

September 4, 1918  
Louisville, KY  
3:30 p.m.  
3 Cents

Miss Gainor Roberts  
Dallas, Texas  
210 West 10<sup>th</sup> Street

Well, sweetheart, it is now 3 o'clock in the afternoon, of course, and the only reason that I am able to write a letter is that I have just got my second "shot" and am off for 24 hours with the exception of retreat and reveille formation. The first shot I hardly felt, but I sure felt the second one. He asked me if I wanted it easy or not and I told him it made no difference and believe me it was pretty hard, but I have worked it good and it only stings a little bit now.

Honey mine, I don't know how to thank you for my wrist watch. It came to-day and you have no idea, honey, how, happy it made me. I certainly needed one because you know how my watch was. So, sweetheart, when I say thank you, you have to just think of me and remember how I am. I look ever few minutes to see what time it is.

I got a package from home to-day also, and it only had five boxes in it. Practically, everything to eat that you can think of. I have been finding the whole bunch around me and haven't emptied but one box. For the first time since I left home, I have really felt homesick. You have to remember that there is a big difference between being lonely and homesick. I am always lonely when I'm not with you, but when I got those things to-day, well I simply had a powerful weak feeling.

Well, sweetheart, I'm sorry I'm not there to thank you for my watch. But with all the thanks and love I have to you, I am yours.

As ever,

Otto

I got the picture that was in the paper of Fritz and I today. Darnit, I don't see what it was put in there for. I started to tell them before I left not to do anything like that, but as I never heard anything like about it, I didn't think it would be done. Of course, I know how anyone's folks feel but I do not believe in advertising things like that.