



June 1, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

There isn't much to say and we are very busy tonight. Tomorrow they are going to fumigate our immediate section but I'm afraid they are doomed to failure. It will just drive the vermin out and the next chance they'll be in again.

No mail has come since we arrived here. I suppose it is lost again. It won't be long before we are in the place where the picture was taken that I sent to you. I would like to meet John there again.

The effort to write tonight is worse than any night heretofore. I can't think of a thing. The topics that make news are banal. I don't want to use your two letters yet. When I use them you'll know we are on our way again.

Everybody is talking leaves and what they shall do when they are home. It is much too premature to go into a long discussion of that. Why, it is even possible that we may have to go six months more out here.

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We play checkers when not working to make the time pass. By we, I mean Hunt, Pace and I. Karl and I play an occasional game of chess but since receiving your book he hasn't been able to win very often. It has grown so useless he has about given up.

When our great day comes we shall have much to do and talk about. How I'm ever to live long enough to make up the lost days to my Darling is more than I can figure. I can't help feeling that the war is on its last legs and why the Japs are persisting in a lost ~~cause~~ is indefinable. Their troop movements show a great fear of Russia. I believe Russia is only awaiting an opportune moment to avenge her defeat at Japanese hands in their previous war.

Well Mommy, I've bored you enough for tonight. Say "hello" to The Musketeers for me. I hope they are behaving and not causing you too much worry.

Yours ever and ever
Parker

June 2, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Tomorrow being Sunday and supposedly a day of rest I'll try to write a longer letter at that time. The trouble with our Sundays is they never pan out as planned. Always something: stores, ammunition, watches and what not. There are very few days of rest in the Navy and never any peace of mind.

(Y.L. of May 10th) you tell me of giving the Indians money from me to buy you something for Mothers Day. You make me feel like a heel. However, to get even I'm enclosing a bit so they ~~can~~ may buy you a delayed birthday present. We were paid our fifteen dollars yesterday. I have a balance of \$610. due me including to May 31st.

Your Play should be finished by now. I hope you were able to get the picture taken. I'm looking forward to seeing you in that costume. I know you'll be a ravishing beauty. I think you were born a century late.

(Y.L. of May 13th) It says in this that the gowns are twentieth century so. around

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the above paragraph accordingly. I'm glad you enjoyed your trip for the costumes. The train doesn't take long to make that trip. The Shipyard Special used to make it in one hour and four minutes.

I'm anxious to know what the Musketers got you for Mother's Day and about Casimiro's first Commission. I'll just have to wait until those letters arrive.

There is no local news except all ship personnel is banned from the beach on account of a cholera epidemic among the natives. The Army has many improvised hospitals but not enough for all there is to be done.

Say "hello" to the Musketers for me. Don't expect me home too soon as things aren't looking very bright. I'm afraid the exodus of war workers from the West coast is going to effect many of the ships here.

Just be patient Darling, the war can't last forever. Our day is drawing ever closer.

Yours ever and ever.

Parker.

June 3, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Another day has crawled by and, as usual with our Sundays, we had to work half the day. I spent the afternoon in a horizontal position.

On a little introspection I've decided my letters haven't been much of a booster to your morale, but we have much to be thankful for; many soldiers, Marines and sailors will never see home again; many of them have been away as long as three years; many in hospitals and on hospital ships don't know if they shall make it or not. This isn't hard duty. It's just the degenerate mentality of our so called leaders that make it so. The Navy spends millions on morale only to that which they have built ruined on ships by impractical officers. Common sense is greatly wanting. The theory that a college education makes a man sufficient enough of a leader to be an officer is extremely fallible. The greatest single word

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they know is "I". All wish^{to} and think they are, future, admirals and will go to any means to obtain a smile from a superior. The entire sordid process is sickening. These are supposed to be the future intellects and industrialists of our country. America may well thank God for the commoner.

Last night I meant to enclose some money so the children could buy you a Birthday gift, and then forgot. I hope I don't repeat tonight.

The movie tonight was music for Millions; very good. There was a little girl in it that made Shirley Temple seem flimsy in comparison. I should know her name but you know how much attention I pay the cast. Also a famous conductor who I think was ^{Joe Sturdi} Arturo Toscanini. Perhaps you have seen it, and can tell me if that is correct.

