





UNITED STATES NAVY

January 1, 1945

Dearest Martin;

New years day had a fine commencement. Two letters from you drifted through the mail. The mail seems to be delayed on account of Christmas packages and cards.

I realize how stringent your finances must be with the added expense. Just hold on until I reach home and make what you have to until then. I would like to see you conquer all the present necessities with your Government income. If matters should reach a state whereby that is inadequate you may depend on me to take care of whatever exigencies exist.

The breakdown of the larger radio occurred at a most important time. I hope by now you have been able to get a tube someplace. Is the smaller still working or is that on the repair list, too? Perhaps the place in Pleasantville, where I bought the big radio, might have a tube in stock for it. You know where it is, don't forget the name of the street, not New Reh.



UNITED STATES NAVY

II

but the Blackhorse cutoff. I've even forgotten the name of the store.

Tinkers report did show an improvement over the previous month. I think he is doing fine and though a long way from the most brilliant of the class his marks in the major subjects are good.

Every passing day is a day closer to the time for us to start for the States.

The only trouble being they can't possibly pass fast enough. I'm very much interested in the general editorial comments by the various papers of the outlook prophesized for after the war. Any radio speakers, having affiliations with newspapers are almost sure to quote that papers views. Keep me posted.

I think I've scuttled enough for tonight, Mommy. Say hello to the Muskies for me — for you, "Blue Purple".

Pecker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

January 2, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

As usual there isn't anything to write about and I'll have to resort to answering your letters. The pile is growing very slim and none were added to it today. I'm sending you a small gift that was carved in the shop by the diplomatic talent of your husband. (if any). I think it will look very nice on the radio. Karl is quite a hand at carving "backhands" and "old salts". So it shall reach you as quickly as possible I'm sending it first class mail.

(Y. L. of Dec. 9<sup>th</sup>.) Camille's remark concerning Teresa was funny. What is that saying of yours? "From the mouths of babies —". If they enjoy seeing a picture twice, leave them to it. While they are in the movies they aren't in mischief.

The first opportunity I have I promise to take you to see those operas you miss. Don Giovanni, Maxon, Carmen, Pigoletto — all of them — after I get out of here I'll be able to stand any-



UNITED STATES NAVY

II

thing.

I don't think Norma knows too much about Cliff. She is too busy with other social events to worry much. If you can get Cliff's address I'll drop him a line. Maybe I can trade places with him.

Your fruit cake "celebrated" New years Eve. I had Mike, Wynn Hunt, Pace and Ed Hess as guests at the shop. We made Nes' cake, that being the best we could do, and everybody liked the cake. Some wolf had slipped in and cut a piece out of it but that is to be expected of some of the chortles aboard.

I hope the mail situation improves. I miss your letters and they are my only antidote for the "blues" that insists on occurring frequently. There is always a mail jam around the holidays. Many are still receiving Christmas packages.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me. Tonight I'll send you "Moonlight and Roses", only I haven't the Roses.

Perker...



UNITED STATES NAVY

January 3, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Two more letters from you today; Dec. 20<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup>. My depleted stock is growing again. There is nothing inspirational about this evening. It is very dreary and raining steadily.

Your letter today spoke of Eleanor Harlan sending Mike some cake. I had lots of fun with him about her. He has now given a hint he even knew her. She is a nice girl and I would like to see her happy. She did have a rough time when her mother had that trouble with Joe. I always thought well of her mother but Joe, though a tavern owner, was at heart just another bar-keep.

I often wonder about Cronackers and Maurice, especially young John. The Devens and Linn's often come to mind, too. It is strange how the years and fate sculptor people.

There is something I want you to do. Try and get in touch with Marie or firm Scatuccio. I don't know if they are in New York and he is still playing at the stock



UNITED STATES NAVY

II

but or no. As soon as you find where they are I want the address. If Jim is in the service I want his address. It is high time that business matter between us is culminated. Send me any information you have in the records concerning it.

