

January 31,

Honey:

As the Kit Parade plays "You would Be So nice to Come Home To". I sit down with pen in hand to write you a line or two.

Barry Wood sings "Moonlight Becomes You" (and it does too) as I begin second paragraph. Flew to Georgia today and did a little navigating. Had a good trip and saw another army field. An uneventful trip though. Flew over Miami yesterday it was beautiful from the air and the Atlantic was bluer than I have ever seen it.

Got a letter from Lard the other day. He enclosed a picture of himself in flying togs. ("Why don't you Fall in Love With me" #3.) He looks swell and he is doing swell too. He will change address real soon if he hasn't already done so.

"I had The Craziest Dream #2 and it was of you too. I dreamed that we were a big shim (sp.) dig and were we dancing? Say I'll tell you a secret - - - - The Best Times of all Move to

Carnegie Hall.

The last paragraph and "There are such things" (when this war is over I'm going to find out if there are) By the way what are you doing about your job I haven't heard from you since I got the clipping of the end of a certain furniture company.

So you best get "on the ball kiddo" and slip me a note. "So Long For Awhile."

Love

Bill

P.S. Ask Mom if she will get Humber to send me a statement of money paid to one William D. Lewis in the year 42.

~ Sir William of Avon.

Wm D. Lewis
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