



Mr & Mrs N F Oakley  
Asbury Park, N J

RFD #1

1 June 1944

Dear People:

I recieved your package last night. I thank you from the bottom of my heart. It was really just what I wanted. So far, I have eaten about half the contents, especially the brownies. I really dont think that there is anyone in this world who can cook quite as well as my mother. ( I hope that Norma didn't make them, she's liable to become swellheaded if she hears such comments about her cooking.) The only thing that was lacking was the Scotch. If ever you do happen to run across a bottle, please let me have some. On a pass two weekends ago, another sergeant and myself went on a spree. We invested our hard earned money in a bottle of that deliciscious beverage, and were fourteen dollars poorer. However it was worth it. You really get tired of the stuff they call beer in the army.

I dont know wether I told you that I had contributed a pint of blood the other week. We were standing reville, and the first sergeant asked for volunteers to give a pint of blood. Well I thought that the whole company would put up their hands, and I didnt want to be a shirker. Myself and two others were the only ones, so we were picked. However it wasnt bad at all. We got the day off, and I bummed around the service club all day just lounging around.

Just in case you people have forgotten, on June 7th, 1921, a small and insignificant child was brought into this world, a child who was destined to alter the destiny of the world. This child whose initials are Norman Bruce Oakley has celebrated some twenty two birthdays to date, and on this fateful year, he is about to reach his twenty third birthday. A goodlooking child, well mannered, and possessing an excellent personality, to say nothing of a brain which is just short of being a genius, he will celebrate a very lonely birthday this year. Wont you please help brighten his bleak future and let him know that you are thinking about him by sending some trifling memento, say a few thousand dollars, or an unpretentious station wagon or a blonde or a redhead or a discharge from the army. Its a sad stroy dont you think?

Seriously though, thingas are beginning to slow down to a dull routine here. I now have two assistants to help me with the job. All that we are now doing is getting men ready to go overseas. After they have trained here for six weeks, they are considered eligible for overseas replacements. A lot of the gang I came into the army with is now in Italy, and quite a few are in England. As for myself, I consider it quite likely that I will stay here and sweat the war out. I really mean sweat too. This weather is really hot and humid.

Incidently, we are now starting furloughs over again. It is very likely that I will be home sometime in September. Until then, unless a trip of some sort is forthcoming, I will correspond occaisionally-- Boy is my spelling rank!

All my Love-

*Bruce*