

SAIPAN(THE ROCK)
NOV. 10, 1945
CONDITION: SOBER, UGH..

DEAR JOANNE,

WADDA YAH MEAN YAH CAN'T READ THIS TYPEWRITTEN REPORT TO THE NATION???? I THINK THIS LETTER IS LUCID AS HELL...EASY TO READ AND STUFF MOSTLY STUFF.OF COURSE IF YOU PREFER MY BOYISH SCRAWL TO THIS OH SO PEACHY PRINTING, WHY I SHALL REVERT BACK NOT TO TYPE BUT TO THE OLD FASHIONED WRITTEN BY HAND UNREADABLE STUFF...BUT I AINT GONNA LIKE IT...NOT ONE DAMN BIT.

SINCE MY LETTERS ARE BEGINNING TO READ LIKE A "YOU TELL ME YOUR THOUGHTS AND I'LL TELL YOU MINE", I'LL GO ON TO ANSWER YOUR STATEMENT OF THE WRONG IDEA. TO WIT: LIKE ANY OTHER NORMAL HEALTHY MALE I TOO AM ON THE MAKE A GOOD 90% OF MY LIFE. YOU ARE A WOMEN, AARRF, ARF..DROOL...., I AM A MAN.DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS.THIS STATE OF THINGS DOES NOT EXIST BECAUSE, OF YOUR FRANKNESS, BUT BECAUSE OUR SEX DIFFERS, SEE? YOU COULD BE COY AS HELL, AND WITH YOUR FIGURE , OO LA LA , I WOULD STILL HOWL IN PURSUIT, IN A GENTLEMANLY WAY OF COURSE. YOU WOULD BE INSULTED IF I DIDN'T TRY, RIGHT. NOW THAT IV'E PUT YOU ON YOUR GUARD, AND DEFEATED MY STRAGETIC PLAN OF A SURPRISE ATTACK, I'LL SHUT MY BIG MOUTH. NEVERTHELESS LET ME STATE IN ALL FRANKNESS THAT THE SEXY ONES BRAILLE SWEATER INTERGUES ME NO END, BEING BLIND IN ONE EYE, AND NOT ABLE TO SEE OUT OF THE OTHER. TO QUOTE LAUREN "I'M HARD TO GET, JUST WHISTLE"....

YEAH UPON MY RETURN TO LIFE I EXSPECT(OOPS) EXPECT TO MATRICULATE TO "THE FAHM" NO LESS.MAJOR IN ENGINNEERING ANDPHICS. SOCIAL LIFE WILL NEEDS BE MINIMIZED TO SEVEN NIGHTS A WEEK, NO MORE.GOTTA STUDY SOMETIME, REET????

THE LOSS OF TEN LBS. CAN BE VERY EASILY SPOTTED IN YOUR LAST PIC TO ME. YOU LOOK VERY NICE, TO PUT IT MILDLY.....WOOF WOOF WPOOF,,..... GRRRRRRRRR DROOL, DROOL.WITH A FIGURE LIKE THAT IN THE VICINITY HOW CAN YOU EXPECT ME TO HAVE HONORABLE INTENTIONS EH????? YOU GUESSED IT I HAVEN'T,.....?

ENGINEERING AND PHISICS THE ABOVE STATEMENT SHOULD BE.SOMETIMES THIS MACHINE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT, A G.I. MACHINE,, IT DOESN'T KNOW ANY BETTER.YOU KNOW I WRITE BETTER WHEN I'M DRUNK...

WE'RE HAVING ANOTHER LITTLE PARTY TONITE, JUST A FEW BOYS ,A LITTLE BEER, STEAK(SHOEN AND CHICKEN (STOLEN FROM A NAVY REFRIGERATOR) SOME KINDRED SPIRITS NAMEDLY THREE FE ATHERS... AND NO WOMEN.....DAMN IT.

I AM SLOWLY BITING THE STEM OF THIS PIPE IN HALF TRYING TO BE WITTY AND GAY, WHEN ACTUALLY I FEEL DULL AND DRAB.. IT'S A FIFTY CENTER TOO, THE PIPE I MEAN....AND ITS THE ONLY ONE I HAVE THAT'S PROPERLY BROKEN IN.IT HAS AN AROMA ALL OF ITS OWN AS MY FRIENDS WILL GLADLY TESTIFY...HAVING TRIED TO BURY IT THREE TIMES, BUT IT WAS TOO STRONG FOR THEM.

THERE HAS BEEN NO WORD ON THE FIFTY POINTERS YET AND ARE WE SWEATING IT OUT...EVERY DAY SEEMS AN ETERNITY WHEN I'M AWAY FROM THAT PERSONNEL DEPOT. SOMETHING SHOULD BREAK ANY DAY NOW, AND I DON'T MEAN ME..I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHEN TO STOP WRITEENG....IN THE MEANTIME DON'T LAY THE QUILL DOWN YET.

I MUST HOP INTO MY JEEP NOW AND SCOUR THE ROCK FOR SOME BEER FOR THE ORGY THIS EVE , WITH A CRY OF "BUY BONDS" I'M GONE. SEE YAH,.

THOUGHT IN LEAVING: "IS DIRTY GIRL WHO WASH FACE AND NECK IN DARK".

OBSCENELY YOURS

ABERCROMBIE T. BALENWELL