





UNITED STATES NAVY

May 6, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Tomorrow we shall arrive at our origination from an uneventful trip. There is no word, as yet, concerning our return to the States. Personally, I don't believe it will be soon. The ship that came here with us has received her orders to return, but they are having boiler trouble. The longest any ship has been here, as far as we can ascertain, is sixteen months. The twenty-fifth of this month shall make our thirtieth. So, to make a long story short, anything can happen.

~~Now~~ My pen just took a long fall that didn't do it any good. The point was twisted and girts on the paper. We have seen nothing of John but from bits of information received I'm inclined to place him in the vicinity of Mindanao.

News of Germany's capitulation came this morning. The most difficult part of the war has been accomplished. I didn't feel any rise of spirit, except a feeling of thankfulness in the knowledge that the boys over there shall, at least, have a rest.

As strange as it may seem to you, I'm not over anxious to come home at this time, despite the fact that seeing you is



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all I live for and think about. To come home, knowing I would have to return to this God forsaken part of the world would be the height of ironic mockery. Much better to stay and get it over with and then come home for good.

If another bunch of letters are waiting for me when we come in I'll really be snowed under with unanswered letters. However, should we stay in Port very long I'll catch up. I hope the individual pictures you spoke of have been made and are on their way.

(Y. L. of Jan 22) The story of Camille and the Nurse was invigorating. All I missed is the Nurse, only you are the nurse I want. ~~Their conversations of their~~ hospital experiences must be a circus. I would like to eavesdrop too.

Your collection of my letters must be reaching gigantic proportions. I'm glad you are saving them as there are some passages in the earlier ones I want to show you. Your Christmas present from Mom and Sis was nice, I'm glad you liked it. Also, I know Bill wouldn't get shoe shanty. That's at premium. One has to be an Admiral's nephew or better.

This letter contained the one from Anne. I think she is making a mistake getting Mary a Catholic Bible, for the one used in public schools is a Protestant Bible. Isn't that correct?



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(Y. L. of Jan 23rd). This letter contained the available information concerning Jim Sestucci, but there were two addresses on the letter, one in ink and two, alike, in pencil. Is either of them correct? Can't you get the correct address? I want to write to him and find what kind of settlement will be satisfactory to him. Our part doesn't matter.

I wish there had been a house filled with guests when Johnny found the picture in the Sears catalogue. It would have aroused a great deal of merriment.

Mommy if we were to figure that compound monthly interest after all these years I'm afraid the ~~Northborough~~ ~~Blenden~~ wouldn't be acceptable as a partial payment. Fortunately, it doesn't work in that manner.

I have such a yearning for my Darling and it is so futile. It seems ages and ages since I've seen you. I miss the attentions you used to give me and shall probably have to be civilized all over again when I come home. My only friends are Myron Hunt and the ship's library, although everybody is pleasant to me. I've just finished a book, "Starbuck", by John Lefly. I wish you would read it if you can get it.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me.

Love an Everythin' Plus
Parker



- Ulithi -
~~Maraballa~~
Caroline, pls.

May 7, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

My work is certainly cut out for me to catch up with this mail. Today we dropped the hook in the old stamping grounds and I received seventeen letters. Eight were from you, (also two very nice cards from you, a Birthday and Sweetheart card) one from Uncle Bert, a primary ballot, one from Lew, one from Cousin Rose, one from John, another money order and a January 26th V-Mail from sis. Your letters were Jan 10th, 12th, April 6th, 8th, 9th, 12th, 14th and 16th. I believe there are many missing but they will come along sooner or later. We expect to be here until the fifteenth; that should be time enough for most of them to catch up.

The only good word I have for you is the rumor passing through the ship that we have received yard availability beginning July 15th. It doesn't necessarily mean anything for it's the orders that ~~will~~ count. However, the orders are almost sure to follow, anyway, it gives us something definite to which to look forward.

(Y.I. of Jan 16th) My Darling, I can assure you I won't mind rolling down that depression. Don't be too conscientious about removing it. This letter is the one I've waited for to tell me about the small pack-



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age I sent you. You sounded a bit disappointed in its contents, but surprised, too. The six day transportation was good. I sent it airmail (6th oz.). Frank was responsible for the tape.

Tell Anne never to worry about Bill missing a ship, especially one coming here. They don't bother to throw them in the big, just put them on the next ship out. I guess they figure, and rightly, that here is worse than any big.

Tell Finer thanks for his letter, even if it is a bit late. The drawing was good, more understandable than the writing but I suppose he is a ship from the old block in that.

Y.L. of Jan 12th. This one doesn't need any answer. So I'll skip along to the next one.

(Y.L. of Jan 28th) This tells me of your receiving a letter from Adelaide Olsoak and when I got it I couldn't think or remember who she was until just now. I think my mind is beginning to wander. You spoke of my mispronunciations of places; maybe the commentaries are correct, but the men who were on the island pronounce it Pa-kew. The Japs language is simple as they use a consonant and a vowel most always. Each set has an accent. E and a form a w. Okinawa is pronounced O'ki-NA-
(WHAT) WA. Ah (KIT) (ONE) The words Oke are the sounds the vowels carry, not using the last letter of pit and toe, just lower



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the last letter off. Nobu = ^{now - Boo} no'bu. This explanation was in a book I read by Helen Mears, "The year of the Wild Boar", the story of an American woman in Japan. according to her Hirohito is ^{hit} pronounced ^{now} Hear-o-high-Toe, but ^{hit} ^{now} Hi-ro-hi-to and I've never heard anyone pronounce it that way: two jima, on here, they pronounce it Ewo Jeemah, according to her its ^I ^{woe} ^{JIT} ^{mah} I'wo, ji'ma. I'm other words ^{ba} ^{bi} ^{be} ^{to} ^{bu} ^{ky} ^{ai} ^{sue} ^{or} ^{sue} ba, bi, be, to, bu. Ky, ai, sue or sue. sake = a rice wine is san ket. (Take the mand to off.)

(Y. L. of Feb. 2nd) Tells me of Lemille and Timmer passing the buck on the dishes and Johnny being his own barber. What a life!

You asked me if being closed to danger prompted a love letter. No Darling, but I wouldn't want to be popped off without assuring you I love you, even if I do wait until the last minute to tell you.

Well, little sweetheart, I want to enclose John's letter and think I had better bring this to a close. I'll try to catch up with your letters if we are here long enough.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me and tell them their claddy misses them and their Mommy very much.

Love' and everything.
Perker.



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May 8, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

No important news - what am I talking about - there is very important news. I'm sitting here thinking of how I am to get back after I go and start a letter like that.

Today I went to the communications officer, Mr. Ettlinger, and asked him if John's ship was here. He gets a listing of all ships at every anchorage we make. John's ship is here and tomorrow I'm going to see him if the ship is where the quartermaster said it is. It was a miracle, of some three hundred ships there are only two like John's here and his is one of them. He doesn't know we are here as we are about three miles away from him and if he checked before yesterday he wouldn't know anyway. I can hardly wait to see him. It's been the best thing that's happened to me since coming out here, and just last night I thought him in Leyte.

