

P.I.
Feb. 20, 1945

Dear Beatrice

Your Tokun journal
reached me in good
condition after an extended
tour of the Pacific area.
It was really pleasant
reading, I did enjoy it
immensely. Cal. dogs and
all. Your latest volume
on "How to lose women
and nauseate people" also
arrived, daintily perfumed
a la sex. God I'm still
reeling under the blow.
The ~~advice~~^{advice} sounds good so
I think I shall employ

your tactics, but if it
back fires, no gin fizz! Instead
I'll slip you a "Mickey," with
your volume ~~is~~ huddled up
in it. Incidentally the
chick is now 21 years
old, and if it was all
on' act she should be in
the flicks. She was great!

Here's the advice you
asked for on how to be
big Buddies with the ex-
flame. Keep the flame glowing
and like a moth he'll
stick around. We can
postulate thus: The male,
retaining the thought that
the female can be made
will employ every technique
in the book to gain that

and including the buddy
system. (I would, Oooooo!!)

Last night I met a
Stanford man, he looked
like a man, and I almost
changed my mind about
salvaging my startup education
at "the Lake". He must be
an exception though so I think
I'll stick to the original plan
and continue my drinking
at Kloria's and studying
at Stanford. Here's the sad
story that almost changed
my mind.

Sitting at the Stork
Club, our local outdoor flink
I espied a library not
100 yds. distant. I ambled

over, spotted two books I
hadn't read and promptly
stuck them inside my shirt,
knowing an Infantry man
can't sign out for books because
some Jap is always liable
to get in the first shot and
ruin a good book, especially
if said book is carried in
the right rear pocket. Any-
way I stole them. I was
just buttoning up my bodice
when I noticed the Librarian
gives me the once over. I
thought of shooting out the
lights and doing a quick
fade when he spoke to
me in a highly feminine

voice. "What's your name?"
"Schwager" I shouted. Crouching
under his table he said in
so many words that he was
from S.F. and had seen me
somewhere, that he was a
Stanford man and was
most happy to make my
acquaintance. I relaxed and
started planning the reac-
quisition of more books. He
continued the tête à tête by
asking my job, my outfit,
and "Are you on the front
lines?" "Yes," I said, casually.
At that moment his buddy,
(or lover) came in, he heard
the question and answer

managed a feminine "Pleas-
ear, to bad" smiled greenly
and passed out. Abercrombie
and Fitch, were their names,
a rare name, and the
latter was from L.A. I then
gave them a quick brush
when I spotted some of my
buddies approaching, I'd
never hear the end of it if
they found out these two
butterflies were from California,
state of. What do you raise
at "the Tahiti" men or mice?
These coddled duct had never
seen combat, sympathized
my dismissal from A.S.T.P.
and turning green again
ran blindly to their hard

4.

cots, to sob for me and my position in life. I retired to a neutral corner to see the show and explained to my Buddies they were a couple of Yale men, on leave of absence. Apparently satisfied with my explanation I signed peacefully and contemplated going to M.I.T. Instead of the "Jahm". God what a ghastly experience to go through, I'm still weak with laughter.

"Hear me hear me, you're really killed Japs?" Ramon!

My platoon sarge spotting this dust in the audience leaned over to me and shouted obscenely in my ear "I think

we can make those Wacs"
"No, No," I hurriedly replied
"Those are those Yale men" "Oh"
he said must fallow and
continued chewing on the
nails we had brought along
for refreshments. I gagged
on my can two of gasoline
and continued picking my
teeth. I hope this thing
blows over, but quick.

Yours for a bigger and
better sex life, soon!

Passionately yours
Geraldine

P.S. 😊 Your letters are the
best I receive in my mail,
in fact, besides old bills, they're
all I receive!

- 5 - ^W d. (?) b ^W
P.P.S. Enclosed also find
a few Japanese Pesos. Go
out and buy yourself a
set of silk glimourizers.
The Japs have all the silk
you know. Just mail your
letter with money enclosed
to Tokyo Rose, she claims
she'll be glad to oblige.

Again passionately yours
from just an after thought.

