Dear Mr. Nabritt:

I am enclosing return address cards, as I am sure it will get there much sooner. I am using my address of my organization—even though I've now been away from there for a few weeks. At present, I am now at the above-named hospital—but I hope it won't be for long.

My regards to Mrs. Nabritt and Drs. & Mrs. Johnson, as well as all Howardites in general.

Thanks again for writing, and with best wishes for a greater and better Howard, not only in 1944, but in the future years to come.

Very truly yours,

Conrad Clark

P.S. Mr. Nabritt: I am enclosing a few clippings—which if you haven't seen before—might be of interest to you—especially in reference to the hospital headed by a former Howardite.
The Home Front

As this issue of the Post was being prepared, Post employees, like all working Philadelphians, were getting to and from their jobs on foot. Trolley car, bus and elevated employees, defying their union leaders, were on strike to prevent the Philadelphia Transportation Company from complying with a WMC order to employ Negroes as operators.

The strike was probably a good thing for coddled editorial legs. To vital war industries of the Philadelphia area, including the Philadelphia Navy Yard, it was a body blow, markedly slowing the national war effort. Translated in plain terms, that means that more American youths will lie for the rest of time in graves far overseas.

That is serious enough, but it is not the most serious implication of the walkout. The wasting of the nation's precious time strikes at the lives of American fighting men; the cause of the walkout strikes more terribly at the things they are fighting for—things we had hoped would someday add up to a citizenship of human beings.

Many American Negroes have died in battle. We cannot speak for them nor say what things in this homeland of theirs they found so precious that they laid down their lives to defend and preserve them. We may guess, we think, that they died for that sometimes nebulous and so often crucified idea we call democracy. Democracy, nailed to one of its crosses, is the right of white men to strike against sharing employment with their Negro fellow Americans. It is a bitterly ironic thing that a symbol of that right is the Unknown Negro G.I. who lies beneath the sod of a Normandy or Saipan, his stiff, stilled feet pointing tirelessly toward the stars.
Dear Mr. Nabritt:

A few weeks I rec'd your card, which I filled in and returned the same day. I do appreciate the way in which you are constantly keeping in touch with me and someday I hope I will be able to express in person my said feelings to you and the faculty at Howard.

Yours of 24th of Aug. was sent to me from the AAA PM. to my "new address", as I've been transferred out of the organization and am now a member of the "Detachment of Patients", here.

Somewhere in New Guinea

5 October, 1944

American Red Cross
Det. of Patients-47 Gen. Hosp
APO 928 P.O. Postmaster
San Francisco Cali
5 October, 1944
Last Sunday I had the pleasure to talk to Maj. Arthur H. Simmons (formerly of Freedmen's Hosp.) the first time in more than 3 months. His hospital has just had an ARC club put up, for the recreation of its patients.

Things here are more or less normal. There are movies, 3 nights per week and other nights—there is always the radio—ping-pong, cards, darts to throw at the recreation hall. In the hospital everyone (that is not a bed patient) is assigned to some duty or the other. There is the kitchen (K.P.) floors to be swept, cans to be emptied, etc. I was made linen chief with a staff of 5—we fold, stack and take care of linen room in general.

About 2 or 3 afternoons per week I go to the Chaplain's office to type a few stories—which are not many since stories are not so easy to find here in a hospital.
What I mean, those that can be printable.

My regards, please, to Mrs. Nabritt, Mrs. Johnson and others.

Mr. Nabritt, please don't reply to this letter—as probably, when it arrives in D.C. I may not be here at the same address. In the meantime I'll write again within the next fortnight, telling you of the change, if any.

I had a minor surgical of three to four stitches—nothing serious. The stitches were taken out a few days ago, and I am feeling fine.

With best wishes, always,

Sincerely yours,

PFC. Conrad Clark
USN-13674460
Btry B
207 AAA AW BN
APO 565 90 P/M
San Fran. Calif
16 Jun/45
Neth. East Indies
Mr. Nabritt:

Thanks a lot for your letter of the 1st and the commencement folder enclosed. 

Hope by now the box has arrived and contents found interesting by you.

My regards to Mrs. Nabritt, Dr. & Mrs. Johnson, the Faculty etc. and all the others please.

Had a letter recently from former Howardite (Capt) Joel E. Lewis, MC with the 93rd - now helping to drive the Japs out of the Moluccas.
May: Poindexter, also of the MC with a Sanitary Co— was here at this Base until a few weeks ago— when he was transferred further up North—

On 15 Apr. I became a Military Correspondent, G-2 Sect. VAAA Command, although I believe I did mention that fact in a previous letter—

Where is Rev. Howard Thurman at the present time? Have been writing him to 1500 Post St— San Fran. Calif. For some time now— but never did receive a reply— since Jan. of this year—

Thanks again for everything.

Sincerely yours,

PFC Conrad Clark
Hollandia, N.E.I. Armistice Day 1945
At a Casual Camp, New Guinea

Mr. Nabritt

I know it has been quite some time since I last wrote to you, but for sometime, my “moving about” has been a bit too often.

On Oct. 16th I was transferred out of my Bn. to this Casual Camp, to await transportation back to U.S. At present, I am one of thousands here, whose daily prayer is: “Lord please send us a ship today, Amen.” The latest “rumor” as of this morning is: “Gen. Mitchell will be here by Nov. 16, to take the entire camp of 4,600 GIs. Whether true or not, I am sure we will be out of here to be at homes for the Xmas holidays. I hope to have arrived and been discharged at Fort Dix, N.J. by that time. Please don’t bother to write, as officially, I now have no more military address, so far as Uncle Sam is concerned. My best regards to Mrs. Nabritt, Dr. & Mrs. Johnson, the faculty, and all the others. Wishing you a very pleasant Turkey Day. Hoping to be in D.C. to wish you a “Merry Xmas” in person, I am

Very truly yours,

Conrad Clark
Dr. James Nabritt Jr.
Secretary to the President
Howard University
Washington, D.C.