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Dorothy Hornberger First World War Correspondence #12

Fron

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Davenport, Iowa, May 30, 1918.

Dear Dort:—

How are you snookums? I miss you so terribly! I dream of you every night and sigh for you all the livelong day! You are my life and my hope.

Life here in camp is so monotonous and if it were not for your beloved letters I should die. Yes, honest Love! You will never forget me here in camp will you Dearest.

Received your wonderful mug yesterday and it was all I hoped and longed for. Did you get mine, Darling? I know I’m not any match for you but maybe you’ll take pity on a poor lonesome soldier-boy and not consider looks.

As it is now time for drill I must tear myself from this loving epistle to you and hasten away. Yours till the well runs dry and till the stars cease to shine.

With all kinds of hugs and kisses
I am yours forever, my Light, my Love,
Your beloved soldier
from
Deming, N.M.
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dream of you every night and sigh for you all the livelong
day! You are my life and my hope.

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I am yours forever, my Light, my
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Fron
Deming, N.M.