

March 14,

Sweetheart:

Well, my third day has passed without event and I'm getting impatient to try my wings. We were told that we would meet our instructors on Saturday next and maybe fly then or at least by Monday we should get off the ground. These last few days with tonic on my hands have been hard. I miss you terribly. When I'm working hard it isn't quite as bad.

We, Tom and I drove into town tonight with some of the boys to see Ray Mullard in Ministry of Fear: I had seen it but it was something to do and I enjoyed it.

I haven't heard any thing from anyone so there really isn't too much to

talk about. If you were here I would have lots to say though. I never knew I could be so completely in love. I didn't think I was the type at all.

The town of Brady isn't too big you can make the rounds in a very few minutes. Two shops about three drug stores and a couple of cafe's. There is supposed to be a speakeasy somewhere in town but as yet I haven't had the urge. I'm really on the wagon and I intend to stay there for good. Coffee and milk are good enough for me now.

I sent a letter to Shirley and Maxine today. Told them how I came to be here and that. I wish that we could be with them in Arizona in the Salt River Valley. Shirley is in B-29 school I think: when he finishes he'll probably instruct either at Williams or Roswell.



So far the weather has been pretty bad and I haven't had a chance to watch the upper class fly except for just a little while on the day we arrived. I've been all over the little ship though and I think she and I will get along o.k. You know I gave you the wrong info the other day. Wally didn't start here it was Pine Bluff where he began. He used to talk so much about Brady while he was at Brownwood that I was confused. Speaking of Brownwood it is Metropolitan compared to Brady. I guess it will be the best place to spend week-ends if I spend them anywhere but here.

I almost have to make one trip to San Antonio before too long because I have a summer uniform being built at Joske's.

I guess ill but the sack now

Honey. Give my very best to your  
folks and lots of love for yourself.

always.

Bill  
✍



Mar 15,

Lo Butch:

No it isn't a dream it is another letter from yo lil bird man. I hope I don't bore you. I have a few minutes before I hit the sack. I'm pretty tired tonight the result of an hour of P.E. today.

I was a bit more busy today. We drew most of our equipment, all but an airplane and we were handed a few sheets of rules, regulations and instructions. It looks like a good course coming up and I intend to throw myself into ~~to~~ the deal and learn all I can. I think I told you that we meet our instructors Saturday and we will fly Monday - minus the afternoon.

My schedule for the next ten weeks is as follows. Work from 0800 - 1800 every day except Saturdays and Sundays



I should be off by noon on Saturdays  
and maybe once in a while I might have  
all of Saturday off, but I can never know  
that until the Friday nite before. All of  
this is right provided we have perfect  
weather during the week. If the weather  
happens to be bad on weekdays and  
we fall behind in flying we fly Saturdays.  
All of which means I won't be able to come  
home at all during this period.

Hope you are doing O.K. these days  
and I hope you still love me although I  
can think of no reason why you should.

Tom tells me to tell you hello -- he  
and I see quite a bit of each other even  
tho we are in different Idns. This place  
is so small compared to the other army  
bases I've been used to that everyone seems  
to be in one family.

I know you must be writing, but  
as yet I haven't received any little note

~~off~~. When it comes, I want it to drip  
with sugar - - that is an order. -- After  
all you know you have to keep up my  
morale even though I am in the states  
now.

I guess Capt. Lytle is a married  
man now the lucky boy. It sure would  
help a guy to have his one and only with  
him. I hope you get a chance to see  
them both before he has to leave for  
San Marcos or wherever he is to be  
sent.

I'm about to go to sleep so I'll  
let you go now.

I love you.  
Bill



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