



AMERICAN RED CROSS

OKINAWA

June 7th '45

Dear Flirty Girls,

"Cocoa" Folks, How ya all

or "This is your Okinawa
news boy, heard every year
on the year, just tune in your
radio to our theme song
"Who hit Nellie in the belly
with a herring" written by
Ipswith Fitch, a rare

name

Leaving behind for a
moment, this rhetorical
mas turpiece of an opening
para graph, in fact forgetting
it completely, we swing

into the main gist of this
epistle among screams and
gurgles of "I knew that
bastard had an axe to
grind as soon as I saw
him take that grindstone
out of his vest pocket" and
loud, stirring intelligent
"Boo."

I haven't seen any
mail for two weeks, ever
since my residence has
been "Field Hospital X Ray"
hence I can write no
glowing response, no
noteworthy answers to
your civilian problems,
just this thesis which



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I affectionately call "Ode
to a Strongyloid Stercoris"
which is the bug or worm
causing my dysentery and
which the good doctors
have now rid me of, so
that I can once more
fight the Japs with my
pants buttoned instead of
at the half mast mark
ready at all times to heed
the call. At this stage of the
game I am gathering
strength here in the hospital
in order to face my Lto

as to why I was caught
eating mud for supper one
night instead of C. rations.
I'm going to tell him it
was mistaken identity. Well
enough of my sorrows, have
us turn to the sexy part
of this orgy.

I'm changing pens,
neither one of which belongs
to me, so I can afford to
change. Sexy, huh?

The Okinawa campaign
finally seems to be turning
into some thing easier. It
should be over by the end
of this month and then
we can get a little sleep.

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disturbed only by the gnats,
flies, bugs, roaches, mosquitoes,
Jap planes, and the guy
who snores in the cot next
to you. Oh what heaven, no
muddy fox hole, no Japs
sneaking up to hurl grenades
affectionately into your hole,
or stick a friendly bayonet
in your ribs.

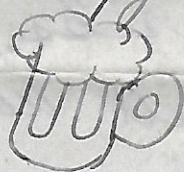
Well honey chile, the
pather becomes pitter, the
scintilating ~~the~~ ~~big~~ (Cherist
I can't spell any more, never
could) dialog (the hell with it)

ceases to be, my brain is
dry, my pen too, and I
must abandon this sheet
to address the envelope

With "lotions of love"

I remain your Okinawa
correspondent who finds that
every time he wants to marry
a girl for love he finds
she has no money. T. S.

Yours for bigger and
better steins



J. Bigglebaum Backwash.
or "who in hell wants to
know?"

