


Philippine Islands
Mar. 4, 1945

Dear Body Beautiful,

That mass of lips
arrived intact, unharmed and
sexy. Con templating the page
and my navel long and
duply I've come to the simple
conclusion to wit: What a
beautiful harum they would
make! I wonder if six can
live as cheaply as one yet or if
a harum can live on love
alone, if not of course I can
always make out an allotment,
class F, MIAI-908. Privates,
especially first class privs. make
a hell of a lot of money over-
seas. Enough to buy an
occasional bottle of brew any-
way. Buy a drunkard first
and a lover second why I

decided in favor of the beer and
scotch so no matter how hard
you try me to make you into
a harum I must say no. Live
la Beers!  Yuck, yuck.

In reply to the valentine M.I.
~~Wisp~~ I could do away with
those frustrating evenings Jeanne
spends. (Has she got dough?)

She hell with all the men,
they only cut in on my line,
Pidge, what's wrong with just
you and I and of course a
bottle (Has she got dough?)

Oh, yes, my sexy wench,
how could you do it to me? A
gold bar boy no less. What do
you see in a hare tails. Army
regulations say the have to be
gentlemen, now us enlisted
men aren't tied down to such
regulations and well _____

I forgive you though, for the
ludicrous lips. (Has she got dough?)

Recall the last chorus you
and I sang sitting the phone
poles: Some damn fools may
marry for money but I'm going
to marry for love-ove! That's
me! What's money in my life?
just every thing. It's beer, beer,
and scotch, and rye, and bourbon,
and mix, and wines and just
every thing such as beer, and
scotch, and bourbon and rye.
Let's take that last chorus again!

It was a good valentine,
one of the best these wolves boys
received out here. I rented it
out so each man could sleep
with it under his head one
night. Boy I'm a millionaire
now!

The boys received five months
annual pay one day and what
a crap game. Guys sent home
thousands of dollars to their
wives (Help them enter into the
AFs ya know, somebodys got
to keep up their morale) Me,
I sent home too, for more
money, got so I couldn't
find anymore and no one
would shoot against a man
set of uppers. Hell of a world,
this cash basis stuff, even my
checks were turned down, with
rubber as scarce as it is too!

We've had some good shows
~~the~~ recently such as "Charleston"
with Joan Crawford and "Should
women smoke" with Clara Bow
in the lead smokily assisted by
Sontag Farty and the Koshov Five.

We've had some live shows
 too, gag, gag, gag, we've got a
 million of 'em, yeah we gagged!
 Example: "You a sweet bid, I'd
 like to have you if my wife don't
 know what the hell my wife
 would do with you" Yuk, yuk.

She chorus then shuffles off to
 Buffalo amidst the sweet strains
 of: "Kahns clothes, Kahns clothes,
 their neat and nifty,
 Kahns clothes, Kahns clothes,
 for people thrifty."

So if you're on Broadway,
 drop in today.

We are, compare 'em, don't
 spare 'em.

If they ain't the best buy
 in town, T.S. old man. T-S."

Here's another routine we were
subjected to: "Ah I can see it
know, coming home to my
wife. We'll sit on the sofa, arms
around each other, then I'll
punch off another bottle of
beer. Junior will run up and
say "Daddy" and I'll believe
him!" The band takes it from
there playing "Is you is or is you
ain't my baby"

With puddles of purple
passion

Geraldine

P.S. Kahn's clothes are selling
like mad. She looks over here
never heard of potatoes that
come in bags.



Remember Chester fields - they used to
satisfy. Have a chew! Yuk, yuk