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11-17-1918

1918-11-17, Elmo to Emeline

Elmo S. Culbert

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1918-11-17, Elmo to Emeline

Keywords

U.S.A., U.S. Postal Service, Salt Lake City, U.S.A., Soldiers, Homesickness, Romance, Hot Weather, Cold Weather, Food, Wife, Camaraderie, Women at Home, Self-Determination, Gifts from home, soldiers' slang, photography, celebration, government, kit, reveille, training

Identifier

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Sunday.

My own little wife: -

Dear, sweet girl, I wonder what you are doing. Only 1 hour separates us in real time, sweetheart, so we are closer together than it seems. Yes, dear, you are closer than that - your little picture protrudes from a pocket of this writing kit, while your framed picture rests upon a small shelf above the head of my cot. So you see dear, that your presence is almost felt. You are looking at me now, honey, and in your own hand writing I read "Always your own "Babe." Its a sweet message, too, covering a world of meaning and feeling for me.

Sunday, dear, and me practically a prisoner. Two of us

are in charge of Quarters, a job that I'm glad to get over & done. We have to see that the barracks are kept clean, taking up ourselves the dirt swept by the men into the aisle. Then we run messages for the Administrative Officer, acting as his orderly - maintain order, etc. But it isn't so bad, and I'm glad my turn came on Sunday, for I won't have to miss any Classes, as I would if it were on a week day. And besides, there has been lots of company around. My bunk is a regular headquarters, anyway, for a certain crowd, and they have kept me entertained all day. I say all day - I mean

when I haven't been busy. I'll bet I've swept up a hundred times, and gone out as orderly about 20 times.

Really, honey, this is a wonderful life. My respect for the Gov't. has gone up a hundred fold, for their efficiency has been demonstrated to me in a way I had no conception of. "Red Tape" might be criticized, but if it is a faction of system, it is beyond criticism. For their system is the keynote of their success, and it's a certainty that success is being obtained.

Baby girl, my letters have probably been dry to a certain extent, for I know that the major portion of them have been made up of my word here. But, sweetheart, there are only two things in my life now, you ^{and} my word here, and when I am talking to you, I

naturally want to tell you of what I'm doing, and what it is doing for me. In the absence of news from you, my heart aches, but I try to hide all of those inner feelings & just let you know that your boy is well & working hard. Well, did I ~~say~~ say, dear? I'm in better condition than I've been in for years. Had occasion to run about a half mile yesterday & finished it with a spurt that would have killed me two months ago. Really, I'm astonished at myself. They sure will have me in the pink when I leave here.

This is a funny climate, dear. One day it rains, then it pours & then it clears up. One day will be warm as the duce & the next will be bitterly cold. It sure is changeable. And no matter how hot the day, the nights are always cold. But I don't

suffer any. Some of these fellows stand
levelled in the morning shaking like an
asp.

I mentioned yesterday having
our official picture taken. Saw a
proof of it today and its real good. Will
send you one, baby girl, when they are
printed.

One fellow has just given me
some home-made fudge and its sure a
treat. This is a good bunch here and
they all go 50-50 with me when they
receive their packages. One of my
jobs today has been calling at the
P.O. for company mail and distributing
it, so I know who has received them -
can pretty near always spot the
candy and cake packages.

Little sweetheart mine, be my own
little girl wife in spirit while I'm absent,
even as I am your own boy. Shall
quit for now, babe dear. Your
Emo.

[[Culbert Correspondence #15]]

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