





UNITED STATES NAVY

March 2, 1945

Dearest Darlin',

The mailman has been good to me these past two days. Yesterday and today I received two letters from you or four all together. They are recent ones since nothing has been heard of our old mail. They certainly give me something to write about and I needed them.

The snapshots were most welcome and I'll answer all of your questions within a week. I can't use all my ammunition in one evening or I would be where I started from.

(y. l. of Feb. 14). The valentine you sent me hasn't arrived. I know that when it does I will have a pleasant surprise for you and always send me nice cards.

I hope your gripe, Johnny's measles and pimples are all cured by the time this reaches you. I forgive you, fully, for not writing for indeed, I love you too much to hold a grudge against you long, as you well know.

Those maps you speak of are navigation charts and the numbers on them are depth marks, but they mean fathoms and not feet.



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Your story of the Christmas dish struck me funny. It seems poor Tinker is taking my place in the "dog house" these days. You shouldn't discourage him from helping you and as long as dishes are breakable they will be broken.

Scotty may not have reached the States yet and for Annie's idea of giving him a letter for you, I thought of that but I didn't want Scotty to spend six months in the big or more for carrying uncensored mail. It isn't exactly what one would wish on a friend. Tell her that for me.

You won't get a letter dated March 1st for after the movie last night it rained so hard I didn't want to get soaked going to the mess hall to write. My conscience has bothered me all day. I'm afraid if I don't stick to my self imposed rule of writing to you everyday I'll become neglectful and start putting it off until it becomes a habit. I know how much your letters mean to me and I hope mine mean as much to you, for they are all that even offer the tiniest assuage to the loneliness I possess.

Say hello to the inhabitants for me.
Parker



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March 3, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

One letter came for me today from Lew.
It was postmarked Dec. 29, so that's a sign
that, perhaps, our last mail has found us.

Since nothing of importance has hap-
pened here, I'll answer your letter of Feb. 16.²⁵
You asked about the proposed ship's paper.
Nothing has been heard of it since the original
mentioning. It is true, it would be a great
boon aboard, but I suppose the Hines couldn't
have both hands and feet in it so the idea
was sidetracked. For my part I wouldn't
have anything to do with it now if they
wanted to pay me for it.

John is correct about the Europeans
being fifty years behind the times. By that,
he means their living conditions. Modern
conveniences are practically nil, when com-
pared with those in American homes. Every
European thinks every American is rich.

You go into a long and much dis-
cussed topic when you mention the negro and
equality in the same breath. Recently a
Southern Senator stood on the floor of the



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Senate and said, "I'm for white supremacy and I don't give a damn who knows it." I don't believe the Negro and the white can be brought to where either is acceptable to the other in the same restaurants, theatre rows, hotels etc. Thaddeus Stevens, a politician of Lincoln's time, had more to do with upsetting the harmony that may have existed between the Negro and the white than any man before or since. Lincoln had the only feasible idea; to send them to Siberia. If you look on a map of North Africa you will see Liberia as an American possession. It has a Democratic form of Government modeled after ours. No white person can hold a public office there. The territory was purchased at the behest of Lincoln with the intention of sending the emancipated Negroes there. He was assassinated before he had time to carry through his plan. The succeeding President, Johnson, I think, was blocked by Thaddeus Stevens, who was then Speaker of the Senate, in his every attempt to complete Lincoln's plan. This same Stevens was the father of carpet baggers who flooded the South and pushed Negro suffering through the



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Legislature. ~~North~~^{South} Carolina at one time had a negro Lieutenant Governor. Stevens power in the South became so strong that the white families there were put in the negro's former position. Those who once had been plantation owners and wives of plantation owners were forced to menial labor. Many of these wives took in washing in order to eat. The majority of Southern States had a legislature whose majority membership was composed of Negro's. This continued until Colonel Wade Hampton was elected Governor of South Carolina, the same conditions gave rise to the Ku Klux Klan and Knights of the White Camelia and other organizations of this type.

I believe any forcing of Negro equality would lead to another Civil War and it is well to remember that the Southern Armies were never beaten and the South was commercialized into defeat. Grant wasn't a good enough man to shine the shoes of Robert E. Lee. Through that war the North showed a great man into oblivion, and he was Lee.

It was good to get the word Camille is well. I thought he was but was a bit worried. Your story of Johnny and the sailor had made me laugh. I certainly would like to see the little guy again.



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Tinkers reports show a steady improvement. His spelling isn't what it should be. If you try him more books to read and less comics I think it will improve. As long as his English and spelling are good his composition is bound to improve. In history and Geography he is away out in front. Tell him I think he is doing very nicely but his spelling should be better. How about the rough notes, doesn't he get any marks?

As an afterthought, that, Thaddeus Stevens I was telling you about was a Northerner, very bitter towards the South and very ambitious for the region. Lincoln wanted to help reconstruct the South, Stevens wanted it crushed forever. He almost did it.

