My Darling,

Well I finally broke down and stole some ink.
I got in here about three this afternoon.

We left Houston around noon, the weather didn't clear until then. Flew to Foster Field, headquarters of this god forsaken place, and then made the hop out the Gulf to Mita gonzza Island, more lovingly referred to as "Wake's Wake."

This is some field—trees, no; animals, thousands of rabbits; windy—my God what a perpetual gale. As for entertainment—here's a movin'-pitcher, period.
The field itself is not bigger than Eglin's aux's but it's scattered all over the place. The buildings are all dispersed, it looks like the builders just decided to slap 'em up wherever they chose. Tonight I asked for the P.X. and a guy just pointed in the direction I should walk. Trouble was there were several buildings between me and the P.X. It was hell buttin' my way through them but I made it (the P.X. was closed by the way).

There isn't a corner on the field, all the roads are circles interconnected by twenty foot straight-aways. A ruler
would go mad in this place.

I guess the Gunnery meet is tomorrow, nobody knows, as usual. The only reason they knew that the meet was here is that somebody read about it in the Post paper.

I wrote you in Houston but forgot to mail it until I got to Foster Field, then I gave it to some G.I. I hope you get it.

Well, that's about all the news. Well, I miss you. I miss you like the devil. But I guess that's not news, I've been missing.
you most of our married life.

I guess I won’t be home for our anniversary angel. If I’m not I’ll be thinking about you, maybe next month we’ll be together, I sure hope so.

I love you my darling. I hope I’ll be seeing you soon, I miss you so much honey, you’re so sweet and lovely, you’re a wonderful wife angel.

I’ll love you always.

Your lonesome husband

P.S. I love you.