

N.B. (Excuse pencil pen Philippine Islands
broke down, battle fatigue) Nov. 17, 1944

Near "Pinapail"

Two letters arrived from you
at the psychological moment last
night. Just as we were sitting down
to our mighty feast of dehydrated
coconut bark and bananas leaves,
someone shouts "Hey youse Burns, do
mail in!" I hastily tore open
those taken return address envelopes
and lo and behold, sex rears its
ugly head. A precious snapshot no
less out here and I've been offered
every thing from a quart of Gabe to
Lieutenant's beer for it. Part I will
not, not on this forlorn island
of swamp, rain and sexless native
chicks. Your letters are really a shot in the

arm so I speedily answer in order
to get more.

Life over here is pleasant if it's
not the Japs your's hooting it's 'th flin,
most of which are bigger than the Japs,
and better armed. The envelope by
the way is Jap; finding a sudden
note from his "honorable peasant
ancestors" some litterate son of
you know what didn't think he'd
need envelopes when they were expected
to meet him. We helped him keep
his appointment.

The food is wonderful. We
cook it per squad and boy can we
cook. I saw too, any offers? Let's begin
with the coffee. Since drinking this
potent brew I've grown a luxurious
three inch crop of hair on my eye-
brows, my buddies affectionately call
me "Louie" U.M.W.V.!! L.S.M.F.T.

Act I Scene II. (Passionately)

The only resemblance of our coffee to coffee is purely intentional and consists merely of color. As our "caufee" boils merrily along it becomes darker and darker, when it reaches the color and consistency of pitch during which it has eaten holes in the container, we pronounce it ready to guzzle. Every man shouts in unison, "Shree Shree and a tiger" and we all jump in the pot drinking hungrily of this G.I. poison. Give me strength until the Sitchens arrive and we can be poisoned without having to prepare the stuff too.

Having marked my twenty-second year on earth today, my section made a gala before breakfast exercise out of paddling my janny with G.I. belts. I'm writing this in the vertical position, rarely found in the army.

Except for an occasional rainy year
why the weather here is ideal for going
about naked. Wish the California C of
C could see it rain here, it would
boast their morale no end.

Washing machine Charlie (Jap
air force) comes roaring across the skies,
beating it out on all nine cylinders,
drops a few bricks on a Strategic
slit trench and promptly gets shot
down by our 38's, unless the 38's
are grounded due to a shipment of
scotch flown in from the states for
the exclusive use of the A.C. We mud
sloggers drink hair tonic, which
some visionary brought as home in
his helmet. The cooties make for
smoothness but as the great
Besarabian bard once said "Alcohol
by any other name would still cause

Act XII Scene: Bedroom.

the C.W.T.O. to leave in a fit of pique, when they found out the other girls were being paid."

A good buddy of mine in the Air Corps puts it in its place when he says quote: "I'm having a helluva time with censorship. I mean it affects my style too much. Subconsciously I visualize some old biddy who has probably lapped her change of life twice, picking up my letters and being stunned by the filth and profanity that usually graces my correspondence unquote. I'm sure that censoring mail for an outfit as foul minded as our 3667th A.B.T.P. unit must certainly be an education in itself. After the war the govt. will probably set up a bureau for reconditioning ex-censors. Hopeless cases may become students

of Mr. Passos, Hemingway, or Steinbeck
and commercialize on their extraordinary
knowledge of obscenity. Even Shakespeare
was ribald, but you should read the
inter A.S.T.P. students mail now that
we all are adding materially to the
In fantasy.

I must dash off now for my
native tailor awaits my coming to
take the final measurements on a
Barlap zoot suit native style, with
a fly front, stolen from Ross Bros.

Be of good cheer the war can't
last for ever and I hope to return to
our drinking tour of the Peninsula
spas and year now. Keep a glass
full just in case.

Hopafally yours

Hank

P.S. Next time we'll get to the "Top O the Mark"
instead of passing out half way. Must
have seen those hard to find "Maternity" dances!

出命實
辭奇明

[illegible]