When the movie is inside it is too warm and I'm not interested in them enough to suffer the heat.

I was pleased to have you send Johnny's new address but I suppose, by now, it's changed again. When he comes here I'm going to get in touch with him. There isn't much use of doing so until then.

I hope that much discussed photograph is well on its way by now. If you succeeded in sending it first class mail it'll probably get it much sooner.

(Y. L. Nov. 20th) Keep up the good work of reading to the Musketers. They can't be read to nor read too much. Don't worry about Tinkus penmanship. He's probably a chip from the "old block". All the reading this done through the year has never improved my penmanship an iota.



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I think I told you in a previous letter that I did receive the pagant picture. The newspapers haven't arrived as yet. Newspapers come as third class mail and it takes some time for them to reach us.

The next time Tinker pulls any of those 148 stunts and returns for dinner just tell him he doesn't live there anymore and to be on his way. He is about three years ahead of schedule with that sort of thing and I think you missed a golden opportunity to discourage it, definitely. Of course that mean streak you speak of in Johnny is the Monckton influence. Where else would he get that from?

Dearest, if you were to give me all the kissin' and lovin' I could stand, you would be an extremely busy woman for a long time.

As a second thought, there are a few birds I would like to kiss on here with a slap in the Puss. Who knows.



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the war, can't last forever and this is a small world.

There are several things I had in mind to tell you but I can't seem to organize them at this time. There has been no mail for the past three days. We may be becoming the lost ship again.

As the days slide by everyone is awaiting that day of days when we steam for the States. The only happiness I can possibly achieve from this inefficient organization shall be when they give me my discharge. To return to the States and know that one must return to these latitudes under similar conditions is exceptionally discouraging. Thanks goodness we have a fine assortment of Reserve Officers aboard and don't have to depend entirely upon those regular Navy incompetibles. What a comic opera this would be!!

Say hello to the Musketers for me.
Just wait until I catch you alone!

Parke.



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December 21, 1944

Dearest Darlin;

Today's mail brought a letter from you of Nov. 6th. There were some stamps enclosed and wrapped in wax paper. The previous stamps you sent me you neglected to use wax paper, consequently I was able to salvage two only. The reply from Uncle Bert to your letter of condolence was in it, also. I'll return it to you shortly.

(Y. & Nov. 21st) Buddy being killed on the Western front was as much a shock to me as to you. I wrote the family the necessary letters and tried not to make too much of a mess of it.

Perhaps Dot moved to Glen-side to escape her in-laws. I'm glad Bof was promoted to foreman of his company but I don't believe he will hold it. Hearing of Sil having a girl was a surprise. It seems just last year she was a



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a little girl herself.

I think you have that quotation wrong. It's Blessed need be the meek and humble for they shall inherit many picks in the —.

There is a beautiful view from here. In front of me, stretching to the horizon, is the ocean. In back of me, stretching to the horizon, is the Ocean.

On my left, stretching to the horizon, is the Ocean. On my right, stretching to the horizon but punctured by a pin-point of land; in the middle, is the Ocean.

There you have an entire and complete description of all the South Seas.

Your chatter of snow was very interesting. What is that stuff? Can you send me some. It seems that some place, somewhere, in the long, long ago I heard of it.

Say hello to the Musketers for me. Keep your sunnyside up.

Your son
Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

December 22, 1944

Dearest Doulis;

In today's mail were two Christmas cards and a Birthday card. The Birthday card was from the Musketeers and is very nice. Your Christmas card was very lovely and I know it expresses my sentiments, also, to you.

~~I was thinking of sending the Musketeers each a poem from this book I now have, but there was only one appropriate for the occasion, "A Visit from St Nicholas" so I've shelved the idea. I hope they have a grand Christmas and to erase such a foolish hope, I'll add I know they shall. There Mommy will see to that?~~

~~I've tried to enlarge my chicken scratching so it won't be difficult to read; though it doesn't improve its quality it is a bit more legible. The censors must have a trying time trying to decipher.~~



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some letters that come into their hands.

The movie is now being shown outside and is much nicer to attend than heretofore. The mess hall was overwhelming warm and there wasn't much pleasure to be derived. The new position does make it enjoyable. Tonight, The Two-faced Woman, or ~~something of similar title is playing.~~

I hope Santa is good to you. When we return to the States I'm going to make my part of Christmas good to you. You have a few months to decide what you would most like to have. Give me some ideas.

