

Saipan
Sept. 22, 1945

Dear Jessie Tess,

Let me remind you,
my seductive wench, I'm
no longer in combat where
letters written on John paper
could be put to good use.
The Army supplies us enough
in this rear area command
post.

I'm now assigned to
a new company as you can
see, or I mean, deduce
from the return address
upon the envelope that
clings to this letter like
a night shirt. I'm the
new motor sergeant here
and although I don't hold
the rating yet I expect to

one day before I ship home
which will be some time in
January '46, by the latest
reports. Comprenez vous,
mon petit, I'll be a
sergeant when I get back,
used to having my orders
obeyed, grrrrrrr, get that!
Lay down, honey, I wanta
talk to yah!!!! Vulgar,
aunt I?

Talking about double
beds, I'm a couple that's
dying to get in one too, they
ain't all in Carmel ya
know! - couples I mean!
If it gets any hotter
on the God damn rock
the silver in my teeth will

③
liquify and run into my
stomache. This place is so
hot the devil has put it
off limits for all personnel
in Hell!

Remember, my curious
one, I wish some pics of
you to adorn this drab
barrocks with and to hang
up in my office of which
I have 1 each now! When
the old motor sergeant left
to go home on furlough he
pulled down all his pics
of ribbed women hood
and left the joint quite
bare, (way up above its
knees) get it, haw, haw,
yuk, yuk, I'm hysterical!!!

②
The package arriveth not
nor do I suspect it ever
will now since those ex-
doggie friends of mine have
no doubt devoured it, boy
and all. Hungry group of
men they were, for food and
women!

Now, I settle back on
my haunches to say at the
noon, my evening diversion,
and then I'll hit the
sack, frustrated. Wotta life,
I can't get over you, Mabel,
so get up and answer the phone.
or "Run into the round house
Nellie, 'cause he can't corner
you there." Frustratedly yours
Ezra