Don't you be worrying about your cold, cold bed, mommy. When I get home it's sure going to sizzle.

Say hello to the Musketers for me.
Parker.



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March 5, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

There isn't anything to say so I'll continue by answering your letters although I only have one more after this one but I think more will come tomorrow.

(Y. L. of Feb. 20th). I hope you sell all of your tickets and win the forty dollars, too. Just because the rest are having a hard time selling them don't be discouraged. Twenty-five isn't many and remember if "you wanna get results you have to make calls." 

It seems Johnny has a good time when you're away. Don't blame his persuasion on me, I don't always remember doing so well. He's probably a child psychologist and you don't realize it. I like the way he puts his arms around you etc. I'll have to try that when I reach home.

So now you're a PK girl, whatever that is, first it's Big Tom, now this. When the cats away the mice will play. What next? You may be curious but so am I. For my part I don't believe another girl exists as beautiful as my Darling. Maybe I'll have to look into that.

I'm interested in taking all of your places,



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especially the Musketeers to the zoo. I think I would have as much fun watching them there as they would seeing the animals.

I read a very interesting book "Counterfeiting" from the ship's library. It told just how a bill and coin are made, the various machines used and craftsman skill necessary. How to detect different types of counterfeits, with the process used to make them. After reading it, it is hard to understand how anyone would be foolish enough to attempt such a game. It is totally impossible for a counterfeit to pass, long, undetected and if the public was even casually observing and trained it would be impossible.

Well Mommy, it is almost midnight in this neck of the water so I'll have to adjourn until tomorrow night. Someday soon scribble a v-mail letter but don't let it take the place of your usual air-mail letters. They are trying to sell us that inadequate v-mail again. We haven't anything here but the mail we receive from home and so far v-mail doesn't answer that unless they have speeded its passage considerably.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me.
Parker.



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March 6, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Well, tonight I saw your picture, "The Song of Bernadette". It was the most wonderful picture I've ever seen, but Darling I saw Bernadette the first time I saw you and you are still my Bernadette. I don't know of anything that could better express what I think of you than that picture.

No mail came for me today so I'll have to continue by answering your last letter. There had better be some tomorrow or I'll be hunting for something to write again.

(Y. L. of Feb 21st) I only wish I knew for certain what I'm going to be able to do after the war. I would like to get into a business for myself. Contract painting would be O.K. except for one thing, and that is I can't sit still and wait for business to come to me, and I don't know how to go ~~and~~ about getting it. Dry cleaning I feel more sure of, because I know what I can do on the street. The hurdle there is having enough capital to purchase the necessary machinery and carry on until it begins to pay. Then on the other



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hand I'm not so anxious to tie myself down to years of street soliciting and it would mean that. The ideal answer seems to be the farm and again the capital looks forward, and you don't approve of a farm but in my mind it has the best chance of success. What do you think of each of the above items? I want to do something where you will be satisfied too, for after all, your my pardon and I'll need your help.

The snapshots are my pride and joy. Your close-up picture is very good. As far as my wanting individual or group pictures, all I can say is that either and all are desirable. I like snapshots rather than studio photos.

Don't try imagining why the Navy does anything. They haven't the faintest idea themselves. Just hope that Camille stays in Dixie for the duration. I hope he made it home. I haven't seen anything of John yet but am still looking.

Say "hello" to the Musketeers for me and I'm just waiting for the day I can make up all the lovin' to you, he missed.

Parker.



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March 7, 1945

Dearest. Darlin;

There wasn't any mail today so I'll
send you these two poems.

Only a Boy

I remember the first time I tried it,
I was only a kid of fifteen,
And even though she was much younger than I,
She was far more composed and serene.

I was eager, yet awkwardly backward,
And uncertain how to proceed,
But she seemed not to notice the hesitancy,
With which I prepared for the deed.

It was out in the barn I remember,
At the close of a hot Summer day,
And the evening was scented with clover in bloom,
And a fragrance of new mown hay.

I remember I spoke to her softly,
And the touch of her body was warm,
As my fingers moved awkwardly over her throat,
While she nestled her head in my arm.



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Looking back on it now I remember,
How I stood, while my head seemed to spin,
With thoughts of the thing I was going to do,
Yet reluctant to begin.

Long after I stood up,
Uncertain, to stay or run,
A tingling with pride and shaken with awe,
As that I knew, at last it was done.

I remember it seemed hours later
How my heart hammered my blouse,
With the job of a boy turned into a man
As I made my way back to the house.

Twenty years have gone by since that evening,
But I have never forgotten a vow,
The thrill and the joy I felt as a boy
On the day that I first milked a cow.

I'm fresh out of paper so I'll have to
save the other for tomorrow night. Say "hello"
to the musketeers for me and don't be angry with
me on account of this short letter. I'm too
sleepy to think of anything tonight.