I was reading a book today and in part of the story the hero, who was an artist, was in an Art Gallery studying a picture of "Christ on the Mount of Olives" by ^(VENUSTI) Venusti. I think you told me you couldn't determine.

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Who had painted the original picture. you could check on this by finding Venustus name in the Encyclopedia at the library.

John isn't the only one who wonders if they can stand the cold weather. It is so warm here tonight I must keep drying my hands to write. I haven't seen or heard anything from John. Have you? No expect to return to the place we had the picture taken in a few days. Then, I suppose, another operation or so. Don't worry Darling, it can't be long now. The "Old Girl" is beginning to feel the wear and tear of her wanderings.

Well little sweetheart, this is about all for tonight. Every tick of the clock brings our day closer. It is inexorable and inevitable. So clothe your pretty self in patience for every dark cloud has a silver lining and the silver lining of that cloud is going to mean more to me than all the gold in the world.

Say "hello" to the Musketeers and tell them I said to buy their Mommy a nice present.

Yours ever and ever
Parker

Ulithe,
Caroline Is.

June 8, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Another short sea voyage finished and we are now where the pictures were taken - but not for long. Just before leaving I received three letters from you May 18, 19, and 27th. Arriving today the mailman brought that old January mail only. I didn't get any so I suppose I'm caught up with those that were missing. I'm afraid our mail is lost again, since the last time we went there it happened. We are loading cargo now so I guess it means another operation, or more, before we head East.

(Y.L. of May 19th) I hope the snapshot has arrived, as I'm sure it has. Have you heard anything from John? Bill?

Don't worry about that picture. The small one does very nicely and is easier to keep. I'm glad you didn't get it colored, I like it as is.

Tell Anne that love is a wonderful thing. If she needs any advice from a Maestro (me) tell her to chop me a line. I hope she isn't planning on living home after she is married. I think Bill is very fine and a bit afraid of his in-laws.

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I hope I get all my packages before the war is over. I finally got them figured but was glad to have you tell me so I could be sure. I must write Anne a letter, not only to thank her for the package but to tell her of seeing Bill. I know she would want to read about that. If you send those pictures airmail, I'll get them much quicker and airmail is only six cents per ounce.

You are being rather severe on the Press. They couldn't very well refuse to print anything as well written as that. I doubt very much if anybody there could do any better.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me. Every day brings us a bit closer to our day. The war can't last forever. Keep your chin up and remember your old man loves you more than anything in the world no matter what.

Yours ever and ever
Parker.

June 9, 1945

Dearest Darlin',

Not much to say - I've just left the movie in the middle of the picture "Winged Victory". The most wonderful piece of propaganda we've had abroad. Last night's "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" wasn't as good as I expected. It could have been the story of thousands of tenement dwellers in any of the five boroughs that compose New York City, with a bit of added tragedy. Perhaps that was meant to be its attraction.

The Mihran is growing steadily worse. Getting back to the Hoff administration via the new Boon that relieved Mr. Hardner. He's one of those sickening "Big Navy" deals and is already leading these collegian officers about by the nose. I used to think all ~~seas~~ enlisted men were just dogs but since we got the dog I envy her. However, someday we shall all be framen again.

(Y. L. of May 19th) I'm sorry to hear of Mary's trouble. She never has seemed well to me. Her nuns don't help her any and may help

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any illness she may have.

You certainly are getting to be quite a typist. Your ~~at~~ secretarial work must have helped to improve your speed. I'll need a fast secretary when the time comes. Keep up the good work!

I'll be looking forward to receiving Camille's picture. Also the others you are sending. It won't be long before ~~we~~ Johnny is ready for his communion. How time flies - everywhere but here!

Yes, my Mommy is very clever in filing my letters. Are you saving them for future use? To be laid on bureaus so I may see the error of my ways, for instance? Camille wasn't scared, that was stage fright.

Have you heard anything from John? I haven't heard anything from him but the danger in that particular spot has grown much less than heretofore. It's about secured. Soon, you may read of big doings. Maybe by the time this letter reaches you.

I haven't written to John or Lew. The ship has been very crowded. We brought a load of passengers to this place with us. Tomorrow,

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being Sunday, I may have the opportunity to write them. Immediately after every movie the mess hall becomes infused with a crowd of loud, boisterous people and there isn't much sense in trying to write in that kind of atmosphere.

