

Dear Folks*

27 January 1946

*Recd at
Hawesbury
2/19/46*

I am now finished with the night job. I am working as a special order clerk for Hq and Ha Sq BADA. Its really very nice except for the fact that I have to type quite a bit. I'm still can't type very well, as you can no doubt ascertain from the from the poor quality of the typing. However I'm still trying to keep up with it.

This afternoon I drove the adjutant and his assistant into a town about twenty miles from camp. It was a very nice ride this afternoon, but tonight I'm afraid that its going to be a little bit rough. I dont mean that its dangerous, but that I'm afraid that I might get lost. There are a few turns which will not show up too well tonight. They have a very good system over here of having cats eyes in the center of all the roads. It really helps.

At present I am now the proud owner of a very nice cold. However I am taking care of it, for I dont want anything to keep me here when my time comes to go home. Honestly, I think that I would die if anything prevented me from coming home in April. I think that I am becoming the proud owner of a darn good case of nostalgia. The word now seems to be that we will go home about the first of April. Boy, I certainly hope so. This country, as I have said before, is getting me down.

I received the letter which you sent on the fourteenth of Jan, and frankly have my doubts as to the sobriety of the head of the family on the occasion of the composing of said epistle. The picture of the dog was really cute, and looked just like Terry. I hope that the animals remember me when I get back. Also, I dont quite compris the picture of the Babe in the bathing suit. Do I really know her?

Honestly, I've been leading such an uneventful life lately that I honestly dont have a darn thing to write about. I go into town occasionally and have a few beers, and the other nights I just stay in and read. The only reasons that I right at all are because I want ot let you know that I'm OK, and so that I'll not be left out when the mail comes.

Till the next time, please take care of yourself, and I'll do the same---

Love

Bruce