(Y. L. of Feb. 26th) How beautiful a mink coat would look on you Darling! Maybe Santa will surprise you some Christmas. Maybe you don't have any aspirations toward them, but I do, for you.



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The reason the Jap money I sent you was burned the way it was, was because it was in the bottle of Saigon and was taken from a Jap who was in a cave and the victim of a flame-thrower. Groups of them hid in caves and sniped any soldier that came in range. They had to force them out, a cave at a time, with flame-throwers. For sometime after the capture of Saigon the Jap prisoners working Parties would go out in the morning in groups of ten to work. When they mustered at night many of the groups would have eleven and twelve instead of ten. I paid a dollar for that particular piece of Jap money.

Y L of March 4th Doesn't require an answer. (Y L of March 6th) The V-mail is a bust. Besides being away behind air-mail it's impossible to write a good letter on just one sheet. I'm glad you stopped using it. You might be alone Darling, but you are never unloved. I loved you more than ten years now and I'm too old to learn new tricks and have no desire to do so. You are all I want.

I don't think Finke is lazy. He probably has inherited my habit of procrastination. Once he gets going he's O.K. I certainly would like to see the little shavers again.

I was going to answer another of yours



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letters, or rather the one next to this but decided against it as it contains that religious sheet you send me and I noticed a few misstatements in there I want to write about and won't have room enough in this letter.

If I see Johnny tomorrow I'll probably have enough material for tomorrow night's letter and will eventually give up the discussion I had in mind.

Mike is interested in seeing John, too, but he's so slow in getting anything done that I'm not going to wait for him. The only officer on here that even refuses me anything is the Executive and the dislike is mutual. My Division officer told me to go whenever I wanted and stay as long as I wanted. Our Warrant Bos'n, Mr. Gardner, has been transferred and Mike is filling his shoes. I think he will make chief very soon. As a seaman, there is no one better, but being a politician is more important in the Navy than any knowledge and that is amplified a thousand fold on here.

Say hello to the Musketers for me.
a song for you, "I had a Dream Dear"
lovin' and Everthin'
Parker



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May 9, 1945

Dearest Darlin',

All in all it has been quite a day. I spent all of it with John. He is well and grumbling about the Pacific and only here four months. I feel for him when I think of the long months ahead of him. I went over this a.m. about 8.30. He certainly was surprised to see me. We gobbled until 1.30 P.M. and then went on the beach as John rated liberty. ~~We met~~ Mike over there and we gobbled until 5 P.M. when we parted.

Having lunch with John he pointed out Bill Wilkens to me and I had a good chance to observe him without him knowing me as I didn't meet him until after lunch. I think he is a fine fellow and will make Ann a good husband. He certainly is in love! I was afraid he would be an average sailor but he is far above that. He is smart and honest and I like him.

Ever since leaving John I've been studying whether or not I should tell you this; due to the type of ship John is on they are constantly in danger. They are the front, front line of the Navy and Marines. Their job is to land



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Commando's at any given destination. I'm telling you this so you will be prepared and help prepare Mom for any eventuality that may occur.

The danger isn't constant for often they are on convoy duty but now and then they are called upon to iron out a "hot" spot. The reason they were here this time is because they took six, ~~four~~ five inch shell hits from land batteries at Okinawa while landing Commando's at a certain part of the beach, also they were bombed and had three near misses and shot down a Jap plane.

I'm all that only two were killed but several were injured. John's part of the ship wasn't damaged in the least.

I don't think I'm being cruel in telling you this, for I think you should be prepared and not get any mishap all in one wallop. I tell you the same as I would tell you about us. Neither John nor Bill were even scratched.

I figure that you and Anne should be able to psychologize Mom for there isn't any sense in hiding ourselves John has the most dangerous duty in the Navy besides Submarine and Mine Sweeping. Just keep your chin up; I'll be with you, I hope, in a couple of months.

Yesterday I received a package but there



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was no way to tell from whom it came. I think it was the one Anne sent. There were cookies and a jar of Welch's Grape-Nuts. Before the week is out I'm going to write her a letter but won't say anything to her or anybody else about what's on the previous page. Today two packages came from you and a letter. The package containing the picture packed between the pamphlets and magazines was water soaked. The picture was ruined, Darling. I'm sorry for it was just what I wanted. The other package was in A1 condition and had your delicious Toll House cookies and the Salt Water Taffy. The package that I think was from Anne was smashed to smithereens, all except the jar of jelly. Isn't that something?

(Y.L. of March 6th) you say "the spaghetti sauce is bubbling on the stove". Those words certainly made me hungry for some of your spaghetti. I miss all the nice things you used to cook. I doubt very much if I could come home even if you were to undergo an operation. I don't think you have to do that. There must be a way to clear that condition without going to that extreme. Dr Quinn should know better than I for he seems rather efficient despite my first opinion.

I don't know much about the Hollmans. I never saw a picture of Mrs Hollman. Francis



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is something like Cliff but a fast more mature.

I forgot about the fountain pens until I read this letter again. If they have any more pens in the ship store I'll get them and send them along. I would like to see Tinkers' puchled face, all of your faces for that matter.

(Y. I. of March 7th) It tells me of your troubles in packing the Salt Water Taffy I just received. Small World isn't it? There is not, and hasn't been any malaria on our ship. The rest of ~~this letter is~~ rewrites of the missing January letters and I think we have these taken care of by now.

Let me know if Anne sent the mystery package. Tell her when I left Bill he was emphatically looking for the mail boat to see if there was a letter from her. Ask her if she will let me read her love letters when I come home. I'm looking forward to a good time of teasing her when I see her.

Well Mommy, this is about all tonight I'm going to bed and try to dream of my beautiful, sweet wife. It won't be long before I ~~don't~~ won't have to dream about her but will have her by my ~~side~~ side.

Say hello to the Marketers for me.

Parker.



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May 10, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

No mail today and not much to talk about. John's ship went out this morning but I don't know where bound. He didn't know when I left him. It was great to see him for just that short time. We surely did job—just like two women over a back fence. He doesn't like the duty on that ship. He wants to get on a ship of this kind. I don't blame him much, all that stuff looks good on Navy posters, movies and in books but when its happening one gets an altogether different feeling.

(Y.L. of March 26th) Our John said that John was in Sumerburg, that he had a letter from him and he expects to come home this summer. You say he is in Patton's 3rd Army, Ed Hess' brother is with Patton and from the letters Ed and different ones on the ship have received from friends etc, they all say they would rather be under Patton than any General on the Western front. I'm in the Pacific its Stillwell.

From what Johnny said about the hair on my face I guess he hasn't forgot his Dad. I'll have to remember to keep shaven after that.



