

New Year Day,

Jan. 1st 1945

Belgium

Dear folks,

Many things have happened since I last wrote to you and if I had the brains I could write a very interesting book I think.

You folks are no doubt worried stiff about me. I haven't had the chance to write before this.

I have received many packages and any number of letters. I don't think I remember now who they were from. I do have a couple letters from you dated Nov. 15 & Nov. 23.

To day I got a letter from Bill @,
I thought for sure something had happened
to him, but I guess he is O.K.

I didn't get to Mass Christmas
day or to day. I did go thid day
before Xmas though. I spent
a part of Christmas eve in

a priest's home. He was swell
but was awfully worried and
had a good reason to be so.

He was crying when we left
because he knew well enough
what we were coming.

I wonder if he rang Christmas in. He wanted so much to. I would like to go and see him again some time but it would not be healthy for an American soldier in that town now, but maybe in a few weeks it will be O.K. again.

I had so many things I ~~was~~ wanted to tell you, but now I can't think of half of them.

The day before Christmas a couple of youngsters came to the old padre and wanted him to get them a Christmas tree. I told him I wanted to go after

it too. So we all went. Couldn't
go too far of course and we ended up
getting nothing more than a branch
but the kids were tickled with it.

I made up a box of candy and things
and gave it to them before we left.

I wish you could see that priest he
worked awfully hard sawing wood
and running around never stayed
still for a minute.

I am now in an old farmhouse which
reminds me very much of Uncle James
farm. And this old road even makes it
seem that much more like it.

I'll write as often as it is possible
Loving Son Clifford