

Dear Folks:-

Well, pay-day has come and gone already. It feels good to have a few pounds in ones pocket. Also, it is good to be able to go out and have a few beers. You dont have to worry about my becoming tight over here. I cant stand the scotch that they serve, and the only alternatives are gin and rum. I dont care for either of these, so I just have brown ale or bitter.

I finally got an overcoat. I went into the station quartermaster and raised such a smell that they finally dug one out in self defense. I wore it last night for the first time. Naturally, it wasn't cold, and it rained like the devil. Having acquired same, I can tell you a very interesting fact. Don't ever try to press a GI overcoat unless you have about three hours to spend. Boy, its really a tough job. I did a very neat job on it however--what a good husband I'm going to make for some lucky woman.

Speaking of lucky women, the girl that I've been going with in Manchester is beginning to get a wee bit serious. I went to her house last night after we had seen a show in the afternoon, and damn if her mother hadn't fried a steak, some eggs and chips for me. I think that I will call it a day as far as she's concerned. I do like to go out with her, because she's quiet, sensible and good company for a lonley male. Working nights as I do, I dont get much of a chance to know many of the guys here.

Still no mail has arrived as yet. Comes Monday, I'm going to file a tracer and find out what the hold-up is. I'm getting damn tired of going without mail for about a month every time I move.

Oh well, life would be very boring if everything was perfect. I'm still healthy, and I think that my hearing has improved somewhat in the past few weeks. However, I've developed a bad habit of saying Huh? every time some-one on my right side starts talking. I hope that you have followed my instructions pertaining to one each money order (Gad I'm mercenary!).

GSbye for now----

*Bruce*