

September 11, 1918
Louisville, KY
11:00 a.m.
3 Cents

Miss Gainor Roberts
Dallas, Texas
210 West 10th Street

Dear sweetheart, I just got thru reading your letter and am somewhat at a loss as to how to take it. There is in the first place no such as getting tired of getting letters from you and in the second, I have been here over two weeks and haven't had but three letters so there can't be a chance of me being tired. I think you are the one that ought to be that way because I just write one letter after another. Just sent one off yesterday and here I am writing another one, but I just love to write to you. I'll have to finish this later, as it is five minutes before formation (1:05) and I have to brush up a little yet. Well, I've brushed up and the whistle hasn't blown yet, so I'll write some more. I am acting supply sergeant to-day, but that doesn't mean anything but a little more work. Of course, all the laundry had to come in to-day, so goodness knows when I'll get there tonight.

There it goes, so I'll have to quit.

It is now 8 o'clock and I haven't even had time to stick out my lips and whistle. After, I got thru with that fool laundry, we had another formation where we were issued 11 books to add to the five which we already have. So school days aren't near over.

Well, I don't feel like sending a short letter like this so I will wait and add more to it tomorrow. Be good dear little girl.

Sept. 9, 1918

It is now just 6:40 and I am all cleaned up and waiting for the whistle to blow. If I can't do anything else when I come out of the Army, I am going to open a shining parlor because I sure can shine shoes. When you have personal inspection twice a day, you have to be shined up, and also be clean shaven. They won't let any of us have moustaches, so I had to shave mine off. I sure hated to do it too.

The Ky. State Fair opened yesterday and there is a camp order out that all men that can be spared shall be allowed to attend. Naturally, though no man from the training batteries can be spared. At least, we haven't heard anything about it. Anyway, I couldn't go I'm to (sic) near being broke. I've only got 15 cents (that's a fact) and just look where pay day is. But such is Army life.

Well, Sweetie mine, I guess I had better mosey over to batry (sic) parade grounds because out whistle is going to blow any minute. The Batry is always formed in front of the next

barracks and you have 2 minutes from the time the whistle blows until you have to be in your place in line. There she goes.

Noon, Sept. 10

Many thank for the pictures, sweetheart. They are pretty good, aren't they.

Honey, I am sending along with this letter one I got a few days ago from Dallas. I'm sure I don't know the girl. If I do, I can't place her. Do you know her? What do you think of it? Ought I to answer it?

It's just like I thought, no holiday for the hard working man. But I like this kind of work, if I can only make good. On the 16th of the month, I am acting battery commander. Better pray for me that day, but just wait, if I can't beat the bunch that have acted as BC so far I am ready to quit.

I guess I'll have to stop again, honey, and study a little about the different parts of a horse because that's what we have the last thing this evening.

(Back again)

I am awfully glad that all of you had a good time celebrating my 21st birthday. (I like to say that because it sounds big.) I sorter had one myself. I had your letter, Mama's cakes and my watch. Why shouldn't I be happy.

You know, honey, when I come back to Texas, Dallas and you, I sure am going to raise some ---, you know what. It's a long, long way off, but I like to think about it and picture everything just the way I would like for it to be.

I should say that was long for that letter getting to you. The same thing happened with some letters I wrote home and Mother had just written a card wanting to know what the trouble was, when she got my letter. They ought to get another one from me to-day because I wrote it so Papa would get it on his birthday which is on the eleventh. I can't realize that he will be 60 years old.

Honey, I hope you have a good time when you go to Oklahoma City, but please don't forget poor me while you are at it. No, sweetie, there isn't a chance of my being in Dallas while you are gone.

The J. Alexander in the paper wasn't the one I know because he has a bad arm and won't even be drafted. Honey, I sure agree with you about some things not being public property, but just for you and I to know.

No, honey, even if it was 1920 I wouldn't feel uneasy about anything. Haven't I written you letters when I didn't owe them? Well, tonight, I am going to S-T-U-D-Y.

I love you. With all my love,

Otto