

June 14, 1943
(Monday)

Dear Sister, Brother, & All,

Thanks a million for the socks. I managed to find some here finally just before Shirley sent some, so with the ones you sent I have more than enough. Thanks also for mailing the other things. The razor looked almost like a piece of "home" when I picked it up. Isn't that funny? But it was one of the things that I had when I was a civilian. I was a civilian once, and I wish I was a civilian again.

Anyway I have beautiful dreams of maybe getting to come home for five days. "Five days of heaven."
(over)

I was glad to get out of camp over the weekend for once & I feel OK after having been out, but I can just as well stay in camp because there isn't much that a soldier can do except what a million other soldiers & sailors can do - walk the street & go to the show. Of course some of them go out & get drunk, some go to U.S.O. dances, & some few get into trouble. I don't do any of these.

My main ambition is to do my very best in Clerical School & maybe I can be sent to an advanced school. They send some clerks every month to the University of Mississippi for eight weeks of advanced clerical training. In my estimation anyone who can get the chance for advanced training is lucky. The more training

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one can get the better. Of course there is a lot of luck as well as hard work connected with anything that one gets in the Army.

If I did get to go to college or advanced training I might not get a furlough, but if I get the furlough it might mean that I would be shipped right across. There are a lot of angles & uncertainty to the whole thing.

Today was the first day of my 7th week of training. So much happens here in a day, the days are so long, & we have to learn so much that I lose all track of time. I don't remember whether ^(over) certain

things happened yesterday or last week. If I had time I would write a diary, but I have to use what little spare time I have writing letters. I get very little spare time & now that I go to school I am taxed to the limit mentally to remember things. We really have things poured at us.

In typing speed tests I made
38 words per minute the first day (4 errors)
47 ✓ ✓ ✓ on the next test (1 error)
57 ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ (3 errors)

Not bad considering that I was out of practice on straight copy typing. My typing was not copywork at work.

I hope to see you all soon after the 13 weeks are over.

Maybe I am building myself up to a "big letdown", but at
(next sheet)

least I have high spirits now on the strength of it.

I got a nice letter from Aunt Ona today, a card from you, & a letter from Shirley.

I don't have time to write a big long letter to all of you, so I would appreciate it if you would let Aunt Ona, Mother & Dad, & Shirley read this letter. It has some news that I haven't written to Shirley even. Thanks.

Write soon, Sis, & tell Joe to write too. Tell Aunt Ona that I will write to her, but they are keeping us hopping this week & I may not get to write until (ever)

Sunday. Even then I may be on K.P. but I will write to Aunt Ona & the folks, too as soon as I can.

Lots of love from your big soldier brother. I have gained seven pounds even with my hair cut off to about an inch.

Write regularly,

Your brother,

Clifton

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Free



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