

February 28.

Dearest June:

I just received your #29 of Feb. 15, you know the one you called a little note. I must say the first paragraph hurt a lot. In case you've forgotten what it was it told about the day making one year since I gave you my wings. I'm glad you are proud to wear them and the thing that hurt was you saying that you hope I haven't regretted giving them to you. I don't know what I've done or said to make you write such things. Maybe it was something I didn't say, huh? Well, my sweet there were things I could have said, things I

wanted so much to say, but for many reasons I didn't and I won't tell you in writing what I didn't have nerve enough to tell you in person. Things will have to remain as is till I get back. I will say that there is no one I would rather have wearing my wings than you and each day I pray for the day when I'll see you again.

This #29 leaves a gap in my letters from you. I guess the others will be in soon. The moving has messed things up again I know. I've messed quite a few packages from mom however I did receive five pictures yesterday and that is the one that I've been waiting for.

I went back over to my old base a few nights ago to a party. Going there was just like going home. I wish I didn't go to the party but I did get to see him and

Partridge.

I'm about to get settled now in my new base and I'm liking it much better. I've been missing the shows lately: the last one I saw was "Thousands Cheer" and I've told you about that.

I hope to see Dad again real soon. We want to meet in London and have a real old time and you can bet we will.

Tell Papa hello for me and try to make him settle down. I've done it now when he is well off. You need a wife and responsibility to keep him in line I believe. I guess I'll quit now.

Love Bill  
H

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*censored*

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