

27 December 1945

*Recd Jan 12.*

Dear Folks:-

Well here I am returned from the wedding all in one piece. I really had a swell time. I was the only GI in the church and at the reception following the wedding, and it was wonderful the way that everyone checked up on me to see that I was having a good time. I'd no sooner put a glass down than I'd have another one to take its place. Out of about fifteen people at the reception, only one person got tight, and she was disposed of immediately. However, everyone was a wee bit happy, and a good time was had by all.

I'm still sweating out the money order, and even more important it seems ages since I last heard from you. You'd think that they could insure good mail delivery now that the war is over, but it's just as bad if not worse. As things now stand I'm so broke that it isn't very funny. However, payday is in four days, and I think that I can last until then.

Incidentally, for the benefit of the women who are usually interested in such items, the bride wore a pale blue dress and had a black hat with a very becoming veil attached. The best man and bridegroom both wore the issue clothing of the British army. The ceremony was held in a Catholic Church, and was very interesting to the writer--who has never been in one. The only thing that I didn't like was the fact that the priest stared at me when I walked in and did not genuflect, or whatever it is that you're supposed to do when you enter a church.

The family got a big kick out of the Christmas presents which I had gotten for them. I gave a mouth organ to the seven year old brother, and he's gone wild over it. It's so bad that I'm sorry I ever got the thing for him. They told me that they didn't know what to get for me, and also, I'd told them that I'd rather not have them get anything for me, and they tried to give me some money as a gift (which I turned down-- they're not the richest people in the world).

Enough for now, I'll write soon----- Love--