



UNITED STATES ARMY AIR FORCES

Thursday Noon
December 21,

Hello Sweetheart:

Four more days till the day of days and I'm about 2,000 miles from home with no hope of making it. Of course by the time you receive this letter the day will have come and gone, but any way you know how I feel. Yes, I'm spending another Xmas in a hospital. The Doc says with luck I may be out on Xmas Day. I've had quite a time of it. This was a stormy session of cluckin pot, & guess children's diseases go harder on adults than they do with the kids.

There were about four days when I was so ill I couldn't hold my head up. That's all passed now and I feel fine, it is just a matter of time now till all my spots leave and I don't look like a page out of an anatomy text book.

I read to pass the time the Red Cross lady goes to the PX and shops for us and we



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taste in books so far has been my own. I miss the radio. There is one in the building but the guy that owns it is one that would rather listen to Lum & Abner than the "Sound of Charm." He does get popular music sometime and I've heard "Don't Fence Me In" till I hear it in my sleep and what's that silly one from Hollywood Canteen - - - "Goodnight Sweet Dreams" they play that a lot too.

D.S. my lil ignorant Sweetheart means detached service or in other words temporary duty. You are sent to another outfit which isn't your own for duty for a period of time you are said to be on detached service and in most cases it is a good deal. I was on D.S. when I was with the 397th. By the way I just thought I guess God thinks I left the base without even saying I was gone. You know I was to leave this morning but for obvious reasons they are holding my orders.

You'll have to excuse the pencil. Sweet but all my stuff is locked in my room in the B.O.Q.

I guess I'll have to leave L.A. without seeing the Paladium. Krupa is there now too. Yes, there is plenty to do in that town it is almost like N.Y. and Chicago. Well, anyway I can say that I've been here anyway.

I had a card addressed to you in my room but unless my room mate was on the ball I guess it is still there along with twenty other xmas cards for various ones. I guess I'll have to hand the card to you about New Years. (I hope you can read all this).

I've been keeping up with Carol Ann vs Chaplin in the L.A. papers. It is quite a case. They have a sub sister on the Herald Express named Caroline Walker who is as good a reporter as any I've read and she sure does some good work on this case. I haven't decided just who I'm for yet but all along I've believed that Chaplin will be cleared.

I just looked in the mirror again - - no!
I won't be out by Xmas day. I still look like
Exhibit A. in a mercy killing case. You
see how I haven't bathed, shaved, or
combed my hair for over a week now so
you can imagine how I must look. The
doctors and nurses are very kind: they act
as if I looked like any other normal human
being.

I guess that's about all for now. I
hope by now that J. E. has straightened out
his trouble. I hated to hear that very much
and I received your letter when I was feel-
ing sorry for myself because I wasn't go-
ing home for Christmas, huh. We never
know when we're well off.

Love
Bill

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