

France

20 Oct 1944

Friday

My Dearest,

Another 20th has rolled around, honey.

Another 20th with no box of candy nor card.

No dinner out, nor a show together. No trip

to Colton to a show followed by the

anniversary kisses that I recall so well.

Anyway, I got some mail from you again

today - the first in 12 days. I got the

Air Mail containing letters written Oct 3rd &

4th. The last letter I had from you was

written Sept 27th. That's quite a gap,

honey, and a lot of days have passed.

That a certain Sgt has been unhappy when

mail call came.

Glad that both you and Laura are

conquering your colds. Mine is still

cropping up once in awhile.

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Darling, you asked again what you could send me for Xmas, and again I must say that I need very little other than the knife and flashlight I requested. My billfold is old, but still fairly good. I certainly do not need a comb when I have no hair. I have too many socks and plenty of underclothes.

There are two things that make me happy any day & not only on Xmas or a holiday, though, and they are letters from you and pictures of you & Laura. So, darling, see if you can keep me happy.

All of the packages you send are appreciated immensely, darling, and I really enjoy every one. Only, please, honey, no more raisins.

Darling, this making love to you by mail gets to be pretty old stuff and never tells you really what I feel in
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my heart. I find myself repeating the same familiar phrases no matter how hard I try to tell you just how much I love you. My love for you is not becoming worn or old like the phrases that must be ever so familiar to you, too. If I could see you, hold you in my arms, kiss you, & tell you that I love you, you would know that my love is even stronger and that it is full & rich and not timeworn like my expressions of love.

Sometimes in my dreams I feel that you are close to me and that I can reach out and touch you, but I awake to find that I am still nearly 7,000 miles away from you even though my thoughts, my heart, and my prayers are with you and Laura. I sometimes feel a little sullen or moody and long so to be
(next sheet)

with you. Other times I want to be with you, to hold you in my arms, to kiss you and tell you how much I love you; and I feel that I am being cheated out of happiness. But always, I know that your love is with me, too, and I know that you are waiting for me just as anxiously as I am waiting to come home to you.

I know that I have a job to do here just as you have one to do there — just as millions of other men and women also.

One great comfort to me, since I got my rating, is that I have been able to send some money home each month to help out our Post-War fund, and now I can send home even more to make a good many of our dreams come true when Victory is won.

By the time I get home, darling, we
(next sheet)

should have enough money in our Post-War fund to set up housekeeping the way we have dreamed about for so long.

Darling, you may have a lot of work on your hands with our little daughter, but she surely must be a comfort and a lot of fun for you, too. I wish I could see her and hear her call me daddy. Do you realize that I have heard her call me "daddy" only once, and then daddy had to go away on a "choo choo to England."

What does Laura say about daddy being in France? Or does she understand that daddy has left England, crossed the channel on another boat and has travelled through France?

Glad to hear that you made me some cookies, darling, as I haven't had any of your cookies for a long long
(next sheet)

time. And my appetite for cookies has increased since I have had only an occasional cookie or two from home.

My Darling, no matter how long I am gone, nor no matter how far away I am from home I am thinking of you constantly and longing to be back with you. I live only for the day when we can be together again in our own home — just you, Laura, & I.

I love you so much, Shirley — more than you can ever know. I am yours entirely forever.

Goodnight now, my dearest.

Your adoring husband,
Cliff

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