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(Y.I. of March 10th) I hope you are continuing with Dr. Quinn. Whatever is wrong you should keep after it until you are well. Don't worry about the money, that's secondary, your health is first. I don't know how much leave I'll get but I want you in A1 condition because you'll be in for a rough time. I hope you can take it.

Your steak story is riot. That's what you get for telling lies. Those kids must have memories like elephants. They are always dragging a skeleton from the family closet.

You ask me what I think of the snapshots. Darling, no picture you send me flatters you half enough. My Darling is the most beautiful woman in the world and the pictures are sadly lacking.

The Easter card was very nice. I save all the cards you send me. They are getting to be quite a stack and someday I'll have to do some house cleaning. I'll keep them as long as I can.

Y.I. of Mar. 10th was one of those sad v-mail affairs and requires no answer.

While on the Beach with John, we had a picture taken - John, Mike and I. I'm going to get the negative and send it to you. At least the Chief Pharmacist Mate promised it to me. I figure you'll need the negative to keep place in the family.



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(Y. 2. of Mar. 12th) The circular is very good and I think the Village got the best of the bargain when you were elected Secretary.

Mommy, you must understand that getting painting contracts is different than the kind of business getting I've been used to, not many people own the houses they live in, and often the owner doesn't live in the city. However, its a bit premature to talk of that. I'm perfectly satisfied that you are to be the only woman I'm to look at for the rest of my life. I've always wanted it that way.

I haven't seen Frenchman's Creek and we don't have to pay admission at our shows, just find ^{any} a place to sit is enough trouble.

Here's hoping you can understand my letters, I've found a private place to write but it necessitates me balancing the pad on my knee, that, coupled with the pen accident doesn't improve my penmanship.

Say hello to the Marketers for me and we are both waiting for that day, Darling. It won't be so long now.

Love and more love, all for you
Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

May 10, 1945

Dearest Darling;

Seems as if I slipped on the dates. I think I marked last night's letter the 10th, also. Today the mailman brought me six letters from you, all recent editions. They were: April 20th, 21st, 23rd, 25th, 26th and 27th. The day before yesterday I received April 27th letter. I don't have any trouble finding something to write about. Without counting the ones I'll answer here, or rather counting them. I have thirty letters ahead.

The "naughty" letter I just received expresses my feelings as well as yours. I'm very anxious to make that invasion and many of them for that matter. It is certainly surprising how you have changed. I hope I'm not disillusioned when I get there. As I said in last night's letter, it's going to be a great day.

Y. L. of Mar. 14th doesn't require an answer. You were ill and it was short. The enclosed letter from Liner was very nice. Tell him thanks. His writing doesn't speak well for the Palmer method. I know most children that attend Catholic school are eventually excellent writers. Perhaps as he grows older he shall improve.

Y. L. of March 15th was a v-mail. It tells



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me you are going to school again. I'm enclosing it so you may see the peculiar photography of this particular one. I got a cheap drunk reading it.

(J. 2^d of Mar 16th and 18th) There are both in the same envelope and as soon as I read them I'll know if there is anything to answer - just a minute - I think I've told you in a previous letter that I saw Monte Woolley and Jane Hahn in, "Crish Eyes are smiling". Our picture of it was technicolor, too.

Johnny attempted ride on the trolley must have been a great disappointment to him. I guess he thought ~~he~~ had made it once he was exsided. Tell him I'll take him for a trolley ride when I come home.

You betcha I love you Darling. I'm just waiting for the time when I can make up all I've missed. I don't think I'll want to go out and leave you alone anymore. Sometimes a guy just takes his wife for granted and doesn't realize how valuable she is until he doesn't have her.

Well Mommy, as I'm writing this before bed, it is nearly time for the same. Say hello to the Musketers for me and tell them there Daddy has to go, now, and stand in line for his supper.

Load of love and Everything.
Parker.

P.S. Write me some more Naughty letters.



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May 18, 1945

Dearest Darlin',

This is going to be a letter of explanation, more or less. Last night I wrote you a letter dated 10th. - it should have been 11th. There won't be any 11th letter but two 10th letters, the second 10th letter being the 11th letter. Rawthok confusing, eh not?

Before I saw John I wrote you a letter telling you where I thought he was, that is where I think we are going next, although I'm not positive. However, if I refer to either this letter or the former you will know where I am or am sure of going.

At the end of this letter I'm going to send you a song. Perhaps you never heard it but I like it. I heard it in a picture a few nights ago but the picture was boxed in 1903. It's supposed to be a song Lillian Russell made famous. It would be worth buying the record just to hear it in a music store. The words go something like this: "If you love me like I love you. etc."

(Y.S. of March 19th) Women are strange creatures. You are a bit peeved because I was annoyed ~~you~~ when you asked me for money, in one of your letters



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just received you said you were saving the two Hawaiian
pieces I sent you, for souvenirs. I must be stupid, I
don't seem to understand very well. If you do decide to
use them I advise you to cash them in a bank as
I'm not positive of their negotiability in the States, although
I was told they could be used. If the bank demurs tell
them I sent them to you and it's the only kind of
money the Government uses to pay with in the Pacific.

The reason for that being if a ship's funds or any armed
force's funds fall into enemy hands they won't be negot-
iable in the States. Hence my doubts as to their validity
as a unit of exchange. However, I was given to understand
that they could be used in the States.

I've pulled in my horns about your Doctoring
and I hope you continue with it; I want you to be tops.
There is a part of one sentence that intrigued me greatly,
"and only three days menstruation every month of her life";
so strange, I can remember, distinctly when it was ten
days!

I don't know the author of that particular poem
but it sounds like Milton's ramblings, or perhaps Keats.
Who did write it?

(Y. L. of March 20th) As soon as Tinker talks
when you ask him to do something give him a good belt,
then ~~if~~ there will be no reason for him to get smart
and you will save the mental strain brought upon you by



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that attitude.

(Hunt just stopped by and said, "and this book says that if a man abstains from sexual intercourse his penis becomes small, shrivelled, unsightly and he becomes impotent". Poor me!)

Your sermon on faith control was interesting in view of the fact that the learned Father could give your problem no better advice than that when it is the problem of thousands of women.

There is one thing I want you to get straight for once and for all, whatever opinions relatives, friends, or acquaintances have of me doesn't interest me an iota. The best they can do ^{is} mind their business and leave mine alone. When they are talking about me they are leaving somebody else alone. Besides, talk never helped anything.

The enclosed Commissary letter was interesting. Just how do they figure that priority? If you don't know find out. What dept does the Commissary come under? I can't do anything on the little informers you sent me, but give me some facts and I'll guarantee to turnb the place about ~~their~~ their ears. I can't see how there could be so many with a higher priority. That's all I want, a nice story for the Associated Press, and boy, could I write it so they would print it. I never expected Naval Politics to reach



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the childrens dinner table. That is just another petty navy policy. They act and are so petty and use the enlisted men for such suckers that when they promote them they become petty officers. I've never seen such a lot-ponis of cheap, arrogant, bigoted, petty, conceited, derelict collections as the shore-stationed officers of the U.S. Navy.