(Y. L. Dec 10<sup>th</sup>) It was nice of Big Bill to compliment you on your beauty. However, I feel fully capable of offering compliments when necessary, and who is "Big Bill"? It sounds as if you're slumming. Don't write and tell me he is a priest, either, for I'm not that gullible. Leading psychologists claim our actions are governed by two emotions, or desires, only. One is the desire to feel important, or be important. The other is the sex urge. I don't think that person, or any person of the opposite sex would choose that phrase as a way to importance. If you want a 4F while I'm away try Governor Edge. He lives at Oxford Ave and 3rd St, is a "hole fellow with mud" and not bad looking, an interesting talker but smokes a pipe and strange tobacco. Doesn't like night clubbing but is a friend of Melton Lutz. He is an ardent fisherman but is more successful as a lawyer.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me. To your "Hello" — and how are you?  
Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

January 4<sup>th</sup> 1945

Dearest Darlin;

There being no mail today I'll start by entertaining you with what I think is the joke of the year, even though the year be only four days old.

At muster a recent a.m. Mr Stevens, our mustering Officer, announced there was going to be a ship's paper, and anyone with any writing talent was to see the Executive Officer.

Directly after muster he asked me if I were going to do anything about it. I told him "no" and later in the day Mr Crawford asked me the same question and I replied likewise.

After thinking about it all that day I came to the conclusion that perhaps I should as both Mr Crawford and Mr. Stevens are excellent persons and their good brain doesn't weigh their heads so heavily as to turn them.

First I wondered why they had asked me and deduced the few writings I had slugged together during the checker tournament had prompted Mr Stevens as he had charge of that event. Since Mr Crawford and I stand many lonely watches I remembered telling him of my having a half interest in the Cape May County News. I didn't



UNITED STATES NAVY

II

tell him that I had been a reporter on the Ocean City Press nor that I had a column in the Atlantic City Press-Union and South Jersey Democrat. I suppose he thought that anyone having been an associate editor, even though a small County weekly, and of mediocre ability would fill the bill on here. However, to make a long story short, I began shaping this mythical paper in my mind and had it well underway when I met the Executive on the Catalina. I asked, "Mr. Ramirez, what sort of a paper do you have in mind?" He answered, "Oh a paper of things that happen around the ship. Quite a few fellows have asked me about it. I have your name down."

You can imagine how that great honor, almost unheralded, overwhelmed me. Since it would be impolite and degrading on my part to show my enthusiasm by laughing, I passed it off with an "Oh thanks". Now his had time to think it all over again, I've reached the verdict that since there is such a superfluity of talent available, I'm not needed in any respect.

It reminded me of a similar episode when a boy, working for Abbotts. John<sup>(Stubb)</sup> had seen



UNITED STATES NAVY

III

elevated to Manager this particular spring, and as he hated to make the daily inventory sheet that was sent to Atlantic City, he had relegated it to me. I was working on it one afternoon when a man came in looking for summer employment then as a salesman. John never asked him his experience but started right in, "you know this business at the seashore requires a man of many years experience. He must be able to grasp it very quickly and gather all the 'tricks of the trade' (~~and what tricks they are!~~) within two weeks. I can't take a chance on inexperienced men.

"Have you ever done this type of work before?"

The man looked at him as if he were crazy for a minute and answered. "I've been in this business over ten years, I'm Chappy Hale."

I burst out laughing as did the office girls for everybody there had heard of Chappy, so had John but he didn't know him personally. He was the leading competitor (supple) crock salesman from their Wildwood branch in the summer and 47<sup>th</sup> and Lancaster in the winter.

This has become quite a letter. Hope you don't mind my silly patter. Say hello to the Muskies — for you "Tomorrow"  
Perker..



UNITED STATES NAVY

January 3, 1944

Dearest Darlin;

No mail from you today but I did receive a Christmas card from Guy and Nancy. The mail is coming through in dribbles; due I suppose, to overtaken facilities of the Christmas era. Speaking of mail, there is a small souvenir package coming to you via airmail. It will reach you before this letter, so in the event it hasn't arrived consult the mail-man.