Parker.



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March 8, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

You can't be writing very often for the mail is coming through as it should and I'm not getting any.

Today we visited the dust pit and your "ole man" played baseball. He is convinced of one thing and that is he isn't the man he used to be. His fielding average was 750. with a put out and an assist. but his batting average was 250; one hit in four times at bat and that a punt. He hit the ball the other three times but they were easily caught. He can still run faster than the average but not very far. His old age is creeping upon him. If anyone had told him he would be playing ball with a bunch of 18 and 20 year olds when he was 33 he would have told them he they were crazy.

Here is the ode I didn't have room for last night:

Her name was Grace.

Her name was Grace, one of the best

That night I put her to the test,
She looked so pretty, so sweet, so slim,

The night was dark; the moon was dim.



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I was so excited my heart missed a beat,
For I knew I was in for a helluva treat.
I have seen her stripped; ^{I have} ~~and~~ seen her bare
I have felt her over and over, everywhere.

I got inside her, she screamed with joy,
That was the first night, Boy, oh Boy!
I got up as quickly as I could, I handled her gently, I
knew she was good,
I rolled her over, and then on her side,
Then on her back I also tried.

She was one big thrill, the best in the land,
That P-38 of the fighter command.

So Mommy, that's about the finish for tonight.
I haven't seen nor heard of John's ship. We are
looking. I hope Camille stays in Tenn. for
the duration. Almost any place is better than
here, even Casablanca and Norfolk.

Say hello to the Musketeer for me:
Parker.

P.S. Dad would get a kick from this ode and the
poem I sent you last night.
P.



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March 9, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Your letter of February 27th came today. The one containing the P.V. Bulletin. The Bulletin was an extremely fine job and I can hardly believe you composed it yourself.

Besides the Bulletin there was also a letter, a hurried, short letter. My, how busy you must be! It was very nice to hear of Mr. Watson's interesting speech, but how is my family? The Japs, Jamaicans, negroes and Southerners are very interesting, but what is going on in Ocean City, Sea Club and Atlantic City?

I take for granted you received my letter telling you how much the Government owes you in the event I fall and break my neck and I don't blame you for not waiting for that unlikely occurrence. We are now paid once a month, our next payday is April 1st. I'll send you some money at that time. I was trying to save it for when I come home but I must abandon that idea.

My fate seems to be planned for me no matter how I try to overcome it. My World of



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of fantasy whereby I had made plans of doing something other than working for somebody else is designed to remain of fantasy. After all it is best to live for today and let tomorrow take care of tomorrow.

There isn't much else to say and I'm not in the mood for benevolent writing. In the next few days my letters may cease and you will have to resort to your "Times" map once again. I hope this trip is for the better. ~~It's possible we may be relieved at the place is the base for ships of this type.~~

Along with your letter today I received one from Sis. A V-mail letter dated Feb. 1944. She said even less than you, if possible, she must be very busy, too. None of the old mail has turned up. Whatever you said of importance in them you may as well write over.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me.
Parker

P.S. Did you ever get the gadget for the radio?



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March 10, 1945

Dearest Earlin;

Today's mail brought me a letter from you, written Feb. 26th. Last night I didn't write a very nice letter to you, so I'll have to try to remedy that tonight for your letter of today was in itself an apology for your past delinquencies.

First, I want to tell you that I told Dr. Bergstrom of physical complaints. He said it is normal for a woman to be irritable at that time and that back aches are habitual for one that has as many children as you do. He said he didn't think there was anything seriously wrong, and though he didn't say anything about Dr. Quinn in so many words, he said he couldn't understand what kind of injections you were getting for that type of trouble. He said you were too young to necessitate an operation, everything being normal as to your ~~four~~ years. He told me to tell you to get Ovarian Extract at the Drugstore, (Ovarian Extract, 40 gr. per c.c.) and to take 1 c.c. two or three times a week, gradually reducing to 1 c.c. weekly. He said if you do this to discontinue with all



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other medicants including the injections. He said worry and nervousness and the care of the children were probably as much responsible for ~~the~~ your condition as anything else. Do whatever you think is best.

The piece of money I sent you cost me a dollar; it was probably burned when this island was taken. You made two guesses of where I am. I hope you kept a record of them for the first was correct.

As to how much I weigh, I don't know. Sometimes when I'm with Frank I'll weigh myself. I haven't been weighed since leaving Port Camp. I think I've become acclimated to the Tropics, as much as a white man may. I read a book on how to eat, walk, and keep in the shade etc. It has helped a lot. The weather at this particular place is ideal, like latter June, home.

One thing is certain, Darling, anytime they desire they can give back these islands to the Japs, for my part. I want to be home with my Mom. I saw a picture tonight, Monty Woolley in "Holy Matrimony", wherein there was a slogan on a wall "Home is where the heart is", and believe me my heart has been with you since the first day I saw you.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me.

