





UNITED STATES NAVY

April 13, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Today we arrived at this place of the Times Magazine (from whence we started) after a long, arduous[?] trip. The boat went for the mail and I received thirty letters from you, one from Lew, two from his and two from Mom. I'm not even going to try answering any of them tonight, for it is after midnight and I'm sleepy. Tomorrow I'll get a good start on them. One thing I do want to say, and that is I'm astounded at the perfection of your Bulletin and more so by the newspaper article. The first thing I know you will be writing a "Best Seller". The newspaper article was just what a Society Editor wants: when, where, who and why. No superfluous words and plenty of names. "Everybody likes to see their name in print"; I thought, I must admit, it looked like a roll call of Mussolini's Cabinet.

I cannot tell you where we were on our last trip, but you have been reading of the struggle there, daily. The mighty Midway has seen action and came out without a scratch. She is tentatively credited with shooting down a Jap plane, although I can't see it. We were saved from disaster when a destroyer cut across our stern and took a Jap



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suicide plane off our tail; it sheered away and crashed into a merchantman behind us. We spent most of the day and night at General Quarters. Mike and I are on the same gun. He is gun captain and I'm the "talker". It is an ~~etc~~ ironical setup; he has to give the orders I give him which I receive from the bridge.

We have seen nothing of John's ship. If he is where you say he is, he's safe. We were far past that. I did see the ship you told (what his name) Cassianth(?) is on. Perhaps in the near future I'll see John but, even then, I won't be ~~able~~ able to talk to him, only wave and yell across a hundred feet of space. When you write him tell him he might as well get used to these parts. When he has liberty he isn't going to like it.

I'm sending you two money orders that came today along with ten dollars of one fifteen dollar monthly pay. You may as well have it as the ship's canteen.

Nothing has been heard about our return to the States. One sure thing, we are working on the short end of the time. It won't be long before I'm holding my beautiful mommy tight again. There isn't half here of what I want to say, but I'm bleary eyed. In spite of your irascibility, I love you.

Parker.



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April 14, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Since we expect several boat loads of stores at any time this afternoon I'm writing this at noon time in the event we have to work all night unloading. There is a brisk breeze blowing and I'm sitting on a bucket trying to capture the fluttering paper. Out of the breeze it's too warm and in it difficult to write. Nothing in the world is ever perfect.

Now to get to the business on hand: your thirty letters were dated (this is going to be a struggle) Dec 31, Jan 2, 4, 5, (Jan 10th P.M. ^{Volunteer}), 14, 17, 18, 8, 22, 23, Feb. 2, Mar 10, 8, (Mar 10th P.M. ^{Letter Card}), ^{vm} 11, ^{vm} 13, ^{vm} 12, ^{vm} 15, 14, 16-18, 19, 20, ^{vm} 22, 21, 23, 26, 25, 28, and 29th. Already on hand and unanswered I had Mar 4, 6, 6, and 7th.

("The plans of both mice and men gang aft agley") I got as far as the above when a boatload of stores came and interrupted this for two hours. (Now it's raining and I'll have to find a new place. The rain certainly fouled this.) I've finally found that who was who in what hospital and that you received the tube OK. By the looks of things; stores ammunition etc; coming aboard we are good for two or three more months here. Everybody is getting a transfer except ~~me~~ a few others and me.



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(Y. L. of Jan 2nd) ^{Dec 31st} Timbo's Christmas message was in that and tell him I think it was very nice, also Camille's. (Time out more stores). (Three hours later) your part with the Dn. in this letter is very interesting. Especially the part about your hands. I don't believe sending laundry would be a fool idea, if you can find any Co. to take it.

(Y. L. of Jan 2nd). This is the one where you so gently tell me of Johnny being sick. Mommy you certainly have your hands full. I only wish I could be there to help you worry. I would have liked seeing you climb the ladder. No wonder Johnny smiled.

You can count on your new bedroom suite. Your long delayed Christmas Present! I now have \$500. on the books. I'm trying to reach \$1000. It looks as if I might make it by the way they keep us here. Then you and I are going shopping because when any buying is done I want you along. I love to watch you buy something you want.

There is very little danger of Malaria on here. we generally anchor ten or more miles from the nearest land and only a foolish mosquito would fly that far for a meal when there is so much at hand.



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Your experiences with Tinker are a circus. I think I shall nominate you for the "Ging Kid" when I come home. You are doing very nicely, though, as well as saving me a difficult job.

