

January 15, 1916
Houston, TX
5:00 p.m.
2 cents

Miss Gainor Roberts
206 S. Willomet
Dallas, Texas

Gainor,

Dear, thanks for the picture and if you have some big ones made why – well you know. I don't care if you write in crayon colors as long as it's you.

I am and I am not getting over homesickness. I am afraid that is an everlasting disease. Letters such as I got to-day always cheer me up. I got one from home and one from you at the same time.

You said you had nothing to promise me. Well I am going to ask you not to do something and you can promise me that if you want to. New Year's Eve night, you said that you were or would like to go to the "Happy Hour". Please don't do it because it is not the kind of place I want to see a girl like you go. If your papa didn't want you to go to the Jefferson, I know he would not want you to go to the H. H.

That brother of mine writes me about as often as our washimau (?) I am glad you are making the young ones stay to church. I am going to go as often as possible myself. But Gee. How different from the last Sunday in Oak Cliff.

I would like to have your whole dance program to myself Friday night, but as I can't get it, I'll have to be satisfied by taking all the dances that are left which I suppose are O by this time (2:45). I know you will have a good time.

The Band is practising (sic) again tonight. We have another basketball game to-morrow night with Southwestern. Last Saturday we won 60 – 15 that's all. You ought to hear the racket going on now. They are playing Hail, Hail and then there'll be a haf (sic) time in the old town tonight.

So old Don won't to take you to the Majestic anymore. Well I just wish I was there. We'd go there.

It sure has been cold down here for the last week. It rained Tuesday and before night wherever there was standing water it was covered with ice.

The boy from from (sic) Okla. Is named Roy Sillard. He said he wasn't sure but he thought he did know you or Gibbons. He hasn't lived there for quite a while.

Now, when it comes to writing shorthand I am just naturally round here. I don't know what I am writing but I can sure write. Let me know what 9 is, won't you?

We had a grub fight tonight. They didn't give us anything for dinner but chile (sic), spuds and beans. Things were quiet until everybody got a taste of the chile and their spuds began flying freely. Everybody even some of the profs caweled (sic) under the tables. Finally they all started waiving (sic) their napkins as a sign of truce. Maybe we'll get something to eat tomorrow.

I still wish I had been there to give you that pillow. (A line written in shorthand.)

Otto

Written in the margins:

In my next letter I will send that picture that I said I would.

For the love of Mike don't call me.