Parker.



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March 12, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

A letter came from you today (Feb. 28th) and it was via airmail. The v-mail letter has not put in appearance as yet. They generally take it to ten ^{days} longer than airmail.

Your question of if I think of you during the day is silly. I think of you all the time, every minute. If I didn't have you to think of I believe I should go crazy. Being with you again is my one great hope. The hope that makes this, otherwise impossible existence, possible.

Tomorrow the leading clown is ~~at~~ celebrating the second anniversary of the commissioning of this ship. I can't, for the life of me, understand what there is to celebrate. I'd much rather celebrate his demise. We have a few musically inclined members who are going to entertain in what is ironically termed, "a happy hour". A holiday routine is also on schedule.

I don't know which of the "Brighter intellects" clipped my story of the diversion. It was nothing except a tale of my visit to other ships for paint. Like everything else on here, the



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regulations governing censoring are tangled like a bowl of spaghetti. The poor little dears are so afraid they'll do something and won't get their next rate laid in their laps at the end of the few months required to get it.

One of these Collegiate Intelligentins was on watch a few days ago when I arrived to relieve the P.O. of the watch. They had been discussing the enlisted mens pay and this particular "Brain Trust" schoolboy says to me, "Don't you think we are overpaid Hillman?" Since it was the sort of pitthy question I delight in answering I replied, "That's according to whom you mean by we, if you mean us common people, I wouldn't like to think of my family living on the pre-war enlisted mens wage, but if you mean the people that have a rate laid in their laps every few months just by length of service I would say very much so." He did have the grace to blush very rosily and I think more of him for it.

My letters are now being censored by Mr Stevens who is the only officer on here with sense enough to get in out of the rain except Mr Hardner, who, thank the Lord, was given charge of the Paint Locker several months ago. Mr Stevens is my imm-



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ediate boss, other than Mr Hardner. Mr English is Mr Stevens immediate superior, which is a fine example of the mess this so-called organization is in. The daily internal politics are a never ending source of amusement. Mr. Stevens doesn't indulge but does the job he is supposed to do without the usual fanfare and boondoggling and grandstanding. We have much in common, he would just as well tell them all to go to hell as look at them for a man that knows his business doesn't care to take anybody's slack. That's my creed and I'm going to live and die by it. Come what may.

My Darling, I'm sorry I neglected the words of love you want so much. You live within me, day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute. An old Scotch Proverb, "He drives a good wagonload into his farm that gets a good wife", is most certainly true in my case. I wouldn't trade you for all the millions of dollars, or anything in the world. You are my Darling, more beautiful than all the Miss Americas combined, more true and good than all the Nuns in the world combined, more Mother to my babies than all the Mothers in the world combined. My life with you has always possessed a great sorrow; that I can't give you every little whim and heart's desire



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you may crave. After the War I'm going to spend the days and years erasing any sorrows and pains I have caused you. Another Scotch Proverb, "A man may woo where he may, but he must marry where his fate is," does much to make me believe we are for some purpose. Your "old" man is a great believer in fate. So keep your beautiful chin up and I believe in your dreams, too, although science claims they are the working of the subconscious mind.

The picture you sent me of the soldier wheeling the lamb hit the nail on the head in respects to my whereabouts. We are so for another journey shortly. You will know by the lapse in my letters. I didn't write one last night, went to sleep instead.

Say "hello" to the Musketeers for me, and don't worry little Darling. I can never stop loving you!
parker



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March 13, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

There is little or nothing to write about tonight. No mail came today for the good reason we couldn't put a boat over to go and get it.

The second anniversary of the mighty Niobrara was celebrated as any other Holiday; Turkey dinner, carton of cigarettes and a cigar. a "Happy Hour" was held but I read through that so can't tell you anything about it.

I've been reading a few pamphlets about psychology and psycho-analysis. You would be surprised at the physical ailments attributed directly to a ~~physic~~ psychic disorder. Backaches, menstrual disorders and a good many others are among them. The Dr. started me reading about that when I talked to him about you. He is very much of the opinion that your troubles are caused by my obscure desires. Shall we say suppressed desire? It is apparent that your trouble previous to my leaving could have been the same thing. Shall I be very frank and say, not until almost the last few terms, did you throw yourself wholeheartedly into the spirit of the occasion? As I read deeper into this subject I expect to



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ascertain more about you and me. I know your abnormal fear of pregnancy caused you to suppress, always. A bit of introspection on your part would be very helpful in arriving at a correct diagnosis of your trouble. I'm not blaming you Darling, just trying to help you. According to the church, any kind of birth control is a sin; according to my code if we dance we must pay the fiddler. No one could ever tell me I'm not paying for my dance now, my intelligence told me not to join the service, something stronger than myself put me here. Of the others in the same boat, they are more or less sinners, too, but they have mental compensations which make the time easier on them, according to their amount of sin. This all may sound like much blarney to you, but to me it has a good foundation and is verified by facts. To really get to the rockbottoms of it, everybody's life would have to be divided piecemeal and I'd wager that for every error life exacted a payment and for each good deed gave a compensation. Perhaps you wonder why you are paying too, I leave you to answer that for I believe you know. For every act there is a reason and one doesn't have to read any psychology to know that.