These days are very difficult to endure. With hopes of returning to the States shortly, I suppose one becomes overanxious. It won't be too soon for any of us. Next to my leave, a transfer is about the best thing ~~could~~ happen to me. I hope, if I must come out here again, that it's not on this mismanaged tub.

There hasn't been any mail. We aren't expecting any. Not for awhile, at least.

Say "hello" to the Musketeers for me. Our day is on its way, when I can love my Darling twenty-four hours a day. I'll have to love you a lifetime to make up for what I've missed.

Yours ever and ever
Parkinson

June 10, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

It is very near midnight. I've just come off watch and, as usual, haven't much to say. Tonight's picture was "Three make a Family". A sort of hysterical comedy, formerly a staged play. It may have been good on the stage; but isn't very good as a movie.

All the talk on here is about leaves. I still think it very premature. The speed of available transportation is a real problem. A train crosses the Continent anywhere between four and nine days. Nobody seems very definite about the actual time. If you have the opportunity stop in the station and ask them the traveling time from San Francisco to New York via Chicago, also the scheduled time of the Southern route. Get all the information you can think of and forward same.

No mail came today and I have one letter of yours unanswered. I want to see that a reasonable time. Last night I wrote to John. It is very easy to write to him as we are interested in the same topics; namely, the end of the war, you,

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the Indians, Ann and Bill, hunting and whatnot.

Checkers, reading and Chess are my main-stays in making the dragging time pass. I don't know what I would do without them. This dreary, monotonous existence makes them an invaluable boon.

Mike is well and as unhappy as the rest of us. The new Boon is leading him a dogs life, as he is everyone on here. A few months out here will take the steam out of him but until then I suppose we must suffer.

Say hello to the Musketees for me. The day isn't far off when I'll be able to love my Darling to pieces and then love the pieces some more. I hope you don't think I'm grouchy when I come home. Everybody here thinks I'm a grouchy person and it's just the way I've felt for the past ten months.

I think my Mommy will eradicate that nasty feeling.

Let me know if you hear anything from John. Ann probably has a steady stream of mail from Bill. Tell me of that and if possible where they are.

Yours ever and ever,
Parker.

June 16, 1945

Dearest Darling;

There isn't anything except the usual patter - patter tonight. The movie was a murder mystery, Gene Tierney in "Laura". Nothing exceptional.

The rumor that we may start for the States in July remains persistent. However, since there is nothing concrete I consider it wishful thinking on everybody's part.

Today, while on liberty in the concentration camp, I bought some American Okinawa invasion money from a soldier. When we were there we didn't have a chance to go ashore, hence weren't able to get any and I doubt if there was any there at the time. Anyway, I'm enclosing it in this letter if I don't forget.

I have been keeping a close watch for John but he hasn't put in here. They must still be busy some other place. I hope they come in before we leave.

(Y. L. of May 22) My Darling, even if both of us have changed during this ordeal

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there is nothing can change my love for you.
you will always be the most wonderful woman
in the world to me.

Your Father's Day cards havint come as
yet. They havent had time. I know the one you
picked for me was the nicest of the selection. I'm
always pleased with the cute cards you send me.

Don't worry about a heart attack. I'll
let you know when I'm on my way. I'm the
one who is liable to the heart attacks. I hope I
don't disillusion your friends if I see any of
them. You had best soft-pedal that "wonderful
husband" stuff for when they meet me (if they do)
they are likely to think you crazy.

I hope Johnny sings while I'm home.
I would like to hear him. Maybe he shall grow
into a Caruso or McCormick huh?

Say "hello" to the Musketeers for me.
School will be over shortly and you will have
them on your hands again. I cannot help
but be amazed by your successful handling of
them, for boys will be boys.

yours ever and ever:

Parker.

P.S. Perhaps the club and P.S.A. would like to see the invasion ceremony.

June 12, 1945

Dearest Dorlin,

One of the boys have come in the mess hall with an eight pound Poppino. He just caught it on a line. Its the largest caught on here so far. Quite a piece of fish. Of course we have seen many larger. These waters are a fishermen's paradise. Pop certainly could have a field day here.

Tonights picture was, "The Belle of the Yukon". A Technicolor with Hysop Rose Lee. It was nice pictorially but otherwise not very good. The new pictures seem to be lacking in many respects.