(Y. L. of Dec. 13<sup>th</sup>) This tells me of your meeting Rose and her mother uptown when you were on that quest. How incidental! The above paragraph is the answer to your quest. It just goes to show you we can manufacture anything in the Navy if we have the tools.

Tinkus report did show a definite improvement. I notice that he is well versed in the major subjects but tends to become lazy in the minor ones. His majors are well enough and don't pressure him on the minors. Let time take its course in those.



UNITED STATES NAVY

## II

You continue with Dr Quinn as long as he deems it necessary. Money is only meant for spending, anyway. When it buys health it is a good investment. I certainly want you "tops" when I come home for you will be in for a rough time. In fact, I don't know if you will be able to stand the pace. What do you think? Remember, when you answer, I haven't seen the States for a long time.

Karl ~~was~~ pleased with your Christmas card, thank you. He ain't the friend we once were; he is forever seeking sympathy and borrowing. I can stand the sympathy but he has borrowed books, dungarees, comb, toothpaste, fountain pen, hat, paper, ~~en~~ envelopes, stamps, mattress cover and about everything I own. It isn't so bad but he forgets to return them unless asked and it is embarrassing to ask anybody to return something they have borrowed. I have laid down the law to him and as usual with that type of people, he took it in an aggrieved manner.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me - for you "The Pagan Love Song"

Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

January 6, 1945

Dearest Dorlin;

A young booklet arrived today telling of Christmas at the old homestead. Poor Camille! Having to spend Christmas day in the hospital! I'm glad it wasn't appendix as first diagnosed. It seems that every pain in the stomach receives that ultimatum. I'm anxiously waiting to hear the total result.

I have a baseball bat for a pen having lost my Schaeffer and the one finding it has failed to turn it in. I certainly can notice the difference. Pace gave me this one and I just told him he should have sold it for a baseball bat. He answered, "Don't ever look a gift horse in the mouth".

It isn't difficult to realize how busy you were, especially when you failed to go to Mass. Your enclosure of ~~some~~ a description of some of the gifts the Indians received was an excellent thought. What does Johnny like best? The parrot or Jack and Jill set. I would have liked to see them Christmas morning but it would have been



UNITED STATES NAVY

-11-

spoiled with Camille away.

(Y. L. of Dec 17<sup>th</sup>) It is discouraging not to receive any mail but I think yours is intact up to and including your Christmas letter - that came today.

You should use your head if you insist on having your hands wet in the cold air. Cold cream or a similar grease would keep them from chapping as well as relieving it. Why do everything the hard way.

Tell my ~~darling~~ sister not to be so impulsive in offering her husband as a loan. When I write her she'll speak to her of it. She is entirely too generous with the wrong things.

I'll have to conclude this as this pen and I can't possibly reach a happy medium. Tomorrow I'll try to get one in the canteen; no, tomorrow is Sunday, I'll have to wait until Monday.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me for love etc.

Your ever  
Parker...



UNITED STATES NAVY

January 7, 1945

Dearest Darlin,

Nothing to make news. Today being Sunday there wasn't any mail. All indications point to our being on the move again. Of course our destination is a military secret. You remember the name of the English ~~the~~ letter I brought from Farrington? The one I sold to Dan. Use your ingenuity from there.

You may remember, I told you of the ship insignias. The Christmas card was a miniature replica of that. They were available to everybody. I sent Mom one too, as well as my Dad and Sis. By the way, starting with this paragraph is an answer to your letter of Dec. 20th.

How were the squabs? I envy you those delicious morsels! Tell Mom she'll be looking forward to some when I come home. A fresh Cod, cooked your way, would certainly be good now.

