11-17-1918

Elmo Culbert First World War Correspondence #13

Elmo S. Culbert

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/eculbert_collection

Recommended Citation
Culbert, Elmo S., "Elmo Culbert First World War Correspondence #13" (1918). Elmo Culbert First World War Correspondence Collection. 13.
https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/eculbert_collection/13

This Letter is brought to you for free and open access by the CAWL Archives: First World War at Chapman University Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Elmo Culbert First World War Correspondence Collection by an authorized administrator of Chapman University Digital Commons. For more information, please contact laughtin@chapman.edu.
Subject Terms
Elmo S. Culbert; World War 1914 1918; United States-- History--20th Century. United States Army
American Expeditionary Forces; Camp Pike (Ark.); World war 1914 1918 Regimental histories United
States; Nationalism --USA; World war 1914 1918 United States. Army--Barracks and quarters; World war
1914 1918 Songs and music; World war 1914 1918 War work;

Keywords
Weather, Food, Wife, Camaraderie, Women at Home, Self-Determination, Gifts from home, soldiers’ slang,
photography, celebration, government, kit, reveille, training

Identifier
2014.160.w.r_Culbert_worldwarone_1918-11-17_015

Copyright
The Center for American War Letters Archives promotes open access to its collections for "private study,
scholarship, or research" subject to the intellectual property rights of others. Chapman University may not
hold copyright or intellectual property rights to all items in the collections, and contents may be subject to
restricted access or use. As a condition of accessing and using material from the Archives, you agree that you
are responsible for obtaining all required consents of any copyright holder and to indemnify and hold the
University harmless from and against any and all claims, losses, liabilities, and expenses, including reasonable
attorney fees, that may arise from any third party claims for copyright infringement, torts, or invasion of
publicity or privacy rights. You further acknowledge and agree that photocopies or other reproductions may
only be made with the University’s prior approval. Requests will be considered on a case by case basis and
approval will be in the University’s sole discretion.
Sunday.

My own little wife:

Dear, sweet girl, I wonder what you are doing. Only 1 hour separates us in real time, sweet-heart, 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.” It’s 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 with. 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'd 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 God that 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 is a certainty that success is being attained.

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 work here. But, sweetheart, there are only two things in my life now, you and my work 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. I just let you know that your boy is well and working hard. Well, did I say dear? I'm in better condition than I've been in for years. Had occasion to run about a half mile yesterday and finished it with a sprint 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 sun, 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 
revel in the morning drinking like an 
Asp.

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

One fellow has just given me 
some home-made Judge & it's sure a 
treat. This is a good bunch here & 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 & distributing 
it, so I know who has received the 
candy & canteen 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, baby dear. Your Eno.
Sunday.

My own little wife: --

    Dear, sweet girl, I wonder what you are doing. Only 1 hour separates us in real time, sweet-heart, 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”.” It’s 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 and 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 is 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 it is a faction of system, it is beyond criticism. For their system is the keynote of their success, and its 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 work here. But, sweetheart, there are only two things in my life now, you and my work 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 and just let
you know that your boy is well and
working hard. Well, did I say,
dear? I’m in better condition than I’ve
been in for years. Had occasion to
run about a half mile yesterday
and 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
and then it clears up. One day will be
warm as the deuce and 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 the fellows stand Revellie 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 about, even as I am your own boy. Shall quit for now, babe dear. Your Elmo.