

May 25.

Sweet:

Comes now a pleasant duty
writing to the one that you
would like so much to be with
at this very minute.

Another day is gone. I sit
in my lonely room and sulk.
What a day it has been. You know
that at 10:45 this morning I was
over Havana, Cuba. Yes Havana,
city of fun and more fun. Where
you can have all the Cuba Libres you
can drink for 50¢. At 12:30 I
was over Nassau Capital of
the Bahamas and the home of
the Duke. Now it's 10:00 P.M.
and I'm at Avon Park of all

places.

Went to Miami Sunday to see Roy Estes. We spent the day together talking shop and about home. You know he is a Navigator on a B-25. He was in an accident and had to have an operation. He is doing swell though and we did have a good time. Both of us talked longingly of home. I told him about a certain girl back home that I ~~it~~ would ~~have~~ like to have with me walking down the sea wall at Miami or dancing with me at the Pogo Pogo room.

I guess you recognize the stationery. It was sweet of you June and I will remember to

use it every chance I get. But I have some news for you. I won't be leaving as soon ^{as} I had hoped. Things have come up and we just aren't moving out for awhile. So my return address will remain Avon Park for awhile longer - - damn it all.

I just looked across the room and guess what I saw, the prettiest little brunette smiling at me. You know I can't understand it. I always liked red heads, but when that little black headed gal looks at me and smiles, the red heads don't even rate.

I guess I'll let you go for now honey. Thanks again for the stationery.

Love Bill



Miss June Greenstein
2314 Watson

Houston, Texas



Air Mail.