



December 4,
Santa Ana Cal:

My Darling:

Here is the letter I promised a bit late which is a thing that you are used to by now, I'm sure. This is my second note at the new post and I'm a bit weary of it already. The food is good and I eat too much of it; they serve ice cold beer in the bar and I left to many of them. They let you sleep too late in the morning and no athletics are required. Los Angeles is only thirty miles away I have lots of time off and I've already found a friend with a car. I see now that there will be no rest for me here.

I took the mental exam for flight training today and although I'm not the same man at thinking that I used to be I'm sure that I passed. I take the physical tomorrow and so today I've refrained from smoking and allowed myself only one bottle of beer. Taking all these precautions reminds me of the time that Ellie went to Houston to have fun and stayed at school to study. There will be boys in the flight surgeons office

tomorrow who probably are raising hell in L.A. tonight and they will probably make it better than I will. Oh well enough of that.

I will probably be here for about two weeks, Zoney, so I won't be able to keep our date as soon as I had planned. It won't be too long though and I still think that I will be home for X-mas.

I received a telegram from Land today. He has been sent to Columbus, Ohio on D.D. and it will probably be two or three months before he will return to Roswell. (I just noticed that the table I'm writing on is very dusty so please excuse)

About the trip out: it was long and drawn out. The characters on the train were the usual. I just couldn't get interested in any of them except one and he was a corporal and was all at ease when I talked to him and I lacked the necessary tact to put him at ease. (You know sweet sometimes I think your boy-friend is a very stupid jerk) Anyway I tried to talk with him all the way to Yuma, Ariz and then gave it up as a bad job. I returned to my book and said



to hell with everyone and became an anti-social for the rest of the trip speaking only when spoken to. I met some of the labor leaders

coming home from the convention in N.O. I usually ran into them in the morning in the smoker. But I couldn't talk to them either they asked to many questions and had to many friends in the army that they felt sure that I must know. One of them wasn't the type listed though but he was from New York and knew everything. I can't talk to people who know everything either I guess that's because I don't know much myself.

The scenery was beautiful though and the trip was climaxed when I saw mt. San Jacinto over looking Palm Springs Cal. I would like to go there again some day. We had plenty of rain before we reached L.A. but by the time the train pulled into Union Station it had stoped and I was free to search for a hotel room under clear skies.

I had met a Lt. Allbright on the train (in the diner) he didn't impress

then but I ran into him waiting for a cab. He was in the same boat as I so we began our search together. We had wired the Biltmore from El Paso but when we asked there they told us that our wires came to late. Disgusted we adjourned to the nearest cocktail lounge and had a few while he call some friend of his stationed in L.A. to see if he could suggest something. No soap. It was here that that I heard Andy Russel singing "What a Difference" on the Juto Box - - - I wanted to cry. Gee, I miss you sweetheart sometimes it is worse than others. Well we finally found a room then went over to Hollywood to have a few more drinks I guess Lana didn't know we were coming because we couldn't find her anywhere.

Went to church Sunday morning and reported to the base last night and went to see "Lost In a Harlem" showing here on the Base. You know what happened today so now you know it all.

I guess that's all sweet except that I hope I didn't hurt you about your coming to the train. I do hate good bys in train depots - there so awkward and with me it is



all the more so. When
~~On that~~ I got to the station
though I did want you
so very much. . . . I
couldn't sleep for thinking
about you. But if I
hurt you with anything I said - please forgive
me - you know I said before that I was
a stupid jerk.

Please tell mom that
I'll write her tomorrow and that I'm fine
and still gaining weight (that tickles her to
hear I'm getting fat: it scares me).

Tell your folks hello
for me and you take it easy and don't work
so hard and remember what I said about
your having fun.

I love you,

Billy
111

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