

25 December 1945

Dear Folks:-

Isn't this a terrible date to work? However, it was the only way that I could get off Christmas Eve, and attend the wedding, which is tomorrow. Boy, this Army, there's nothing like it. I just glory in the fact that a year from now, I'll probably have forgotten all of the bad times and remember only the fun that I've had.

Last night I really had a swell time with Kathleen and her folks. I was broke, and they wouldn't let me pay even for a share of the expenses. We went out to a little pub and sat and talked, drank beer and sang for about four hours - that is until the pubs closed. If it hadn't been for them, I'm afraid that I might have wound up with a good case of nostalgia. I think that they realized how I felt, and tried to make it up for me. I tried to express my gratitude with the presents which I had gotten them for Christmas, but they were mere tokens.

Coming in on the train this afternoon, an old man of 78 struck up a conversation with me, and talk about being an interesting old duck. He had been in the English Army for 20 years and had served all over the world. In addition, he had sailed before the mast as a kid for a few years, and had been stranded for about 2 years on the beach in the Pacific. He told me about some of his experiences, and also told me quite a bit about the states that I didn't even know. He was quite an enthusiast about Longfellow and quoted several selections from some of his well known poems. You might think that an old guy like that would be very boring, but he certainly interested me. As I got ready to leave him on the train, he apologized for being long-winded and told me that the only thing that he as an old man could do was reminisce and talk over old times.

I saw something very wierd and unusual today as I was coming into camp on the GI bus. It suddenly got very foggy, and darn if the fog wasn't a blood red in color. It was beautiful, and it looked like you might picture the earth coming to an end. The explanation was very simple, the fog was just on the ground, and

the setting sun was caught and reflected by the moist particles of fog. Its something that I wont forget in a short period.

All the fellows who stayed in camp over the holiday were given a pint of Cognac, and you can just imagine the condition I found everyone when I came in this afternoon. These guys wont ever learn, that is, most of them. I roughly estimate that about half of them were tight when I came in. The mornign report clerk was too tight to do his morningg report and I had to type it for him. There were about five of them in the office and I had a very hard job pushing them out until I finally resorted to some cheap psychology and suggested that they go into town and drink some more. I hope that they dont come back and bother me about one or two in the morning.

Well, thats all for now, except that I have missed not being home for the season (last year, I was too busy trying to save my skin to worry about such a little item), and I know that as long as it is in my power to do so, I'll plan on spending my holiday with you people. All my love and heres to the day when I can join the clan----

*Bruce*

P.S. The change in address means nothing, its just that we have been absorbed by the BADA organization. No moves this time.