

The Flat

Handy

'Ho Tadiq, (sniff)

Gotta coud id by
dose! Cor! ho-Gor! (sniff)

...Pause for a dose of Callaway's...

Last evening I shed copious
tears into my itty bitty lace-
edged hankies, and wondered

how I was to manage at the
office today. Butte with my
HOGE hankies & man-sized ones
nestled into my weekend case.

Once more the Navy to the rescue!

No, honey I'm not the
glamorous baby whose skin you
love to caress. Those caresses would
be somewhat marred by my goose-
pimples, and your kisses spoiled
by my cracked lips. Then, too,
the heat of my very red nose
might quite easily burn a hole
in your cheek. What an
invalid!

Do I hear little cluck-clucks
of sympathy emerging from those
lips I love? Do I perceive a
solicitous look on that ruffed
countenance? Gee! This is quite
a line. Reckon I could almost

get a proposal out of this
key man. Why didn't I think
of it earlier in 1941? Such is
life! Genius comes too late
and goes off missing.

I could almost recite poetry
tonight - or even compose it - but
I expect there'd be too many 'b's'
and 'd's' and 'g's' in it. No hub!

So Tony Bares is giving you
no rest huh? Got you groggy
with work huh? And a jolly
good job too! May work off some
of that superfl- fl. funds fat
of yours. (note. hot that I don't

love every pound, nay, stone, nay
tax of it! Ooo- ooh!

So you look like putting in
more sessions? And that makes

you happy eh sweet? Well that's

what matters, and now that I'm

on top of form again I Shan't

worry so much.

We sure had a wonderful
spot of lease sugar. I'm not sure

that that jam session didn't

do things to you. I'm thinking

of getting in a stock of boogie-

woogie, Bobcat, Goodman, Crustman

& Classics. They set the pace. (Wow)

Heard from Tim today and
am going over to the Towers on
Friday evening, to spend a pleasant
hour or two gathering in all the
latest news of the gang.

There's a cute programme on
at the moment - "Handkerchief Half-
hour" - The complete satire of present
day dance music from Croonitania.
An acid, tongue-tied, sarcastic classic
keeps up a withering fire between
records - enough to make the Blues,
and love-songs à la crooners -
hang their heads & die of shame.
Dashed amusing!!

Get into your bathing trunks, or
put on some flannel - Cos we
are going to bask in the Sunshine
together tonight - and maybe go

for a moonlit swim across the
lagoon. Pause for a sigh or two!

Peny for those thoughts.

Despite my ^{GERMY} opening
honey I'm full of beans & peppy
as a dicky bird,

Loot doot for now,

Sch leibe dich my little
German student, or should I say,
Student of German (for the censor's
benefit)?

Clab
+ + + +
+ +

1944

Belum. K

Flux. 5000

Am. WTB 710,

go SPO.

hadan

