My Darling Wife,

Excuse the pencil honey, but I'm saving what little ink I have to address the envelope with.

Well here I am back in the wilds and I'm so damned disgusted I'm burning up.

This morning I signed out and ate breakfast, etc. and got to the line at eight o'clock. But in the usual manner we were know anything about where I was going or when. So I didn't get off until nine o'clock after convincing them I wasn't going a.w.o.l.

A First LT flew me down to Eglin itself first,
and then ever here to our #4 from whence I
am leaving. So he drops me here and takes off
for Craig. And again I go through the old routine.
Nobody knows nuthin' no speakin' de English. So
at this point I am getting annoyed, very
annoyed. "What the hell
kind of an outfit is this?"
Says I, pulling my neck.
It got results. - They sent
me to Captain so-and-so.
No, he didn't know, - maybe
Major . . . . no Savary report
to Colonel what's his name.
About the only person I
didn't see down here was
Eleonor, (she was away).
Finally some Corporal
Eno by gosh, he was a R.F.C.!
Comes running up to me
with the glad news news
that I wasn't supposed to
get here until
until Friday. If I could have gotten hold of a gun then I would have shot him, the Captain, the Major, the goddamned Colonel, and then blown my own blasted head off!

But everything is not lost. A plan begins to form in my feeble mind. Maybe I can get a ship and fly back to Cairo, returning here tomorrow morning. See Captain soon—so.

No, he can't give me permission, better ask Major. Forget it, forget I ever mentioned it. I said desperately trying to control myself. My next stop was the...
Officer's Club where I proceeded to drown my sorrows in two or three dozen beers. Out of all this I have but one question to ask: Why the hell didn't I join the Navy?

I'm supposed to leave Saturday. There are two instructors going with me and two other officers from Napier & Spence. Each advanced school has a man representing it. I'm representing Canada. It must be a big meet, they're guys from all over the country going down.

I tried to call you tonight, but the local phone wasn't working. I hope the get it fixed by Saturday.
What did you do after I left? I know you can't answer it but I like to ask anyhow. What time did you get up? Do you miss me? My darling, I didn't think I could ever miss anyone as much as I do you. These last few days have been wonderful, darling, although maybe a little tiring, but I was real last night. I'm going to hit the sack early tonight and sleep late tomorrow. Don't I'm going to feel lonely, satchin' solo again.

Have you heard any news about a car yet? What am I asking you for, you can't answer me.

Oh honey, you'd better write the photographer and order some pictures for me.
and Mom. Have a set made for each of all of them, understand — all of them! It's $150 apiece for 8x10. But he'll send us a bill. We'll have some more made later. The Holochromes can wait too.

I'm so mad honey we could have had the whole day together today. Oh well, we ought to have a lot of time when I get back. I'll have to sit around until the next P.H.O class starts. I miss you so much, angel. You're a wonderful wife darling. I'm the luckiest and happiest (also the loudest) guy in the world. You're the sweetest girl.

I love you darling.

How are you feeling? I hope?

Take care of yourself. And always stay as sweet and lovely as you are. You have all my love always.

Yours devoted, husband.