I didn't answer any of your letters tonight as I don't want to catch-up with them too soon. The other card I received today was from Anne. There was a note enclosed asking me if I had heard ^{it yet} she had finally been "kissed." Say hello to the Musketeers for me.

John



UNITED STATES NAVY

December 24, 1944

Dearest Darlin,

Today was a two letter day. Your letters of Dec. 9th and Dec 10th came. It was a "red letter" day on the Miobara, too. Some brilliant mind advanced the idea we should be allowed to sleep in on Sundays and holidays instead of the 7.45 a.m. routine every morning for the past 21 months. You can easily see how rapid events occur here by that.

I wish you would get all possible information concerning Veterans loans that you possibly can. By the time the war is ended there won't be any capital for me to work with; it's better to work on Government capital anyway. If you can obtain the name and address of the Atlantic County Farm agent I would like to have it. After this is over I'm going to hifer-note. For the past ten years I've been tired of seeing people, dealing with people and even looking at them. I hope that explains much to you that heretofore you have failed to understand. Your letter of Nov. 23 needs no



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answering. There is nothing in it to answer. You told me of your ingenious invention and of your accidents with the sharpened knife.

Y. L. Nov. 25th.

Frank, I believe, has lost interest in his story. He hasn't said anything about it for the past few weeks. I asked him if he knew anything about the "Black Christ." He says there are many of them in various places. It seems the dark skinned peoples, such as those in Panama, make their replicas of Christ black. I suppose it is based on some story. If I hear anything further I'll let you know.

You see my little Darling, there may be a bit of difference in one's having months of duty in Panama and a chance to find these places than one's having four hours away from a ship that's passing through. No doubt we missed many interesting sights but seeing the world through a port we do have its difficulties.

As to your question, Frank wrote that particular copy I sent you. I have gone over the original and made many changes in the phrasing and punctuation.



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without disturbing the story in itself.

I believe I'm getting sleeping sickness. Today I spent the entire day sleeping and I'm still tired. Every morning since we have been here I've awakened more tired than when retiring. This climate was never meant for a white-man.

Karl is still in sick bay and has passed the thirty-day mark. all due to a two inch wide gash in his foot.

The worse affliction here is prickly heat or a rash of similar appearance. There is very little can be done to stop it. They have tried various cure lotions but remaining in this climate helps to defeat everything they do. I've been very fortunate in that respect. Once in awhile I have a bit of trouble but it doesn't last long. I think tight eating hinders its conception and that is easily done.

Say hello to the Musketeers and tell them I've the card they sent me hanging in the shop. Love Mommy.
Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

December 25, 1944

Dearst Darlin,

As there was no mail ~~today~~ today to-day, I'll answer a couple of your letters and if not that continue our discussion of the New Jersey Constitution.

I have before me a copy of The Evening Bulletin, Philadelphia, Nov. 13, 1944. Therein is an article attributed to Governor elect Walter E. Edge, Atlantic City's leading citizen. :

Camden Vote Reform

Trenton - Indication that voting machines are to be installed in Camden County is given by Governor Edge.

"Now that we have Hudson County under control and got their majority down to where I think it should be we'll move into Camden County," he says.

He ascribed the 64,000 Roosevelt majority in Hudson County, in contrast with the previous 100,000 Democratic majorities turned in from Mayor Frank Hague's citadel, to the installation of voting ^{machines} and the activities of Attorney General Roper.

end



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Why the church is waving the flag for the old constitution is more than I understand. Understanding that the church is better informed than I could possibly be, I would appreciate your asking Father Quenneville the reason or reasons and let me know. At present the only pro point my meagre knowledge has is the fact that Frank Hague is Catholic and I know for certain that no charity or poor person never went without when he knew of it or them.

However! I think the President and the New Jersey Democratic Organization deserve plaudits for spilling Hague and dropping an assured 36,000 majority. Not that they needed it, but that they could have just as well passed by the entire mass. Once again they venture into the "Sions Sen" when they start a cleanup in Camden County. Camden, the place they mean when they say Camden County, is the home of every gangster and juvenile gun-toter in the State, certainly that portion of the population has doubled since they have cracked down on Jersey City and Newark.



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It is a known fact by every newspaper man in South Jersey that every kind of crime and ~~so~~ vice flourishes in Camden under protection by the police. The black-jack voting system is only a side issue.

