

September 1,
August
Somewhere in England,

Dearest June:

Some of my mail is catching up now. It seems to be coming in a little at a time. Your letter of August 11, written while you thought that I was still somewhere else came in and two more both written before your Aug 19. letter which I received two or three days ago.

I've been in London on leave and my mail stacked up a little in a few days. I have letters from Mom also. I'm so glad that my letters are beginning to arrive also, I mean my letters to you.

Now for London. We did have a super time again. Didn't go back to the Abbey as I planned to do, but I did get to see the Great St Paul church. It is famous, maybe not so much as the Abbey but famous. It is very beautiful in spite of the Germans. I can't get over its great size. We have no church to compare with it at home. It has a huge dome on it like our capitol buildings have. On top the dome is a great gold cross. I went to visit it with Kismet a Bombardier friend of mine who has been with me since Avon

Park days. I wish I could describe it to you, but words can't, you have to see for yourself! Poppa always would have loved it too. I wish he could see it. He always goes on about such things you know. Many Americans were visiting there while I was there. The place is always full of people I guess.

I wanted to see the Tower of London also but I didn't get around to it. I did get to see "Action in the North Atlantic" and also "Dixie" with our pal Bing and he did sing "Sunday Monday - Always" as only he can and he sung it to Marjorie Reynolds. You told me in one of your letters to look at Big Ben for you, it seems that I'm always looking at things with you end mind of late.

All this reminds me of one of the nights in London. We were all sitting around in the Regent Palace in the heart of London (it's a hotel). Jimmy met two English girls and asked me over for a drink. I was so surprised when I sat down at the table: one of the girls looked so much like you that I came right out and asked her if her name was June. It wasn't. Of course she didn't have your sweet southern drawl, but she did remind me of you. The other girl's name was Betty. We danced a bit and had a lute to eat. They enjoyed hearing about America and we in turn learned something about their country. All in all we had a good time, but it made me a bit homesick of course.

I sure like the stationery you are using now. I can pick my letters from you out of a pile with out even looking for the address. Hope you keep up the good work my sweet, about writing I mean keep me happy.

Didn't recognize Jim Hood and I've heard of but I've never met Jack Vance.

The little dictionary that you gave me is worth its weight in gold. It is the only one in the barracks and two or three of the boys are as bad at spelling as I am: it gets around quite a bit.

They have a new song over here written for the play Liliou story which I saw on my last trip to London. The name of it is "We must never say Good-bye" it is good I think maybe you will hear it over there.

Mom says Shirley is in Texas again. I'm glad and I have to write him right away. It seems that he and Maxine (you remember her?) are hitting it off o.k. again and I'm glad of that too. I always liked her and I know ~~you~~ she is very fond of Lard. I always thought too that he cared a lot more about her than any-one suspected.

I guess I've said enough for awhile. I'll write again tomorrow.

Love
Bill
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