I don't think I told you, but we were attached at the same place as John's ship. I couldn't tell you at the time and since you know of John it isn't necessary to obuse the ³⁻privilege now. I don't think it shall be long before we are all away from this prison. Its the greatest job any man could be asked to live in; it isn't so funny now, but afterward will surpass any comedy.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me and keep yourself beautiful as always. I miss my Mommy so much! The time is growing ever nearer when we shall be together again to do all the things we want to do and for which we have waited so long.

I'll send the song along to you and hope you may hear it sung the way I heard it. Tonight, to you and for you, "Beneath the Bamboo Tree"

Tons and Tons of Love

Perker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

May 13, 1945

Dearest Darlin',

Today our news carried its first story of the point system of discharge. It said there is a minimum of eighty-five points, this can be raised or lowered as that particular service sees fit; one point for each month of service since Sept 16th 1940 and one point additional for each month of sea duty. Twelve points for each child under eighteen years of age. At present, or according to the present plan I've ninety-eight points. It's nothing to become excited about as the Navy shall probably raise the minimum to five hundred or require a man to be killed three times before he's eligible for discharge.

However, it's pleasant to think about. At present, on this ship, there are about a half dozen eligible for discharge under that system. Only two of us have three children, (Bernie and I), the rest are regular Navy — until their enlistment terminates in the present war. That makes about six from every two hundred men, hence, if there are four millions in the Navy as they claim, that means a discharge of twenty thousand men. You can easily see by that that there isn't much hope of the Navy releasing that many.



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A. V. - mail of March 13th got lost in the shuffle. There isn't much to answer in that short one sentence, "Bill sent Anne a negligee and nightgown - she says she doesn't think she shall even wear the nightie". Tell her I can see her point very clearly. They are a nuisance and I'm sure Bill would appreciate her more without one.

You can never tell about the younger generation. Tell Tinker not to start shaving as the girls don't like whiskers. That may change is mind.

(Y. L. of March 21st) You are doing very nicely with your letter writing and I am satisfied. The explanation Father gave of the end of the world is very interesting. I reckon we will arise for when the Sun, Moon and Stars clash and flames break forth from the earth I don't think there will be anyone about to see it.

Bill and Anne certainly have a wonderful system. Keep me posted so I'll know what's going on. Maybe Anne will lend it to you so we can use it.

I hope Luke is safely well from his operation. Give him my regards.

Your V-mail letter of March 22nd doesn't require answering. V-mails never do. . . .

Y. L. of March 23rd is the first one I've received telling of any improvement in your physical



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condition. I'm very glad to hear of that. If you are as cute at 124 lbs as you were at 135 lbs I won't have any "peck".

My Darling, it won't be long now before I'll be holding your hand again. Everyday brings us closer and one of these fine days I'll surprise you.

As you say, until then the dreams will have to suffice; this is one bad dream I'll certainly be glad to be rid of, and then some. War was never made for pleasure.

Well Mommy, I've more or less come to the end of my rope for tonight. This weekend didn't allow us our usual Sunday Holiday since painting the ship is much more important than observing the Sabbath, in the Navy. I'm a bit tired and these topics require one to get more sleep than one usually does.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me.

Love - plus
Parker.



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May 13, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Another evening has arrived whereby I may commune with you; and that's what they are, evening communions. I have just finished seeing the picture, "Mrs. Parkington"; it wasn't very good and I believe our opinions coincide on that?

Today's news bore the message that no Navy man would be discharged - just what we expected. The least they could do would be to give those with the requisite number of Points shore duty in the States.

(Y. L. of March 25th). It seems you had a nasty job cleaning my gun, but it sounds as if you did a much better job than I would, have, thank you, Darling. I never thought of the fumes from that cleanser troubling you, I'm sorry they spoiled your dinner.

I now have another mattress. One of the fellows that had two heard of my misfortune and I found one on my bunk when I came in one day. They finally got some in the ship's store but they wanted nine dollars for a straw filled ticking and I couldn't see that. All is O.K. now.



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(Y.L. of March 26th) This contained one of your interesting bulletins, the one saying Lt. Paul Slawter was to speak at the club. There was a Paul Slawter in my company at Bainbridge but of course they couldn't be the same person.

The remainder of this letter was about John and Bill and would have given me plenty to write about if I hadn't seen them. I got in an advance answer on that.

(Y.L. of March 28th) The club must be in sad shape when they can't even form a quorum. Lt. Slawter's talk must have been interesting. He had a narrow escape in that parachute leap.

Mike has never mentioned Jerry Castandi to me, perhaps he knows I don't know him, nor have we met that particular ship although it could be in this immediate area. I don't pay much attention to them unless they have some special interest for me, which isn't often.

(Y.L. of March 29th) I'm sorry you can't find any cocoanuts, that seems strange, out here they lie all about in all stages of growth and decay. We are so used to seeing them that they draw no more attention than egg coons in an oak woods at home.

Speaking of Timber and his baseball bat



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reminds me of ~~the~~ my younger days. Tell Camille I'm sorry he can't hit the ball but when I come home I'll show him how. I think he needs a little added self confidence. Tell Finke if he wants a fidget he had better hustle and earn some money and save it for I'm only going to put in half. See what he says about that.

Johnny's cute idea of bringing Santa Claus back again was good. If it worked that way I would get myself some stickers.

I think I told you I received your beautiful Easter Card. I have all the cards you have sent me. They are so nice, I like to look at them every now and then.

You are missed very much, Mommy. I can't tell you much about it here but I shall when I come home. Every dragging day is a day closer to the great day. When I cut loose with all this pent-up love you'll think I'm Casanova, Romeo, and Valentino rolled into one.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me. I love you, miss you, need you and will always love you and need you.

Ever yours
Parker



UNITED STATES NAVY

May 14, 1945

Dearest Darlin,

There is nothing to say tonight. You may expect a lapse in my letters anyday now. I have just finished seeing, "Lake Placid Serenade". It was fair but would have been much better in Technicolor.

This is suppose to be our last operation, that may or may not be true. It's the one all of us have been waiting for, for months. I haven't any idea where we are going but don't think it shall be a "hot spot".

(Y. L. of April 1st) I remember our dart game at Busch's very well. I think that was the last time I saw John until I met him here.

I hope Nance gets her driving license soon, I wouldn't want to see you in the hoos-gow. If anything happens do you know you can be held as an accessory after the fact and if you admit you knew she had no license you become an accessory before the fact and are liable for prosecution?

It seems to me if everyone is saying you are getting too thin you should do something about it. Don't allow yourself to become a prey for any disease that may be in fashion.

I was surprised to hear you met Ray.