There isn't any news, nor was there any mail today. I answered the last letter I had of yours last night. So Ill just have to drag along and find words to make a letter of this.

If I do get home when I expect to, Ill land in the middle of the Summer. I was hoping to experience some cold weather. This perpetual Summer business grows very monotonous. I'm even willing to hunt the cheap-

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able Muckin, now.

The world is planned very well. a bit of Summer, Fall, Winter and Spring. It is no wonder most of the servicemen look like zombies after being here a year. The sun always shines. except when a rain laden cloud passes over it, unburdens its' rain and goes on:

One island looks exactly the same as another, even to the coral reef traveling like two arms from either end. One may be larger or smaller but they are always the same. The only things to change are the (at this point the lights went out all over the ship so I'm finishing this tonight, June 13.) stars as they move across the sky.

Say hello to the Musketers for me.

Yours ever and ever.

Parker.

June 13, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

It is coincidental that I wrote a letter to John the night before last and received one from him today. The letter was postmarked June 9th, hence it took four days to reach me. He cannot be far away from here. I'll enclose his letter. We seem to have an unanimous opinion concerning the Navy. He must be getting mail of latter dates. Ours appears to be lost again. Of course the combat ships receive first call whenever possible, as they should.

Everybody continues to talk leave, trains, planes and fares. I can't get excited about it until I'm on the train heading for home. It's a long way off yet but not as far as it was a year ago.

Tonight's picture was Ernest Hemingway, "For Whom the Bell Tolls". Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant had top honors. It was a long, drawn out affair as is the book.

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John asked me not to say anything to Mike about Uncle Deweys foot burning so if you write to him don't mention me receiving a letter from John. Probably Aunt Rose will tell him when she writes.

Nothing of any consequence has taken place. Tomorrow is our "liberty" day and I think I shall go on the beach and drink my two cans of beer. Which same reminds me, I hope you some beer in the refrigerator when I come home. Also, a bottle of good scotch, say "White Horse" or "Haig and Haig" or the like.

I'm going to be a very disappointed person if I don't get a transfer from here when we reach the States. I think I should be ready for a straightjacket if I had to come out here on this thing again.

Say hello to the Muskies for me. As for you - well, you are in for a rough time so eat plenty of Wheaties. Long time no see. What will you do with your "socials" then? I want every moment of your time. Angelo's and I are going to be complete strangers.

Yours ever and ever..
Parker.

June 14, 1945

Dearest Darlin,

No mail today and nothing worth the telling. We went to the concentration camp for "recreation". Nothing happened there either. I wrote to John again last night. I was glad to get his letter for now I figure he is safe for another six months. The pressure is off at Okinawa. Nothing left except a few fanatics on its southern tip.

We are adding our "Hi-Tect" cargo tonight so I don't suppose we will be here much longer. I hope this is the last operation. There always seems to be one more. I think if the Navy had two hundred thousand ships they would bother for more.

Mike received a letter from John, too, he told him about hearing of the large fish catches and the usual things he told me, except about Uncle Dewey. Mike has it soft on her now. No watches and nothing to do. I think he'll make chief as soon as he has enough time in. . . .

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I'm very lonesome to hear from you. Of course I know it is no fault of yours. As I told you before our mail always gets lost when we meander about the ocean. It's very rainy tonight so I'll skip the movie.

On the beach today I met some soldiers who said they had been here only thirty-eight days. He's noticed this place growing more and more popular of late. I think Tojo is in for a rough time very shortly. It will be the beginning of the end for the Japs. I hope they fight until the last Jap is exterminated.

Well Mommy, I've about ran out of words. All I want to do is to be with you, forever and ever. It is nice to have a leave but I can't get excited about it knowing I have to leave again.

Say hello to the Musketers.

Yours ever and ever.
Parker.

June 15, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

The above date is the accepted date for the opening of the season at the seashore. How often I've awaited that day! By the 23rd. every resort on the coast shall be going full blast. Think back a month ago and recall how peaceful and sublime everything seemed. That is the challenge to the man on the street - breadmen, milkmen and laundrymen. It isn't just getting business and making money. It's the feeling of satisfaction one derives from knowing he has beaten his competitors at their chosen season game.

