

Philippine Islands
Mar. 10, 1945

Dear Joan or "You do the
odd numbers and I'll do the
even"

Ho hum and this day,
raining as usual, another
Billit down, ho hum ain't
got a drink to my name,
damn those blackjack games
played with someone else's
cards.

Your epistle arrived here
last night, having made the
trip here in 7 days which
is some kind of a record. (Wish
we had a phonograph.) Where
did the sheet of notebook paper
slip in there, it looks like
notes from a class in mad-
ness III; does it carry any
credits? In case you need

this aforementioned sheet,
why inclose three quarts of
Scotch in a foot card and
I'll return said sheet after
we use a vacuum cleaner
on it to drag out the last of
its heady, sexy, perfume.

See, this time I could
smell that letter come out of
the mail bag, even over the
spaw our cooks were butchering.
When I opened this sweet billet
doux, the whole population of
the tent groined in ecstasy, and
the usual obscene remarks
ensued from these oversexed
buddies of mine.

We saw "Saratoga Tent"
last night. Cooper as the raw
Texan who gets the chick in

the end over did the rough
stuff a little. Example "Hey
Cookie" he yells at the head
waiter in an exclusive French
brenery. Oh well we can't all
be suave, can we. But, but,
but, Ingrid Bergman, oh my,
guy, Ooooooooooh! grrrrr,
woof! What a sex machine,
with all the parts working
in harmony. What a technician
though with those big blue
eyes she wears so well she
doesn't need a technique. Any
time she wants to marry me
for my money she can go
right a head! She can
embroider my handkerchiefs
any time, just any time, woof!
Of course, joy of my life, should

have to play second fiddle
to you, you seductive wench.
You demanded it:

MAY 17 1945
I, Henry Schwager, being
of sound mind (I hope) and
nervous prostration hereby
humbly request from thee
Joan Davis a parcel, which
hence forth shall be known
as the party of the third part.
This parcel to contain such
edibles or unedibles as may
tickle the palate of a gourmet,
or any other trifle you don't
want your friends to find in
your trash can.

Witnessed this 10th
day of March, 1945, the great
seal of the Philippine Islands

ARS GRATIS ARTIS
IN DOMO BEERO
IN TOTUM AD LIB.



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Aside to postmaster S.M.: The
holder of this epistle is on the
level and any help you can
give her in smuggling me
a case and a half of Scotch
will be duly appreciated.

The above request is serious,
credible, I mean, even though
you wouldn't know it by
reading between the letters. Is
sufficient, no? I hate all
brother you can give the lady
back her letter the rest is
merely a discourse on sex
which would probably bore
you no end!

So Ben put you out eh?
Well when I return I'll have
to help you build up an immunity
to the stuff accomplished by
drinking a lot of bourbon
with beer chasers. A most

tasty and satisfying portion,
help on weak digestions, but
you'll never go out on 'bar
again.

This Prof. under whose
nose you reside in this class
on madness III is he human?

If you do sit' in the front row, why it seems obvious to me to get an A in the course, merely cross your legs, seductively, if I were the Prof. grrrumpf! woof!

Me, I have to work like
hell in my courses. Electrical
engineering has all iron grey
haired, hard old men
teaching. They're rougher than
a cob. With a few female
profs teaching why more

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engineers would graduate
instead of becoming hysterical
office boys in a government
hot house.

Dead end positions are
jobs that have no advancement
eh? Some thing like being a
Pfc. in the Infantry I imagine!
If you want any material on
the subject for your next paper
let me know I can tell you
plenty, plenty of dirt and
potholes. Its a racket, a grafters
paradise. You can blow the
lid off this Army with your
writing and my material. Who
knows they may offer me
a generalship to keep my
mouth shut. Eh, I accept!
Yeh, I can feature the
perfume smelling better on you
than on this letter of yours.

Damn these ergatz materials.
By the way do you think
'Kakai will ever replace sex?
Orhan there is the bachelor
who never Mrs. anything!
Yuk, yuk.

I've strained your eyes
and my wit long enough
now so I'll close with
this thought for the day:

A gentleman is a wolf
with patience!
while a Yale man is just
a wolfe in cheap clothing.

Boola, boola,



Frankly yours
Ernest + alias
Sontag, Montag, and
all ways!

P.S. C'est la guerre, chargez la femme
SEX!