

Somewhere in Germany  
14 April 1945  
Saturday.

My Darling Wife,

Hello, honey. I guess that you think that I have forgotten you by now as it has been ten days since I wrote to you last. But, honey, I have been thinking of you even though I could not write.

I have so much to write about that I hardly know where to begin in order to cover everything that I want to write about and yet keep things in some sort of logical sequence of events.

Beginning the 6th of April, the day we left on the trip to Paris, we drove to Third Army headquarters and ate dinner with the boys in the MRU there. After lunch we drove a couple of hundred miles and spent the night in a rest camp. We had a swell meal--something to write home about--and ate off plates for the first time in ages. The four enlisted men (including myself) all went out on pass that night as we were practically at home in the town where we had spent four months prior to moving into Germany.

"Pete" (the sergeant I used to room with when in pup tents) and I went to a French Cafe and had a couple of beers and some cognac and then went to bed so that we would be rested for the all day drive the next day.

We got up about 6:30 and left about 7:00 so that we were able to eat breakfast with another MRU down the line. We checked the two trucks over, filled them with gasoline, and hit the road again. We made a stop in time for another dinner with a different MRU, and then began the last lap of the trip to Paris. We arrived in Paris about four o'clock in the afternoon on Saturday, April 7th.

By the time we had gotten established, unloaded our baggage, parked the trucks in a garage on the outskirts of town, and checked in at our G.I. hotel it was chow time. We ate in a ritzy club or restaurant building which the Army has taken over as a mess hall. All one has to do (if he has the meal tickets) is seat himself as if in a restaurant and a French mademoiselle will bring the food on plates and bring coffee and milk. It was some deal.

After chow we washed up, bathed in a tub, shaved, put on clean clothes and prepared to see a little of Paris. Pete and I went to a cafe across from our hotel and had a few beers and listened to the orchestra until the cafe closed at eleven. We did not feel quite up to travelling all over town that night after driving all day for two days.

On Sunday morning we were to load supplies, so we rode the Metropolitan (subway) to chow and then to the garage for the trucks. By the time we got the trucks and found out that we could not load until Monday afternoon we had killed the morning and had to take the trucks back.

(next sheet)

We rode the Metro to noon chow again and then took off to see some of the sights on Sunday afternoon. I saw the Etoile (Arc of Triumph), Eiffel Tower, and all the other scenic places that are pictured on the postal cards I am mailing to you. I got some good cards at a reasonable price as compared with everything else in Paris.

Sunday night Pete and I went to the Casino de Paris (programme is inclosed in an envelope with other souvenirs) and saw a beautiful show done in Ziegfeld style. The scenery, costumes, and stage settings were very beautiful. Even the scenes with semi-nudes or nudes were lovely with the stage settings and the varied lights. I wish that you could have seen it. There was nothing off-color or vulgar about the show--it was really something to see. Our seats cost us about a dollar apiece that night.

The next morning we went shopping. I bought you a bracelet with some scenic or historic points engraved or stamped on it. It is inclosed in an envelope with other souvenirs. I also bought some lace handkerchiefs for you, Mother and Mother C. They come pretty dear, but are souvenirs and I wanted to get something. They cost about a dollar twenty apiece. You can judge for yourself how expensive things are in Paris by that. I bought some books for Laura. I bought four books and spent about five dollars. You can tell fairly well which ones are expensive and you should not let her destroy them. They will be interesting to her and her classmates when she starts to school. There is also one German picture book inclosed in the same large envelope, which one of the fellows found in a library at the last place we stopped. It should interest you as well as Laura.

Monday afternoon we loaded the trucks with the forms and supplies we were to haul back and then spent the last hour remaining before the shops closed shopping again. I got you some perfume. I am shipping the perfume in an almost square package. Inside this package you will find two boxes. One box contains three bottles of perfume (small of course) which I believe to be good perfume. Although I paid about two dollars apiece for the three bottles or six dollars for the box it should be worth a good price in the States if bought there. I hope that you like it. The second box contains one bottle of perfume of questionable value, which I invested about two dollars in.

