Philippine Islands
(STILL?)
Feb. 4, 1945

Dear Seductive,

In answer to your ad in the "Hearts & Darts" section of the famed Woo Woo journal, "The Daily Double", I wish to say that I'm a young man, twenty two years old, virgin?" and only slightly battle worn. I have blond curly hair rapidly falling out, a deep tropical tan (sun lamp) and a million pesos (won in a crap game) to spend on the right girl. You too, can be the right girl, just tear off the top from an

old boiler and mail with ten bucks to the above address. Postage will be paid by whomever wins the toss.

Sincerely
Blue Beard III

P.S. Don't forget the ten bucks, stamps not accepted.

Woo Woo, Buy Blondes!

Yes, yes, yes, I received your epistle, with the sexy note, from the wench who signs herself, "Just a girl." Just a girl, gad what we wouldn't give for just a girl. Annette, a rare name, sexy too! Blonde or brunette? Now don't get jealous, 'cause I'm just checking, to see what kinda women you have surrounding you. You may have to produce some for a bunch of wolves

I mean, pals, when we hit S.F. We plan quite a party, with drinks yet. Not to mine own buddies, but to you wholesale!

Nope, no chappie as yet, probably being read by some Navy mail clerk, (4Fs in uniform)

Here's one of the latest "filthy stories" to come from my air corps buddy, who gets em all.

It all happened when two Wac's on a weekend pass were walking about at two O'clock that night. It seems armed forces curfew, the inevitable curfew, was 10 P.M. The Wac's apparently ignorant of the

G.I. law strolled about anyhow. A couple of M.P.'s, slouching about looking for some joint to raid so they could pilfer a little wisky, or be bought off by some chick with no morals, spied the two Waes. Not wishing to make a scene, they decided to follow said Waes in hopes they were on their way home. They weren't, but kept walking about the town. Finally the M.P.s in order to uphold the law accosted the two Waes. The versatile M.P. said politely "Aren't you out of the hours?" "Why no," said the Wae "We thought you were out after ours"

Yuk, Yuk.

~~Remb~~ Remember "She was only a peanut vendors daughter but ——" We never found the answer. Racking my brain I never have found an answer. It preys on my mind, ruins my beauty rest, but I shall find or make an answer some day. I believe people should have a goal in life thats mine.

The little Filipino kids here on the island are much like the bambinos in Italy. They try first to sell you tuba (a native wine powerful as hell, that leaves you not only with a hangover but an urge to run all day with dysentery) and then interest you in their sister, who lives by that

red light, one kilometer away. They mature young over here and marry late. They ain't so dumb. Their average family has about fourteen squalling brats, the average productivity of the Filipino female. I asked one Filipino why they had such huge families, "Wife dumb, no can take care of self" Then he nonchalantly ran home, blindly!

With all these U.S.O. camp shows touring the battle fronts, you'd think some one would have sense enough to bring over a good burlesque show, wit strip teases, yea lotsa, strip teases.

Hopefully
Hank