I'm a bit curious to find if Bill got shore duty. Just between you and me and the fence post, his chances are slim. I think Anne will capitulate to his request, though, unless Mom interferes. Somehow I can't see her letting Anne go without a battle. I figure she "after the



UNITED STATES NAVY

II

war", idea is hers to gain time.

Uncle Maurice was extremely generous. His Christmas gift was very appropriate. Sometimes I think he would like to live with us, but have never broached the subject as I don't want to commence any family feuds. He does love children and I think he is lost without them.

Your enclosed clipping of this years hunting news was very welcome. I see Dana Saxton is still carrying out his duties as game warden. Lew remarked in his last letter that with both of us away Dana ~~would be~~ getting fat and lazy. I haven't heard from him and I'm wondering what hunting club Tom chose to join. Bet it's the Ocean City club that has the lodge in Weymouth.

I miss being with you and the Musketeers on Christmas, too, but what is to be will be and maybe you now I can change it. Perhaps next Christmas may tell a different story. However, the end of this seems far away, but a bit closer than ever before.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me, and for you, "you and I."

Perber.



UNITED STATES NAVY

January 1945

Dearest Darlin;

We arrived in this port yesterday. It's the same thing over, and over. The one advantage being that each one brings this ~~at~~ closer to an end. As usual, our mail has lost us again and it may be a long time before it catches us as we are likely to be on the move soon.

Although I'm not going to answer any of your letters tonight, because there are only two left, your description of Sonny was typical of the breed. You may easily imagine what the enlisted man must undergo under that sort of condition.

Camille should be well now. I hope it wasn't anything serious. From your description in the letter I feel sure it wasn't. It would have to happen at a time like that. Did he like his Christmas at the hospital? It was nice that they had a Santa for the little ones. All in all, it's a sorry place to spend a Christmas.

Your letter dwelt mostly, or rather entirely on what the children received. How about their Momma, wasn't there anything for her? When I return I'll try to make up three Christmases in one. . . .

Karl's foot has improved greatly and he's walking on it again. We have played a bit of chess but not much



UNITED STATES NAVY

II

to speak of. I'm curious about the foot. It should give him a surprise. Anything is welcome that will hasten these draggy days on their way.

I cannot tell you about this place for it is strictly "war zone". The few houses we have been here has found it peaceful enough, but nobody knows how long it may continue to be. Today three natives in a quaint little boat were alongside selling odds and ends but there wasn't anything worth buying.

We can't go much further away ~~in~~ in this direction, we've about reached the ultimate. It shall be a long, long trip when we finally start our return, but a very welcome one. About the only episode that could possibly be more welcome would be to get off this ship.

Lis and Mom probably have letters in the mail, as, I suppose, does Lew. Lew was very discouraged with his days this season and I didn't miss the opportunity to emphasize the subject to the utmost. It is growing dark and as we lack the lighting conveniences of the previous ports we attended I'd have to bring this to a close.

Say hello to the Musketers for me and for you, this dreary night - "always."

Porter.



UNITED STATES NAVY

January 12, 1945

Dearest Darlin',

It's the same old story, nothing to write about. Karl is here pestering me with his comments on sailboats, on which he claims expertise. That, and his everlasting letters to Mimi, on which he worries himself to death, are enough to make a priest swear - vulgarly.

Kiln Kelley finally received an answer from his query to the Government concerning Alaska. It was, in a way disappointing. They make a great ado about their Matanuska Valley agricultural project; to get as much information about Tanana Valley and Homer, on the Kenai Peninsula, one must write for special bulletins.

In Matanuska Valley, the Government Agriculture Experiment Station has and is carrying on wide enterprises in various vegetables and plants. The growing season is about 120 days per year. The Homestead Law is in effect on any part acreage reserved under the Matanuska Valley Rehabilitation Authority. To homestead one must go through the usual procedure prescribed by the law. They continue, by saying the land open to this type of settling is covered with spruce and birch trees and often there are cut the stumps should be allowed to remain in the ground for two years after which, for so much per acre, they may be removed by a Government Bulldozer.



