

France,

27 August 1944

Sunday.

My Darling Wife,

Good evening, honey. Hope that you and Laura are well and ok. I am fine.

I am not getting used to sleeping on the ground by any means but have long since accepted it as a necessary evil.

We are no longer in town but are located in the middle of a forest once more. So we are once more sleeping with the spiders, bugs, & other crawling creatures.

Last night I got a letter from Tommy. It was the first time I had heard from him in several months. He asked me to be best man at his and Rosemary's wedding if I am home when the big event comes off. Of course, I hardly expect to be home if his & Rosemary's present hopes & plans work out, but nothing would please me more than to be home & be

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best man when the kids get married. ^{France} ^{27 August 1944}

Honey, I can't begin to tell you how much I would like to be home not how much I miss you and Laura. All the interesting sights we are seeing, all the experience gained, and all the new & different happenings are something to remember and are interesting but there is no place like home.

More than anything else I miss the love and companionship and tenderness you gave me. But there is still a job to be done, and when it is done I know that our life together will be more secure, more understanding, and happier as a result of the test our love is undergoing now.

I am enclosing a verse that one of the fellows got from home. I thought you might enjoy it.

This morning I went to church again. This time service was held
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outdoors as it was good weather. We have not had any rain for three nights now. Service was very good and quite inspiring.

Speaking of rain, it is quite an experience to wake up in the middle of the night and feel rain hitting you in the face because you have gotten your head too near the opening in the tent & do not have your raincoat over the front of the open tent.

The first night after we arrived in France was quite an experience, too. We travelled inland by night and in blackout. We reached the bivouac area about two in the morning and none had any desire to pitch a tent at that hour, so each man rolled a bed roll and crawled into it. Well, about two or three hours later it began to drizzle.
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and, then rain. I don't know about the other fellows but the rain in my face awakened me, but I soon adjusted my shelter half over my blankets, threw my field jacket over my head & went back to sleep.

Shortly after that we had rain again for one night or two but we had tents pitched and everything was ok. Then we had no more rain until a few days ago.

Oh, honey, I guess I didn't mention that a few of us slept in a classroom in a schoolhouse in the town we just left. Three of us had mattresses & boy were they nice! The newly forming elected mayor of the French town lived in living quarters in the front of the school building, so we slept in the mayor's house.

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While in England we slept in tents about a month (large tents with cement floors), then we slept in stalls of a stable at a Race Track. The stalls had cement floors and each stall had a stove. Three men slept in most of the stalls - two in a double deck bed and one on a cot. After that I slept in a gymnasium at a college in a large city for awhile during the period I was on duty with another unit. Then began the moves from barracks to barracks to large tents to another camp & finally to the boat and across the channel.

Now my bed (two blankets) a pack, a shelter half, tent pins, pole & rope, together with my duffle bag of clothing & personal belongings go with me wherever
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I go and when set down on the ground become my home for a day or two. when we sleep in tents. And, honey, it is after ten o'clock now so I must sign off and go crawl into my pup tent for another night of rest - such as it is sleeping on the ground.

Good night, darling. And don't think I am complaining, honey. I am not. We have a soft life compared with the boys that are fighting in the front lines. We, back here, are lucky and sometimes forget it for a few moments, but not for long when we hear stories from the front or news broadcasts.

Good night, Shirley & Laura.
I love you, honey.

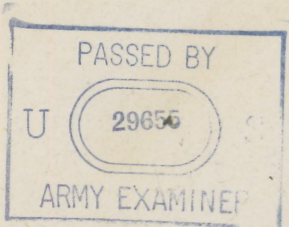
Yours forever,
Cliff

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Very interesting data on
Army life ~~of~~ both in Enty Fr.