"Bob" Lawson
of Boston
Bill Crowley
of Jersey.
Dear Daddy:

Today is the day set aside by all members of the A.E.F., as Daddy Noset-Day. It was planned to have the Camels nuts removed, but the departure occasioned that the boy could send a real, honest to goodness letter home, and that it arrived the same time during the Christmas season as usual, your only is out of luck, see this certain respect from one of the orders, allowing him to lift the camel law. So now it is a case of two lot about nothing. Where to begin, I do not know. Did you ever try to write a letter, when there is absolutely not a thought in your head? It is some job! A whole lot worse than my daily occupation (which by the way is carpentering, for the present).

The other day, I was busy, repairing a bunk, when the boss came up and said that he was very sorry...
to interrupt, but the tools had to be turned in. So now, I am out of a job. Though not to my regret, for yesterday, being off duty, I got a chance to go down to the Cathedral. I was fortunate to meet a Chaplain, so went to confession. This being Sunday morning, I got an early mass and went down to eight o'clock Mass, where I received Holy Communion.

Things are assuming a very pleasant attitude in and about camp now. Tomorrow morning we have a show down inspection, as you see, we are getting ready to move again. Of course, we have not the slightest idea as to what is going to happen, nor when it is going to strike. All we know is, that sometime, we are going to leave the camp. Now isn’t that definite! Maybe, one of these days, my travelling orders will come through and on a couple of hours notice, I’ll leave leaving this bunch, with all its plans, and head for Persia. If such a thing happens, I’ll be neither sur-prised nor disappointed. I’m in the army now. (But I would like to stay with this outfit.)
It is "show time," now, dad, so I'll have to quit for a few minutes. So if you'll excuse me, I'll go and fix my face. **There!** Had a good dinner. Roast beef, boiled potatoes, creamed carrots, creamed onions, rice, pudding, cream sauce, coffee and bread. Oh, you did, we had boiled cabbage, too. We surely are making up for the time we invested in England. After dinner, I came in and naturally felt like a nap. So I lay down on my bunk and woke up at four o'clock. This is the life. It was too dark to write this so we just sat around and talked until retreat. Chow again, immediately after retreat and it was better than the dinner. Having very disagreeable out we did not go for a walk, but Elliott and I sat on my bunk and talked over our future. Oh, we picked every business to pieces, and finally decided that there is pretty good money in wheat. Elliott lives in Oklahoma and has interests in Oil. Says opportunities are very good out that way. He's a dandy chap.
Well educated and refined. By the way, he is about four inches taller than I. We are pals.

Tomorrow is the big day, and I am all ready for the final inspection. The duty roster shows that I am on guard. So guess there is nothing more to say. I may think up something more to write in a day or two, but one any case, don't worry if you don't hear from me for a week or two. Lay it up to Christmas rush, on the Postal Service, and travel on my part.

Understand, I am in Southern France, and travel over here is very slow. If I am sent up north, it would take a week or so. Don't worry!!! Am in perfect health, and able to eat everything in sight.

Hoping that you all are well and happy, and that you will have a most pleasant Christmas. Keep...

Your loving,

[Signature]

C. K. [illegible]
21st U. S. Army

Patricio in Elliot 17th Oct. 44
1103 40th Street, St. Paul.
R. C. B. Dec. 25