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A more wonderful wife no man could ask for, in my mind you are the sweetest person God ever placed on earth, and shall always be. You were unfortunate in getting such a creature for a husband. I've always felt I've never been worthy of you. I only hope that after the war I'll be granted the power to make life an Eden for you. The only way I can ever be happy is to know you are. To that goal I intend to dedicate myself. The most wonderful possession any man can have in the world is a good wife and I know I have that.

How much longer we are to remain away from the States is yet a mystery. For the past month we have lain dormant, here. That may or may not be a good sign. I know they plan to remove our \$250,000 madman's dream since it has proven an expensive joke. Our "sister ship" who is inhibited with the same "dream" lies by our side. If anything can be taken from that, I don't know. It's the first time the two have been together since our journey from Norfolk.

Say "hello" to the Musketers for me.

Parker.



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March 14, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Some of the old mail arrived today. I got two letters from you, Jan 21st and Jan. 24th. Neither of them told me if you received the radio tube I sent you and if it was the correct one. Coincidentally, the fellow that gave me that was transferred to accept a commission and is now stationed in Brooklyn Navy yard.

The copy you sent me of your picture of Christ on the Mount gives me a fair idea of how nice it must be. Unless the one you have is a print you should be able to find the name of the artist in the lower right corner. Sometimes the name is barely distinguishable. A note also came with the picture and the clipped story of two people ~~one~~ of whom I've never heard.

Your letter of Jan. 24th and enclosed clippings is very interesting. I'm sorry to hear of Bob Buckley's death. We played on the same baseball team when we were kids.

I was surprised to see Doc Stamps picture, but he deserves to be a Major; of all the places to send a Southerner; Iceland!

It seems that Paul Pontiere is getting



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plenty of publicity in the Sentinel - Ledger. I
wager he stays in the army, for he wouldn't be
much good to anybody on the outside. Personally,
I can't even remember him doing a day's work.

I remember Mrs Suongo, and the Parrot.
I'm glad she lived long enough to see Italy out
of the clutches of Germany. I think that meant
much to her, although I think Auntie was for
Al Duce.

I knew the young in Macmora but didn't
know either of the boys. Bill Sheppard's shooting of
the seal is just like him, only I'm surprised
he was awake to shoot the seal.

The most interesting part of your clipping
was the part concerning John's ship. I'll have
to start looking all over again. That type of ship
is altered considerably from a D.E. and the color
is very much different, in fact instead of the
regular Haze Gray they look like a jungle in mot-
ion. I'm sorry John had to return to it. Not to
worry you but to state a fact, I think you had
better use your prayers for John. They have kept
me safe a long time and with John on that ship,
well, he will see all the action he ever craved
and much more, too.



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By the accompanying letter you certainly have your troubles. I think you should buy Camille a pair of spectacles and perhaps when he sees so many he will become discouraged of breaking them.

I want you to tell me all your troubles, for your troubles are mine and it isn't any fun to carry them alone. I want to hear about them! As far as Dr. Quinn is concerned, I told you to use your own judgement about him. If it were up to me, if Dr. Derby wasn't available you would see Dr. Hildebrandt. Don't take my dissertation on psychology wrong, it may not concern your trouble but it certainly seems that it does.

I wish I had known about John's ship sooner. There were about twenty-five of them came here a few days after we arrived. Do you know if the name or number was changed? I'm almost sure the number would be.

Well, beautiful Darling, this is about all for this evening. Keep your lovely self ever lovely for me. Oh no, I forget. There is something else.

Wyron Hunt, the only man, I've met in the Navy, is a married man, being married about a year. He told me tonight his Mother had asked him what to get his wife for Xmas and he told her Pyjamas. Momma



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Took him very literally and bought wife a few gis-
mo's called "Toppers". He says they are a new
fashioned Pajama for women and consist of an elong-
ated top, only, that doesn't reach to the knees. He
remarked that it's enough to drive a man crazy
just thinking of his wife with one of those on.

To make a long story short, how about you getting
a couple to wear when I'm home. I think I
would like them very much, besides think how
cool they must be in the summer. Let me know
when you get them, I'll take a chance on going crazy.

Well, goodnight Darling, in a few minutes
I'll be asleep and if I dream it will be of you.

Say "hello" to the Musketers for me.

Parker.



