

10 January 1946

Dear Folks:-

Yesterday I received the two packages which you sent on the 22nd of December, and to-day I received a letter from Dad dated the 15th of November mailed to the USSBS. I still haven't received the money order which you sent. I hope that it arrives near the end of the month, that is, in time to catch me during my usual financial embarrassment period.

Well, I kept my word on writing to Grandmother Oakley, and to the folks in Florida. I hope that my letters don't take as long to reach them. as some of the previous letters which I've sent to you. If so, I can probably expect a reply about April.

I hope that the row which servicemen all over the world are putting up will speed up my date of discharge. Over here, they have been sending cables of protest to Drew Pearson, Congressman and all friends and relatives at home. The reports in the Limey papers seem to suggest that pressure is going to be put on the War Department to speed this thing up, and get all draftees out. I, for the life of me can't see why they aren't drafting some of the goddamn strikers, and let them sweat it out for a while. They shouldn't mind being in the army, now that the shooting's all over. Honestly, it makes me boil when I read of the union refusing a twenty percent wage increase from General Motors, and other things of a similar nature. Someday soon the public is going to get tired of coddling labor to extremes, and I hope that some of these big unions get the devil knocked out of them.

Still doing the same old job, and I'll probably be doing it until the day that I'll be sent home. I've gotten to the stage now where I just don't care, and realize that every day is a step closer to the right direction. I'm not going to go off half cocked and get myself involved with the famous army justice in a court martial. If, when the day came I had to make up some bad time, I think that I'd quite blow my top. One kid here smacked a captain in the mouth last year, and as a result of doing time, lost ten points. No thanks.

I wish that I could tell you something of my exploits in merrie England, but they are very droll and uninteresting.

Love--

*Bruce*