



AMERICAN RED CROSS

SAIPAN
W DAY AUG. 15 '45

Dear "Typewriter packing woman"
or - for Gauds sake don't they
have any typing courses at
Stanford for Phys. majors,
or - Chearst don't that machine
of yours have a double space
on it,

or - In closed find bill for
one pair of glasses to correct
eyes after reading that
astigmatic creation of
yours which I finally
received along with the
rest of my June mail

FORM 539 A

and at no extra cost a
verification of my corporal
stripes. Ya'll kin call me
Cpl. for a short iff'er ya
wan'tta babe!!!

Now to enter into
the meaty part of this
souffle of letters. This
purgatory mad house
written by hand without
the aid of any new
jangled contrivance.

No, when I get to
D.F. in the ~~ex~~ next year
or so I don't plan to bend
the elbow for a short one
for I am a changed man.



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First off I'm going to
rent a crane and throw
to hell with those short
ones, I'm gonna gussy
it now by the barrel.
Oh, slup, slup, I'm looking
forward to that day and
I want you should break
any in discreet dates you
may have that night,
cause you and I are
going to do ye olde
peninsula in totum,
ad in finitum.
I'm showing results
in my slow shuffle

of that chick in Georgia
and now since the war
is over I'll just redouble
the old venom and bid
it off.

The "wak" is ova, and
I hear on our G. I. radio
that Fusco went a little
mad with joy, in fact
quite robust in its
celebration to the point
of hotting the local
glass panes in ye olde
liquor shoppes and
pilfering said goods to
be put to much better use
than adorning a shelf.



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This is suicide to a tact
another page for I haven't
enough gab left in the
old body to complete this

papyrus.

I haven't heard a
new joke in days except
the one about the moron
who died and went to
heaven and was there
through whole days before
he realized God's last
name wasn't damn.

Soul, foul, hold your
nose - Oh, oh, what

depths I sink to, in
order to entertain you.

So now I must be
gone, & wish I were gone -

Home alive in '45

I hope

See ya no see
or 18 months, so write

Passionately yours

Maxim
vs. minima!

