



AMERICAN RED CROSS

SAIPAN

JULY 23, 1945

Miss Anthony,

Dear Miss Anthony,

My dear Miss Anthony,

In this pessimistic mood
I seek your advice, you,
mighty in looking into the
problems of frustrated males,
pregnant bachelors and
impotent rabbits!

To say that I have
a problem is to say that
the Russian nation is sterile
or that mankind as a species
will become extinct due
to lack of procreation!!!

FORM 539A

Thus, most exalted peer,
your psychic mind should
feel my weighty problem,
to wit: how it comes, grab
it and hold tight, — aint
it ominous though?

What can one do when
one receives a letter and
one has reason to believe
that same letter was not
intended for one? Especially
when one has analytically
racked ones all ready
confused academic prowess
for a slight clue, or any
possible evidence that
said letter was intended for.



AMERICAN RED CROSS

one. Enclosed please find
said epistle.

Who the hell is Bill?
Is he this guy every one
wants to walk with because
he knows just where to
walk? Or perchance, a
long lost debtor of mine?
Frankly my dear you have
me buffaloeed, cowed,
pidgeoned and I suspect
I should leave a reference
for the ornithologist, which
I shall, — Birdie!!!

"What did I say to Bill?"
oh, I don't know what
does one say to Bill —
"Hi Bill," "Glad to see you"
unless its the type one
owes in which case one
files said "Bill" in the waste
basket.

So you are confused,
because of what I said to
Bill. Think of the mental
anguish I'm going through.
I don't even know Bill,
consequently I have no
idea what I said to him.
For what does one say to this
Bill or that Bill especially



AMERICAN RED CROSS

when one knows no Bill?

Only you can supply
the answer to this most
perplexing question for I
have ^{no} doubt that it will
most certainly result in
a problem of higher relativity.

So - beaten in body and
soul, my brain writhing in
anguish trying to recall
Bill, any Bill, even just
plain Bill, I await with
bated breath and metabolism
your answer, oh sage!!!

Reply by addressing all
mail to the address found
on the envelope of this letter.

Passionately I await
your reply, seething in the
boiling Cauldron of my
own past misdeeds. Won't
you bring your scintillating
self (in letter form of course)
to my Sandy boudoir and
erase all these disgusting
thoughts from my inner
sanctum (now commonly
known as the brain.)

I remain your student
in death, destruction and
diabolical murder

Blunderer, the wonderer!