

October 28, 1918  
Louisville, Ky  
3:00 p.m.  
3 cents

Miss Gainor Roberts  
223 N. Winnetka  
Dallas, Texas

My dear little sweetheart, you don't mind me calling you little, do you? Honey, I just got thru (sic) writing your brother a letter. I started two days ago.

I got your most welcome letter yesterday, and wanted to answer it right away but simply couldn't. In the first place, I was feeling pretty bad yesterday afternoon and although I went out to drill, I only stayed for the first hour because I was just about all in. I could have stuck it out, but that is the way I made myself sick the time before and no more of that for me. So I came in, and am awful glad because I got to feeling better and today couldn't feel better. Of course, to-day is Saturday, but no town for us. I don't know what a city looks like now. I am on guard tonight, but am Officer of the Day so I have a good job, get saluted by all the guards, have all batteries in the battalion report to me, etc. I won't get to finish this letter either because the guard goes on in five minutes and I've got to brush up. So until later.

Well, honey, I just took or had taken the guard from its post. Have been having a great time getting salutes and having them call attention when I come in the guardhouse. Made one inspection with Battallion (sic) officer in charge. He is a commissioned officer. We had a great time. We have both got to stay up until twelve o'clock and he hates it as much as I do. I'm going down in about 15 minute and keep him company because lights will go out in barracks in about 20 minutes.

Now tomorrow, I've got to make an inspection of the entire battalion barracks and entire outside so I get to cuss everyone out I want to.

Well, I'm still in the 7<sup>th</sup> battery and don't know when I'm going out, but I hope before very long. I'm getting along alright in the new work, but it's the work I've missed and I really it more every day. Well, I'm going to make up my bed and go down to the orderly room. I may be thrown out, but I'm going in anyway.

Well, honey, here I be. The lieutenant in charge tonight is simply a prince. I've got to go and wake him up at 11:45 and he told me before he left that if I wanted him at anytime not to hesitate to call him. That's the kind of an officer I want to be. Goodness only knows whether I'll ever be any or not. This school is getting harder all the time and a fellow is might lucky to get thru (sic), but if I can only be set on an equal footing with the other fellow again, I'll be satisfied.

Yes, honey, I actually lost 30 lbs. I have never really told you how sick I was, but for ten days I drank maybe a cup of milk or coffee for one or two meals. That was all I could eat and

maybe that wouldn't stay with me. I had fever 102 and 102.5 for 9 days and for one half day 103. Then in the afternoon, it dropped to 99. The (sic) fed me asperin, asperin, and asperin until that was about all that was keeping me alive. I couldn't sleep very well because I coughed so much and then being in a barracks formerly occupied by Negroes, on a bunk with nothing between you and the springs, but a blanket, when every morning I felt like telling the orderly to pull the springs out of my back. I never will forget one night when I thought for sure they were going to transfer me to the Base Hospital. I couldn't sleep and all I did was cough, cough, cough. We did have an awful good night orderly and he asked me if I wouldn't like to have some hot lemonade. Well, he might as well have asked me if I wanted to go home because he certainly hit a warm spot. I had been longing for something like that for a long time. Well, he went down and pretty soon returned and said they wouldn't let him make it, but before long he brought a doctor up and he felt my pulse and then wrote out a prescription of something. It was the most bitter stuff I have ever tasted, but it sure fixed me up. I went to sleep, quit coughing and felt a little better, but when I woke up in the morning I had pain just on the right side of my body, but not in my chest. I never had a sore throat. The nurse rubbed me with something. She wasn't good looking at all, but she was on the job. After my fever went down and I felt like eating just a little, she sure would manage for the eats. The first day I felt like eating was when they brought some toast to us and coffee that really had sugar in it. I ate and enjoyed my two pieces of toast. The last two days when I was transferred, we had an awful good looking nurse but I fell out with her because she read my temperature wrong on my next to the last day in the hospital. She read it 99.6 and when I said something about it, she looked again and it was 98.6. The first temperature would have kept me in five days longer. Well, so much for hospital stuff. I could write several pages more on what I saw there, but not now. I'll tell those maybe sometime.

If my letter made you feel happy, honey, I sure am glad of it, and I sure meant what I said.

I am going to write Bob a letter tonight, have owed him one now for about four weeks and I've just got oodles to tell him. Oh dear, if I could spend tomorrow with you, I would be the happiest man on earth. I won't be that until I do get to be with you again. Oh my, but what a day that is going to be for me when I get back to the best city in the US and the sweetest girl in the world. I love you.

With truest love,

Otto

Where are the pictures?