

August 27.

Somewhere in England:

Dearest June:

You are causing me no end of sorry my sweet. I hadn't heard a peep out of you and I'm, well I won't say I'm angry, because if I did you might not write at all and that would be nothing short of terrible. To date August 27, I have received four letters. One was from Mom, two from Lurline and one from Pops. I guess you have been on your vacation! Mac says you must have found a Marine or a Sailor. I thought for awhile that you might have found a guy named Jim, huk? Any way I want to think that you were out of town.

Pops letter didn't say much; I gathered from the letter, although he didn't say it, that Ruby went to Bandera with him and the Browns, how about it? Who are the people he calls the Johnson's.

Lurline ran on as usual. Said Milton was home on leave for a few days. She told me about the new church and all that has happened in it. She also said something about your namesake being baptised in a few days at the new alter.

I wish things would happen over here that I could tell you about. We must remain silent on almost all

subject. my letters must be pretty dull - I'm  
sorry.

I'll be going to London on pass again soon. Maybe  
I'll be able to tell you something interesting in my  
next letter. I do hope you have received all the letters  
that I have written to you recently.

We have a swell time here in the barracks. Partridge,  
mac and myself live in one with five other officers.  
One of them is our skipper, Capt. Sloane, from California  
and swell guy too. You know I've often hoped to get back  
after this war just to tell about all the swell people I've  
met in this man's army.

Please, sweet there is a lot I'd like to hear about so if  
you will set down and dash off a few lines I will  
be happy again. Tell everyone hello for me and  
I'll write again soon.

Bill  
H

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