UNITED STATES NAVY

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More surprised to hear he had three children. I haven't seen him for a dogs age. He won't own the gas plant. He is in the same rut he has always been in, I couldn't stand a job of that type. I gotta have variety.

Alvin certainly is ringing the bell. I didn't think the old coot had it in him. Tell him I said that when you see him.

I miss you, too, Mommy.

(Y. L. of April 3rd) Pop worries about you. "There must be something in that skinny business when he tries to fatten you. Just wait until I start!"

All-in-all you must have had quite a visit. There isn't much in Atlantic City to contrast with Ocean City in the way of cleanliness. Atlantic is just the home of the Jews. Not much else can be said about it. Perhaps we may live in Ocean City, again sometime.

(Y. L. of April 4th) There was some very interesting clippings in this letter. I guess Mr Hickman is Ocean City's oldest ~~business~~ business man. I suppose Capt Lee has been long dead. He was by far the oldest. He had a store, either where Wallaces Hardware is, or next to it. It was one of the oldest buildings in Ocean City. He sold everything from matches to stove pipes.



UNITED STATES NAVY

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I would have liked to see Camille as well as Virginia High. Its nice he was able to come home. If you can get John Highs address I would like to write to him. I've never forgotten Frances. She was a swell person. If things were to turn out that way, I think Camille could do much worse than Linney.

The Navy is a foolish place I admit, but I take exception to that story of the meet. That is a downright fabrication. Not even the Navy is that bad. I'm surprised you placed any credence in such an absurd tale.

That ~~can~~ sign you feel of signed by D. Phillips must have been around 53rd St. I think I have met him. The trip from Ocean City to Sea Isle must be quite scenic with all that junk strewn about.

This is the end of my rope for tonight. Pee is sitting here bugging in my ear and I have to call it a night.

It won't be long now Pooking, just keep your pretty chin up. a couple of more months.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me.

Yours ever
Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

May 16, 1945

Dearest Darlin,

Somehow I've become mixed in my dates but I believe the above is correct. I have just come from seeing Ronald Coleman, in "The Light that Failed" - Rudyard Kipling. It wasn't very good.

Frank went swimming from the beach a few days ago and saw some octopus. He decided to capture them. On the last liberty he caught a small one and had a tussle with one much larger. He borrowed a knife and returned to the bottle. The Octopus took the knife away from him and he had to retire from the struggle. Today he went over and returned with the knife and the octopus. He borrowed a bigger and better knife, dove under and swam into the Octopus' cove. After severing four of its' tentacles he killed it and brought it to shore. He swam back into the cove and recovered the knife he had lost three days ago. The tentacles measured four and a half feet in length. From the end of the port tentacle to the end of the starboard tentacle was over ten feet. He was sick tonight from swallowing too much salt water plus the purplish fluid they exude when injured. It seems the octopus had two tentacles around his left arm and



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he couldn't get up in time for air. He calls that sport. At Manus he got stuck under a natural coral bridge when he dove under it to see what was beneath it. He almost didn't get unstuck. You see the water here is very clear. The bottom is plainly discernible at depths greater than fifty feet. Frank has a face mask with a large round glass in the front. He puts that on and swims ~~about~~ ^{about} under water looking for trouble and the beauties beneath the sea. He cornered a large fish in an under water grotto, one time, and got his hands and arms cut in various places from the fish and coral. What can one do with a guy like that?

(Your letter of April 5th) It's very hard for me to believe my Kid sister is thirty years old. She seems just my Kid sister. It makes me feel very old indeed.

The cheese hasn't come yet but I certainly enjoyed your Toll House cookies and Cup cakes. I'm surviving the salt water I offer until we reach a cooler climate. I don't like them gooey.

With everybody feeling we are coming home soon we shouldn't be disappointed. An event occurred today that gave us some hope. As soon as we come into an anchorage they send a paint order to a



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supply ships. The paint is rationed and they gave us about three times as much as we should have and about a tenth of what was ordered. Today the Island Commander sent a very tart message wanting to know why we took all that paint since we ^{are} returning to the States soon and should leave it for the ships more in need. Don't become too hopeful, for the Navy always does opposite from that which is expected.

(Y.L. of April 6th). This refers to "the people you know who always have a hysterical outbreak when their shortcomings are pointed out to them." On the contrary, I didn't "get hot under the collar". It gave me a good laugh. My little sweet Darling!

I'll be glad to get your coconut cream eggs but I shudder to think of the condition they shall be in when they come.

I'm anxious you should be loved again, too, Darling. I'll do my best at the earliest opportunity. Our leave won't amount to much. If I get ten days home I'll be lucky. The traveling time amounts to four days each way.

Say hello to the Mushkies for me.

Love and Everything

Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

May 17, 1945

Dearst Dorlin;

There is nothing new to tell you. I've just come from seeing the movie, "The Cry of the Werewolf". It was fair but I wouldn't advise you to see it - not unless you are counting night-mares.

I'm enclosing a picture and its negative taken at Ulitiki, Marshall Islands. I think you will find it interesting and it should pin another flog for you. The negative became stuck to the envelope it was in so maybe the photographer can straighten it out and make more prints. I would like to have you send me one since all I have I'm sending to you. There were two pictures but I gave one to Mike. The can in my hand is a can of beer, of course.

Somebody just passed by and told me the grave is in the Caroline, not the Marshalls. I never can keep these islands straight.

This is going to be a short letter as I forgot to bring my package of your letters with me and I have a 12 to 4 watch tonight. Ever now I'm at loss how to continue.

I've been extremely busy since coming here



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as the ship is being painted again..

The picture should give you all the necessary proof you need that John and Mike are healthy but far from happy. I think that picture depicts the happiest day any of us have had in the Navy because we were together.. I think I told you that Bill didn't vote liberty that day or he would have been there, also.

The days are creeping by and bringing our great day ever nearer. We need fifteen more days in Phillipine waters to qualify for the Phillipine Liberation Campaign Bar. Thirty are needed, all told. We may get them.

Don't become impatient. Remember everything comes to them whom wait. Our love is a wonderful thing although it ~~to~~ did take this absence to make us realize just how wonderful. All I want in all this world is to be with my Darling.

Say hello to the Marshbretens. I received a letter today - May 1st, I think, it had John's school report. Tell him I think he is doing very well and to keep up the good work.

Yours ever and ever
Parker...

P.S. Please put the date on the back of the picture. Its in your files.



UNITED STATES NAVY

May 18, 1945

Dearest Darlin';

No news. The latest unofficial rumor is that we may be here until January. How rumors do fly about on here! I have just come from seeing the incomparable Monty Woolley in, "Life Begins at Eight Thirty". I received a letter from you today dated May 2nd.

(J. L. of April 9th) Camille had best forget about sea duty. He must be counting on that supposedly eighteen month rotation program. Personally I believe it to be a lot of hokum. The Navy never has told the truth in its existence. It's founded and promoted on propaganda. Tell him I said to take all the shore duty he can get. The worse shore duty is better than the best sea duty.

