

August 28,
Somewhere in England,

Dearest June:

A few more lines and I'm happy tonight. I received a letter today from a little girl in Texas. She is the sweetest person you'd ever meet, believe me. It is dated the 19th.

I'm sorry my letters are so long in coming, but I believe I've said that before in one of my previous letters. I have written quite a few lately you know: that is why I was so put out about not receiving any from you. Of course I didn't think how long you had waited. So if I said things in my August 24th. ~~I'm~~ that you didn't like I'm sorry.

I guess Air Mail is the best bet. I won't write any more v-mails. Tell Mom & Bess that they have letters on the way. I don't know why but sometimes certain letters seem to travel slower.

I've received a couple of v-mails from Pop in the last two days. He tells me of your morning coffee together (lucky boy) and also about he and Ruby seeing 'Da-Barry was a Lady'. He also says (please don't ever mention this to anyone) that he is still going with Ruby and

that he ~~would~~^{will} probably end up getting "latched".
I wouldn't tell anyone that but you so don't let me
down. He said a lot was pending though. I think he
wants to see the world before he settles down to fireside
and slippers and I can't say that I blame him too
much. He said he was single for the duration anyway.

Sweet, I wish I could tell you all about my trip, but
it is, for the present - - hush, hush. I'm jotting down
many of the things that happened so that I won't forget
to much about it, dates and times you know. I will
tell you all about it some day, it's pretty interesting
even when it's told by a dull story teller like yours
truly.

Now about paragraph four of your letter, received today,
concerning English laeser. Of course I'm glad to be in
England and I do like the English very much. Some of
the girls I've seen and some I've danced with. They
are interesting and some are what you would call
pretty, but I've found none with the kind of brown eyes
that I like and of course I've heard none of them say
y'al the way I like to hear it. You see I'm always
comparing them with someone else.

Mike doesn't like the idea of you thinking he is a ladies
man. He says for me ^{to} tell you that he is a one woman
man and he has found the woman. Eleanor of New York
is his pick and he won't have a thing to do with any
others. He said that if we had been in New York a few

more hours, he would be a happily married man today.

I wish you could get some Kodak pictures made of the gang and some of the new additions if they are additions Kitty, and Janelle.

I hope my back mail catches up with me soon and gives me the answer to a few of my questions. Everyone tells me that they told me about Berbe Shirley in previous letters and also they say they have told me about the storm in the same letters. There is a chance that that mail will never reach me but it most likely will turn up in a few weeks.

I told you in my letter yesterday about my expected trip to London soon or pass, so I won't go into that again.

Don't ever get the crazy idea that you bother me writing my little one, eating doesn't bother me neither does breathing. So I make myself clear.

I still have your picture on my dresser it has crossed an ocean with me now and it makes a strange country seem not quite so strange, it makes a bar take seem like home.

Write again soon and give my regards to everyone

Love

Bill
H



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