

France

23 August 1944

Wednesday.

Dearest Shirley,

Good evening, honey. Today I received

three Air Mail envelopes from you. One contained the snapshot of Laura in the sprinklers & the snapshot of you. I like the one of you very much, but honestly the one of Laura makes her look more like a boy than a girl.

I am glad to see that she is finally getting some hair even if the short hair does make her look boyish. She certainly looks healthy & plump.

You look wonderful, honey. You look even sweeter than when I was home last. I really like your picture and have already added it to those on display over my desk. I am quite proud of all of my pictures.

How could I be anything but proud of my pictures, though, when I have such a lovely wife & daughter. (next sheet)

I am so proud of you both and so much in love with you, darling. Knowing that you are home waiting for me in itself is enough to make me proud & willing to do anything that will make our future complete & secure.

When that glorious day does arrive & I can come home to you and Laura we will have to have a second honeymoon and the three of us go to see "Laura's ocean." I have so many hopes and dreams for days to come. When the great day comes, though, I know that we will be happy no matter whether we do all the things I dream of now.

Just as I forgot everything but you and Laura when I saw you in the depot at San Bruno when I came home before, I know that I will forget everything but you when I come home again. (next sheet)

Even now I remember exactly how you and Laura looked, standing there in the railroad depot waiting as the train pulled in. I could see you standing there with Laura in your arms & I could hardly wait for the train to stop so I could run to meet you and take you in my arms.

I realize full well that Laura will not look the same when I come home, but you should be the same lovely wife I remember. From the pictures you sent, though, I can see that even you have changed. You are more lovely than ever, but you are still my wife & the only girl for me.

Well, darling, not much news here to write about. You surely must hear or read the War news at home as soon as we get it off (next sheet)

over here, because we get our news from London or New York's news broadcasts. We have three radios in the unit & we try to get the news broadcasts regularly. Storms & static interfere somewhat.

Today I got a letter from Joe & Reba, the first in some time. I was certainly glad to hear from them again but may be a few days answering.

Sweetheart, that is about all for tonight, but I will add to this letter tomorrow, or at my next opportunity, & mail it then.

Goodnight, Shirley. And goodnight, Laura, too. Daddy thinks of you and wants to be home with you, too.

Your loving husband,
Daddy & daddy,

Cliff (next)

25 August 1944
piano. Then the young ^{Friday} ~~Friday~~ ^{cal} ~~cal~~
he was 28, played some ^{Friday} ~~Friday~~ ^{cal} ~~cal~~
My Darling Wife, &c. He played very

Hello again, honey. I will try to finish
this letter tonight and get it mailed
tomorrow.

Yesterday was another day of touring
France, and for the first time our
unit is actually located in the center
of a small town. The French townspeople
came out en masse to watch us set up
the unit equipment, tents, etc. I know
now how it feels to be in a circus.

Many of the local citizens speak
English to such an extent that we
can carry on conversations, and we
have a few men in the unit who
speak French, so we have been able
to find out something about them.

Last night five of us went to
the home of a local Frenchman
& two of the fellows played the
(next sheet)

piano. Then the young Frenchman, he was 28, played some classical music for us. He played very well & played some very well known music that even I had heard many times. He was good enough to play for concerts at the Bowl. Then one of our boys played a few popular songs and we all sang — much to the enjoyment of the French family.

When we left the youngest boy, who spoke English, invited us to come again & both boys and the father would play for us. One plays a saxophone or violin and the other plays an accordion. Quite a musical family.

Tonight, most of the fellows are out seeing the town or swimming. I worked until just a
(next sheet)

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few minutes before starting this letter
& when I finish I intend to
bathe & go to bed.

Today I got lots of mail. This
morning I got a letter from Golden
telling of his furlough, his wife, and
his eight months old daughter.

This evening I got a letter
from Staff Sergeant Guy Prior.
He is still in England and was
just promoted to Staff. He was
a Tec 4 when I saw him last.

Then just a little while ago
the packages came and I got
Packages Nos. 1 & 2 mailed June 22d,
from you and Laura. Thanks, honey.
Alas, the hair oil is of little use as
my hair is short again. I ran completely
out of hair oil and a short while
after coming to France I had ~~my~~ my hair
cut off again. Sleeping out doors
where we get so many bugs, spiders,
(next sheet)

dirt, etc. it is undoubtedly best that I have my hair short to make it cleaner & more easily washed. Most of the men have G.I. haircuts now.

Thanks a lot for the small books, honey. I may be some time finishing them now that I do not have much spare time in the daylight when I could read them. At night I write letters in the trailer where we have electric lights, but I have never done any reading at night since we left the barracks.

Well, my sweetheart, that is the news. And so, I must say goodnight to you and Laura. I love you, Shirley, more than anything else in the world. Take care of yourself and Laura. May God bless you both.

Your loving husband,

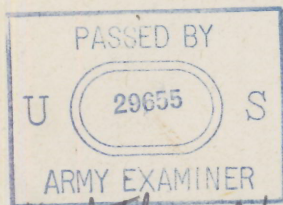
P.S. I got a Reader's Digest from Mother, a Social Treatise from Relva, & a Secret Place from Aunt One today, also.

Tell all the folks "hello" for me, that I am well, etc. No time to write more tonight love. ed

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Visited Fr. Home