

November 7, 1918
Louisville, Ky
6:00 p.m.
3 cents

Miss Gainor Roberts
223 N. Winnetka
Dallas, Texas

My dear sweetheart, I just got thru reading your letter for the third time in the last 15 minutes. Oh Sweetie, you have no idea how glad I always am to hear from you.

I've got just five minutes before the study formation and at the rate I've been answering questions. I'm afraid I won't get very far with this letter. I think we will get our OD's issued to us tonight. I know they are here anyway.

We just finished making a fire in the stove. I say we, but I didn't have anything to do with it. My bunk is just across from the stove, and it sure feels good. (whistle)

Nov. 6, 1918

Well, honey, tonight is Wednesday night and so we are off again, but off in the Army doesn't mean anything unless you are away from camp. Now tonight in fact, in three minutes there is a meeting over in the Mess Hall of the Battery executed committee of which I am a member. It consists of eight men, one man being elected from each section, and I happened to be the unlucky ? one.

Well, I'm back from the meeting and guess I'm glad of it. I sure am tired to-night and my feet are powerful sore for some reason. But grooming horses and walking all over creation makes any one tired. We groomed this afternoon, and also did Monday and will again Friday. Tomorrow, we have riding, last Tuesday I was lead man and sure had a good horse. You see lead man sets pace given by executive and it's up to the rest to follow. I had a fine time. I don't know what kind of a horse I'll have tomorrow.

Honey, I will have to quit for this time because they posted a notice on the bulletin board that we had to hand in the recoil mechanism (2 drawings) by Saturday noon and tonight is the only night we've got a good chance. Honey, I am enclosing another letter which I received from some girl in Bonham. Goodness knows who she is. The letter has wandered around camp, but finally got here. I'm going to answer it as soon as I can and see what kind of an answer I'll get. I'm going to write her some line and put up some hard luck story. I never did answer the letter I got from that other girl, but I'd rather write to you, sweetheart, because I really enjoy that.

Honey, I had a letter from Gib today. He sure is getting along fine, isn't he? I wish I could get along like that.

Well, honey, be good, I only hope I can get to town Sunday because I want to go to church.

With all my love, dear.

Otto