UNITED STATES NAVY

## II

The story continues; land or farms may be purchased from the Rehabilitation Authority at Palmar (Matamoros Valley) elopepa. This is cleared or semi-cleared and the purchase price for 40 or 80 acres is from \$4500 to \$6000. One-fifth of this must be the down payment the balance payable in 10 or 15 years at 3% interest. In other words, the payment on \$4500. would be \$900., leaving a balance of \$3600. which, if not reduced at the end of the year would require an interest of \$102.; on a \$6000 investment, a \$1200. down payment and \$440 interest due under similar conditions. The settler is warned to bring as much machinery as possible as its price is better than 60% increased there; if available, also, capital enough to exist for one year and that prices are 30% above there for like items in the States.

Anyhow, to make a long story short, the initial expenditure would be a. least \$900, plus \$1200 for living expenses, plus \$2000. for necessary machinery, plus \$500 to get everything there would make \$4600 investment with an outstanding debt credit of at least \$3600. or a realization to be made of \$2200 in ten or fifteen years not counting groves such as seed, upkeep on machinery, possible crop losses or labor and upkeep of home and body. It is a too long term gamble for me, especially with such convenient markets home for anything or everything.



UNITED STATES NAVY

III

There persists the thought in my mind of what a success could be made of the Chelsea Laundry if somebody could get it that had some savvy about sales promotion and sales control. I've thought of it often and have come to the conclusion that in a few years enough capital could be obtained via a dry cleaning business in Atlantic City to get it. Then again, it's possible that it wouldn't be needed. Anyway, that is my latent hobby - to get the necessary equipment for a cleaning plant, it takes much less than you imagine. The largest outlay is the wages paid a spotter, and I can do that. The rest would have to fit in even if I have to work 18 hours a day again.

There is a few magazines for cleaners published, if you can find or buy a few get them and keep them for me. I can't remember where Wainwright bought his chemicals and I want to find out about Zowie, Sanitone and Dupont fluids, though I think Sanitone would be definitely out.

This is all for tonight, Mommy. Say hello to the Musketeers for me. For tonight I'll send you, "We've got a long way together"

Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

January 13, 1945

Dearest Darlin',

After a sumptuous repast of lamb chops and Frankfurters, cooked as only the Navy can cook it, and a few games of checkers I'm getting my daily letter underway.

Events have shaped themselves so I may tell you all the things you have been wanting to hear for so long, although it may take me a few days to get used to the idea.

If you only knew how I miss you. Miss all your cute little mannerisms that I so well remember. How proud I am of you, of your goodness, your management of the children, your beauty and everything that is you. Every night I lie awake just thinking of you and our years together. It seems I'll never be able to wait until we are together again. I'm eating my heart out on here. There isn't any use of me kidding myself, it isn't the ship or the people, it's just I'm lonely for my Mom.

The only worthwhile thing I ever did in this world was to get such a wife as you. I don't deserve such a smile from Lady Fortune and if she never smiles on me again I think I'll still be away ahead. Just one cross word from you deserves



UNITED STATES NAVY

II

every bit of confidence I have in myself as rapidly as an ice-cube on a hot stove. I wonder if you ever knew you had that power?

The main and most important reason I wanted a farm was because I would be able to come in the house and give you a big hug whenever I felt like it. Then you said you wanted to stay in Atlantic City and that knocked the spots in that.

The cleaning idea will answer the same purpose, and though I'll have to work long hours I would be in and out the store and see you often enough to keep me going.

I used to get so disgusted - work 12 or 14 hours and be so tired when I came home I'd fall asleep after dinner and awaken the next morning to do it all over again. It seemed I was married to my customers and not to you. With the cleaning I'll be able to work with you and for you and it will really mean something. I'm no longer interested in making money if I can't enjoy my wife, children and home. I'd much rather live in a shack in the wilderness.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me. For you Darling, all the pent up love I'm saving to lavish on you when I come home.

Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

January 27, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

We have been on a long trip and have returned. Where we have been and to where returned, of course, I can't tell you. If you bought that copy of that Times Magazine I told you to buy, I should have little difficulty in picking this as our anchoring place.

Our last assignment was the most difficult we have tried. We carried out operations in a raging storm and several were hurt on this ship as well as others of this type during the process. The main thing is, due to us and ships with us reinforcements for the enemy failed to get through.

The mail hasn't found us as yet. When that great event is to occur is a sixty-four dollar question. I certainly would like to have, or rather get some letters from you. If this Winter has been as difficult for you as for me, you are ready for a sanitarium too.

Ending this month (Jan 31, 1945) incl). I'll have \$406.00 on the books. I'm going to draw the \$6.00 and starting from 1<sup>st</sup> Feb. on, I'll have \$400 coming to me. I'm telling you this in case I fall down and break



UNITED STATES NAVY

II

my needs you will have a written statement from me saying how much is due you & from the Government.

It doesn't seem that we shall start for the states very soon. Until the present military operation is well in hand I doubt if any ships will return. In this present position we are safe and almost sound. When there is a lapse in my letters you'll know we are off again.

There is something I should have told you long ago but I'm not much at remembering any more. Lefty Simpson was transferred about a month ago. If you recall, I told you he spent his honeymoon in Atlantic City. He expects to get enough leave to return there for a few days. If not he is going to write you. If two strangers happen along you'll know it's he and his wife. Make them at home if you aren't crowded with company, although I think Lefty would rather go to a hotel. You know how a second honeymoon is, or do you?

The chess books you sent me is still on the way, but I'm having no difficulty



UNITED STATES NAVY

in upsetting Karl practically every time we play. He's very disgusted with the whole procedure and is trying his best to retaliate.

I haven't heard anything of John or seen his ship. If he is here he may be assigned to a different area. Wherever it is I think he will be much better off than in this one. This Admiral really believes in fighting a war and no grass grows under his feet. He is all action.

Well Mommy this is all for tonight and I'm looking forward to the day I may collect all the loving you owe me. I hope Dr. Quinn has you in a-1 condition for you are in for a rough time.

Say "hello" to the Musketeers for me.

Yours Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

Beth - Hêlent  
On, The Grave of the Greyhound

The spearman heard the bugle sound,  
And cheerily smiled the morn,  
And many a brack and many a hound  
O'byed Hlewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,  
And gave a lustier cheer:  
"Come, Hêlent, come, wert never lost  
Hlewelyn's horn to hear."

"O he! where does faithful Hêlent roam,  
The flower of all his race?  
So true, so brave; a lamb at home,  
A lion in the chase!"

"I was only at Hlewelyn's board  
The faithful Hêlent fed;  
He watch'd, he serv'd, he cheer'd his lord,  
And sentinell'd his bed."

Alas sooth he was a peerless hound,  
The gift of royal John;  
But now no Hêlent could be found,



UNITED STATES NAVY

And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells  
The gallant chidings rise,  
All Smauden's crazy chaos yells  
The many-mingled cries

That day Flewelyn little loved  
The chase of Hart or Hare,  
And scant and small the booty proved,  
For Helert was not there.

Unpleased, Flewelyn homeward hied:

When, near the portal seat,  
His tenant Helert he espied  
Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle door,  
Aghast the cheftain stood:  
The hound all over was smeared with gore;  
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Flewelyn gazed with fierce surprise:  
Unmused such looks to meet,  
His favorite checked his joyful guise,  
And crouched and licked his feet.



UNITED STATES NAVY

III

Onward in haste Evelyn passed  
And on went Melert too,  
And still, wherever his eyes he cast,  
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

Returned his infants bed he found,  
With blood-stain'd covert rent;  
And all around the walls and ground  
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child, no voice replied;  
He searched with terror wild;  
Blood, blood he found on every side;  
But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound! my child by thee's devoured!"  
The frantic father cried;  
And to the hilt his vengeful sword  
He plunged in Melert's side.