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March 15, 1945

Dearest Dorlin;

Two letters from you today, Jan 19th and Jan. 25th. I must confess I've made a mess of things at this end. You sent me John's new address and I, not knowing his ship had been renovated until yesterday's letter, thought it was his shore address and threw it away. Please send it again so I can write to him.

The letter you sent me Dec 28th said Camille was taken ill and sent to the Hospital. This letter of Jan 19th says that Johnny was in the Hospital, is the entire family in the Hospital?

I hope your iron is in working order again. I still haven't received a letter telling me about that or the radio. The radio situation worries me for I know how lonely you are without it. Don't worry about the Commissary for I don't think you will have any trouble there.

Johnny must have had a good time there. I certainly would like to hear some of his chatter. Tell him his "Daddy" luffs him and will take him for a riggy-bats



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ride when he comes home.

The initiation pictures weren't probably as good as a candid camera. The fellow holding the large fish-hook is Harvey Clewell, I think his title is chief Commissary Steward or something to that effect. The Doctor was Charles K. Arizon, chief Gunners Mate and the Dentist Wendell Jenkins, Cox. Neptune was Von Gaten, then a chief Machinist Mate. I don't remember any Queen. I couldn't write anything on the back of the pictures for the simple reason that I've never seen them. The film was sent to a photographer in the States and the pictures sent to the various addresses from there. There were no casualties during the ceremony other than a few warm posteriors.

What kind of a dog did Tommy pay \$30. for, nothing but an English setter is worth that much. How old is it. If the dog has rickets no treatment other than a vitamin D diet is necessary. I think Tommy got stuck. \$30 for a dog with rickets! It takes long for them to develop and long to cure them. If it is a puppy it was probably caused by a deficient diet or feeding of the mother.



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The letter containing the scutcheon & record hasn't come as yet. That is to be finished once and for all. Any letters you may receive from them send them to me, I'll answer them, although I don't believe an letters from either side are necessary.

My Darling, you are certainly making many promises. If you live up to all of them it shall be hard on me for I don't think I could stand so ~~very~~ ^{much} attention at one time.

I intend to ask the Dr. the purpose of Benzodrine sulphate. I'm painting his room and see him often. From your latter letters and these I am convinced that Dr. Quirin doesn't know what is wrong. What I think you need is your husband.

Your Valentine hasn't come. I wish it would. I know how nice it will be. I miss my lovely Mommy so much, but I don't think it shall be many months more before we are together again. Keep your pretty chin up and don't worry.

Say "hello" to the Musketeers for me.

Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

March 16, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

No mail today so I'll have to try to find something with which to make a letter. I haven't seen John's ship yet and don't think I shall for sometime. He may be on their initial operation at this moment.

Everything remains the same here. Tomorrow is our day in the Dust Bowl. A crowded spot, a few cans of beer and back to the ship again. Excursions about this place have worn away. It doesn't take very long to see all of it.

The war news continues to be bright but the advances are so slow. It would, indeed, be strange if the Japs were beaten before the Germans. Both of them are in bad condition. Our radio news told us tonight that the bombings of Tokyo produced such a panic among the civilians that they were struggling to vacate the city six days after. It also said the Japs are training the school children to fight with bayonets. I wouldn't want to dispute a Grand with a bayonet.

I should write a letter to sis because I do owe her one. Jim is probably expecting to hear from me but I keep putting them off night



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after night. The only person I want to write to is you. The only person I want is you. Nothing I can say to, or see anybody else matters.

I'm just one big ache from wanting to say you all the loving I owe you. What a grand time there will be in the old town when I get home. Just think, more than a year to catch up!

I hope the rascallions aren't leading you too merry a pace. You certainly must have your hands full! It won't be very long before school is over for another summer. Before that happens I hope to be home or well on the way. The new construction transfer has never materialized. This type of ship doesn't rate a painter anymore, so I guess I'm in the same class with the unknown soldier, only, in a way, I'm still alive, eat breathe and sleep etc.

Well, Darling, this is all I can think of for this evening. It is near midnight and time to retire. I have just come from a watch.

Say "hello" to the Musketeers for me.

Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

March 17, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

After telling you I had lost John's address I continued thinking about it last night and remembered the Radio Division gets a listing of all converted ships. Going there this a.m. I easily obtained the number.

Mike and I were standing by the rail this a.m. when the sister ship to John's ship came alongside. We could see the big number "5" on the bow but ~~close to its heading~~ couldn't see the next number for a few minutes. When it did come in sight it was "0". To say we were disappointed is putting it mildly. I talked to an Ensign on there and he gave me a good idea of where John may be. I'm going to drop him a line tonight.

There isn't much else to say. We didn't receive any mail today. I've been wondering if you ever heard from Seatty. I know he would at least drop a card or phone.

We went to the "Dust Bowl" today and watched our third section beefball team lose to the second section, which some-puts us in last place as the first section has beaten both.



