





UNITED STATES NAVY

February 1st 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Another "no mail" day is gone. We are likely to be on the move again, shortly, and that means one more post the mail shall have to visit before it catches us.

As usual there isn't anything to write about. Sometimes when I start these letters I wonder how I'm going to be able to fill one page, let alone two.

I'm still mildly interested in forming and I can't see how it wouldn't pay with machinery and scientific methods that cut the earlier overheads in half. Though it is hard work, and may be catalogued under "drudgery" it appears to me to be the only method to make a living with the minimum of dependency upon the economic system. I think you visualize a farm as a tumble down frame building in the midst of more or less productive fine or ten acres. My picture is different. A tumble down place would never do and I would look on less than forty acres as insufficient. Besides crops I would want to raise chickens, ducks, turkeys, keep a few cows and some pigs.



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Certain marketable flowers would have their place in the scheme. Aside from the economic advantages the health advantages are a very potential factor. All of the planted acreage I would irrigate. I've seen enough pipes thrown away to irrigate all the farms in Jersey. I still say I never heard of anybody starving to death on a farm, and of all penniless men the farmer is the richest. I firmly believe that a farm of adequate acreage plus proper machinery, management, science and ~~Government interest~~ can be a magnificent proposition. One doesn't have to go into the wilderness to do this either, it can be done very satisfactorily in New Jersey.

So when you answer this tell me the "con" side such as not enough capital, too large an investment and crop failures. I'll hear but maybe I won't heed.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me, as for you — enough said. You will find the answer when I come home.

Yours
Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

February 2, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

It's the usual story of no mail. Your last letter is now more than a month old. It's the one you wrote after Christmas (Dec 21st). I'll have a pile of them when the mail catches us.

It seems we are due to stay in this area for a long time. The remark I made about not getting home until Fall has taken on emphasis. A long time ago I put in a request for a transfer to new construction. Nothing has been heard since. This Painters rate is a sorry one at best. The way the Naval personnel is handled is more sorry. There isn't any paint on the ship and they can't get any. I could be doing something worthwhile, instead I must stay here and rust along with the ship.

The news from the European front is better everyday. What the Germans hope to gain by their prolonging method is beyond ken. How much longer the German people are going to let Hitler's Hangers-on get away with ruining the country is a



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most vital question. They lack a leader, or a possible leader doesn't dare raise his voice.

The longest distance yet measured is to the star Arcturus, I miss you much more than that. Every night when I crawl in this rack of mine I wonder how my beautiful, sweet Mommy is; if she's being pestered by the Musketers; if she is warm enough; if she is having trouble getting meat and shoes and many things. Remembering how the cloudy days used to give you the "flu", I wonder if there have been many of them this Winter. I would even be satisfied to be in the "dog house" if I could be with you again. I suppose nobody is appreciated until one has to do without them. You see, I'm paying the Fiddler now for my sins of the past. It is a hard, hard bill and could never be worth the dance. The Fiddler is collecting a thousand fold.

Well Darling, this is all for tonight. Say hello to the Musketers for me.

Yours.
Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

February 4, 1945

Dearest Dartin;

Nothing new; no mail and as usual nothing to write about. Third class mail such as packages and newspapers is coming aboard; but no letters. Some of the newspapers are dated from August. The packages are Christmas ones that are just catching us.

Today I read the papers you sent me and came across many interesting items. Dr. Hrier is Commander of the American Legion. The abolishment of the New Jersey Council and odds and ends. Somebody had a paper today and I noticed advertised in it, a new movie, "Atlantic City". If you get a chance to see it do so, and tell me about it.

Everything is the same as usual here, same dreary routine and the same watery scenery. The aspects of the European theatre are hopeful. Almost anything can happen now. The German propagandists are becoming a bit hysterical, and that's a good sign. What a mess Europe will be after it's all over!



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It's impossible to tell you in so many words how I miss you. That, you shall have to judge for yourself and I don't believe you can even come close. I'm glad there is ten years of our history to review, for then I don't have to start over again so often. Sometimes I think I've made a terrible mess of things, but then there is that old African proverb, "a star never rises or falls until it's given time".

I'm so proud of you, doing the job you have to do so well. There aren't many women could do it and as far as I'm concerned, only one.

Tonight's movie presented that Daring Genius, Fred Astaire, along with Ginger Rogers. It was something about the lives of Mr and Mrs Vernon Cassel, starting in 1911 and ending at the end of World War I. It was supposed to be based on the life facts of a dancing couple during that era. It ended in a tragedy when he was killed in a plane crash. I hate that type of picture.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me.

Yours
Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

February 5, 1945

Dearest Darlin,

Once again I can start this by saying "no mail". We are due for another journey, shortly, so I suppose the mail shall have to chase us about some more.

As each balmy day passes slowly with no apparent hope of an early return to the States, it seems we are living in another world. A world of water, sky and ships punctuated now and then by a tiny island. A female of the species would be about the most welcome novelty. And it would be a novelty. You can easily read by the previous sentence that women are so extinct here we are beginning to call them by a name known.

As yet there has been no sight of John's ship in these waters. Speaking of John makes me curious to find if Anne married or no before her fiancé made his voyage. His talk of getting shore duty in California was, to my belief, wishful thinking. It isn't as easy as that. He's lucky if he gets shore duty before the end of the war.

