Thursday

My darling husband,

Well, at last it's Thursday and you're supposed to call tonight. I've been keeping my fingers crossed that you'll be able to get off this weekend. Golly, darling, it's been so damned long since I saw you last. Seems like a few years instead of eight days... hard this time has gone quickly since you left last Wednesday.

Next Sunday we'll have been married for two weeks. Holy! Holy, married for two weeks and been together less than three days! That's a great way to start!

Every time I wait for a call from you I'm a nervous wreck! Lord, honey, I'm all shaky. I've got butterflies during a number & golly, honey, I'm really bad off.
Just wrote Mother & Daddy a letter. Sent them the list of invitations announcements. They'll never be able to read it.

Golly, darling, it'll probably be about an hour or two hours before you call. My butterflies are really cutting up tonight. Golly, darling, it really is an emergency. We just got married & everything. He should understand. Maybe he's not married though. This suspense.

Time passing.

Well, Casey, it's seven o'clock now. Ten after to be exact. I'm just about going crazy. That poor place hasn't even thought yet. Why doesn't it ring? I've tried to read + to eat +

everything, but, golly, honey, I just can't do anything except wait.

Golly, honey, I hope you'll be able to get off this weekend. This suspense is awful.
washed my hair at Alice's house today. Her husband thinks I'm crazy.

Mrs. Moreley just brought in a salad to me. She's so nice. I was sure lucky to get a nice landlady. Most of them are awful thinkers from what the girls have told me. They go through their things and creep everywhere. I listen to their conversations and are jest about as agreeable as a snail.

Galley, wait that phone ever ring louder if it's out of order or something. It's seven fifteen now. My nerves are really shot.

If you can get off here, I have to leave here on a bus at 5:30. What an hour. All I've done since we've been married is get up at horrible hours of the night but if you were going to be there I'd get up at any time.
Golly, I hope you got that pass. I'm so excited about seeing you again. Golly, dealing. I hope it's going to be all right.

Can't write anymore. I'll wait until after you call, honey. Nothing I say will be intelligent. (No, remarks now. I love you so, Judie & hope we can be together this weekend.)

Here's an example of what you'll be up against when—

"Crouched beneath a palm tree, I heard a voice yell: "Hey, lieutenant, what'll I do with these prisoners?" Damn this path scattered a tall 6. I shepherded two disheveled Filipinos.

I was furious. "Listen," I hissed. "Don't you know these words are being with Jap snipers just hanging for officers? Call me

No, call me. Call me anything, but don't call me "lieutenant!"

"Okay, stupid. What'll I do with these prisoners?"

The Alabama jokers are even cornier.
then the one from Pelham.

A salesgirl was explaining the merits of a shaving kit to a prospective customer around Christmas time. "These were for overseas service men. "It consists of a pigskin case, military brushes, toothbrush holder, soap dish, gold plated razor, and a handy folding canister for him to send it all back home in."

well, I'm still waiting, honey.

Darling, you finally called and going away, I'm so sorry that we can't be together this weekend. It would have been wonderful though.

See honey, this certainly has been some marriage. It will be two weeks this Sunday and we've only been together two and a half days. Christmas, honey, we can't go on much longer like this.
I'm just about going crazy, honey. It's awful. I'm so awfully lonesome no matter how many people I meet it still doesn't help any because you're the only one who will make me happy.

Good lord, honey, this is awful. I don't think I can take much more of this when you go overseas, darling. I really will go crazy. Hope it won't be for a good long time though, honey.

There isn't any chance of your being made an instructor, honey. Damn it, I would like it but I guess that would be too easy—hard. I wish this was over and—bally honey, I never minded being alone before but now I really dread it. I mean without you. As long as I know you're coming home every night it's all...
night. But I've developed the worst fear of being alone without you. Even since the night we were married.

Honey, you think it's bad for you; at least you have places to keep you happy. But it really hasn't been so awfully bad. I just like to gripe about it. That was some conversation we had. All we both did was complain about how tough everything was.

But, honey, it certainly isn't fair to have everything happen to us. Didn't know what Bill did if you can't live off the Post. That will be too much.

So you think we'll be heading for Lincoln, huh? Oh well, I like traveling—how long will we be there? It will probably be over for you after that, won't it, honey?
What happened to this old pool they've had here for so long. Damn it. Everyone was here for at least a month after they graduated - usually three or four. They does everything happen to us.

Christmas, honey, what are they trying to do to us. I've definitely decided the Army doesn't like wives. In fact I think they dislike them intensely. Intensely -

we must have the same weather here that you do because it poured here Tuesday, too. Yesterday and today were real nice. As I told you I've been trying to get a tan but all I get was freckles on my nose. They look horrid!