Linper did very well on the typewriter. Perhaps his Mommy could take a few lessons from him. Boys will be boys and wear out shoes and everything else; Darling. It's just the way of life.

(J. L. of April 9th) You are certainly having your troubles with the shoe problem. Try and get them, each, a pair of wooden shoes. Maybe they would slow them down - maybe.

Mrs Oberholzer's remark about your needing to develop rhythm is strange. Tell her your hubby says



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it took him ten years to get you to develop ~~the~~ rhythm. Keep in practice with the short hand, I may need a beautiful secretary and you would fill the bill, even if you do spell Taylor, Tailor.

I believe I told you I received the small photo you sent me and like it very much. The large one was ruined as the package got water-soaked.

Florida is doing a nice piece of advertising for other resorts. The OPA is just another Government agency - all talk and no action. By the time they are ready to start convictions the war will be over and people scattered all about the country.

(Y. I. of April 10th) We haven't had ~~the~~ Fighting Lady on our screen yet but we were in Kwajalein soon after its capture. It is another Coconut Palm, covered island and nothing was left but hundreds of stumps about three feet high. It looked as if a giant scythe had been swung over the island.

What in the world kind of Pets do Goatsuck make? Maybe you should take Finke to see a psychologist. However, if he likes them well and good. That's about the only kind of Pet they could have in the village, anyway.

(Y. I. of April 12th) I know how you felt when you heard of the death of the President, I felt the same way. It is going to be hard for Truman to feel this



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shoes.

I've read oodles and oodles of stories but you wrote the first wee-wee story I've ever read. It just goes to show that there is nothing new under the sun.

By now the mailman should be doing very nicely by you. There must be a paper shortage. Our news said today that the Cordova (Alaska) Daily wasn't being printed because their order of newspapers missed the boat.

I'm a long way ~~from on my~~ way home, Mommy, but remember this can't go on forever, even if the Navy would like it to, so don't become discouraged. It's going to cost me more than a hundred dollars to make the trip home from the coast. I've more than \$600. on the books, now. I don't like to have to spend it, or a portion of it for traveling since I'm not in this position by my choosing. Of course that amount is round trip. I'm hoping against hope that I may get a transfer with a bit of shore duty attached.

Say hello to the Markettes for me and we are both living for our day when I'll be able to fill your little pink ears full of sweet nothings and hold you close.

Yours even and even...
Parker.



UNITED STATES NAVY

May 19, 1945

Dearest Dorlin;

Your letter of May 5th came today. The mail is coming in a rather laudacious fashion and I hate to think of how it shall come when the European press arrives.

(Y. L. of April 14th) This opens with a barrage of questions. In answer to the first: you should know where I am by just reading the letter in which the pictures were sent. In answer to the second: My thoughts are of you and how soon I may ~~to~~ make love to you again. We are far from homeward bound and in a few days expect to leave^{to} where I told you I thought John was before I saw him.

Your ~~to~~ Sweetheart card came and was very cute from a cute person. I still have it and it's one of the prizes of my collection. I send the words back to you, multiplied a thousand fold.

I think Superior is right about charging \$1.10 admission to the play. That price will appeal to the people who like to pep up with the boys - and everybody does. It will give the hypocrites an excuse to stay home and they aren't a necessary part of any audience. It adds an additional glamour to the play and makes it appear greater than "just a play".

(Y. L. of April 16th) Camille, returning to California, brings this to mind. When you write him ask him

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how I could get to him if we came into San Francisco or San Pedro.

Your conversation with Miss Shepard causes me to think she isn't very well informed by son Joe. You say a "nitro ship". There is no such thing. The U.S.S. Nitro is an ammunition ship. Tomorrow I'll inquire if it's here. You remember reading about the Mt. Hood? That was another of that type and we were anchored next to it in Memos. We left the day before it blew up. The tanker on the other side of it had some men killed. The lucky Niobrara!

Your job of sitting on the stage and looking pretty is a natural for you. You look pretty wherever you are.

I would like to hear Johnny say "Hail Mary" and Tinker and Camille say "Halleluia". It makes me feel very small when I realize what a wonderful Mother you are. It isn't many men who are blessed with a wife who is good, sweet, beautiful and 100% Mother.

(Y. L. of April 17th) That package you are ~~that~~ putting together certainly makes me hungry. I wish

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I had it this minute. We had hamburgers tonight - the Navy kind. 95% grease and 5% meat. It's certainly wonderful what the human stomach can take.

I haven't heard the new President speak. I'll take your word for it. I received a primary ballot and sent it back marked straight Democrat.

Sounds as if Tinker and Camille are going into high finance. Tinker owed Camille a nickel and Camille owed Tinker a dime. Tinker borrowed a dime so that still makes him owe Camille a nickel. I think Camille is in for a swindle.

As you probably already know, John's ship is still going by the same name. The type has changed from D.E. to A.P.D. Likewise the duty of the ship. It can be used for either purpose but is faster than formerly. I would like to know where John is now. I think they returned to the "hot spot", only it isn't very hot there now. It's just about secured.

I cannot help thinking that the Japs shall surrender very soon. It's impossible for them to succeed against the overwhelming forces they shall soon have to face. In a very short time Japan will be leveled to the ground.

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The incendiarys are taking terrific toll of life and property. The cities burn so fast that there isn't much escape for anyone. Those who seek refuge in underground bomb shelters are smothered. 50,000 lives have been lost in Tokyo, alone, and that's a very conservative figure. Pilots say the flames race in all directions, in split seconds an area is turned into a seething mass of fire.

The Naval and Air power is broken beyond recovery. The Navy is so weak that small fishing boats are being used in major transportation operations. Our new night fighters are making it impossible for a Jap plane to fly by night. Radar is beating the Japs at every turn. It's the greatest of all the new things in the war.

Well Mommy, this is all for tonight. Say hello to the Musketeers for me and I don't think it is going to be very long before I can do that myself.

Lovin' and everything
Parker.

May 20, 1945

Dearest Darlin,

Another Sunday afternoon. The heat is extremely oppressive today. By the time we see the States again it's going to be as hot there. I received two letters from you today: May 8th and 10th. How did you finally make out on the shoes?

(Y.L. of April 20th) Mike has about as much chance of getting a transfer as I have, and that's practically nil. Figuring I won't be home until the end of the War is a good way to look at it. It may save much disappointment.

You should try that spading on an acre of ground. Then your back would really hurt. It might be a good idea to keep that up. You are going to need a strong back. I guess I still weigh the same and I don't think I've changed any. Not my physical appearance, anyway.

(Y.L. of April 21st) The Musketeers are learning to take care of themselves the hard way. I'm referring to your story of Johnny's battles. He's fairly husky and I think he can give a good account of himself.

Darling, your imagination certainly runs.