With no news coming in it is difficult to compose a letter of any interest. Everything is



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always the same here. The monotony dulls the mind and makes the physical languid. Without the knowledge that someday we may all be home again the light wouldn't be worth the candle.

In all the stories of nightmares I've heard there has never been anything to compare with this.

Mike is about the ~~for~~ most queer person I've ever met. One day he is amiable and friendly, the next he acts as if someone had stolen his ~~dolly~~ ~~the~~ all the family that way? Of course this existence is apt to ~~cause~~ ~~anybody~~ to go off on a tangent, but I can't determine whether it's inherited or due to this environment. Perhaps you can turn some light on the subject.

Well Mommy, the pen has about ran out of words. Letter writing has become a laborious task. (One of the engineers just came from the engine room and went to get me a magazine. He gets the Outdoorsman sent to him and saves them for me. One thing, there is a wealth of reading material on board. I'm glad I like to read. The boys have a habit of sticking magazines, etc., under my mattress. Almost everyday there is a surprise.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me and don't forget the copies of their report cards.

Parker



UNITED STATES NAVY

February 5, 1945

Dearest Darlin,

Yesterdays letter was dated Feb. 5th. I made an error in the dating. As usual there was no mail and our only hope seems to be our next "port" of call.

The radio is still bringing good news from the European fronts and the end is in sight, there. After all, perhaps, this war won't go on forever. As far as our situation is concerned we have nothing to complain of, especially when everyday thousands are losing their lives in the various theatres..

It would be nice if the mail were to come. I'm anxious to hear the news from home. Camille has me worried like anything went wrong and he isn't as well as he should be. I always considered him the most rugged of the three, so maybe I'm worrying myself unduly. Jinker seemed to be the one to catch all that came along. Those facts are ^{a few} ~~one~~ of the many that help to explain why I like the country.

This letter is starting to drag. You can't realize how difficult it is to find suitable topics for a letter. Here, we are always in a military atmosphere, and nothing mili-



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tary ~~can~~ ^{may} be told as you know, which is as it should be.

Karl and I are battling at chess and although I manage to keep a slight edge on him it isn't enough. Neither of us are chess players and I'm sure that when the books you sent me arrives I'll find an altogether different method.

Speaking of books, I wish you would keep the Musketeers supplied with books of constructive nature. Timber should be reading the Boy Scout Handbook and short, true, historical stories. Camille should have stories with a moral; and for Johnny picture books that make him ask questions. You should spend more time reading. It's a wonderful antidote for nervousness and slow days. Every known, worthwhile subject is in a book, perhaps not as comprehensive as practical experience but coupled with it it's unbeatable.

Well, I think I've bored you enough for tonight. Say "hello" to the Indians for me, and now I'll go to bed and try to dream of my darling wife. So — love an' everything.
Parker.



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February 6, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Just the same old story; no mail today. That tells everything, so what is there to say? This letter writing is a laborious task. A needle in a haystack would be much easier to find than topics for a letter.

We have a Chief Pharmacist Mate aboard by the name of Haesler. We were talking to - might and he told me he is from Philadelphia and has relatives in Atlantic City. One of them, a Mr Krouse is connected with the Post office. I think he's the Post Master, is he? Another, Marcus Topping, is an official in the Burkhardt Coal Co. I think I met Mrs. Topping at a Northfield Dog show. If I remember correctly she shows Cocker Spaniels. You might look at the dog news and see if that's correct.

I wish I were in the position to go to a Dog show once again. I saw a newspaper sometime ago with an item about the Trenton Mitchells. I met Mr Mitchell at Northfield, he shows Gordon setters and has taken ribbons practically everywhere in the country. At that particular show he won Best of Breed and Best of



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show with the most gorgeous Gordon I've ever seen. Six months after the same dog won Best of Breed at Madison Square Garden. In the same show an English Bull Dog won Best of show and is owned by a friend of Dana. Saxtons.

Dana had told me of his dogs and I expected to meet a leading socialite, but this man (I've forgotten his name now) was a regular rural. However, his English Bulls are the best in the country.

I'm an Outdoorsman magazine and had given me I noticed one of Shapelo adds. He is still raising Dackshunds and I'm still interested in them as a hunting and show dog. I can't see any reason why they couldn't be as good and as popular as a Beagle. They are certainly built for it and their only drawback is their innate stubbornness. That could be bred out.

After all, I've made a letter of this and that's more than I expected at the beginning. Say "hello" to the Musketers for me. Love etc, etc.
Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

February 9, 1948

Dearest Darlin,

Here we are and that's about all
can be said. We are still ahead of the mail
as usual. Some is expected tomorrow by the
philosophic souls but it may be wishful
thinking on their part.

Our radio news today carried an
item telling of a Senator James Fulton, of
Pennsylvania, advocating the transportation
of the wives of servicemen to areas other
than the front lines. It's almost unbeliev-
able that any sane semi-intelligent per-
son could harbor such a thought and have
the utter naivety to express it. Besides
the incongruity of shipping tens of thousands
of wives into any place within a thousand
miles of the rear lines let alone the front
lines is a gift I wouldn't wish on a dog.
I can't overcome the surprise of a representative
of the people voicing such a preposterous idea.
It's overwhelming ignorance from a seemingly ed-
ucated man (unless the pennsylvanians are eating
morus) is difficult for the most gullible person
to swallow. On top of that the item said he
was a former Navy man. Of course that does ex-



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cuse him to a large extent. No man that possessed even the ~~fundamentals~~ fundamentals of politics or diplomacy would allow himself to be guilty of such an utterance. It's apparent that his sea duty (if any) must have been confined to Cohasset Creek. Well, it takes all kinds of people to make a world!

