

SAIPAN
OCT.112,1945

DEAR "PEACHES",

THESE FEW LINES ARE TCM BE ANIMATED PROOF, THAT I CAN'T
TYPE, (2) THAT I'M NOW A CHAIR -BORNE COMMANDO (3) I USE CAPTITOLS BECAUSE
THAN I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT NOT USING CAPITOLS. COMPRENDE VOUS

SO NOW MY SEDUCTIVE PSYCHOLOGIST YOU HAVE AN INSIGHT INTO
MY FRUSTRATED CEREBREUM, MY COLLAPSED VEINS, AND MY SUNKEN CHEST. THIS
RETIRES THE SIDE AND I CONTINUE THIS SADPIECE IN SANSCRITONIAN OR
HIT THE ROAD SISTER I'M NOT CHARLIE BOYEHHH, I JUST RESEMBLE HIM, BUT I
AIN'T GOT ANY SLIPPERS SO CAN I PARK MY G.I. BROGANS UNDER YOUR COUCH
CLEO??????? HMMMMM, PLEASE*****????????????????

MASH NOTE ABOVE WRIT BY MACHINE

ARCHIBALD M. SHAGNASTY ESQ. 111



CONTINUATION OF TYPEWRITTEN
PAGE. SEE U.D. CIRCULAR 3-14689-A-B
CHANG 6 AS PER AR 91 CHANGE 2 AS
OF MAY 12, 1945. 1ea.

" Uh, the ~~am~~ aroma of
Amber !!!" floats through
the barracks, three men make
obscene remarks, one faints
and two continue drinking up
their per ration of 1 per man
per night. It is a night for
romance, - a big grey ~~clouds~~
cloud crawls sleepily into the
sky out of the blue Pacific,
a gentle breeze fans my face,
Christ, it gonna rain. This
goddam weather will be the
death of me yet, what with
a temperature of 94°F in the
shade and rain every hour
on the hour. They better send
me home soon - I'm not,
crazy, I'm rock happy !!!

Once again I must mention
your new sex lotion "Amber"
strong isn't it. It stirs
my blood and my teeth
go coursing through my veins
like fire. Grrrr, ruff!!!!

Why do you torture me so
Cleo? Why, why, why, why, you
wench?

As an acting sergeant no-
one obeys my orders and I'm
no wrestling champ, but, baby
I got dough, and I like
liquor in any fashion. Frankly
my dear I think I miss my
liquor more than women and
I'm no misogynist by a
long shot but women I can
take or leave, liquor never,
it is the spark of life, the
blood of man a necessity
of life ~~for~~ a quart of good

-3-

Scotch I'll trade any time,
any woman I've met so far.
They all are coy, with a fake
modesty, not far removed from
morose mentally and not
half as satisfying as Scotch.
Cruff of this philosophy of life,
because maybe I'm wrong and
I hope I am because you
seem to shed a little light
in my dull life. You have
something no other girl I've
known has had. I think you
can be fun baby, I hope so,
because I've been dissapointed
so many times by ladies, I'm
getting wary, and that's no way
for a verile young man to
be.

Do you know chuck, I'm
paying 25 clamo-las for a
quart of state-side ~~whisky~~
whisky

We've had some good Singes
though, but I'm fast living
beyond my means and toward
the end of each month I must
stay sober. Damn! These
officers are making a fortune
selling us poor bastards their
whiskey which they get for about
2.50 per quart, for 25 bucks.
We, being on the wrong end of
the stick, must pay and pay or
quit drinking, heaven forbid.

This ends my tale of woe
for this night and I slip
back into the oblivion of
G.I. life. In the mean time
I keep my morale up by
thinking of my return home,
stashed liquor, and a date
with you. Vive la Armee!!!

Hopefully
Bolivar J. Kidneytrouble