Saturday

My darling,

Just got all parked in my little old hospital bed. Had to wait for hours because they forgot all about me.

Honey, I love you so.

Last night after we left you mother & I went to some restaurant and as soon as we got there they played "Making Believe." Lord, I'm so lonesome & miss you so much.

See, honey, I love you so.
Just ran out of ink. I hope that you'll be able to read this, honey. I know that pencil smears.

Mother just managed to get me some more ink. They're trying to starve me to death here, honey. The nurses are walking down the hall with trays of food but they won't bring me any.

I still haven't seen the doctor so haven't any idea when they'll operate or anything.
oe, dating it was so hard
to leave you yesterday. I
miss you so, honey. It's terrific!
You looked so adorable
last night. Of course you
always do but I just
couldn't believe that you
were leaving for the old
south. I actually expect
to see you next weekend
the way I used to.
Golly, honey, who ever
would have thought on that
First night when you called me that we would get engaged and be married before another year.

Every thing happened so fast but it doesn't seem that way at all. It seems as if we'd always gone around together in a way as though they'd never been another boy that I went out with. (Thus goes my English again).
Sweetheart, I don't know how to write you really.
There are so many millions of things that I want to tell you but somehow I just can't find the words. That's another thing I love about you, honey. You always say the sweetest things in the most wonderful way. The way I'd like to be able to say them to you. The things that I'd love to say to you but can't find words for. The only thing
I can say is I love you.

That seems so inadequate. I want to tell you how very much I love you, honey, but there just aren't words enough all the way down to this dump (hope the nurses can read) I thought about you and getting married and how wonderful things will be.

Just think, next time you're home we'll be married. Golly, that sounds marvelous. Wish you were coming home this weekend. Wonder if you'll get tight that night. Suppose some of the sellers get here tonight.
you to have a few drinks with them. Just don't get too tight. That will be too important a night.

Honey, this week sure changed me. Remember how I wanted to get tight at the reception. Well, you've certainly changed my mind about that. Everything you can't imagine how I felt before but now everything is wonderful.

Some intern just came in and took my blood pressure. I hope they don't say anything to mother about it's
being low. I almost drove him crazy telling him all the things I had when I was a kid.

They're arguing now about whether I'm going to be operated on at once or not—what a place. They were all set to prepare me for the operation & I kept trying to tell them that I hadn't been seen at doctor yet. It's a madhouse. Don't know when the doctors coming but it's three minutes of one & they have me scheduled to be operated on at one. Oh, well, nothing can happen to me.

This is really some place. They brought me up to the sixth
floor and left me sitting in a waiting room. Said they'd be right back. That night back turned out to be three quarters of an hour.

Finally I said something to one of the nurses who was roaming around. She had forgotten all about me—get place!

Bobby, honey, I hope that they don't give me either because there's no telling what I'll say. That would be bad. Called Woody today. She hadn't mailed the letter. I hope she remembers to today because that has to pay p...
of the doctor's bill.

How I miss you so much.
It sure has been perfect being
with you so much. This was
an almost perfect week. There
was only one thing it needed to
be complete — of course you wouldn't
know what that was just yet. I
should have gotten married right
heart. It was so wonderful to
be with you almost every minute

Can you imagine what
we'll be like after we're married?
It will really be frightful then
we certainly won't have any
friends. Maybe we'll change
but I sure hope not.

You're still on the train
now, darling. See, I wish you
were two with me. When everything was so nice this week. It was almost as though we were married. It was the funniest feeling that night at Nanny's when we got lost and went to New York, remember. To come up stairs with you & be staying at the same house. It will be so nice to be married. Nice is putting it rather mildly. But think how convenient it's going to be. People won't have to worry about conventions any more.
Gee, honey, this isn't the type of letter I planned to write you. This certainly isn't a very romantic atmosphere to write in but I sure love you.

I hated to leave you last night. It was so awful to go home without you and this morning it was even worse when you weren't there to kiss me as soon as I woke up. That was awful. That was such a beautiful way to wake up at your house.

I love you so, honey.

Gee, being married to you is going to be the most wonderful
thing that ever happened. It would have to be because you're the most wonderful man in the whole world.

Honestly, Ted, whenever I think of any of the other boys I ever went out with I wonder how I ever lived without you. You have everything I've ever admired in a man and more. Besides being so damned good looking and so nice and manly you're so I guess versatile is the word. Maybe convertible. Anyway, honey, you're just perfect. Of course you're stubborn but I love you more for it. You're nice
and talk. Just exactly right and
sentimental and sweetly thoughtful.
You're a musician and a matador
are at that. Wish I could tell
you how much I admire your
respect you. As long as I've known
you, I've idealized you (wrong
word) idealized and you've
been my ideal. (My secret love).

Honey, guess what since the
last line I've had my tonsils
out!
The nurse came and said the
doctor wanted to look at me
+ they got me all bandaged
up in these hospital wraps
+ before I knew it my tonsils
were out. I feel fine. My writing is a little shaky because they have so much junk on the table.

Honey, it's so funny. My mouth feels as though I had millions of marbles about four times its normal size. The whole thing didn't take more than ten minutes. It was all very disappointing.

You know in the movies how it's all so dramatic—well, the movies are crazy. This wasn't. We sat me in a chair—well. First of all, there was a
And then the nurse came in and dressed me in real spooky hospital stuff. You could almost feel the germiness! So then she wrapped my feet in big booties, all white and tied a rag around my hair. It was all nice and dramatic because they were hurrying like a movie and I couldn't get the back of the thing buttoned. More fun.

Then a guy came with a wheelchair and wrapped me in a white sheet - a scary style. Then they threw me in the...
wheel chair cause the sawing was so tight around me knees well he pushed me down the hall and I felt real sharp like I was impressing everyone with the seriousness of my condition. We made up to the seventh floor and there were loads of rooms with tables in them and lights over them and instruments hanging all around. well that was fine I began to feel mighty important and sorry for my self. Thinking how glad I was he was only going to look at my feet.
well, I got into his office after passing three or four rooms with all the tables and gadgets in them. It had a chair like the dentist's office and they put me in it. The doctor was nice. There was a nurse with a thing around her nose & mouth. That all added to the impression. So far it was all good. He looks down my throat & says it's not bad - inflamed or anything. So he gets out the huge needle. Honestly, honey, it was miles long &...
my throat with it. He jabed around half a dozen times and I was chaffing merely away to him about whether it was going to hurt or not. Then he told me to listen that my voice would go away. It did — you should hear me. I'm much worse than Kenneth ever was. Honestly, hon, it's a riot. I began to laugh and he had to laugh with me.

Well, it's beginning to hurt like the devil now. Have to
Stop writing now.

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