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The time seems so distant when I shall be able to hold my Darling again. These weary days drag by in a never ~~remending~~ stream. If it weren't for writing to you and dating the letters time, too, would be lost. All I can think of is you, alone, waiting and waiting as so many are waiting. We have so much to make up! After this is all over and I'm a civilian again I'll probably be glad I joined and did my part, no matter how small that is, but at the present moment I wish somebody had given me a swift kick in the pants. I've ~~always been glad I enlisted and won't~~ ~~drifted~~, no matter how improbable that may have been.

I think they will let us old geezers with families out first, in order to reduce the allotments. After that, those with the longest service. That seems the most economical way to go about it.

Well, little sweetheart, I'll sign off now and write my note to John. Don't worry too much about him for this ocean and adjacent seas belongs to the U.S.A. as does the air.

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



UNITED STATES NAVY

March 18, 1945

Dearest Darlin,

There being nothing of importance to write about I don't know how I'm going to make a letter. Last night I wrote to John, starting the letter "Dear John Henry", I know he will like that. I think he is in the Philippines, although I'm not sure.

There wasn't any mail today because of it being Sunday, or perhaps our mail has been sent to our next destination. ~~Wherever that may be.~~ I hope it is San Francisco, but that is too much to hope for. There is one consolation, these engines can't run forever, I believe twenty years to be the limit without repairs. That would bring us to the States in 1963. It is at least something to look forward to; it's inevitable.

I'm going to make this short and sweet as subject matter is practically nil.

Say "hello" to the Musketeers for me.

Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

March 19, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Nothing to say as usual. I have just finished seeing a picture "When Irish Eyes are Smiling", with irrepressible Monty Woolley. It was in Technicolor and, to my opinion, one of the best ever shown on the ship. It was more or less the life story of Edward Ball who wrote the old, sentimental songs we love so well, "Mother Machree", "When Irish Eyes are Smiling", "Let The Rest of the World go by", and many others. I think he ranks with Stephen Foster. The best pictures shown so far in the two years of our existence on here, and this is my opinion, too, have been "The Song of Bernadette, (by far the best) Holy Matrimony ~~is a private affair~~ with Monty Woolley; and Mrs. Speffington, starring Betty Davis; and Tonights picture. I think Monty Woolley should get the Academy Award for he is a superb actor.

Now I've about run out of news, except for the fact my bedding was lost overboard today when hanging on the rail to air. I lost the mattress and one blanket. There are no more mattresses aboard so I have to sleep on a blanket and furproof cover.



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Our mail has been sent to our next destination, so there is nothing to look forward to on that score. If we don't get away from here soon it's likely to be sent another place and become lost as before. I still don't know if I have received all the back mail, by that I mean letters. I sent you all the dates of ~~every~~ all letters I received and you could tell me from your record if I have.

Each day that struggles past means a day gone and means to ~~the one~~ when we can be together again. I would give anything to be with my beautiful wife, if only for a few days. I never thought I could miss anybody so much. It seems as if part of me is missing.

They say everything happens for the better, and this experience has taught me how much I need you. A bitter lesson, but a lesson all the same. After ten years I love you more than when we were married, if possible, and I wonder how many husbands can say that.

Well Mommy, this is all for this evening. Say "hello" to the Musketeers for me.

Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

March 29, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

What shall I write about tonight? I don't know of anything interesting. We are in the same place and no mail is being delivered to us now.

I've been reading a book, entitled, "Hints on writing Poems". I never fully realized how much knowledge is necessary to compose a good poem. Poe's "Raven" is listed as one of the best. After reading the book that fact is easily understood. The book dwells much on rhythm; according to it there are, I think, five rhythms besides iambic and meter. The five are Iambic, Trochaic, Dactylic, anapestic and amphibrach. An example of Iambic, one of the finest, it is claimed, is Grace Hazard Conkling's "Tampico":

Oh, cut | me needs | to blow | upon, |
Or gather me a star,
But leave the sultry passion-flowers
Growing as they are.

I fear their somber yellow dregs,
Their whirling fringes of black,
And he who gives a passion flower
Always asks it back. . . .

The same verses fashioned into trochaic:



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But me needs to blow upon!
Gather me a star,
Leave the sultry passion flowers
Growing where they are.

How I fear their yellow cheeks
And their whips of black:
He who gives a passion flower
Always asks it back.

A ~~more~~ example of Eclytic is Terrence's "Charge
of the Light Brigade":

Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon to the left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd
Storm'd at with shot and shell etc.

An example of anapestic verse is Swinburne's "Hertha":

I am that which began;
Out of me the yeark roll;
Out of me God and man;
I am equal and whole.

An example of amphipach is Byron's famous lines:

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold;
His cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold.



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To make a long story short it is a deep business, poetry, and the writer of the book, Clement Wood, says many errors are and were made by present and past poets.