Perhaps tomorrow shall bring some mail from you. A letter from home would certainly look good. Any kind of mail is acceptable now, even if it's mixed up — the last letters first and the first letters last.

Just a foolish question — what does "Pan" suggest to you? You should be an expert at solving riddles by the time this war is over (if ever). I'm another month and four days all have had two years duty on this grease tub. Two years in a rut of being no earthly (or waterly) good to anyone else or myself. "The Navy needs men of trades — join your Navy!!" And they blame all propaganda on Hoebfels!

Say hello to the Musketeers for me. Keep your chin up and as beautiful as ever for all much much moral support from you.
Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

February 9, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

There being no mail I don't know what to write tonight. Nobody has any idea what causes the delay. Many opinions are hazarded but nothing definite can be done. Sometime ago there was an item in the paper concerning the mail. The facilities were overstafed. Whether or not that is the reason for the present delay remains to be seen. We have moved frequently and though one doesn't expect the mail to follow rapidly, a month is a long time to wait.

Somewhere near here there must be a storm. The ship is rolling like a "Can". Those long, slow swells make her rails touch water. It's ideal for sleeping. Like a baby in a cradle. The star spangled sky doesn't give any hint of an imminent storm but King Neptune's tossing is enough.

I hope everything is going smoothly there. You have your hands full with the Indians I know. The thing is to keep them occupied and away from mischief. It won't be long before school is over and they'll really be on the rampage. They must be growing like weeds. If only they grow as fast mentally as they do chronologically there won't be any fault to find.



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As yet I've seen nothing of John's ship. I hope he doesn't come too for a long, long time if ever. This dreary monotony requires much control to keep from going crazy. Water and islands, islands and water. I'm satisfied that the authors of lurid South Sea novels never were south of the Equator. It is much more pleasant to read and dream than to be disillusioned by their remote, jungle covered, coral reefed sight. The oppressive heat that grows more so the closer one comes to shore is one of the many detriments that aren't ballyhooed. The beaches are covered with a coarse, stony gravel and bathing isn't enhanced by the sharp coral clusters that are unavoidable due to their density. When there are trees to make shade the wind is stopped. When there aren't trees that stop the breeze the sun beats down making everything hot to the touch. The nights aren't too bad but all in all I'd take Jersey in a Northeast.

In tonight's Cinema there was an old, rugged character that reminded me of Jim Ross. I hope he is better now and leading Dana a merry chase. When the mail comes I'll find the answer to all the things I'm wondering about.

Say "hello" to the Musketeers for me.
Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

February 11, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Another day has limped past and still no mail. Either the ship has lost the mail or the mail has lost the ship. No matter which it is very aggravating.

The movie tonight was exceptional, "Since you went away". I recall you mentioning it in a letter sometime ago. Whatever year it was released it should take top honors. It was an unusual picture for Claudette Colbert but she handled the part very nicely ~ as any old trooper would.

It has been a relief to arrive here. It is not so hot and although the recreation facilities are in the usual form of a replica of an internment camp there is little of which to complain. There are many far worse than we.

Someday we shall receive the good word to return to the States. Surmises of that date cover every month in the year. There is nothing to do but wait for the time to arrive. What a grand day that will be! I cannot help but believe the release of many ships depends upon the eventual securing of the Philippines. There may be a



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breathing spell when that event occurs.

No word coming from home leaves me worrying if you and the Indians are O.K. Of that, too, there is nothing to do except wait. According to news you must be having a cold Winter. Today's red is spoke of a seventeen inch snowfall in Boston. I hope the village has reached a happy medium between themselves and the management concerning the heat. I don't believe the management can afford to curtail it too much. That is one of the curses of central heating. After the war I would like to move to Ventnor. There are some nice cottages there, most of them equipped with oil heating.

In the papers you sent me were many interesting items. Among the classifieds were the usual itineraries of homes, apts etc. In Ventnor both rentals and possible buys leap, exceedingly, in prices. The homes there are built much better than in most localities. It is almost exclusively residential except for Ventnor, or rather Atlantic Ave., although both Ventnor and Atlantic Ave. have their share of shops. It's every bit as nice as Ocean City without the drop Winters caused by the exodus of the Summer Visitors. Let me have your opinion.

Say "hello" to the Musketeers for me.
Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

February 12, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Another no mail day is on the way and as usual nothing to write about. Sometimes I think that, for the exception of the date, I could have these letters mimeographed. Each day presents the ever same drabness etc.

My greatest pleasure is derived from the snapshots you sent me, although they are too few. (At the present moment we are leaving the side of a Battleship. The water is a bit rough and quite a few bumps are evident. Everytime there is a bump the gang in the mess hall give a big cheer in hope the sides are caved in enough to bring us to the States). The snap of you, John and Jo is my favorite. Everybody who sees it remarks how beautiful you are and how rugged John looks.

All that brings the question of Camille's whereabouts. Has he been shipped yet? Since so many new boxes have been established for his type of service I don't doubt he is somewhere nearby. He may be here. We were supposed to have liberty at the internment camp today, but an operation postponed it. The first opportunity I'm going to check and see if he is about. He may not have been trained for this type of box since units here aren't



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exactly Piper Cubs.