Darling, I wish I could be with you every minute. Often, I regret the minutes I missed when I could have been with you. If only I could hold your lovable self, again, and bite the tips of your ears. I'm very lonesome for my mom. There isn't anything I can do about it, but I think a few more months ~~will~~ end our stay in these waters. At this moment the Navy is very busy and until two theaters of operations are secure there isn't much chance of us getting away. Someday Mommy, I'm going to do some terrific lovin' to make up for all the time I've missed. That day will be better than all the honey moons in the world.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me.

Love + everything
Parker.



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April 15, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

The mail today brought me a letter from you dated April 4th. I certainly have plenty of them to answer now. I don't believe I'll get many of them answered though, as there may be a lapse in them very shortly.

Tonight I saw James Cagney in "Yankee Doodle Dandy," a life story of George M. Cohan. Last night was Lana Turner in "Slightly Dangerous". Now, since I've told you all the news I can proceed with the business on hand.

(Y. L. of Jan 4th) I would have liked seeing Johnny in his long nightie. He would look cute in anything. I'm glad he's O.K. now and home with you. I think it was harder for you to leave the ladder than for him to see you go.

On second thought, after reading what you say about Jim Emonds, I'm pleased you didn't start a conversation. The dog isn't that important.

Don't worry about packages. It takes months and months for them to arrive. I think that when the war is over there will be tons of packages looking for their owners. Of course



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its nice to receive packages, but the trouble of wrapping them and the long wait on this end makes it seem useless.

My Darling, the last thought in my mind is that you are splurging with your money. you are doing very well and I know it is difficult. I do want to have something when I get out of here, hence my desire to save as much as possible on this end.

Y.L. of Jan 5th: If Camille's new teeth show the least signs of being crooked by all means take him to a dentist. The least handicaps the Musketeers have, the more chance they have in this life.

Yes, your old man is 33 now and feels every year of it. If he could ~~only~~ only be with his Mommy again I think he could bore ten of them very easily.

As far as Dr. Hildebrand and Dr. Quinn are concerned, if Dr. Hildebrand is the better we can most certainly afford him. I heard an old Dr. say one time "I only wish I knew what I thought I knew when I started practicing." I guess Quinn knows as much as any of them.



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Four officers were transferred today. almost the cream of the crop. One of them said he thought we would return to the States soon. I know we are going on another operation and perhaps one after that. Both of them can easily take three months.

It will be a great day when I see you again. I never thought I could miss anybody so much. It seems as if I've lost my right arm. You are certainly in for a rough time when I do get there. I'm going to love and love you every minute of the time. Then you'll know what I mean by the inadequacy of love letters. That has been my only hope and dream for many long months. I don't think I could stand it if I didn't have you to come home to, I ~~should~~^{would} have volunteered for the amphibious corps long ago.

The picture you sent me of you is swell. I showed it to Mike and he remarked that you grow more beautiful as you grow older.

Say hello to the Marketers for me.
Love etc.
Parker



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April 16, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Nothing of any importance to tell about tonight. The movie was "That's my Baby" — not so good, but different than the usual run. We are loading cargo and it won't be long before my letter lapse.

This first letter I'm answering to-night is the one containing Johns. The part about the whiskey was good. I can imagine their appearance trying to smuggle ten pints of whiskey in those tight uniforms.

(Y. L. of Jan. 8th.) By all your letters, you were certainly making sure I understood about Johnny and I thank you for it.

That dentist, Dr. Sharpe, has one curious. Some years ago there was a Dr. Sharpe in Ocean City and I think he moved his office to Atlantic City. If it is the same one he would be very close to sixty years old.

If Tenker had known how worried you were about the extraction he may not have been so unconcerned. I'm glad you, well a surprised Momma after it was over.



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The next in the stack is your beautiful Valentine. I only hope I'm worth the sentiment. You could never be as proud to be my wife as I am to have you for a wife.

(Y. L. of Jan 14th) I'm happy Johnny is home with you by now. It's a miracle you didn't get Pneumonia galloping to and from the hospital in the cold and wet. I know not even an Alaskan blizzard would have kept you away.

Clair Reeves will probably be jealous of your being elected. Scatery of the community club and from the letters I know she couldn't be one-tenth as efficient as you in that position. You are unconsciously settling an old score with her, for me. I wanted their business one time and worked hard to get it. I couldn't hold it and have never known why, except I don't think Clair wanted too many people calling at her house when said people were friendly with Harry.