Under the Democrats the whip-cracking politician is passing into limbo, (or else getting a commission in the Navy) the old, old tradition of "To the victors go the spoils" first attributed to Andrew Jackson, is becoming less apparent. Ask any Republican why he's a Republican and he'll stammer over an answer or else use the old stock phrase "Because I believe in the platform of the party." Don't ask him what the platform is, for he won't know. All Republicans love a mystery. That's why they are Republicans.

Well mommy, this took much more space than I expected. Say hello to the Musketeers and lots of love for you.

This day has been the same as any except we had turkey.

Yours ever
Parker.

P.S. Enclosed is a cartoon Karl gave me. Please send it back as I want to send it to Lew.



UNITED STATES NAVY

December 26, 1944

Dearest Darlin;

As there has been no mail today I'll return to the answering of your letters. There are eight more to go and then I'll have to search for subject matter.

(Y.L. Nov. 27th) This is the letter containing the snapshot of John, Jr and you. I was particularly pleased to receive that picture for not only was it there when it was taken but it also gives me a photo of John and Jr.

There is no doubt that your sister Nancy can spend money like water. I wouldn't be surprised to ~~see~~ hear of her buying that coat; unless Guy decides to put it into a car and then there will be a battle royal — as usual.

Johnny certainly travels around the city. Do you remember when we lived in the Highlands the peidies knew everybody for miles around? I think you will have a difficult time keeping pace with your offspring, Mommy.

(Y.L. Nov. 29th.) Aren't there other types of books on the market for children



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Other than those silly comic books? One of these days you'll find them trying to jump from a high place with an umbrella or a similar appliances. I don't think they should read such junk as Superman, Batman etc. Comic books of Figgs, Bloody, Herby and that sort are fine. I'd much rather you found something on the educational side along with the above mentioned comic books.

After little Johnny has as many injections as his dad he won't mind them so much. No wonder he thinks the "Fussy" punched him. Go ahead with them for they are much cheaper and much less uncomfortable than sickness and medicine.

I see you have a comment concerning my intended books on wines and wind up by calling me meames. That wasn't meant for you but for lesser intellects.

You tell me you saw Jim Emmons and he asked for me. Did he get his dog returned that was stolen? I know he would ask for me but you said nothing about the dog!

Tell Tinker — and Camille, no homework, no movies. See if that doesn't pep



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them up a bit. If that doesn't work they can come home immediately after school and do it during the time they should be playing. Don't carry that too far, though, as they need their playtime. I think the movie business is enough.

Your monthly expense report was very enlightening — about as much as a heavy fog. Do you ~~get~~ buy a Fuller broom, coat for Tinker, photos at plays and donate for a spaghetti dinner every month. If you were getting \$500. a month it would be the same story — but I think you do very well mommy but don't try to rub your Pop. I may be growing stupid in the Navy but I haven't lost control of all my faculties as yet. That money isn't all mine, half belongs to you. We're partners aren't we? I just want us to spend it together. The better you manage things there the more we shall have when I return. Besides, I want a new Packard after this is over, I'll be too lazy to walk. Have you seen the old one of late lately? I'm wondering if they found anybody to whom to sell it that was politician enough to keep it in gas.



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Don't worry about the boardwalks. as long as you have lived at the shore you should know that they won't start to repair it until a month before the season's opening.

I doubt if you shall care to have my opinions in any religious discussion as they arent of the conventional type and drive the wearers of the cloth to drink, however, if you wish me to study it, I shall, for you.

This is much longer than I intended. I don't like to bore you with a lot of silly patter for I'm not myself anymore. When the time comes I reach the end of this nightmare on here, my morale shall show vast improvement. I never liked being stuck in a rut. Just being in one is bad enough.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me. Love and everything,
Parben.

P.S. May have some good news shortly, it's not about my coming home, but a friend of mine may be transferred and see the States again.
P.



UNITED STATES NAVY

December 27, 1944

Dearest Darlin';

The only mail I received today was a Christmas card from Uncle Dewey and Aunt Rose. I'm still saving the cake but it's a great temptation to eat it. We must have something for New Years and I figure there must be some brandy in the cake.

