

SAIPAN -
SEPT. 9, 1945

Dear Parmalee,

Now that this censorship
is a thing of the past I'm going
to divulge to you ~~at~~ no extra
cost whatsoever, vital military
intelligence which you can no
doubt sell, at a nice profit, to
the Deserabian General Staff,
who at this moment, I
have this from reliable Latin
sources, are planning the conquest
of the world. Their motto you
have no doubt seen scribbled
upon the various Lamodes
in the ladies room of Kluisahs.
quote "Mit gelt die Welt."

Huzzah, Huzzah, Hip, Hip, —

AIR
MAIL

(2)

Speaking of hips, yours were
devine as I recall, but I
wish to recall more vividly.
I lost your sexy pictures to
some Japs on Okie along
with all my personal belongings.
Wallet, pipe, lighter, Your Purses!
So I ask you now, take off
that stuffy dress, slip into
some thing revealing and have
taken the picture (pant, pant) Send
to one Cpl. Schwager, post. box,
so he can drool himself to
sleep again. (Pant pant) Hot in
here isn't it. Grrrrr wuff!!!
My morale needs boosting badly
because it may be some time
before I get home.

SEND
PIC!!!

AIR MAIL

Every thing that was fine between us (the chick in Peoria with the matrimonial intentions) is now over. Hurrah, hurrah, hip, hip, — speaking of hips yours are divine, oh I said that!!!

A ciot pas!

I received the Chappie, but no package. Coo, that Grey chick, does she?

DANCE? [?] FRUSTRATED — that's me, gad its terrible, it might leave me scarred for life. or at least mentally disfigured — Speaking of figures yours is divine. (Do I sound repetitive?)

So you got problems, how? With all that Cupper in the States any man should look like Gable or Kays if he

AIR MAIL

buy the drinks. Don't get impatient. My dear Miss Havis, the men are coming home any century now, and will soon secure you about the ritz & dives in style. These veterans now have a distinguished touch of gray about the temples and face. Their postures look as if they were constantly looking for a ^{time} ~~match~~ someone dropped on a grenade. They cuss, drink, and plan to make violent love. Sooo despair not seductive creature, soon your man power troubles shall end. I, Mr. Anthony, promise you this.

Heed my plea, oh woman, and send me that pic.

Watch yours
Helio Trope.

