

11 November 1960

Dear June,

At last I have obtained stationery, typewriter, and time in order to write you. I've been in the px three times and each time have forgotten to pick up some stationery. As a result, my letter writing has suffered.

I was sorry to hear the girls didn't like the Houston school system as well as Great Falls. Of course, out side of a few pretty teachers, I didn't have too much connection with it. As you said, perhaps the Halloween Carnival will change their minds.

Stevie must really keep you busy. I imagine he logs many miles a day around the house with his mother in hot pursuit.

June you

June you asked me to tell you about "The Maj" the last time I saw him. I'm afraid that you may have the thought that he was horribly burned. However, this was not the case. He was still in his seat but badly battered from the impact. I stood there next to him very briefly wishing I could do anything to bring him back to life. I do not specifically recall looking at his hands, but I imagine the brings were bent from the impact of the crash. I remember picking them up from the flight surgeon and remarking about how clean they looked. He told me they always clean people's rings in some solvent after they take them off. That is about all I can say. It seems to me to be very brief but I hope it will ease your feelings in some manner. What I have always been thankful for, and I'm sure that you are also, is that he did not have to suffer at all.

This is not official yet, but there is a very strong indication around here that I am going to SAC from here and be a navigator on a KC135. That is one of those flying tankers in case you are interested.(I'm not.) When I first learned about this lovely turn of events I immediately recalled Casper, Wyo and summer camp two years ago. At that time I had already applied for this rat race here and we had a Maj. Hughes visiting us from the Guard Bureau. At any rate the Maj got together with him and cooked up this story about me being

assigned to SAC. I, like a nut believed it until I caught the Maj roaring in the background. Of course, now that the joke has been become areality it doesn't seem half a funny.

I have spent some time researching the regulations about getting out. Much to my surprise, I find that I have a commitment as a result of attending this school. However, I understand they might wavier it in the case that a regular wants to resign. Of course, if I were permitted to resign I'd try to obtain a reserve commission in order that I could join the Mont. Guard as a week end warrior. I hear from Bill Macfadden quite often. In fact, I talked with his wife today on the phone.

You brought a smile to my face when you asked if I still hear from Beth. I do. In fact, several people have asked me the same question. I also talked with her last night. She said they have had one snowfall in Great Falls already.

The way things stand now I will graduate on the 21st of December. I won't have time to go home so I am planning to go to Great Falls for the holidays. Then I will go home for the last part of my leave.

Well I guess that I will bring this to a close and get a letter off to my friend Phil Strobe. Sgt. Nutter's brother was elected governor of the state which made many people including myself very happy.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Hank". The signature is written in a cursive, slightly slanted style.

Capt. H. Maïne
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Mrs. June Lewis
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