You remark in this letter about getting yourself in deep with the P.T.A. affairs. If you write all your newspaper articles like the one enclosed in your letter you won't ever be turned down by any Society Editor. It was the acme of perfection and I haven't recovered from it yet.



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I hope this next operation is our last one, although I'm afraid there may be another after this. I can't help but feel the time is drawing to a close. Japans attempt to make peace with China is a very good sign. Russias denouncement of their non-aggression treaty is another good sign. I want to come home but to come and have to return here would be a bitter dose.

When I return to my Darling I never want to leave her again. It seems years and years since I've loved my mommy. My whole life is you. Everything and my every emotion, love and happiness is you. This life, or any life, for that matter, is sheer cruelty without you. Even watching you putter about the house was one of my secret delights. Your tiny, girgical laugh when something pleased you was another. There are thousands of little mannerisms I delighted in watching - that you knew nothing about.

Yours all Mom
Parker



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April 17, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Last night's letter had an abrupt ending. Francis came in and interrupted the proceedings. A merchant was alongside and he wanted to buy a quart from one of the seamen. It cost twenty-five dollars. He donated fifteen and I owe him ten next payday, which will leave me five to carry on until the first of June. Anyway, we had a fair time and forgot our troubles while it lasted. I awoke this a.m. in Peter's bunk. How I got there I've no idea. It was the first drink I've had for months.

(Y.L. of Jan 17th) I'll skip over the newspaper article because I've written you about that already.

Your search for the place I was trying to tell you about so long ago even has me up a tree. Von Luckner's ship, "Leadler" was wrecked at Marcus Island. That's where we were when I told you to read the book. I forgot what group it is in, but I think it may be either the Marshalls or Carolines; anyway, it's about seven or eight hundred miles, maybe less, North



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of the Northern coast of New Guinea. Some names must have been changed in these parts or we were given the wrong slope when there. There is a new censoring rule saying we may tell where we have been after having been away from the place for thirty days. I'm going to get a list of every place we have been so you can place your flags correctly and date the map. Some of them, off hand, are Kuezelein, ^{Marshall} ~~Is.~~; Eniwetok, Manus, Saipan, Tinian, Rota, Guam, Bobelthup, Kassel Roads, Palau, etc. (One of the fellows just told me Manus Island is an island in the Admiralty Islands and is eight hundred miles North of the Northern Coast of New Guinea.)

I can tell you that wherever the "front line" is we are right there or headed there when your letters lapse. One time we were five hundred miles ahead of the front line. That was when I told you about the operation in the storm. Halper was there on his flagship and sent a message saying, "The operation must go through", and it did. I hope never again. Destroyers coming alongside were rolling 55°, they turn over at 65°. One large ~~the~~ Carrier quit outright after being alongside about fifteen minutes. The Capt of the Carrier called over the speaking system,



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"Pull in your hoses, I have to get out of here".

An interesting item in your letter is the sentence "I can dish it too, you know!" Do I know, Darling? I'm certainly curious to find out. I guarantee to take all the dishing. you are certainly doing a complete about-face. My Darling grows more perfect every day. I promise you I'll head straight for home and if I'm disappointed I'm going to turn you over my knee and I don't mean maybe.

Miki hasn't had an opportunity to use his net yet. Everything has been rush, rush, rush.

Momomom I want to be ~~gladly~~ preoccupied with you for life and wait on you like an Empress. Just wait on you and love you. That's all I ask of life.

I think I told you the Chess book came. I haven't had much chance to work on it, but it's just what I wanted. Karl hasn't won a game from me for months.

(Y.L. of Jan 18th) This is the one containing the two "Out our way" cartoons of the dogs. They are very good. Your newspaper clippings have been very interesting.

I don't think you ever told me how you made out about the iron. We don't have any irons



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aboard except a couple owned by a few selfish individuals who won't sell them.

I would like to have an individual picture of each of you if you still have the four coupons. I have the group picture and I don't think it can be improved upon. Anyway, it's sort of part of my equipment now. Another group picture would be one too many.

Today three letters came from you. Postmarked April 4th, 5th and 6th. I can give you the inside dates as I filed them forgetting I would want to list them here. I certainly can't complain about not getting letters. You always manage to make me feel like a fool.

Well Mommy, I'm growing sleepy and it won't be long before the man with the whistle is blowing reveille. I'll retire and try to dream I'm holding my Darling in my arms, showering her with all the love I'm aching to shower her with; the trouble is I never dream - not even on this Navy show. Once in a great while when I do dream of you, it's beautiful.

Say hello to the Musketeers

Love in everything
Parker.