There is a call - a deep longing to go into battle. I'm Phila the various Managers call it "sand in the shoes", but again I say it isn't the sand nor the big money that attracts the best men it is possible to find in these fields, but the challenge of it all. I can immediately say that I put the fear of God in all their hearts.

For me those days are gone forever, I

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don't think I could stand that grind any-more. Besides, the Union has spoiled a good bit of it. The long hours weren't necessary, even in the old days, but the boys worked them just the same, not because they had to, but to wear the other fellow down to a point where his temper, tried to the breaking point, made him loose business, oversleep, loaf in stores and many other ways. Then when the August turnover came, the guy that had the gut was still able to fat while the other guys season ended July 31st.

I've seen big, strong tough guys fold up by the 15th of July. Not because they couldn't take it physically, but because they couldn't take it mentally. You would be surprised at the tricks are tried among tradesmen at the seashore with the object in mind of worrying the other fellow into a mental collapse or an "I don't give a damn" attitude. One, I especially liked, was to pick out the competitor's best customer and call on her about every other day, being sure said competitor saw me. Soon he couldn't take it, became surly with

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said customer and, bingo!, she was in my bag. Another good stunt of mine too, was to pick out a good stop of any competitor, or more than one for that matter, and leave the order he was to leave before he arrived; after he left go back and pick it up; the next day leave that many empty bottles before he arrived; after he left go back and pick them up; continue this for a week. Soon he would start to cast aspersions to customers about buying elsewhere, customers would become peeved and quit, all very simple.

I hope you haven't been bored by my dissertation. It's just to show you that in reality a sloshore milkman, breadman or laundryman has to be a super-salesman while the same people in the city are just delivery boys. Anyhow, I like to reminisce occasionally.

Say hello to the Musketeers for me. It won't be long before I'm loving my beautiful Darling. That's all I want to do in this world or the next

Porter.

June 16, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

No mail today and no news. This is my last sheet of paper and unless I'm able to borrow another you shall get a one page letter. I have been very busy this week enameling the Officers baths. Those places certainly needed it. The ceilings are white enamelled with a six inch drop to form a border. The walls are a greenish blue or a bluish green. (It is a pretty color no matter how bad it sounds.) The foreboards are black and the cement deck remains as is which is a brick red. So much for that.

The point is I'm doing for the first time the job I came in here to do; that is of any amount. I like to paint. If they find that out they shall probably secure the project. I'm here ~~now~~^{more} is supposed to do the thing they like to do.

There isn't any additional news of our return: perhaps next week will

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show more promise.

The new Boon is roaring about with his chest puffed out and has most of the Officers and men shaking in their shoes. I hope I meet him sometime when I'm a civilian again. I've always wondered how it would feel to walk up to a guy on the street and bat him square in the face.

I wish the mail would come. I'm anxious to have your opinion of my proposed California trip. I spoke to the supply officer and he is of the opinion that I can collect your fare one-way. How nice it would be to have you with me twice as long as I expect! All we can do ~~is~~ is to wait and hope. Some silly Representative made a press statement that the Japs would surrender in ninety days. What goofs the people elect to Congress!

Say hello to the Musketers for me.

Yours ever and ever
Parker.

P.S. When I come home I want some stuffed peppers.



UNITED STATES NAVY

June 17, 1945

Dearest Doolin,

The usual story; no mail today. Next week may change the mail status. It has had time to catch us. Once again I must continue the usual groping for material to compose a letter.

Today, being Sunday, I slept and read and slept some more. This climate makes sleep more necessary than in our latitude. In fact, I've had a tired feeling ever since coming here and can't seem to rid myself of it. It certainly shall be a wonderful day when I say goodbye to these parts forever. The only things that look good about them are the pictures on travel folders. Waikiki beach in Honolulu was the greatest disillusion anybody could ask for, ~~as~~ it wouldn't be competition for Sea Isle. Except for the pretentious hotel (I've forgotten its name) it reminded me of Avalon. The residential section wasn't much nicer, only given glamor by ~~the~~ palm lined streets.