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riot with you. The last time I told you we were in Pearl Harbor was a long, long, time ago. When we first came here we went to Pearl Harbor. Two weeks, or three, after that we made a return trip. We haven't been there or any other civilized place since then. We get our stores from supply ships, likewise our cargo.

(Y. L. of April 23rd) We have chopped quite a large piece from our lives, and for that matter are still chopping. Everything happens for the best Mommy. Although it's often hard to see it.

I received the samples of the new conglomerate. Tell Johnny if he doesn't stop tearing things you are sending to me I won't teach him to be a Home run hitter.

Our little bit of action didn't amount to much. I wasn't scared but curious. I was wondering if it was my last day and if I would get a chance to punch the Jap pilot in the nose in purgatory. Nobody was hurt and it only lasted a few seconds. One fellow went to seek pay with the fitters. He grabbed the gun shield and wouldn't let go until he was made to let go. He's OK now.

(Y. L. of April 25th) I did have a hangover but not a very severe one. Francis had a honey. He

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looked as if he had been dragged through a
sawing.

Camille's Communion preparations must be taking
much of your time. What's that cartoon, "once in a
lifetime"? Don't forget to send me a picture of him in
his Communion suit, or better, have one taken and I'll
see it when I come home.

Your Dr. Sharp doesn't seem much like the
one I knew, although the physical description is similar
except, of course, the age. The one I knew would be very
likely to have an ultra-modern office under his system
of high fees etc. folded on him.

This is the end for today Mommy, I should
write a letter to Sis. I haven't written her for a long
time and I suppose she will be very pleased.

Tell Anne if she wants any advice on "how to
make love" or "what to do the first night" to drop
me a line.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me. It
won't be long now.

Yours ever and ever.

Perkin.

May 23, 1945

Dearest Darlin,

My mind has something on it tonight, for a change. It is a rather premature discussion but not too much so.

A ship of this type has returned from the States. The crew received only seventeen days leave including traveling time. Which, under the same circumstances, would give me about eight days at home when our turn comes. Now for the big deal: the boys are sure to be out of school by the time I get there. (The ship I just spoke of stayed in Port three weeks after everybody had returned) My idea is to bring you to the West Coast with me when I come back. The Government pays the fare one way or \$118.00. The round trip Pullman fare is about \$125.00. It would be a nice vacation for you even if the Government didn't pay the fare. The main problem is to find a place for the Indians. Mom's would be O.K. only it don't like the idea of 444 ft in summer. Too much traffic. Anyway, it gives you something to mull over.

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(Y. L. of April 26th) I'm not surprised that most of your maps have Babelthorp or Kassel Roads on them. Babelthorp is about the size of a pinkie. (It is this place) and Kassel Roads were probably charted by the Navy when they took over in that territory.

John told me about that particular re-fueling operation. Most of the Commanding Officers they have in charge of those small ships never handled anything larger than a rowboat.

So little Johnny is learning to finance his love! I always thought that a prerogative of the weaker sex. I don't think much of their picking about meals. Tell them they had better get away from that or I'm going to use a bit of strap oil where it will do the most good.

You are in for many and many invasives when I get that Mommy. For a couple of Pennies you could get a fairly good substitute and don't cut the wick off.

(Y. L. of April 27th) The Rosie Marie was unintentional. I must have been nervous that night. The naughty things you wrote in last night's letter was O.K. I believe you are growing human in spite of yourself.

I'm glad you bought those used books. They are every bit as good as new ones as long as the print —

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ing is legible. you would be surprised at the bargains you can pick up that way.

Your painting acts sound good. I think I'll buy you a suit of overalls and get you a job as a painter when the war is over. I'm second thought, not unless you hire me a maid - a young one.

I miss my Darling more and more every day, if more is possible. All I want to do is to hold you tight, always. I know how hard it is for you Darling and can only say that our day is drawing closer. Every night I fall asleep thinking of you and our great future, for it is going to be great - a future of love and mutual happiness. Just keep your pretty skin up for just a couple of months, at the most three (maybe), separate us.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me.

Yours ever and ever.

Parker.

May 22nd

Dearest Darlin;

This is the real 22nd letter. I got ahead of myself last night. Tonight I finally saw "Frankenstein and the Wolfman." I wouldn't advise you to see this, either. It was a "humdinger" but could have been much better.

(Y. L. of May 1st) This fake person sounds like quite a character. He's handy to have around for jobs like that. When you first started talking "linoleum" I was afraid you would try to lay it yourself. The pattern looks nice. I think I told you about it in a previous letter.

Your trip with Mr. Watson proved interesting in many ways. The various Honor Rolls must have been nice to see. It is good to know the De Phillips will eventually be evacuated even if it is after the war. Cruch is doing a good job despite his lack of support. Tell him I am asking for him.

I'll tell you what causes you to make more errors after the first one in your typing. You subconsciously

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keep thinking of it and miss again. If you can develop a concentration of the word at hand, forget all previous ones, you shouldn't have much trouble. I think you do very well with the little practice you get. There is an interesting sentence in your letter: "He said the Army requires you to be able to type thirty-three lines without errors. So - I think I'll get there eventually if I keep slugging." Where? The Army? I'm glad I'll be able to see your papers - first for constructive criticism, of course.

(P. S. of May 5th) That mailman should be more careful in delivering mail. He could cause somebody a severe shock with that kind of business. I wonder who is writing to Louis Peeres? It seems Harry should be in the service by now, or is he 4-8?

Yes, the addition of the word, "papers", does make it more expressive and balances it very nicely. Don't worry Mommy, you'll have all you can handle -?

I would certainly like to see the Christians in their long trousers. It hardly seems possible they are old enough to have them. Tell

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^{them} they should act like Gentlemen, now, and if they tear them to pieces I'm going to put them into shorts again. I hope ^{that} soon they'll be able to see their Daddy even if he is in his monkey suit.

Carnegie doesn't seem to be the only member of the family with a gift of gab. Johnny and the Burns prove that.

The mail is coming very slowly. I have only three more of your letters to answer but to-morrow should bring some more. Three of the crew members were transferred today. I saw the Elee on the catwalk and asked him why I didn't get a transfer. He said it's funny but no transfer for a painter had come through and that the ship didn't rate a painter and there should be a transfer. I took that with the usual grain of salt that is necessary when these Goldbraids say anything.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me and now I'll go to communion with you until I fall asleep - my sweet, beautiful Darling - How I love her!

Yours ever and ever...
Parker.

May 23, 1945

Dearest Darlin,

There isn't much to write about to-night. Even the movie was absolute. Richard Arlen in "Timber Queen". The mail is coming through very slowly. I received one letter today, the first in three days.

(Y. L. of May 7th) Tinkers report is very good. His steady progress is what counts. Their checker playing will help to teach them concentration and analysis. I'm anxiously awaiting the picture of you in the twentieth century dress. I hope you are able to have one taken individually - full length. Tell Camille I'm proud to hear he passed his first Communion and I enjoyed reading about Father and him in the text.