(Y. L. ~~to~~ Nov. 30th) This one held the induction list. I don't remember Kovacs unless he is the son of the painter on 48th St. The last time I saw him he was about 10 yrs of age. The Wilsey boy I know. How many sons does Mrs. Wilsey have in the service, now? Fred Woodruff I recall easily. Fred (Sr) has a printing shop on 9th St in Ocean City and I've known him for mintens years. Is Ed Johnson and Fred Pontine are Majors! We were in the same scout troop when we were kids. Fred won a scholarship to Alabama State. I don't know what college Ed matriculated from, but I believe he and Bob Hughes attended Stanton Prep and went to the same college. If you hear anything of Bob I would appreciate you sending it along. We were "boom" buddies.



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Bob Hughes and Bob Watkins were examples Harold Lee and I were using to judge our progress. Until the war we had them in hand very nicely, yearly earnings against yearly earnings. I've been fortunate to be well ahead of them all, but the war shall make it a different story. Their commission pay will certainly make our enlistment pay look sick. Is Harold still writing for the papers? I would like to know if his ~~folks~~ folks are still in Ocean City. I haven't seen him since coming in here. They certainly were fine people.

The "Queen" episode of the pickles was cute. You may add my opinion to theirs; I think their Mommy the Queen of Queens. I like to read of their pranks and you can never make a letter too long telling me of them.

With all the changes you're making in the house and the additional furniture I won't dare try to sneak in and surprise you if it's right. The last time I opened the door and saw Guy and Nance on the day bed, I thought, for a frantic moment it was in the wrong house. That is a



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terrible feeling, especially when Nance poked her head up in the dark and I knew someone was awake. No chance for a retreat! As for that spot where the dart board was hanging, a little roughing with 80 sandpaper will smooth the rough edges and when its painted you'll never be able to find those pinpoint holes. Are you going to attempt it or the Village painter? I hope you can beautify the pantry for it certainly could use it. What a conglomeration of odds and ends! What we need is an attic.

Sawel and Hardy in "Air Raid Warden" was the movie tonight. I like comedies but I wish there was a way to get some Jeffery and Costello. There was also a Walt Disney short with Pluto. This is all the news for tonight so - until tomorrow.

Yours
Parker



UNITED STATES NAVY

December 28, 1944

Dearest Darlin;

Just finished seeing an enjoyable movie, "Bedtime Story". I liked it because it was our kind of people. It was fast moving and not a bit draggy or splashy as so many of them are.

(Y. S. Dec 3rd) This one has in it Tinker's letter and I'll enclose one for him at the end of this one. Your story of Johnny and the orange is grand. It isn't difficult to see who rules the roost there.

Tinker must have a long memory to recall that incident. It seems like years and years ago. I suppose Camille shall never live that episode down. I hope they know me the next trip.

Just between you and me and the post, I haven't written Aunt Grace because I have lost her address. When you send it I'll drop her a line.

Don't allow my absence to spoil any Birtholay parties. I'm there in spirit if not in corpus. The cake sounded very delicious. You'll have to bake many cakes



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if I'm ever home long enough to eat them.

Harls foot has improved enough for him to hobble about. He is a regular Grandmother anyway. His romance has shown vast improvement and he is rather chipper these days.

I hope that long discussed picture is well on its way by now. Any snapshots you dig up ~~some~~ send them along.

It's getting sleepy time now and I, too, have a rendezvous to keep with the Queen. There was ~~no~~ mail today so I'm making your letters last as long as possible. Mike and I were talking today and have come to the conclusion we are stuck on here for the duration. He wants to get off but just for a change of scenery. He hasn't any picks coming for he has made three notes on here.

This is all for tonight Darling. Say hello to the Musketeers for me.

Yours &
Parker.



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December 28, 1944.

Dear Tinker,

Your letter was very nice, so was the picture. I like to get letters from you, but you don't write often.

I hope you are taking good care of Momma, Camille and Johnny. Momma told me Father Quereba said you were the Daddy while I am away.

Momma takes very good care of you and I want you to help her. The best way is to be good, change your school clothes, come home in time for dinner and not be late for school.

I would like to see you get better marks in school. They are fair, but I think you can do better if you listen to Sister and pay attention in class. There is a

picture of
where I am.
Is that O.K.?

Daddy.



UNITED STATES NAVY

December 29, 1944

Dearest Darlin;

Another day has passed and another milestone on life's road left behind. Your old man has only seven years to go. If we were to cross the date line I could have two Birthdays, or couldn't I. Somehow I've forgotten how it works - forwards or backwards.