Last night I dropped a line on so to mom and Pop. It was more difficult to find something to say to them than writing to you. I talked about Sis and Alvin; how I am a working man for not being in the service, although he may be above the age maximum, and in general made myself as obnoxious as possible. There's nothing like a family feud to tone the system. I asked about Alfr. thinking his company may have been shipped by now. Anything to make a letter.

We have three new officers. One, a fine fellow, another explains very authentically one of Hitler's pet queries and the other is an unknown quantity. It's a wonderful thing when a person reaches the point of knowing all there is to know. What a wonderful country we shall have after the war when these people may turn their singular talent to the good of the people!!

Well Mommy, this is the limit for tonight. Say "hello" to the Musketiers for me.

Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

February 13, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

There was mail today but not the kind everybody is looking for, a few packages and three cent letters. I received the November money order from the shipyard. It is herewith enclosed.

Tonight I took advantage of the opportunity to see "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek". The first time it was shown on here was in the mess hall and since I'm not addit enough to see any shows in that hot box Tonights outside view was most opportune. It was as good as you said it was, the hero reminded me, strongly, of Mark in his wooing.

When I see those kind of pictures and realize how easily a woman can take away a mans freedom without his knowledge, I wonder if proposing to you was my idea or was I a victim of a womans wiles. It seems to me you allowed me to talk myself into a predicament from which there was no "open sesame".

Our section had liberty today on that island that is so different from the others by virtue of not having to travel so far in the boat to reach it. It felt good to have land under foot again. It has been several months since I've



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been ashore. We had several cans of Ballantine's and played horseshoes. The same ~~thing~~ I'm not very handy with; soldiers were selling snaps of the invasion at prices ranging from \$3.50 to \$5.00. They weren't too well taken and the preposterous prices kept me from buying any. There were some fair scenes, different workshops and Japanese women bathing at the internment camp. The former were rather indefinite and I'm growing too old for the latter.

Everyday we hop from here and perform an operation, returning each evening to the refuge. It is extremely mild duty and no one suffers any hardships in its performance. Often, I think there isn't a navy ship in this Ocean we haven't fueled, at sometime. A few of them we will move fuel again.

Someday our great day will arrive.

When we may be together again and remember this as a severe storm that passed in the night. It can never be anything but the worst kind of nightmare. Say hello to the Musketeers for me and tell them their Daddy thinks of them often and hopes they are being as good as healthy boys can be without causing their Momma too much worry.

Porter.



UNITED STATES NAVY

February 14, 1945

Dearest Orlin;

No mail; no torin; no civilization and no anything. Any letters I receive from you now will be more than letters. They'll be an historical review of the family happenings.

I saw part of the movie tonight, "The Fleet's In". How wonderful to see a Naval picture! Dorothy Lamour was the leading attraction. If she's a beauty then you make Betty Grable look like Maggie. Jimmy Dorsey and his ~~band~~ Band rendered the music. When Lamour decided to sing I called it a night.

The joke of the week was on Glenn Stark. A belated package arrived for him containing a quart of Canadian Club. By some freak of fortune it was empty. Three months in transport with that kind of result!

The Germans are dragging the war to great lengths. Everyone has a date set for their finish. Allies that have seen action on both sides believe the Japanese soldier to be the more tough of the two, but no soldier, be he Japanese or German, can stand before the mechanical might of



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the U.S. The Japs think our boys are born with wrenches in their hands. I think that if Yamashita had had the nerve to battle on the Philippine plains the Japanese army would have been annihilated by virtue of ~~this~~^{our} armored force. Of course that's just my opinion and helps to make a letter. When our mechanized units land on the China coast you'll see what I mean. I'll bet you the usual stake that they drive the Japs into the mountains two weeks after landing, if and when they do land.

It is astounding to realize this month is the oldest, home, of them all. Here, we have no realization that Winter exists. One can easily appreciate the seasons that are our lot home. The sameness of the weather, here, does nothing but magnify the sameness of everything pertaining to this place.

Well Mommy, I'll bring this usually dull conversation to an end. Maybe, someday, we shall receive our mail and I'll have something of more interest to write about. Say "hello" to the Muskies for me. Tomorrow night I'll send you instructions for a task I want you to perform for me. I've postponed it too long now.

Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

February 15, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

It's the same story of no mail and consequently nothing worthwhile to write about. Our mail has certainly hit a new high for losing us or we have hit a new high for losing the mail.

I believe Mr Lockwood to be the greatest sufferer. He is a father for the first time but doesn't know if his parenthood involves a girl or boy. I feel for him for I remember being in those straits for a few hours in the dim glare of long ago.

That picture I spoke of sometime ago was shown tonight, "Atlantic City". As a musical it wasn't too bad, as boost for Atlantic City it was a bust. There were some flashes of the Boardwalk which were, probably, clipped from newsreels. A tenth second flash of the picturesque entrance to Marvin Gardens was presented as Chelsea! At the very beginning was a flash of the Municipal Pier, near Rhode Island ave., most likely taken during Winter. The flashing sign of the Apollo Theatre that would have been the Apollo Theatre anywhere. It's authenticity was anything but authentic.