Buy can really stow away the liquor. Someday he shall drop dead and then Nance will have to paddle her own canoe. Don't worry about me getting in that state. I don't care for it that much.

(Y. L. of May 8th) Camille and his Communion questions are a very interesting story. He showed that trait at a very early age. When

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I would start to take him over the hurdles about some misbehavior he would cut in with, "Daddy it was like this — Daddy it was like this", but he couldn't continue very well from there. I see he is improving. He has the right idea — take the Bull by the horns.

I met that Harry Backen when I saw John. Spoke a few words with him but we didn't have much in common. I don't remember him now.

Well Mommy, this is a rather short letter but I don't expect too much when I'm not in a writing mood and you shouldn't either.

All I want to do is come home to my Darling. I think I've done my part in this war and it's high time they allowed some of these shore duty efforts ^{to} take our place. This is really the longest war our modern Navy has engaged and I think President Truman was right when he said they didn't know how to handle their man power. That eighteen month rotation plan is a big joke as far as we can see.

yours ever, ever
Parker...

~~Le~~
(Leyte)

May 28, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Here I am, right where I told you I would be. It has been a bit cooler so far and for that we are thankful. Tonight's picture was good and if you haven't seen it you should. A most impressive array of stars and talent in, "Hollywood Canteen".

As usual there isn't anything to write about. No mail has come for us as yet. The last time we were here our mail got lost. You remember that. It may happen again with the usual Navy efficiency methods. The last time we looked at this shoreline and the dim lights of pieces along the shore, it was Japs occupied, but not now.

When we left the other place, or just before we left, a ship of this type was leaving for the States. The "going home" pennant certainly looked good. A way of explanation: The "going home" pennant is a pennant flown from the mainmast. I think it contains a yard of material for every month away. The ones I've seen have been about fifteen yards long, except on De-

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strokes which have them much longer. Ours is in the process of being made and maybe about June 20th will be able to fly it. Don't get your hopes up, there is nothing definite yet. When there is I'll let you know.

We had Band music this trip since we carried members of a Band being assigned to one of the carriers. It was nice for a change.

My Darling I know how hard it is to be always waiting, but you must know that it won't be so very long before we are together again. Both of us are living for that day and it is drawing ever closer. All I want to do is hold you tight and whisper sweet nothings in your Pink ears - for days and days and days. Just a little more patience and those happy days will be ours.

Say "hello" to the Musketeers for me.

Yours ever and ever.
Parker.

May 29, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Another weary day and all is well. Tonight I saw Judy Garland in "St. Louis", a technician, and the portraiture was beautiful. The story - commonplace.

There isn't a thing to write about and I don't want to use the last two letters I have of yours to answer yet. There wasn't any mail today and we don't expect any here.

Lt. Madolman and I are going to try to get ashore Sunday to witness the Cock fights that are to the natives here what Baseball is to Americans. I don't know if we can work it, but I would like to see one of those spectacles or else read much about them. We both shall probably land in the brig as the Navy insists on the concentration camps for furnishing recreation for its people. The Lt. is quite a character and a good sport but inclined to keep himself in hot water by overlooking inconvenient regulations. However, he is smart enough to talk his way out of any irregularities and it has been said we make a good team -

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After I draw my fifteen dollars this month the Government will be indebted to me for ~~\$610~~ \$610. By the time I reach home I'll be very close to \$900, of course that doesn't exclude what I'll have to pay for train fare. I'm anxious to receive your letter telling me if you think my idea of you coming back with me is workable.

I owe the honorable family a couple of letters. Mom wrote me one and sent a snapshot of Richard. I can hardly believe he has grown so much. He is certainly cute.

Well Mommy it's hotter than the blazes where I'm writing this letter. There was a portable blower here but somebody has removed it.

It won't be long before I'll be loving my Darling again. All the long days I've waited will pass into limbo then. Nothing I could have will ever be more pleasant than that.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me.

Yours ever and ever.
Parker.

May 30, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Having just come from seeing Ricardo Cortez in a detective mystery in which there was no inspiration to make a letter I'm at loss on what to write about as usual.

The latest rumor is that we can't see the States until August 15th. However the persistence by which they center around June, July and August make me believe that any one of those three months are certain to see us coming in the Golden Gate.

I went to the concentration camp for liberty today but nothing unusual happened. I met a fellow who once was on this ship and found a dollar. The camp is founded on one end by a swampy moat and the natives stand on the other side selling, or rather trading, necklaces made of seashells for whatever they can get. The necklaces aren't any good and the palm woven hats and articles of that like are infested with lice. Now and again a sailor or native falls in the moat as the foraging on either side is precarious. The shore patrol prevents any crossing

from any side. The native girls are asked for Pom-pom as that's the native name of the sexual act. Of course they can only be asked as contact is impossible and both sides must shout across the moat and throw their trades back and forth.

It is a circus to hear the half-American, half ~~the~~ Native conversation exchanged. I don't care to purchase any of their souvenirs. Sanitation is practically nil. They live in grass covered shocks, the ground floor being occupied by Pigs and the upper portion by humans. —

Well Darling, you must excuse my short letters until I find something worth writing about. All I can say is I love you and love you. Of all the women in the world none is worth my Darling's little finger.

Mike is O.K. and growling as much as the rest of us. He wants to get home too. Let me know of anything you hear from John.

Say "hello" to the Marketers for me.

Yours ever and ever
Parker.

May 31, 1945

Dearest Darlin',

Another day and no mail. I spent the afternoon on shore patrol hence have nothing to tell you of any consequence.

Last night I wrote short letters to Rose, mom and sis. That catches my letter writing except for one to Lew. Rose sent me a letter telling of the package she sent me so I thanked her in reply.

I've had a good chance to watch and talk to the seabees at work. I missed an opportunity when I didn't wait for them to organize when I enlisted. They don't live as well as we do but are treated as ~~white~~ men or should I say freemen. I could change but it is too late now. Perhaps after we reach the states and I can get more information I'll try it. Nobody can get any information on here for the good reason they don't know anything.

I wish you would send me about twenty feet of wrapping paper as I have a box of excess socks and useless clothes I would like to

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send home. There isn't any wrapping paper available on the ship, furthermore they can't seem to get any. I have an extra peacoat that was given me, two large towels and miscellaneous things that I would have to abandon if I have to depend on my sealag for transportation.

I hope the mail situation improves as I know there must be some important letters on their way. I'm especially anxious to receive your answer concerning California. Even if I can't collect a oneway fare from the Government I would still want to do it. I'm very desirous of keeping my Darling by my side as long as possible. I have no faith in the Navy rotation plan and expect to be returned here for another year. This outfit is composed of propaganda and lies. The more and larger the better.

Say "hello" to the Muskies for me. It won't be very long before I see all of you again - quaint phrase eh not?

Yours ever and ever,
Parker.