He favors, of present poets, Grace Hazard Conkling and Carl Sandberg. The past poets include, Poe, Longfellow, Whitman, Tennyson, Byron and Swinburne. How much of an authority he can be, as accepted by literary circles, is beyond my knowledge, but he knows enough to write a book about it and ~~that's enough for~~ me.

I hope this letter hasn't been too boring, but I had to find something to write about. To tell you every night how I miss my Darling doesn't help matters. All we can do is wait and hope. There has to be an end to everything. Someday I'll be home with you again, then I can put into action all the love I have for you that words can't adequately express.

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

MARCH 21, 1945

DEAREST DARLIN'

THIS CAN'T BE MUCH OF A LETTER AS ITS GOING TO SUFFER FROM THE SAME AILMENT AS THE OTHERS, LACK OF NEWS. IT IS BEST THAT I TELL YOU AT THIS TIME THAT THERE IS GOING TO BE A SLIGHT LAPSE IN MY MAIL AFTER THIS LETTER, PROVIDING IT GETS MAILED IN TIME.

AS YET WE HAVE SEEN NOTHING OF JOHN BUT I FEEL SURE HE IS WHERE I SAID HE WAS IN A PREVIOUS LETTER. IF THAT BE THE CASE THERE IS NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT FOR THE FIGHTING ON THE WATER IN THAT VICINITY WAS OVER BEFORE HE ARRIVED.

WE ARE STILL HOPING FOR AN EARLY RETURN TO THE STATES BUT CAN BE SURE OF NOTHING. THERE ARE THOSE WHO PROPHECY WE SHALL BE HERE UNTIL FALL. THERE GUESS MEANS NO MORE OR LESS THAN ANYONE ELSE'S. ONE THING, THE LONGER WE ARE HERE, THAT MUCH LONGER IT WILL TAKE US TO RETURN ONCE WE START FOR HOME. EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING BUT THERE WOULD BE NO SILVER LINING IN HAVING TO COME BACK HERE FOR ANOTHER FOURTEEN OR FIFTEEN MONTHS.

THIS IS GOING TO BE A VERY SHORT LETTER, MORE PROPERLY DESIGNATED AS A NOTE. I WISH I WERE SO CONSTITUTED THAT I COULD WRITE LONG AND CHARMING LOVE LETTERS AND YOU SHOULD STILL FEEL YOU WERE GETTING THEM FROM ME. YOU KNOW MY THOUGHTS ARE ALWAYS OF YOU AND I SPEND HOURS THINKING OF ALL THE LOVING I HAVE TO MAKE UP WHEN I COME HOME. THE FACT I HAVE THE FINEST PERSON IN THE WORLD TO COME CLOSE TO IS WHAT COUNTS. I FIND MYSELF FEELING SORRY FOR THE REST OF THEM I THINK ABOUT THAT.

LOVE, BILL TO THE ROSE TEARS FOR ME.

PAUL

P.S. SEND THE NAVY A NEW TYPEWRITER RUBBOL.



UNITED STATES NAVY

March 25, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Upon our arrival here, last night, a boat was sent over to get the mail. I received six letters from you. Five airmail and one v-mail. The letters (airmail) were March 2nd, 4th, 6th, 6th and 7th. The lone v-mail was from March 1st.

The v-mail letter doesn't need any answering except about the twenty-six letters. You know the ones I've received so I'll have to leave it to you to ascertain which ones are missing.

(Your letter of March 2nd) I won't say any more about the benefits of a country life. If you like the city it suits me. All I want is you and I don't want you crapping about everything so will stay in the city. However, you have another guess coming as to "my" reasons. I'm interested in making money. Since farms aren't a part of city life the country had to be acceptable. If I thought, for the most fleeting moment, of "my" reasons as you speak them, I wouldn't bother writing anymore. Either you flatter yourself or do my opinion of you a very grave injustice. I'm very proud of your social attainments. My Darling as a psychologist you certainly win the trophy



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prize. To me, my Darling can do no wrong. When I stop believing that you shall have no husband. Those people who say you are the "best woman in Pitney village" are very insulting. You are the best woman in the world!

After this war is finished I have to find a place to make a living. It is a golden opportunity for something or anything. There is going to be money floating about in plenty. This coming boom should be good for ten years. I want to be on the "grave train" for it ~~certainly passed~~ it by for the war. A small amount of capital can go a long way with astute managing; hence the dry-cleaning I wanted to step into; it is only a stepping stone, with a large laundry as the goal. Nevertheless, capital for machinery, no matter how little - is necessary.

Any day now, there may be a lapse in my letters. We aren't staying at this place long. Just remember, my Darling, I'm awaiting "our day" too. It is getting ever closer.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me,

Yours ever and ever,

Parker.

P.S. The cartoon of the "old champ" certainly got a laugh from Karl and the boys.