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France  
25 December 1944  
Xmas Day.

Merry Christmas Darlings,

May God bless both of you and grant you a nice Xmas day.

We had quite a Christmas Eve of eating and enjoying ourselves. The Supply Sergeant got us some bread, butter, grapefruit juice, peaches, and lunch meat to go with all the goodies we got from home. Four of us had a real feed in our room. Some of the fellows in the other little parties had saved some liquor for Xmas and, of course, celebrated with a bang.

The unit still had a few bottles of assorted liquors left from one of the allotments allowed every unit some time ago (captured goods). The men who wanted some liquor  
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drew lots for the few bottles that were left.

When we got all the foodstuff that four of us had received and put it on our table we couldn't even see the table. None of us have received all of the Xmas packages yet, either.

We ate until almost gorged and went to bed about eleven o'clock. This morning we did not have to get up as we worked yesterday in order to get Xmas off.

Our Christmas Day dinner was pretty good, but not so good as it sounds on the menu enclosed.

This afternoon I received three letters from you written Nov. 30th, Dec 1st, and Dec. 8th. At last some mail is coming through.

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The day before yesterday I received the request package you mailed Oct. 4th with two boxes inside. I was a little amused that you had the box with cookies in addressed "T4" and the one with candy addressed "Sgt" even though they were both in the same outside container. The cookies are swell, and of course the candy will be good long after we have eaten all the cookies and fruit cakes we have.

Honey, I am glad to hear that you got the rock, arm bands and pins. I thought the rock to be a rather unusual one although there were hundreds like it in the vicinity.

Say, honey, I would like to hear Laura "read" from one of her books. She must really have an imagination.

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You asked if the goodstuff you send is still good, when it gets here. It is very good, honey, and all of us enjoy it. The other fellows get some good cookies and cake, too, and we share all the goodstuff in our room. I believe we would be hungry all the time if it weren't for the candy and goodies from home. We sometimes do not have any too much to eat at the mess hall and we especially crave sweet stuffs.

No, darling, we don't need soap, razor blades, or any toilet articles. We are issued soap about every other week if required. We get two razor blades a week and I brought about six months supply of blades with me from the States.

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The only thing I need right now is some hair oil. I let my hair grow out again and believe I may let it stay long enough to comb if I can keep some hair oil on hand. The bottle you ~~sent~~ <sup>sent</sup> awhile back is almost gone. So, honey, send me a large bottle of hair oil as soon as you can, and any cookies or candy will be appreciated.

To date I have not received the package Aunt Pearl sent, nor the one Mother sent with the flashlight in it, nor the one from the C.E.P. Co. I believe I got all the ones you sent.

Darling, I am glad that you got something nice that you really wanted as a Christmas present from me. My only regret along that score is that I  
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couldn't buy it for you and surprise you on Christmas.

Saturday night we had a movie in camp - Jane Powell, a child star, in "Song of the Open Road." It was very good.

I got a Christmas card from Pat. She said Bob was still at Bakersfield. What is Bob now? Is he an Air Cadet or what is his rank? What is his address?

Honey, I will be awaiting the snapshots you promised of you in your new Xmas slack suit, and hope you send some of Laura.

Last night I was thinking of the Christmases we have had together and recalled the weekend that you, Bob, Pat, and I went to see

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"The Mile of Christmas Trees" drawn at L. A. and went to see the Christmas decorations on Hollywood Blvd. It was a sight to remember.

We had some swell holidays to remember, too, didn't we, honey.

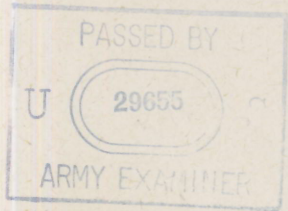
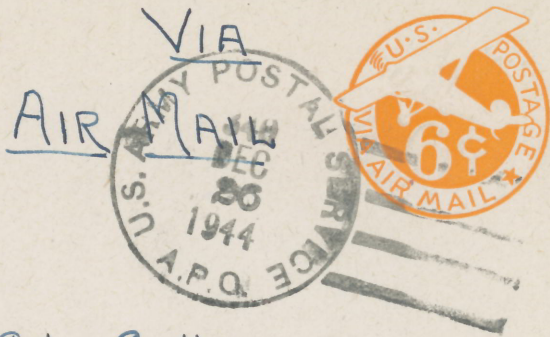
Now all of that is only a memory and a foundation for dreams of the future.

May God grant that we may have peace on earth again next Christmas.

Darling, that about sums up the news for today. My thoughts, my love, my prayers, and my heart are with you and Laura.

All my love,  
Cliff.

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