His suppliant looks as prone he fell,  
No pity could impart;  
But still his Melert's dying yell  
Passed heavy o'er his heart.



UNITED STATES NAVY  
IV

Aroused by Helbert's dying yell  
Some slumber waken'd nigh:  
What words the Parents joy could tell  
To hear his infants cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap  
His hurried search had miss'd,  
All glowing from his rosy sleep,  
The cherub boy he kiss'd.

Now scath had he, nor harm, nor dread;  
But the same couch beneath  
Lay a gaunt wolf all torn and dead,  
Tremendous still, in death.

Ah, what was then Hewelyn's pain!  
For now the truth was clear;  
His gallant hound, the wolf had slain,  
To save Hewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Hewelyn's woe:  
"Best of thy kind adieu!  
The frantic blow, which laid thee low,  
Thy heart shall ever rue!"



UNITED STATES NAVY

V

And now a gallant tomb they raise,  
With costly sculpture deckt;  
And marbles storied with his praise,  
Poor Hilbert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass,  
On forestier, unmoved;  
There oft the tear besprinkled grass  
Stewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his sword and spear,  
And there as evening fell,  
Im-fancy's ear he oft would hear,  
Poor Hilbert's dying yell.

And till great Snowdens rocks grow old,  
And cease the storm to brave,  
The consecrated spot shall hold  
The name of "Hilbert's Grave."

William Robert Spencer.



UNITED STATES NAVY

January 28, 1945

Dearest Darling;

Another day and no mail. It seems the mail handlers here have never heard of the famous Nebraska. I'll answer part of that young book you sent me. Dec. 26<sup>th</sup>. for there isn't anything to write about.

Minerva's party must have been quite a surprise, I can imagine how embarrassed she must have been being caught in curlers.

The peckies must have kept the Freeman busy.

Did they get on the engines as usual?

I'm pleased Uncle Bert was satisfied with my letter. I hate to write letters of that type. It is quite a task to determine how to word them. I don't think it was so good.

Your set of dishes was a very appropriate present. All in all, I think you had a busy time. I've just figured that Mary Lou must be Tom's daughter. I couldn't imagine who Mary Lou was. I see Tom got stuck with the tree. Poor Guy! The Musketers did very nicely. Did they get all the things they wanted? You might give me a tip on something to bring them when I come home.



UNITED STATES NAVY

What I meant by "saving you Christmas money" was that if I had sent it you would have spent it so - I didn't send it. I want it to be spent on you, not buying Christmas presents for relatives.

I'm sorry to hear of Jim being ill. I hope by now he's recovered. Poosie doesn't have to worry about him dying he is too tough and ornery for that.

Well Mommy, this is all for tonight. We read in our radio news where a cold spell was sweeping the New York area. I hope by the time this reaches you it shall have passed. Are you getting enough heat? Say hello to the marketeers for me.

Yours,  
Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

January 29, 1945

Dearest Berlin;

As usual no mail today, hence nothing to write about. Soon another month will pass - and bring me that much closer to you. As each day crawls wearily by I often wonder how long this ~~is~~ unpleasant dream can last. Often it seems interminable.

The only brightness on our horizon is our naval success and the great Russian advance on their Western front. The next few months should tell an historical story. Our latest radio bulletin placed the Russians ninety five miles from Berlin. The finish on that side seems imminent, but here there is still a long, long way to go.

The Southerners we have aboard here insist upon fighting the Civil War at every opportunity. Many of them have had very little schooling. During a gun watch on our last trip one of them and a Yankee of equal intellect were having quite ~~an~~ an argument concerning the Civil War. At its height I asked the Southern boy who the greatest General was in the Civil War. He thought a minute and answered "I don't know". I then asked him if he had ever heard of Robert E. Lee; he replied, "Who was he, some two faced Yankee?" Now the



UNITED STATES NAVY

II

boys have nicknamed him "General".