Godly honey, I love you so - why can't we be together and listen, stop opening my mail - and after you finish reading it hang about sending it to me. It's a fine thing!

Godly honey, you said better had those cards?

And another thing - what was that remark you made about me dazing out.

cooking because we'd get sick of eating...
out. You know as well as I do that we'd be a lot better if I cooked. Besides Mrs. Mosely won't let me cook. She just lets me keep a few things in the ice box. Like milk + peanut butter - going to get some fruit tomorrow. Honey - very exciting thought.

I wish I had something to them! I'm in a terrible mood. Besides I'm mad at the army. They're ruining our married life and they can't do that to you.

Golly, another thing I don't like the way they don't send your mail to you. Here I write + write + write and they don't bother to send it down to you.

That movin' pitchers they have down there must be great.
Glyn must really be a wonderful place. They certainly don't make things right.
Let's you and I change things. Golly, you've been down there over a week now and have only fired 600 rounds at 3,000. That's really great. I'm just so happy. Why couldn't they wait until the weather was going to be nice before they sent you down. What are weather observers, or whatever they have for. Golly, I don't like the way the Army runs things. Especially our lives. Why didn't you tell them when they should change that program. It seems pretty dumb to me, too. They take so much trouble to train you to fly then to crush you through some course in 17 days that will be your life when you're in combat.
Always the efficient little Army.

They're really doing great. Just great.

Don't tell me we're going to get a leave.

They'll probably decide against it the day before we're ready to leave.

Did you know that everyone who graduated from Craig got 15 days! Why didn't you go to Craig? Golly, darling, we sure got all the breaks. (There are cadets who got the 15 days).

By the way, darling, how is your stiff neck? And how pray tell did you get it? Thought there were no women around there.

My family are going to think it's mighty queer when they receive my letters & none of them say any
very much about you. But, golly, I don't want to lie to them.

Well, Janey, this is a novel way to spend a honeymoon. You

down at Eglinton here at Selma. Nothing

like a few hundred miles between a couple

in their honeymoon. Do you think we'll ever

have one, honey?

Honey, what do they put in that

Florida sunshine or & shit the & been that

makes you write such crazy letters. You're

really getting crazier by the day.

Bee, honey, it was so good to hear

your voice. I'm sorry you couldn't hear me

very well but it was just as well because

I didn't have much to say. I am very

discouraged. I want a husband with me &

a honeymoon. Oh, honey, I just miss you

so dearly. Much. Guess I'd better

be getting to bed now.
It's getting kinda late now. Maybe I'll feel better in the morning. There's not much hope of that, at least not until Easter morning, anyway. bee, darling, we'll have to begin all over again. I don't even feel married any more.

Maybe I can get me a ton by the time you get back. I certainly will have enough time anyway.

Why can't they send you back Saturday night instead of Sunday morning? That would be the nicest thing to do.

But no. They have to keep you down in that hole another night. well, maybe we can be together on our third anniversary.

Everyone around here thinks it's a big joke. Hah. hah. hah. Does that sound
kilter—well at this point it certainly shall. Everyone practically has hysteries over the way things happened—we sure got all the breaks—oh, well, it can't go on like this. Take it?

Well, darling it will be much longer. Now you should be home Sunday. I'll be hoping anyway.

Took 38 out of the bank today in the mood I'm in I'd better hurry and get it back before I go out and spend it all. I'd take a Rehband delight in doing something like that right now. Good thing all the stores are closed.

See, darling, I wish these 17 days would hurry. I love you so much. Honey, I really need you. You're so essential to me. They should know better than to try to separate us—I'm just lost without you, darling.

Well, maybe in about ten more days you'll be back. Lordy, darling that's
a heck of a long time. There's nothing we can do about it though, except wait. Tomorrow I would get a letter from you, honey, because you said you didn't write last night. Oh, well. Hope that you start receiving mine, honey, not that they're anything to read but I know how much I look forward to your letters, honey. It's just awful not to get me.

well, sweetheart, it's not getting any earlier. That's a brilliant statement-- so I guess it's way past my bedtime.

Say hello to Trt. O.R. for me. If you get a stack of letters all at once you're going to spend quite a while saying hello to Trt. O.R. For me. Oh, Julia and Betty Jo said hello from them (to you--). They're sorry that we couldn't be together too. Not half as sorry as I am--
Well, darling, only about ten more nights, I hope less and we'll be together. Do you think you'll be able to be together? It would really be awful if you had to go back every night.

well, again, goodnight always I miss you so. I love you so find hope we can be together again.

You'll always have all my love and devotion & I love you so.

Your devoted wife

[Signature]

Dottie

Mrs. Wm. Jackson Clark
901 Loman Avenue
Selma, Ala.

LT. Wm. Jackson Clark 0-840991
Officers Mail Section
Craig Field
Selma, Alabama