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If the City Fathers weren't so dead from the ears up they could have a picture made that would be a leading box office attraction the country over, and very cheaply at that. The scenery is already there. The Beauty Pageant is there every year. Numerous national celebrities clutter the Boardwalk all Summer. What more would they need? It's value in advertising, alone, would be returned a hundred-fold. Tom Hazelton isn't the man he used to be as President of the Chamber of Commerce. How many people would enjoy seeing the Diving Horses leap from that fifty foot platform; Trolley Teeter, Steeplechase Pier; Million Dollar Pier; the Yankees at Bader Field; Worlds Wonder Boardwalk, Yachting fleet; Beach Patrol and Coast Guard swimming and boating contests and the thousand other things that Pathé, movietone and Paramount spend thousands of dollars making newsreels of every year. The Marlborough-Blenheim, Shelbourne, Traymore and Chalfonts-Haddon Hall are among the most luxurious hotels in the world. After seeing that picture I'm convinced that Atlantic fails, dismally, to exploit the resources the "Old Guard" gave them by exploitation of just sand and water.

Well, it made a letter, didn't it?
Say "hello" to the Musketeers for me.

Parke



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February 16, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

No letters came today but I received a bundle of papers and comic books you sent. I hope you sent the comics to be distributed among the boys, for if they were for me I would fear for your sanity. It would take much more than Capt. Marvel, The Green Hornet and Superman to get me back to the States.

The package had a very hard trip, according to the wrappings. Nothing inside was injured but the covering was almost worn through. The Cape May County Times is always of interest to me, as is the Ocean City Sentinel Ledger. The Atlantic City Press-Union doesn't appeal. Strange, eh wot?

Tonight's picture was "Gentleman Jim", a life story of James J. Corbett. The Corbett part was played by that paternal chump, Errol Flynn. It was a good fight picture, riding on the reminiscent popularity of John L. Sullivan, and typically Irish as all good fight pictures are, unless



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one wishes to consider the two Italian clowns, Galento, and the other large footed specimen. I forget his name now, ^{7 comma} as an after thought I might add, all clowns of the above nationality weren't and aren't regularists. Some of them have risen, by ways not possible to understand by the common laymen, to the ranks of naval officers.

Since you probably are wondering about the ironic text of this letter, I'll explain by saying I'm in an argumentative mood tonight, and you aren't here, so what else am I to do. This is one time you can't talk back to me.

Now the pen has used most of its words. Just keep your chin up so I shall find the same lovely person I left, when I return. Everyday brings that inevitable date closer.

If you could tie a line to Polaris, the North Star, you could drop down on deck for a few hours visit, and still holding the line, return home the following night. Silly, isn't it?

Say "hello" to the Musketeers for

me.

Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

February 17, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Last night I meant to tell you of a favor you may do for me. I haven't much faith in the permanency of grease coatings and I wish you to clean and regrease my gun. Since it's apart the task should be very simple. It will be necessary for you to buy another bottle of Hoppe's No. 9, solvent. Any store selling sporting goods will have it in stock. The M. & W. is most certain.

You shall need some soft clothes cut into ~~pad~~ patches, four inch squares are most favorable. Take the barrels and run the patches through on the end of the cleaning rod until most of the grease is removed. Remove the remaining thin film of grease with Hoppe's. Do this to every part of the gun until the rags and patches come through clean. The inside of the barrels should look as if you were gazing through a tufular mirror. In the event anything mars this inner surface, such as a dull spot or disfiguration, take that soft wire wheel in the cleaning kit and remove same, apply Hoppe's again after doing that. After every



thing is clean, even the woodwork, & cover it with a thick coating of grease. Cosmoline is best but I don't know if you can get any of that. Be sure to get in all small holes and crevices.

As usual there was no mail today. They could satisfactorily rename this ship the "Flying Dutchman" for as far as the mail is concerned it's a ghost ship. How long this state of affairs is to continue is anybody's guess. Nothing seems to be able to be done about it, and that leaves nothing to do except wait.

I had a chance to read the papers you sent me, today. The storm scenes were more than my imagination had pictured. That certainly must have been a whopper of a storm. At a time like that, one doesn't care to remember that one is living on an island. How many Philadelphians would laugh if you told them Atlantic City is on an island!

Well Mommy, This is all for tonight. Say hello to the Musketers for me and tell them I expect to find good report cards in the mail if it ever arrives.

Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

February 18, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

The finest thing possible happened to me today, with the exception of coming home, I received a letter from you written Feb. 7. You mentioned a few items that we explained in letters I haven't received yet. To say your letter was most welcome is to put it very mildly. I hope you don't forget the things you said in there.

I went ashore today to spend a short liberty in the internment camp. While there I bought a piece of Japanese currency which I'm enclosing. Most of the available Jap money is invasion money, but this is the real McCoy.

The picture tonight was "Reverie and Old Lace". If you haven't seen it don't let the opportunity escape you. It's a cozy picture and that adjective is most appropriate. I would like to see the stage play, for it is a play that belongs solely to the stage.

Tell Aunt Rose that Mike is healthy. I hauled him over the coals for not writing to her more often. He doesn't like writing letters, but that isn't any excuse.



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So Mary is teaching school in Mulliga Hill. Pop is well acquainted in Mulliga. a little power politics should obtain her a place in Lee dist. It's a shame she has to be away from home. Your letter didn't say anything about Anne, although I suppose the absent ones do.

