

Saipan
Oct. 22, 1945

Dear Prudence,

Sacrilegious, that's what it was, sheer meanness, to send me that unscented letter. If you but knew how many guys in this shack stand in line at \$2.00 per smell, you'd never again fail me. God, how else can I scrape enough money together to go on these weekend benders.

Speaking of benders we really ~~threw~~ threw one this wee bend. We started Friday night and we kept going until Monday morning. Needless to say I've nursed a hangover today that is a pipewoo. There were 4 of us. We really lived up to the cartoon about sergeants

drinking a lot. It was
strictly a sergeants party. No
privates, cpls, or lieutenants. Be-
tween the four of us we drank
8 cases of beer and three
quarts of Hiram Walkers Imperial.
at a cost of \$12.50 per case of beer,
and \$35. per quart of whiskey. Total
of \$205.00 for the weekend and
Baby, were broke as hell now,
financially and spiritually,
and physically. Keenist what
a party, and we couldn't
find a nurse or Red Cross
girl any where.

Now I write to you,
this blue Monday night, without
a sou in my pocket, with
a rather befuddled mind and
a splitting headache. I "aint"

gonna touch this stuff no mo
no mo, unless its free.!!!

The C.O. knew we were going
on this party and so we had a
jip at our disposal day and
night in case we ran out of
liquor or ice. Whatta shindig,
Whatta shindig, and no wimmen
either, damn it. There'll come
a day though, there'll come a
day.!!!

So Prudence, I must bid
the sack, I'm almost dead
now!!!

Drunkily yours
Gappy

Slap happy



Haven't seen
you in so
long

mouse