The Philippines have nothing better to offer. Their sole existence being for the exploitation of American business men. Of course, as in Hawaii, the weather is incomparable for anyone



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with nothing to do except rest in the shade and sip cool drinks, or bathe. Any form of exertion, no matter how slight, covers the Northerner with perspiration. The days are ever the same, one can almost set ones watch by the daily five minute showers which occur at intervals. The nights are beautiful, as beautiful as a bright, bright moon, bathing a tranquil Ocean and serene Palm fringed island, can make it. The strange phenomenon of it all is if one witnesses this at one island one has seen all they have to offer. Even the Palm Trunks seem to slant in exactly the same directions on every island. The night is exactly the same, the natives look the same as the ones seen five hundred miles away. It becomes dreadfully monotonous. I think it is this, more than the war, which makes zombies of the men going from island to island. Unlike the European theatre where a river, a forest or a City or a mountain or cultured lands break the monotony of the terrain, the South Sea islands are alike as peas in a pod; hilly, almost to mountains, jungle covered by exactly the same growth, and surrounded by the bright, scintillating, ever present sea.



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The most easy way to explain the feeling one gets is to have you walk into our backyard, innumerable tennis clay, never any further, just there and back, say, during August. Any other than the usual clear, hot day you would have to stimulate by sleeping through it or somehow so you couldn't recall it to memory. The temperature, ever present sun, even six birds or fifty, small white clouds must remain the same, day after day. Then you would get an idea of the dreary regularity of this existence in the South Seas.

I often think if it were not for the planes and ships, which are practically now-existent in peace time by comparison, how easily one could go stark, raving mad. If Poe had been able to spend a year here his writings would have been much more macabre than is the case.

Well Mommy, you can't say I haven't made a letter. No matter how silly it may sound. Say hello to the Musketers for me. Just remember I'll be seeing you soon. After our next trip I'll be able to tell you more about that.

Yours ever and ever.
Parker...



UNITED STATES NAVY

June 19, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

There wasn't any mail today but I have two days supply. In a very short time we shall start, on what I hope, our last operation. When I think of the short leave we are going to get it seems very futile. Last night I wrote a letter to Anne thanking her for the package and offering advice, if she found she needed it, on her romance.

(Y. L. of June 7th) The earnings for the church are very good. Mrs. Mancuso must be quite a person. The return from the show was very good. I'm sure you shall probably exceed \$500.

I'm not so sure of your getting the cast printed. You should have offered to pay for the "cut". I imagine it would be about \$10.00. In order to print a picture in a newspaper, an lead or zinc "cut" is made. This is necessary as it is set in the form. The entire page of the paper composes a form. Cuts are expensive, particularly one of that type, since it may probably be used only once and then discarded. Every paper has a "cut" file, where numerous local and



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national celebrities are filed, but in your case, there would be no reason for the paper to add that expense. You may still have time to offer to pay for the cut, and in a paper of that size it may be much cheaper since they probably make their "cuts".

As to your observations concerning the men at the typewriters: it is an accepted fact that very few newsmen are typists. Henry Lippman, after being in that game for twenty years, that I know of, is still a two finger expert. Most newsmen write a story as they go along and two fingers are fast enough when one is composing. The assistant probably wrote in long hand because the rewrite man couldn't read shorthand. He glances at her copy and may make a front page story of three columns or tuck it away in four lines, according to its importance.

Your obstacles concerning the California Trip, are minor. From the article you sent it may be necessary to travel by Coach, and that is rugged. I wonder if you could take it? I think you deserve the trip, no matter what the cost. You haven't been anywhere for a long time. We shall have enough time to talk it over



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when I come home. As I said in last night's letter, the East to West trip will be hard, but the West to East should be easy. It isn't my plan to stay in San Francisco, or San Pedro, wherever we may be, but to be within an hour of the ship. Hmm - that doesn't take us far from the city either. We will figure something.

By the 30th of June the Navy shall owe me very close to \$700. If our leave comes by August 1st I'll have almost that much when I reach home. I'm thinking seriously of traveling via coach. We have a new fellow on here who says ~~they stomp~~ ~~one from the Pullman priority or no.~~ The procedure is to tell the passenger the next Pullman won't be available for five or ten hours, say at Chicago, so the passenger grabs a coach. All very cute! He says the coaches make the best time but it is rough riding. I'm going to get a list of the fast trains, i.e. "The Chief" "Comanche", etc. from him, as he has made the trip five times.

This is all for tonight Darling. Say 'hello' to the Musketers for me.

Yours ever and ever.
Parlier.