Monday night Pete and I had reservations at the Follies Bergere which we paid \$2.90 apiece for. The seats were good seats in the front row loge of the balcony. They were much better seats than those we had at the Casino de Paris the night before, but the show did not compare at all favorably with the one at the Casino de Paris. The Follies Bergere had some lovely costumes and beautiful scenery but the show was not done with the same artistry and the nudes did not appear with the same art. The show was a little crude and the strip acts very clumsy. The chorus was not so bad but did not have the artistic touch exhibited by the chorus at the other show. But I can say that I saw the Follies Bergere in Paris.

Tuesday morning we loaded our baggage and prepared to leave for our home camp. The unit had move another 150 to 200 miles while we were on the trip so we had to travel about 650 miles to get back to the unit. That is a long trip over rough roads that are bombed out or torn up by tanks and mines, especially in a truck.

(next sheet)

We travelled all afternoon Tuesday and spent the night with one of the MRU's we visited on the way down to Paris. After checking the trucks, filling them with gasoline, etc. we drove all day Wednesday. We spent the night Wednesday night with the MRU at Third Army Hq and left after breakfast Thursday morning. We finally arrived back at our unit (tired and dirty) Thursday night. The unit had just set up at a new location.

While on the trip, Captain KUCK told me that there are now openings for Warrant Officers and that applications for appointment as a Warrant Officer are being accepted at present. The deadline for such applications is the 15th. The Captain said that he and Lt TURNER both felt that I had done a very good job as acting Administrative Supervisor while Sergeant Novack has been gone, and that they wanted to recommend me for appointment to Warrant Officer.

So, last night I spent my free time filling out the application blanks. I had no time to write to you, but I know that you will forgive me under the circumstances. Today, I had a very thorough physical examination complete with urinalysis, blood test, and X-Ray. I have not done much work since I got back to the unit for running around on this Warrant Officer deal, but it is a real opportunity if I can make it, honey. I will write more particulars about the whole thing later. I have to appear before a board for an examination and have some other routine to go through even before I will know if I pass the exams. Even then, the quota may be such that if I pass I might not get an appointment and would have to wait until another vacancy exists. Eligibility lists will be made up according to the grade that applicants get on the tests. The applicant who gets the highest grade will get the first appointment, etc. until the quota is filled. All other applicants will await vacancies. What happens remains to be seen. Hope and pray, honey.

I am mailing three packages or envelopes in all besides this letter. One large envelope contains the books for Laura. Four books were bought in Paris and the fifth one is the German book I mentioned before. A smaller envelope contains the bracelet, programmes from the Casino de Paris and Folies Bergere, map of Paris, subway map of Paris, postcards, & handkerchiefs. The package, which is the third parcel I am mailing, contains the perfume.

I still have a handkerchief for Mother C. and Mother and some postcards for Mother. Otherwise, you are getting all the souvenirs. I spent about thirty-five dollars on the trip. Twenty-five or more is invested in the souvenirs. I can add up twenty-five just thinking of the items I bought. The rest I spent for the shows and drinks. So, I did not spend so much as I thought I might. I really thought that the trip would cost me at least fifty dollars by the time I bought all the things I would buy, but if I had had more time I would have bought something more for Mother and Mother C. and it would have cost more.

When I get the money order from you that I wrote for I will cash it, but believe that I will not return the extra money right away as I told you before. I believe it best that I keep the extra money in case of unforeseen emergencies. If I should make the grade on the appointment as Warrant Officer I might need some extra money in case of being redlined on the payroll, etc. So, if you have not sent the

(next sheet)

money order as I requested, please send it as soon as you get this letter, honey. I want to pay back the rest of the money that I borrowed for the trip to Paris as soon as I can and will keep the rest of the hundred dollars as a reserve fund.

During the course of the physical I had a dental inspection and got two teeth filled today, so now have two fillings in my mouth. Other than the filling in the tooth that I lost before I came into the Army this was my first filling.

Well, honey, that about brings you up to date on the news here. During the ten days since I wrote to you last I have had no mail. I thought that when I returned from the trip that there would be a lot of mail waiting for me, but was sadly disappointed. All of the mail is slow again, so I guess it is just another of those periods when we wait and hope.

Darling, it is nearly midnight and I have a busy day tomorrow. I must get some of the work done tomorrow that I haven't touched since I got back from Paris. So, darling, I must say goodnight. I love you, Shirley, as always. You are ever in my heart, in my thoughts, and in my prayers. Give Laura a kiss for Daddy.

Your ever loving husband,

*Cliff*

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