I have to [?]postpone answering any of your letters tonight as I failed to bring them with me. They are in my locker and I've just finished a watch. It is a few minutes ~~of~~ before midnight. I'm such a case reville comes soon. Your letters have been a great boon in many ways, one of them being it helps me to find something to write about. Just having forgotten them finds me struggling to complete this.

The news tells us tonight that the German salient has been brought to a standstill; that Charley Chaplains trial has been recessed; that the Japs from Iwo Jima are bombing Saipan and our bombers are bombing Iwo Jima. Correspondent Gallagher blames the Army Intelligence thereby showing he is



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trying to be an authority on something he knows nothing about. He had better be careful or the Navy will grab him and make him an officer.

The mail has been sidetracked again; to make matters worse somebody threw a line into the propeller on the boat that goes for it. Speaking of mail, I wonder if Pop received my letter of not so long ago. Have the Christmas V-mail cards arrived yet?

The authorities are exhorting the public to use more V-mail. How they expect to bring that about when the V-mail has been so slow is beyond comprehension. Air mail has been very satisfactory for those on the receiving end. A V-mail letter is so reminiscent of a postcard and just as disappointing.

I'll call an end to this draggy scrawl now. The small brain I have (if any) is tired and refuses to function in an alert manner.

Say hello to the Musketeers and for you — "Oh How I miss you tonight".

Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

December 30, 1944

Dearest Darlin;

(Y.L. Dec. 6th) I hope by this time Camille's guests have taken their leave. They must have given you a busy time.

From your description of Dr. Quinn he seems like a very amiable gentleman. I only hope he can give you the relief you require. I think you will find most of the trouble minor. Don't stop until you "feel a million" again.

That must have been a "wow" of a dinner. 374 clams is a lot ofchow. Who made the speeches?

You have the correct book but I believe the name of the islands has been changed, or else you didn't read aright. I didn't say anything about the end of his Voyage, but about the end of his ship. In fact, the harbor there is named for it.

The clippings you sent were very interesting. I believe I told you in a previous letter to get all possible information concerning the Government laws. I would much rather have the clippings than those silly taxi notes.



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Y. L. Dec 7th. It must have been a pleasant surprise seeing Beatty after such a long time, if for only a very short time. Does she still live in Ocean City?

I would like to see Johnny with his telephone, he must be a circus. I wish I could receive his calls. I'm in suspense to hear what Santa brought along for them.

The cookies, when they come, shall be welcomed heartily. I hope they are Toll House.

~~The Chess book~~ is a prerequisite for anyone indulging in chess. I haven't played for a long time. Karl being in sick bay has been the main reason. He is out now and hobbling around but we have been too busy to get at it.

Mike is sitting on a bit not far from me. He looks as if he has lost his best friend but that is the ordinary South Pacific mien. Say hello to the Musketeers for me and for you - "Goodnight Sweetheart".

Parker.

P.S. I had better get some mail tomorrow; for I have only two more letters to answer.

R.



UNITED STATES NAVY

December 31, 1944

Dearest Darlin,

Here is another letter by moonlight; fifteen minutes before the New Year comes in. It is one of those rare clear nights here only a few clouds visible in the sky. It is a night that Romantic writers, or rather writers of Romanes moved find delightful. I've only found one word in the dictionary that adequately describes the Tropics — Stagnant.

Tomorrow being the 1st of January and nothing could be better for the New Years Day than a few letters from you. I think the greater part of our stay here has passed. but we still have several months to go. It will be our New Years when we start for the States. Yes, and a new lease on life, too.

There won't be any bells or whistles here but I'm sure the Air Force will carry the New Years message to Tokyo via block-busters and incendiaries. Soota get them in the spirit of the thing!



UNITED STATES NAVY

—H—

I think and hope this is the last year of the war, but it will probably carry along until the end of this year. Many swivel chair experts prophesied 1945 as the last year; How we hope they guessed right!!

I have been looking steadily for Johns ship. Hoping against hope that it won't show up. I wouldn't wish being here on anybody. He'll be in for some very distasteful duty when he does arrive, especially that type of ship. If he could only stay on the East coast for the duration. That is one good point about Anne and Bill not getting married now. After he starts for here she won't see him for a long, long time.

Well Mommy, this is about all for tonight. Say hello to the Musketeers for me. — for you "Remember".

Parker.