In last evening's letter I failed to ask you about Camille, but since his illness didn't seem very serious I take it for granted he is well now. When your letters come I'll hear all of it, but Ford knows where they are now. My main anxiety is concerning the heat. I know the village has an A-1 priority and they have no excuse for not keeping the houses warm. The only reason is the Managers ambition to make an economic record. The Rheostat alibi is of no consequence for they do the job for which they are intended. I think one of the first things we shall do after this purgatory is over will be to find another house.

I've about reached the end of my "string" and am looking forward daily for those letters from my beautiful wife. I wonder if you and the kiddies shall know me when I come home or will they call "Mamma there's a man at the door." Say hello to the Musketeers for me and all my long distance love for you. Have you found the spot in the Texas Magazine?

Yours.  
Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

January 30, 1945

Dearest Darlin';

No mail as yet and still my daily quest for topics suitable for a letter. Another day has crept by with nothing more noteworthy than their habitual dullness. A land of unending Summer! It is difficult to visualize the cold days you must be undergoing at home. How nice it would be to trade a day or two now and then for all concerned.

At this moment nothing for the better has been heard concerning our return to the States. It is very possible we may be stuck here until Fall. "Nobody knows nothing." Rumors are rife that we may be released by June, in fact there isn't a month unrumored. Don't allow your hopes to rise too high. Just get a Rabbit's foot.

There is a small favor I would like to have you do for me. Make a chart of all edibles we consume in a month. Meats, canned goods etc. Mark everything in lbs and make a notation of whether it is fresh or canned. I'm curious as to how many lbs of foodstuffs a family the size of Ours consumes in that period. Just another of my screwy whims but I might find a way to capitalize on it.



UNITED STATES NAVY

II

My plan ~~of~~ writing you is not as satisfactory as I hoped. I know you will understand my mainstay in the expression of my thoughts and the stiltedness of my letters. Not even ones soul is private from the morbidly curious on here. There is such a thing as being too long in one place.

Mike is busy making a fish net. He is going to try to catch mackerel. The net seems a very frail affair if a larger fish should wander into it. How good a Bonito would taste now if cooked by you. The fruit cakes due him are still among the missing. They'll probably be crumbs when he does arrive.

This life reminds me of an old record that has crossed a thread and plays the same line over and over. How any sane person could stand twenty years of this sort of thing is almost unbelievable. Yet, it takes all kinds of people to make a world.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me.

Yours,  
Varker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

January 31, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

It would be inconsistent to commence this without the usual saying of "no mail" today. If we stay here long enough there is always the possibility of the mail catching us. Christmas packages have been all that has wandered into the fold. At this late date Christmas fruit cakes are the order of the day. The Pageant papers you sent me arrived yesterday, as yet I've had no chance to read them.

The best movie ever shown on the ship was presented tonight. "Two Girls and a Sailor". Lugosi, Durante, Lena Horne and other celebrities were featured. If you haven't seen it don't miss the opportunity to do so. It is one of the very few I would care to see twice. Oh yes! I nearly missed the Maestros, Harry James.

I can't help but wonder if you have heard anything from Satty. Some word should be forthcoming any day, now. He was very fortunate to be able to return to the States so soon. Almost anything would be better than this if it were in



UNITED STATES NAVY

II

the States. Then again, the "grass always looks greener on the other side of the fence."

The Russian advances continue to frighten the news. Everything seems to be looking for<sup>the</sup> better than at anytime in the war. Germany's surrender shall be the greatest morale booster this end can possibly have, notwithstanding the long, hard road ahead. Next to that a Russian declaration of war against the Japanese. If both happen the ~~forces on the Pacific side~~ shall be treading on air.

Well Mommy, this is about all for tonight. Perhaps tomorrow will bring me some mail from you. The best time in any overseas man's life is his mail from home. Say "hello" to the Musketers for me. I hope Carmille is well and into mischief again.

Young  
Perkin.