I was very pleased to hear the Muskettens are well. Perhaps the benefits you may derive from your visits to Dr. Quinn haven't become apparent as yet. He should know by now if he is on the right track or still experimenting. I wish Dr. Tolpelt were still on here I might be able to find some answers for you.

There is nothing of any importance to tell you about from this end. We go to bed and get up again the next day, wallow through that and repeat the process.

I wouldn't believe too much of what Jean tells you. She is very prejudiced against the Carharts. For my money I'll take the Carharts. Mrs Carhart putting that item in the paper was the expression of a proud mother. She can't be blamed for that. Say hello to the Muskettens for me.

Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

February 19, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

As usual there is nothing to write about and no mail came for me today. The mail is trickling in but of the old nothing has been heard.

I had reason to make a call on all other ships of this type in this port, today. We, and the one that accompanied us, are the oldest, here, at present. That may, or may not be a good sign. All one can do is to hope for the best.

Nothing has been seen of John's ship. I hope your letters will tell me if he has started for here. I'm in ignorance of Camille's whereabouts, also. I wouldn't be surprised to hear that he is somewhere in this locality.

Our cinema, tonight, contained two news shorts. One of them, or rather each of them featured a Navy football team in action. The first was the Great Lakes Naval Training Station team and the other the regular Navy. As much as these boys like football there wasn't a murmur, let alone a cheer, for either presentation. One could read the thought cursing



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Through each and every mind. "There are those fellows playing football and were here and can't see the States. As a morale booster it was a complete fust. Of course there is good pro and con arguments on each side. With a very few exceptions, the sporting luminaries are notably absent. We have tried, often, to figure how any person capable of playing four quarters of football, nine innings of baseball or two halves of basketball can be classified 4-F or go through Boot Camp and be medically discharged to return to play the sports so strenuously. In all the searching no sensible answer has been found. Perhaps the Navy Psychologists could propound one very readily. There's much more to be answered than the President's son's dog displacing service-men in air travel. I don't believe that even an officer should have to make room for a dog, even though the dogs I.Q. would far exceed theirs.

All this brings me to the end of tonight's letter struggle. So I shall sign off and retire as the Niobrara is having another paint spree and I must leave my seat so to be able to answer many foolish questions tomorrow.

Say "hello" to the Musketeers for me and thank the Lord the most they will ever have to put in here is, perhaps, a glass.

Baker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

February 20, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Another day has limped past with no additional mail. Someday a pleasant surprise will come by all our mail catching us.

A bit of diversion occurred tonight when

Nothing further has been heard concerning our return to the States. It's very possible that we may be here until fall. Inevitably, everyday brings that glorious moment closer. As "Old Man Time" gropes along it is certain he is working for us. No immigrant has ever looked toward the United States with more joy than we shall when that time comes.

I spoke to Francis about his wife writing to you. He said she had mentioned writing to you in the letter he received from her. She has moved into a Government Village in Philadelphia. They are becoming the accepted trend and many are thank-



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full for them in these times.

There must be a letter from Lew somewhere in the mail for me, as well as some from Sis and the family. I wrote Mom & Pop a letter a few days ago.

I hope Aunt Ada has recovered from the initial shock of Buddys death. It is hard for me to realize I'll never see him again. He was such a swell kid. No matter what price is exacted from the Germans, it won't bring boys like him home again. The world is very skeptical about permanent peace. It has a perfect right to be after the shattering of the last hallucination fed by the same ideas.

Some natives, fishing close by, were interesting subjects, yesterday. Their method was very unique. A few dived from their boat, circling about and peering beneath the water. Presently they discovered a school of fish and a dozen more jumped over carrying a large net which they carried around the school, one end appeared to be weighted and leader lines ran from it to the boat. After it had sunk far enough, all hands heaved in and dumped the fish in the boat, whereupon the swimmers climbed aboard and all proceeded to another locality.

Say "hell" to the Musketeers. Porten



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February 21, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

There being nothing of consequence to write about I find it difficult to write a letter tonight, and there being no mail for me today leaves me without an inspiration. When I commence these letters I never know how I'm going to find enough of interest to make them. Stumbling from one boring topic to another generally fills them.

We were ashore in the internment camp today. Sat about in the sun, played a bit of softball, drank some beer and came back. a few Marines came along selling souvenirs of the invasion. Among their stock they had head grenades, potato moshers, sea shells and snapshots of the invasion. Sometimes I think I must be constituted mentally wrong, for the souvenirs don't appeal to me. A truck was obtained and all except a few ~~went~~ went in it on a tour of the island. I was one of the few, that didn't appeal either. I believe after a certain amount of this existence one reaches a vertex where nothing is of interest.

I have been so tired for such a long time. Go to bed tired and arise tired.



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It expresses itself in a physical letdown but I feel it's a mental condition due to the environment, or perhaps the climate. I often wonder if I really ever had the pep I thought I once had or if I were just dreaming.

We are all wondering how long Germany intends to continue with that military force she has the audacity to still call an army.

Everyday the news is scanned eagerly to see if there is any mention of her capitulation.

So far each day has been a disappointment.

If she holds out for another month, there is a fair chance she will carry on through the summer.

Many things are happening of which we know nothing. Our news is all radio reports and thereby scant but with the facts though they are of the barest. Occasionally a newspaper of late date finds its way to us but that doesn't happen often. At this moment papers of current interest are November and December issues.

This is all for tonight, Mommy. Say "hello" to the Musketers for me.

Parker.



