

June 14.
England:

Dearest June:

There was once a very sweet lil gal way down in Texas who wrote very nice letters to a guy half way around the world, and this cad, although he enjoyed the letters so very much and didn't know what he would do if she ever stopped writing, was a very poor writer and wrote very little. Now if she was a smart lil girl instead of a sweet lil girl she would stop writing until he did a better job of answering, but please don't.

Another day has passed and almost another week has slipped by. Things are going on so fast I can hardly keep up with them. I've been very busy and that makes the days fly by.

Mick has been busy too and for two days I haven't even exchanged the time of day with him.

Laure has been very quiet. I expected him to call me one of these days, but he hasn't. I expect to see him within two weeks when I get a day off.

I received the church program for dedication day from Mom just the other day.

your letters are still coming in but I haven't
received any addressed to my present home.

I saw Yankee Doodle again the other
nite at the Post Theatre. It was good almost
as good as it was the first time. I wanted
to see Bing in "Going My Way" but I missed
it. I will be glad to get to London again to
see the pictures again. I don't know what
is playing just now.

I still haven't heard most of the songs
on the Hit Parade. The Ldn. favourites now
are "Star Eyes" and an old one by L.D. "Who".
We have a P.A. system in all the barracks
that is connected to a comb. phonograph
and radio so we are well supplied with
music at all times.

Hope you and your folks are all
well and now I'll let you go.

Love
Bill

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