

September 6,
Somewhere in France

Dearest June:

I hope you can still forgive me for not writing. Did you ever get so far behind in your letter writing that you owed everyone a letter and you just didn't know where to dig in and write? Well I'm in those shoes right now. I've managed however to keep the outside world informed of my still living through a couple of letters to Mom. I hope she received them O.K.

Well, to say I'm in the funk would be an understatement, I'm really perfect. I feel swell and I'm still enjoying my self as much as could be expected of course.

I haven't heard from Shirley for nearly two weeks. I'm not sure but I believe he is on his way home now. I wish I could be with him, but my time will come. you know I'm still planning to dance with you under that 'harvest moon' I'm sure by now all vacations have ended for all of you and you have settled down for another year of work, but you will

still have your notes free when I get there and we will have some fun.

I heard over the radio yesterday the liberation of Brussels: it sounded like quite a show. The news of the day is certainly good I hope we can move with the same speed for the days to come and I think we can.

I have quite a few more pictures or I should say exposures but I have not been able to have them processed I hope I will be able to do so soon.

I guess that is all for now 'til one I'll write again soon.

Love
Belly

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