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February 22, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Another day passed and no mail from you. The new mail is coming through steadily but of the old nothing has been heard. There has been only one letter from you (dated Feb 9th) in almost two months.

I'm glad you have the positions you spoke of in your letter. However, if being secretary of St Michaels P.T.A. and the Village community club is going to absorb so much of your time that you won't have the opportunity to write often I suggest you make different arrangements.

In the past few months I've become quite a movie addict, although seventy-five percent of the pictures are propaganda trended the news and shorts are interesting. Besides that one doesn't have much choice here.

These balmy days drag by much like an automaton and we become automatons with them. The sameness of this part of the world is extremely exasperating. No wonder the human race emigrated North rather than South. Without the military activity there places would be the utter



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of languid solitude. A bit of rain is the utmost diversion. A cloudy day is parallel with a Nor'easter at home.

At the present moment a glass of milk would vie with any nectar of the Gods. A trolley ride would be equal to a jaunt in a Rolls Royce. The sight of a peanut vender on the corner would be more welcome than all this alleged South Sea grandeur.

The crews of the fighting ships rest their muscles, but I sometimes wonder if it isn't the lesser of two evils. At least the dull monotony is broken, for us a bit of excitement is equal to a draft of rare, old wine. I suppose we should be thankful for our lot but that shan't be apparent until we are civilians again.

So to bring this dreary, tiresome unending tale to a close I'll ask you to say "hello" to the Musketeers for me. I would certainly like to see them again. In the event I'm a little late arriving Tell Fink to vote for the best man. He'll be twenty-one in 1956. Keep yourself as beautiful as ever for someday I'll surprise you by walking in, unexpectedly, as usual
Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

February 23, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

The mail brought me a letter from you today; with it the explanation of why I haven't been receiving any lately. I'm sorry to hear of your attack of gripe and hope by the time this reaches you all is well again.

No matter what you say I cannot feel that Atlantic City, or any city for that matter, is a healthy place to live. You should realize the benefits derived from a country residence by now. A little introspection into your and the children's health records of the past five years should be all the convincing you need.

It was a surprise to hear John is in Pearl Harbor, although he was expected at an early date. I'm glad and sorry he is there: Glad because I might see him and sorry he has to spend the long months here before he shall see the States again. I don't know Walter Tites but it's nice John met someone he knew.

I had intended to take you to task for not writing but, since Lincoln decided against sending a letter of reprimand to General Hooker at a time when Hooker had been trapped against



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a river ~~not~~ and outnumbered three to one, I feel it, too, can be magnanimous. Nothing could be gained by it.

Little Johnny is proving the old adage of contracting measles once and being immune thereafter, wrong. I hope the little lady is better. It's strange the others didn't get them, too. Does Timber still have trouble with his ear?

You never mentioned anything concerning Camille's whereabouts. I'm curious to know where he is, unless you wrote it in a letter I haven't received. It's a growing mystery where our old mail can be. Nothing definite has been heard of it. There must be oodles of news in those lost letters.

Tomorrow, being Saturday, we have a half holiday. Our section is due for "liberty" but I think I shall try to catch up with some reading if I can stay away from the checker board long enough.

Frank is conducting an unofficial Spanish class & and doing very well with his pupils. Anything for a diversion. Foreign languages don't appeal to me, even if I were intelligent enough to learn them, which I doubt.

Say "hello" to the Musketeers for me.

Parber.



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February 24, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Everything remains the same as usual, including no mail from you today. I'm at ~~lost~~ loss how to make a letter of this tonight. There seems to be absolutely nothing to write about.

Pace and Wyn Hunt are alongside playing checkers. We have an interesting Triangle tournament every evening. Pace is now on his way to defeat. Everybody is writing letters and all looking at the other as if for an inspiration. Our ~~stuffy~~ daily life doesn't seem much of interest.

I depended upon your letters to give me something to write about. Your negligence on that score leaves me in a difficult position. I hope by now your attack of Grippe has ceased and left you in a more communicable mood.

We are still on the lookout for Johns ship. It may be a long time before we contact it but it is inevitable that we shall.

The radio news from Suva has taken a definite trend for the better. Another milestone on the road to Tokyo has been passed. There are many more to go and it all may take some



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time. I believe Japan is well aware of ultimate defeat but would rather struggle on hoping for a miracle. A miracle that won't happen.

This is being written in a rather cramped position plus a bouncing table and trying to watch a checker game from the corner of one eye may find it somewhat illegible. However, since you aren't writing so often you should have plenty of time to decipher it.

The papers you sent had very good pictures of the storm's damage. Has the great wooden way been repaired?

Francis said his wife received a letter from, that is, after the one she wrote you. He's the movie operator now. They moved into a Government home. I believe I told you of that in a previous letter so don't accuse me of "going tropical".

Say hello to the Musketers for me.

Parker.



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February 25, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

There is nothing to sing of to-night except the "blues"; and I know you don't want to hear that. For a diversion I'm sending another letter written by moonlight. The moon is so bright that the greater constellations are fairly discernible.

I've just left the movie in the middle of the picture. It was a very monotonous one. Lana Turner in "Marriage is a Private Affair". Karl was sitting next to me moaning about how a woman couldn't be trusted as that was the text of the picture. His comments made me weary for I know how wrong he is.

