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. God bless, darling. It's been so damned long since I saw you last. Seems like a few years instead of eight days. Hard this time hasn't gone shakily since you left last Wednesday. Next Sunday we'll have been married for two weeks. It's hell, 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! Kind, happy, I'm all shaky! I've got butterflies during a number and 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—

Fun passing.

Well, Casey, it's seven o'clock now. Ten after to be exact. I'm just about going crazy. That fool phone hasn't even rang yet. Why doesn't it ring? I've tried to read & to eat & do 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. Mosley just brought in a salad to me. She's so nice. I was sure lucky to get a nice kind lady. Most of them are awful thinkers from what the girls have told me. They go through their things to keep us out of order or something. It's seven o'clock and my nerves are really shot.

If you can get off early, 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 anytime.
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, Jadid! Hope we can be together this weekend.

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

"Crushed beneath a palm tree, I heard a voice yell, "Hey, lieutenant, what'll I do with these prisoners?" Damn the path scattered a tall c. I shepherding two disheveled Tujis.

I was furious. "Listen," I hissed, "Don't you know these men are busy with jep snipers just waiting for officers? Call me Mr. Calm. 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 servicemen. "It consists of a pigskin case, military brushes, toothbrush holder, soap dish, goldplated razor, and a handy folding carton for him to send it all back home in."

Well, I'm still waiting, honey.

Darling, you finally called and got on the train. 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—lucky, I wish this was wouldn't end—bally, honey. I never minded being alone before, but now I really need it. I mean without you—no, honey, 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. Ever since the night we were married.

Dear honey, you think it's bad for you at least you have plans to keep you happy. But it really hasn't been so awful yet. 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 do 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 even for you. After that, wait 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 box but all I got 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. what about sending it to me. It's a fine thing!

Godly Honey you'd better find those cards.

and another thing. what was that remark you made about me doing some cooking because we'd get sick of eating...
out. You know as well as I do that we'd
be a lot sicker if I cooked. Besides Mrs.
Moseley won't let me cook. She just lets
us keep a few things in the ice box,
like milk and peanut butter - going to get
some Fruit tomorrow, honey - very exciting
thing -

wish I had something to think 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 and write and write and they don't
bother to send it down to you.

That movin' pitchers they have
down there must be great.
Gosh, must really be a wonderful place. They certainly didn't mean things right. Let's you and I change things. Golly, you've been damn there over a week now and have only fired 600 rounds at of 3,000. That's really queer. I'm just so happy. Why couldn't they wait until the weather was going to be nice before they sent you damn what are weather observers, or whatever they have. Per-Golly, I don't like the way the Army runs things. Especially our lives. Why didn't you tell them about they should change that program. It sounds pretty dumb to me too, anyway. After all the trouble they take to train you to play them to teach 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 very
very much about you. But, golly, I don't want to lie to them.

Well, honey, this custom has been a novel way to spend a honeymoon. You down at Eglin and me here at Salem. Nothing like a few hundred miles between a couple on their honeymoon. Do you think we'll ever have one, honey?

Honey, what do they put in that Florida sunshine or coffee that makes you write such crazy letters? You're really getting crazier by the day.

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 distressed. I want a husband with me on a honeymoon & you, honey, I just miss you so darned 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...
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—can it?

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

Tied to the back today & in the mood I'm in I'd better hurry and get it back before I go to spend it all—I'd take a rendezvous delight in doing something like that right now. Good thing all the stores are closed.

See, darling, I wish these 17 days wouldn't 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. Golly, 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.

Oh, 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 Tom O.A. for me. If you get a stack of letters all at once you're going to spend quite a while saying hello to Tom O.A. For me. Oh, Julie 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 surely be awful if you had to go back every night.

Well, again, goodnight, always I miss you so. I love you so, feel + hope we can be together again.

U'll always have all my love and devotion & I love you so -

Your devoted wife

[Signature]

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