

Philippine Islands
Jan 19, 1945

Dear "Crystal Ball Gazer"

Belated, delayed, held
up, late, but still stringent
with the odor of some heavy,
heady, overpowering scent your
letter finally fell into the
right hands. Probably every
mail clerk in the Pacific
stopped to smell it, causing
the great delay in its delivery.
Any how, "Fahngail", I've
got the thing in my possession
and its full heady with
perfume. How many gallons
did it take? Being away from
girls so long I don't recognize

the perfume either, so that I
can't say, "Oh, wearing Mille
de Fleur, tonight!" or "Boy,
you really carries me, you man!"

As to that crystal ball
you have! Luck! I'll never
understand how women can
discover so much in a man's
life, "no how"! Your second
statement was correct, some-
one is planning to marry
me, unless I can shire
a plot against it. I'm
struggling hard, but don't
seem to get anywhere. Maybe
you can help. Now my problem
Miss Anthony!

Here's the deal, I like
single life, and plan to spend

many years in that drunken,
free, bliss. But, but, it was
November, big moon, twelve
Scotch antedotes, naive gut,
and I opened my big mouth.
Obviously it won't work, she
neither drinks nor smokes and
still believes in the stork. How
can I let her down gently?
Give me the woman's angle.
Should I be blunt or hope it
will die a natural death, except
she's so damned faithful it
hunts and a sweet kid, but
I don't like kids. No kidding
is, it's a problem.

Last look or drink at the
Mark, my eye, we can keep

going 'till our livers give out,
or my money.

I'm back with my outfit,
now which had moved by
~~the~~ to another ~~place~~ in this
archipelago. We're in a most
camp, oh bliss, with buildings
to sleep in, good food and
right in the center of a town.
That the censor will allow,
no more see what I mean,
my style is cramped. The
pleasant surroundings here have
inspired me to poetry, quote:

I'd gladly trade Guam,
Lisapan, and Leyte

for a gal like Edie whose
past was ~~exhite~~ - - -

You may think me quite
a traitor,

but it's a wise child who
knows its own father.

Hum, may have that since
published.

"Smokes for the folks" eh,
well we too, are getting short of
the weed. Too many outfits now
in combat have priority over us.
We're being rationed and how,
so that we're smoking even butts.
My pipe saves me from becoming
an otherwise nervous wreck.

The script is blurred here
and I'm running out of
father, but set your psychological
mind to my girl problem and
forward your solution to this
address.

Before I quit entirely

Let me give you a word of
advice, that my father told
me when I was only six
hours old. He bounced me
on his knee and said tenderly
"You may be the spark of your
mother's life, but you're only
a rock to me!"

Amour, Lamour,
"People
inhibition"

P.S. Notice the lack of mention
of sex in this letter!

IT'S STILL RAINING, EVEN
ON THIS ISLAND, THE WHOLE DAMN
ARCHIPELAGO MUST BE ON PLOUVIOUS'
BLACK LIST. Wish he'd take a break!



"SEX, etc."