P.S. How many packs of cigarettes do you have salted away for me?



UNITED STATES NAVY

June 20, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

Have tonight's picture a try, but it was too silly for me. Bob Hope in "The Princess and the Pirate". It took me all this time to realize why I liked the "Road to Morocco". It was because Bing Crosby made the picture. In my opinion Hope isn't funny, that is, not as Chaplain, Buster Keaton, Laurel and Hardy and Abbott and Costello. He is just plain silly.

Various rumors are being bandied about as usual. The latest being that all Tenkes leaves are cancelled. I want to impress upon you not to allow your hopes to arise too much. Nothing is certain. Don't expect me until I tell you I'm on my way. When I tell you that I'll know for sure. Another day has passed with no mail. I have one letter left to answer. Then I must wait.

(Y. 2 of June 18th) I don't know what kind of a letter you wrote to Marie. The paramount object seems to have been neglected. I wish you would determine the amount acceptable to them. I told you intuitively cannot enter into it at this date. What I want is the whole figure, their figure.



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Use your judgement as to your social relations with Marie. I always have liked both of them. Where is Jim now, or didn't Marie say?

The Connecticut Camp sounds interesting. You didn't say much about it. If you had been more explicit as to its location I may have been able to get some information first hand since there are several boys on here from there. \$21. per week isn't excessive, nor is it cheap. Is it amille eligible?

If they want to go I don't see why not let them. Every boy should spend at least that much time, on his own, more or less, every year. Of course I would expect them to earn at least half during the Summer. The camping should take place three weeks before school commences. Two weeks there and a week home before school's commencement. Timber should be able to earn his half very easily, and I mean easily. I don't want them to go haywire and work eight hours a day. Their Summer belongs to them. If each could earn \$21.00 by time to go, then I would give each \$21. plus their bit of spending money. I don't think their Mommy is so anxious to have them out from under her wing, wonderful Mommy that she is, but it would be good for them and teach them a little self-re-



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liance. Connecticut wasn't exactly the state I had in mind. Maine would be more acceptable.

The "Salome" picture sounds interesting, as for De Carlo, I'll take my Darling. As for as I'm concerned she is the most beautiful woman in the world.

Apparently I haven't received your June 3rd letter since this is the first I've heard of Hugo's forthcoming discharge. More power to him! Nance is the worst spendthrift I've met in my "career". Someday she is going to be very sorry.

~~Someday~~ Soon we may be holding hands in the movies again. I would like to see the, "Sign of the Cross". It sounds familiar but at present I can't recall it.

The local Radio is telling the latest Op-inawa news. The commentator says hundreds are leaping from the cliffs into the sea. Good vidance!

Say hello to the Musketeers for me and let me know of their reaction to my camping proposal. I would like to have their exact words, when you tell them of their part.

Yours ever and ever.
Parker.



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June 21, 1945

Dearest Darlin,

A bit of mail dribbled through today. I received four letters; two from you, one from Lew and one from Rose sent from Portage, Pa. I was rather surprised to hear from her since I didn't believe my letter of appreciation for the Package required an answer. Now I suppose I must answer this letter as I don't care to run the risk of offending any of the thin-skinned Monichattis.

While looking through a Liberty magazine I came across an add: "For Writers Only"; Writers Digest: contains (a monthly magazine) notes from editors, listing their rate of payment, instructive articles on literary technique. \$2.00 a year by mail. Writers Market: a book that lists the editorial requirements and rate of payment of 2,500 markets for free lance writers! The 2,500 editors themselves furnished all the information. Published annually. 1945 edition: \$3.00 postpaid. 10-day money back agreement. Writers Digest Short Story course: taught by 10 sincere, intelligent adults who want to write for money. There are fourteen lessons requiring four months to complete. Price \$22.50. Thirty day money back agreement. Our magazine, Writers Digest, and our book, The Writers Market, are endorsed by the



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best known writers, editors and publishers. Our short story course is the lowest priced instruction sold by a reliable institution and is practical and stimulating. Writ's Digest, 28 East 12th St, Cincinnati 10, Ohio.

So to make a long story longer. I'm going to "short the works". One thing I've always liked to do is write (except letters). In school I was the worst English pupil in the class - until it came to compositions - then the teachers read them to the class. In the meantime I was probably on ~~my~~ my way to the office via the Manual Training room, Boys room, Gym and everywhere else I decided to stop on my way. Mr. Reichly used to say, "you were sent here an hour ago!"

