



Pfc Wah Lee
1st T.S.S. Bks 207
C.A.F. T.T.C.
Chanute Field, Illinois

901 Stockton Street
S. F. Calif

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January 19, 1944
Wednesday Morning

Dear Boys:

Here I am again, and I 'm sorry to say that I can't seem to find time to write you individually. Perhaps this is the best way to get in touch with all of you at the same time. I most certainly hope that you don't mind the least of this "open-letter".

In any case you have not heard from Albert--his address, as far as I know, is: Pvt. Albert Toy 39135600
748 Bomb Sqd. 457 Bomb Gp.
APO 9378, c/o Postmaster
New York City, New York

I, presently, have not yet heard from him, but I do hope the world is treating him fine.

Perhaps this may interest you boys, too, in answering to Edwin's curiosity. The fact that girls are crazy about Frank Sinatra is because he's got that "hungry-look" and so forth--that's what I've understood from newspapers and periodicals, written mostly by psychologists. Ha, ha, now don't get any ideas, boys, I'm not that crazy as to, as people say it, "swoon" over him. Here's a bit of advice, boys----Make all sorts of grimaces, but most of all, get that "hungry-look" in your "pan", and I assure you that girls, not only will they swoon over you, ^{but} will be crazy just looking at you. ha, ha!

Oh, nuts! I forgot to bring Bob's letter with me. He wanted me to quote a part of his letter to you boys. Here's the general idea anyway. What he wanted to say is, he ~~suggests~~ ^{wishes} to suggest a ^{club} paper among you boys, and I, being the editor. (Imagine that!) Jokes or articles of any sort would be sent to me, and I in turn, would deliver them to you boys. I, of course, have nothing to say about it, but to leave this matter to you all. This ~~was~~ letter was written to me some weeks ago, but I have never gotten around to it until now. Please forgive the untimeliness.

Thank you so much for those photos you sent me, Art---you look swell, and Donald, too---you looked pretty nifty. (Hm!) Sue Jue looked very happy about nothing at all--I guess it's plain slap-happy for being in the Army. (Oh, excuse me for saying that, boys! Just kidding around--no harm done, I hope.) Occasional photos from any one of you boys would, indeed, be greatly appreciated. Don't forget that, boys.

Donald, you dear boy, you shouldn't have bothered to write me when you are enjoying yourself so much. I can only say that you had quite a time during your holidays. I do hope you're behaving well-----I wondered!

It's really shameful and pitiful, Harmon, that you have not laid eyes on any girls for so long---ever since your arrival in Camp Crowder--tch! tch! Imagine that! Such a long time and it seems like years--it's really disgusting, isn't it? I can only sympathize with you, Harmon. By the way, how about

dropping me a few lines when your mind is not occupied and concentrated on girls? -- Just kidding you, ha ha!

Well, Judge, how are things with you? I guess your basic is just about through! Drop me a few lines whenever you are idle (heaven knows when ~~sh~~ when you are in the army, ha ha!) #

What seems to be the matter with you, Wah Lee? You seemed to have isolated in a world of your own. Are you enjoying "Army Life" that much as to keeping every trade and techniques with the "higher-up's" your secret? Seriously though, I would very much like to hear from you whenever you don't happen to have a conference with the generals. How about it, Wah?

Martin called me long-distance last Sunday and I was utmost happy to hear his voice again. He's the same fellow I have always admired and looked up to--He hopes that he could be graduated in the very near future, and be transferred to a more suitable place--who wouldn't?

Here is some delightful news for you all, you may call it ~~gasm~~ gossip if you wish--after all, I'm a female, too! Well, Bernice is a candidate for "Snow-ball Queen" at the University of California sponsored by the Chinese Students' Club--she ran for ~~that~~ candidate and she would win the title providing she sells the most raffles. Ain't that something! Hm! Hm! I ask only those who call themselves "wolves" to whistle at this occasion--and others, just keep quiet and ~~it~~ use your imagination. And you, Martin, don't do anything! Enough of that silly nonsense for the time.

I guess I ~~may~~ ^{will} be serious for a moment, and it may as well be the conclusion. There's nothing new with me around here--just the same "ole" Frisco and the same "ole" me--doing nothing but rotting ~~and~~ simultaneously with the time away--hoping and wishing that the tide of peace over the world will soon be realized. So you see, there's nothing to brag about--except I'm extremely happy that I could be able to write you boys on the Government's time---and, ^{using} its paper and carbon---ain't it pitiful? I had better sign off before I bore you longer with my minutest details. So, until I hear from each one of you, I extend you my best regards. I remain--

Affectionately yours,

Pinkie

P.S. Be good, boys, and don't be a pack of wolves!

