

November 9, 1918
Louisville, Ky
8:00 p.m.
3 cents

Miss Gainor Roberts
223 N. Winnetka
Dallas, Texas

My dear sweetheart, it's been a long, long time since I've been where I am now and that is down town. I put in my application for a pass last night and to-day when the pass list was posted my name wasn't on it. Well, that made me pretty sore because I sure wanted to go, although there is nothing doing down here. Picture shows and theaters opening for the first time again tomorrow, so my bunkie and I went to the Canteen and Barber shop and just got back into barracks to meet the lieutenant coming out. He asked us how long since we had been to town and if we wanted to go. Well, of course, we both jumped at it. Just eight weeks ago since I was here. We are going to stay down all night and then go to church in the morning, honey mine. I'll sure think about you.

No, not a one of my ? men get sick from the cooking. It is rather remarkable. I didn't have to peel potatoes. That's what the KPs do. See, I was a cook.

Well, I finished my drawing last night started studying for today's examinations. When we were called out and had to go take an examination in Fire Discipline. I passed the three I had to-day though.

Well, it looks like we are going to have peace, doesn't it. The other day when the news came out that peace was declared and the whole camp came near going crazy, even the officers were feeling pretty happy. Like one of the Lts. said, though he had it on us, he could quit and we couldn't. I guess that they will keep us here until we finish the course. Well, that is just about eight weeks from to-day if they pass as quick as the last eight in a way it won't be long, but in another, sweetheart, it will. Just so they don't contain what the last eight have. By that time, though, they will probably be giving certificates of graduation and not commissions. Had another good day of riding last Thursday, but I can't say that I'm very fond of grooming. We also had to groom two horses, being allowed 24 minutes for each. Believe me, that is work.

Honey, you know I forgot to put that letter I was telling you about in your last letter and I can't put it in this one, but I'll try to remember to put it into the next one. I haven't written her yet.

I had my first letter from Mama to-day. Of course, it was short, but goodness me it was worth a million dollars to know that she was getting better that way.

I've got on my OD suit for the first time today. It fits alright with the exception of the collar and it was made for a fat man.

I don't know what I'm going to eat to-night but it is going to be some supper. You know, honey, I weigh 150 pounds again and 2 ½ weeks ago I weighed 127. That sounds awful fishy, I'll admit, but I weighed on the same scales.

What I would give to have a date with you to-night. I guess you are getting tired of hearing me say that, but I've been gone 11 weeks now and had one date and it was Punk.

Well, honey mine, my bunkie wants to go eat. It's 5:40 and there is a parade at 7 o'clock, so I guess we'd better go.

With all my love to you, Gainor dear.

Otto