Saipan
July 11, 1945

Mon cheri or Ganadige Frau,

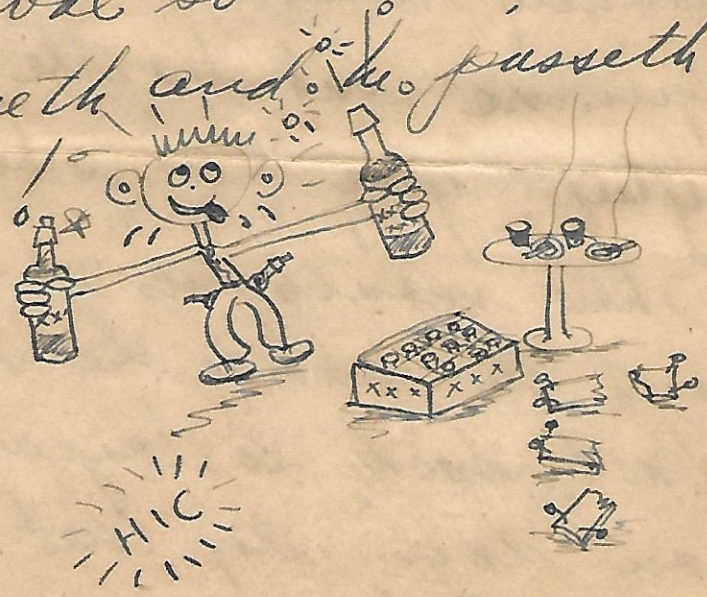
Sounds, gazoo by liebchen, but the States came a little closer to me last night.

Attending mail call, at which I received nary a postcard I graciously picked up a package for another inmate here. Tucking said package under my arm I wandered aimlessly back to my hovel, stopping intermittently at a crap game, poker, black jack and bridge game. Having dropped my last sou

in the bridge game I
decided to deliver the package
to its rightful owner.
Once in his hands I
hung around, who knows
the damn cookies might
still be good to eat. He
opened the package and
lo and behold, real
Yardley's Shave Lotion.
decided to blow. I have
he extracted another
bottle still intact from
the wreckage. A bottle
labelled "Vanilla Extract"
but was it "V.E." no
children it was not.

It was honest to God, real, live, dyed in the wool, pure, unadulterated, non poisonous (except in great quantity) Canadian Club. Would I have some since I carried the package all that way — well — I don't usually touch — Hell gimme that bottle — glug, glug — whoo oo — I hue mouthfuls of heaven and the bottle was dead. Back, back, to Saipan you dogs, dig that bunch —

off one and on two,
fall in, salute — Life
is a trap — ! But —
it was good while it
lasted, a touch of home,
Top O' the Mark and that
sort of thing. Yah, mon
cheri, I'm gonna drink
myself to death upon
arrival so beware, he
cometh and he passeth
out !



Say Liebchen, did you
ever know an Al Schall
pronounced Shaw as in
G.B. He formerly attended
University of Michigan
and transferred to "the
Farm" in Summer or
Fall of '43. He was
the party party boy type
according to my spies
which should put him
in your class somewhere.
You probably mooched
a drink off him some
time or other, you wench
you.

Progressively the weather becomes rainy, oh God, not again. Can't I ever get to an island during the dry season! I probably hit Calif. in the height of what little rainy season we have (C of C please note bug, even here in the Pacific we are doctrinated)

Buenas noches, senorita, (chee rist I'm insatile this night) I go to hit the sack, why not make use of the address on the envelope and R.S.V.P. eh?

So I leave you to your reb and the "sexy one" while I go "beddybye"

Neurotically yours
J. G. Appelbaum.