

England
6 May 1944
Saturday.

My Dearest,

Hello, honey. I have a few minutes now before going back to work that I can use to good advantage by writing, so I will at least start a letter.

Chow was very poor again today. I went through the chow line twice and I am still hungry. Something should be done about the chow situation. When we are out on bivouac we eat with another company and get plenty of good food. Here in camp, though, the outfit that feeds us certainly does a poor job of it. Other camps here in England where I have been have had almost excellent food and had plenty of it. I always got enough that I didn't care to go back for seconds, but here if we don't go back for seconds we don't get enough to keep any strength. They seem afraid to give anyone enough the first time and say ~~you~~ "you come back again after while and we will give you some more."

Maybe our food problem will be settled soon though, as I did hear that we may begin eating with the company ~~which~~ which prepares our food when we are on bivouac. That would be a good deal, I hope.

You should see my haircut now. I haven't had long hair now for 6 months, but this time I do have an extra short haircut. I needed a haircut while our company barber was in the hospital, so I agreed to let one of the fellows trim it up with our unit barber's tools. Well, he made such a rough job of it that another one of the fellows tried to smooth it up.

(next sheet)

By the time these two fellows got through experimenting I had about decided to have all my hair cut off. Everyone got a good laugh out of my haircut, including myself. Luckily, though, the barber came back from the hospital the next morning and he did a "repair job" on my haircut. Now I have just a little shorter haircut than usual but it doesn't look so bad as it did a few nights ago. Of course, you might still think it funny if you could see me. I dare say that I have less hair than Laura, even.

Your letter of the 20th told of the last two hub caps being stolen off the car. Well, honey, the only thing that I can suggest to you now is that you buy one more hub cap like the ones up in Mother's garage and have a complete set of regular Ford caps again. They are not so pretty, but are practical and do look nice. One cap should cost about \$1.25 retail, but you could get one of the men at the Co. garage to get it for you at a discount - in Riverside.

8 April 1944

Monday

Hello again, sweetheart. I haven't had a chance to finish this letter before - I have been BUSY. Saturday I worked all day & had a few hours off at evening chow time. Then I went back to work & worked until 9:00 am Sunday. Then I hit the hay until 5:00 pm. About 7:30 pm I began working again (next sheet)

and worked until 4:00 am this morning. I got up at 6:45 am, ate chow, and worked all day today. So, now, honey I am about in the mood to hit the hay again.

I like the work, though, and am much happier and more contented now that we are working as a unit on our own work and have our own jobs to do. Undoubtedly we will not always be so busy, but right at present things are pretty much piled up and we lost a quite of bit of working time on the days we went out on bivouac.

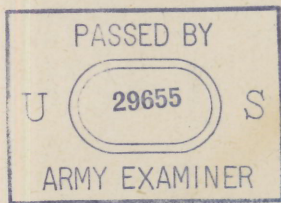
I enjoyed reading all the latest about haura and wait for more letters about her. Also, I can hardly wait for the pictures to arrive that you had taken at Easter.

You say that haura gets a lot of fun out of watching the airplanes that go over the house in flights to March Field. She would really be amazed if she could see the flights that pass over here, apparently on the way to the continent for all of these raids that you hear so much about. They are amazing, beautiful, and yet horrible.

Well, darling, I am too tired to write more tonight. I love you, Shirley, forever.

Your adoring husband,
Cliff

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