I'm not going to answer ~~on~~ either of the letters that came today tonight. They were June 9th and 11th. I want you to write to Marie and ask her to send the sum. Tell her the interest has made it necessary to accept her figure. Do not word it so she may believe the interest is to be figured to the present date, only until, or actually what they paid including the interest they paid. In other words, their total expenditure.

There is no local news of interest. One



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ship of this type has had its' departure for the States cancelled. However, it is a twin-screw and no others have had a like misfortune so far. We are third on the list, but as I have told you so many times, don't be expectant.

Lew's letter was short and hurried. I think he is ashamed to write to me on account of his writing and spelling. It is very hard for me to write to him because I always feel that my letters belittle his. I don't know how I'm to jump that hurdle. I don't want him to feel that way, but what can I do? I know how he feels, for your fine penmanship always makes me conscious of my poor efforts on that score. If I write slowly it is usually legible (I hope) You probably note the difference when I dash off a fast letter. I used to be so far ahead of the pen I was always trying to catch it. I'm learning to subordinate my thoughts to the speed of my writing. It is very difficult at times.

Say "hello" to the Musketeers for me. I'm so anxious to see all of you I can scarcely wait for that joyous day. I don't believe I could ever want anything more than I do that. Keep your beautiful self well and expect anything.

Yours ever and ever
Parker.



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June 22, 1945

Dearest Darlin;

The mail came through with a bang to-day. I received ten letters from you and the two Father's day cards. The letters were May 20th, 14th, 16th, 25th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 31st, June 1st, and June 3rd. I won't have the opportunity to answer many, perhaps only a couple tonight.

One of them contained the enclosed letter of Jim's. Since he wrote disregard my instructions of a few days ago. I'll handle everything from here. I can't make head nor tail of the thing from those papers you sent. I'll write to him tonight. Now to get down to business.

(Y. D. of May 14th) I'm glad you liked what the Indians fought you for Mother's Day. It does seem Johnny was neglected. While I'm thinking of it Camille certainly looked nice in the picture you sent. How he could look so good and be so onery is beyond me. The performance given by the pupils for the Mother's sounds nice. I don't see how Tenker was awarded a certificate for penmanship. Perhaps the judge couldn't read Italian and thought he had written in Italian. He is a chip off the old block on that score.



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—H—

You tell that Johnny if there is any more of those shenanigans about pretzels and candy he isn't going with me when I take Tinker and Camille with me. Tell him I'll sell him to the Indians, and further more, tell Tinker if he ever hits Johnny again I'll raise fleas where he wears his pants.

(Y. L. of May 16th) So far it seems I have this about answered. I told you of my visit with John and what I thought about Bill. I didn't say "I'd have a surprise" in August. I said "I might surprise them in August." Your job of "Lady Henriette" seems a natural for you, since you say all you have to do is to stand around and look pretty. I haven't been weighed since Boot-camp. I imagine I weigh the same. To lie, work, worry or anything else never seem to effect my weight in one way or the other.

(Y. L. of May 20th) This is the one containing Jim's letter. How did Johnny like the parade? That proposed Beach Party sounds like a big headache for lots of people. You'll be wearing yourself to a frazzle.

When you take this new house who does the moving? Eric should be able to round up a gang for that. Make them sandwiches, cakes.



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and something potent to drink. How much does that raise the rent? You should make an effort to have it done during the summer, or early Fall, at least. Its high time the De Phillis vacated.

I think you may renew your friendship with Marie at the earliest time most satisfactory to you, with no compunctions. When I send Jim this letter tonight I'm sure he will harbor no grudge.

I took time out here to write that letter to Jim. In effect, I told him at the end of this month I would send him \$173.82. I'll send him \$175.

I think he will like my letter, at least I hope he does, for I think his letter to you was exceptionally nice.

Well Darling. It is growing late and I must sign off. Say hello to the Musketers for me. It won't be so long now when I'll be able to make up all the loving I have missed.

Yours ever and ever
Parker

P.S. Thanks the Indians for the Father's Day card. Yours as usual, was very nice. I think I'm going to have to dispose of some of them. I'm getting an overload.
P.