It's Sunday night and Venus is slipping down close to the horizon, preparatory of putting on her red nightie and going to bed. A big plane is passing overhead, ready to land. Red track lights glow all around the tower and green, red and amber signal



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lights are blinking everywhere.. Various small craft are scouting here and there, the only trouble being it isn't an Eastern port.

Polaris is blinking wonly some twenty degrees above the horizon. West, and still higher is Capella, west of that the Pleiades and above them orange adalbarem and above that Orion, pointed by Rigel and Betelgeuse, directly south of Orion's dagger is the bright southern star Canopus and to the east of Orion's belt is the equally bright Sirius, the dog star.

Arcturus, hidden behind a cloud on the ~~horizon~~ has not as yet risen. It is the first bright star from the handle of the big dipper (ursa major). The smaller constellations about the dipper are hidden by the brightness of the Moon.

So, it made a letter and that was the intention in the first place. Say hello to the Musketers for me.

Perkins.



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February 26, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Just another "no mail" day for me. I don't believe anybody loves me anymore. If there were some rabbits I could chase rabbits and bark at the moon.

"Shadows in the Night" was just shown at our movie, a murder mystery with a ghost thrown in for good measure. We have good shows and Francis does try to get them.

Nothing more has been heard of our returning to the States. I think it's a long time away before that happens. In the meantime I've to find means to make an acceptable letter every night. If I don't receive more mail than I have in the post I'll have to limit my correspondence.

About the only feeling I have left within me is a big ache in my heart for you. The day seems as if it will never come when I'll see you again. My nights, after retiring are devoted to thinking of you and my previous mistakes. Sort of a bitter sweet sleeping draught.



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often I'm afraid I won't have the ability to make the money I once made. The seashore is no place for the weak. all I want to do is sleep. I'm in more or less of a somnambulic state. Initiative and ambition have no place on here and any work done is done for the good of ones soul and not for advancement or recognition.

The only thing worthwhile for me is when I may see my wife again, and still better when it can get away forever from this living death. I'd much rather take a rifle and try exterminating the occupants of a few pill boxes than go on living like this forever.

Since this is such a tale of woe I don't think I should continue. You have enough of your troubles without hearing of mine. Someday the end has to come. Then we will be together again. Until that time arrives there is nothing to do except make the best of everything.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me.

Pardee.



UNITED STATES NAVY

February 27, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

The usual story of no mail precedes this letter. The mail load coming here must be terrific, otherwise there isn't any tangible answer for the negligence.

I don't believe it would be exceeding censor regulations if I tell you your "ole man" sat in the Pilots seat of a B-29, today, that had made twenty missions over Tokyo and was named "Goltin' Josie, The Tokyo Pioneer".

We had a truck ride about the place from the "dust pit" where we hold our liberties and as I hadn't accompanied them on previous excursions I grasped the opportunity this trip.

Many interesting sights were noted of which I may say nothing in a letter. I'll have to save that and much more for when we are together again.

One thing I can assure you, and that is that the female of the human species noted on the trip were, perhaps, once removed from the Orang-outang and had a sex appeal of about 100 millions. A female cat would look



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good now but of the two I would choose the cat.

Someday in the dim future I'll see you again and be able to explain away many foolish ideas you have concerning sailors. Perhaps sailors do have a chance to behave nicely but you may be certain they aren't in the navy.

The movie was good tonight, Susan Foster, in Climax, and shall I say Boris Karloff was also featured? She has a voice so much like Halli Currie's that sometimes I wonder if they aren't slipping in a recording of Currie's. I've discovered that someone on the screen can be speaking but the voice belongs to another, unseen person. How convenient!

If your mail ever catches me I'll probably find the answers to all the things I want to know. I know I've asked many questions and know you ^{have} answered them. I hope I receive the answers before they are past history.

I send you all my love in this remote, inadequate sort of way — but just you wait until I reach home!!

Say "hello" to the musketeers for me.

Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

February 28, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Are you growing neglectful? Mail is drifting through but I'm not getting any. I can't be sure if you are to blame or the mail is to blame. Perhaps a 4-F has found your favor and you have no need of me. Then on the other hand, knowing my wife as I believe I do, I'm sure the mail service is at fault.

A side-splitting Laurel and Hardy picture was presented tonight. L & H in "Big Noise"; if you have the opportunity to see it don't let it pass. To see them dissolve in a Pullman berth is worth the price of admission, alone.

Francis has been getting good pictures. His hardest job is to try to please everybody. Of course there are the usual malcontents that don't seem to like any picture. He gets more "shorts" than any operator they have had. How are you and Mrs. Holleran doing on the letters? The war does strange things. There you are, two people that have never seen one another, writing to one another. Here we are, living with one another and Francis has



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never seen you and I have never seen Mrs. Holleran. I remarked in a letter to Francis that you seemed like a nice girl. I don't know how you hens get away with calling each other a girl, or does that period last until sixty.

I don't know about the girl business but I do know that I have the sweetest and most beautiful wife in the world and that she will always be my girl. I certainly would like to have a date with her in the near future. Of course, at times, she is very exasperating, but no one knows how sweet sugar is until they have tasted a bit of lemon.

Nothing has been seen of Johns ship yet, but we aren't moving about as much as we were for awhile. A close watch is being kept and I don't think it can enter this anchorage without being seen. It would be nice to see him again, even for a few minutes.

Well Mommy, this is all for tonight. Say "hello" to the Musketers for me.

Parker.