

July 5.

Sweet:

No sugar report in days. My morale has taken a nose dive as it usually does when no word comes from you.

Got a letter from Bess today and she told me how late it was when you got home. I feel like it's all my fault too. You should have caught the train like you wanted to and if it hadn't been for me you would have made it back when you said you would. I know how you feel about keeping your word too. So please forgive me, huh?

Being on the alert is no fun. We can't leave the post. We are bursting with news about our trip overseas, but we can't tell anyone. We go to the Post Theatre and read. We study our maps and our route

we draw our equipment and wait.  
At night we go down to the club for a  
beer and maybe go to the show if we haven't  
seen it. We write a few letters, but soon  
run out of things to say because there is  
so much we are not ~~to~~ say to anyone.  
We then go to bed and dream of home.

Speaking of dreams, I had a terrible  
one the other night. I dreamed that I  
was at home and that I asked you for  
a date for 5 straight nights and you  
said no! all five times with no  
reason given. Was I glad when I  
woke up from that one.

I guess that's all again. Write soon,  
huh, please.

Love

Bill

"I'm sending xxxxx To a Girl in Texas"

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A Lewis



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