

September 21, 1916  
Galveston, TX  
11:00 p.m.  
2 cents

Miss Gainor Roberts  
206 S. Willomet  
Dallas, Texas

Yes, I believe that is the longest letter you ever wrote me. I sure did enjoy it. I hope you keep it up. I had been down town to a picture show (at the queen) to see the "Wolf Woman". Was just going over for a swim, have been going every morning and evening. I can't see anything silly about that letter. I'm in love with it and I sure won't tear it up. You know if you would tell me what you started to (one upon a time) I would be only to glad to tell you what I know, but as it is, I am afraid too. You know I said I was scared of you anyway, but not in the way you think.

I sure am glad Miss Mary likes me just a little bit anyway. (This mess is not my fault, blame it on the blotter.)

Of course, just when I leave things have to start up. I have been wishing all summer that there would be a dance somewhere because I thought maybe I might get to take you, but nothing doing. Out at your house (Gee, but I had a good time) I had 2 dances and got to dance one of those. Then I danced once with you at Mrs. Mason's. Two dances in over a year. That's going some. Now Chrystine is going to have a party.

I sure wish I was there so I could go, that is if you would let me stag it. You would now, wouldn't you? But I'll be in Houston then, goodness knows what I'll be doing. Thinking of everybody, I guess. I am going to leave here Friday morning at either 6 or 8 o'clock so I'll be in Houston before dinner.

I guess all the boys had a good time at Jimmie's and to think that I couldn't be there I often wonder if he thinks as much of me as I do of him.

Did you ever get off somewhere or got to doing something and just ask yourself the question, What good am I doing here? That's just the way I am now. Lots of times I stop and wonder why I am going to school, it seems so funny, it seems like I ought to work, but Gainor, I couldn't anymore work in an office a whole year or start out now to make it my business than I could fly. I guess you can tell by the mess I have and am writing that I'm different from most boys, but I am glad of it. There is one thing I never will do and that is that little something I told you one nite at about 12:30 G.X.

I sure am ticked over that picture. I think it is just fine. Many, many thanks. Even if I didn't ask you to come back Xmas until that letter, you know I wanted you to. I'll ask you again now. Please, come down Xmas, will you?

Well, I am going to tell you now what I have been doing. It might not interest you, but I guess you can stand to read it once anyway.

I can't write good with that old pen, and I haven't got my fountain pen, so you'll have to excuse this pencil.

Last Sunday morning, we all went swimming, didn't get up till 9:30. Then, I don't remember whether I told you or not that a boy whose home is in Galveston, but he works at Dorsey's went with us. He is an awful nice boy. He's a Dutch man too. Well, we went over to his house for dinner and supper. He has four brothers and two sisters and they are all fine people. He reminds me of Gib because he is all brown and is daffy about canoeing. After dinner we took the longest walk. I believe I have ever had, went all along the beach and then headed for the wharves, passed by State Medical College, but of course couldn't get in. There were several large freighters in port, one English and two Italian. Of course the old English boat was loading up with cotton. I was wishing that I had a torpedo. The U.S. revenue cutter Comanche was in port. She carries 4 three inch guns and they look like they might do a little bit of damage with them. They sure do keep things clean on board U.S. boats on the way ack. We went to see what is called the "Skeeter Fleet". It's just a bunch of sale boats and launches and tugs. While there we planned for a fishing trip Tuesday with a man who was former keeper of the boathouse club they used to have here. He is a Swede, but some sport. Went back home? And ate supper and then went to church. (You see I always some way or another go to church.) After church walked way out to the hotel and slept like a log all night. Monday didn't do anything but go to picture shows and go swimming. Saw Mae Murray in "The Big Sister" it was at the Queen in Dallas a little while before I left. Tuesday morning seven of us left the wharves at 8 o'clock bound for a lace called Hanna's Reef and then to the Jetties. That is 16 miles out on Galveston Bay. We went in a nice boat called the Sherly, had an awful nice cabin and deck, etc. The water was pretty rough when we started and the old boat would pitch and roll like never (?). As we got farther out and land kept getting smaller and the boat rolled just a little more, I didn't exactly know what to think. We finally got out of sight of land except way off to our right and if they hadn't told me it was land, I never would have known it. That was my first experience on open water and I can sure say that it won't be my last.

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Well, I've been to breakfast and two picture shows since I wrote those last few lines.

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We got out on the reef at 10 o'clock it wasn't anything but shells, a small island about 25 ft. wide and a hundred or 150 ft. long, all shells. Of course, we couldn't bring our boat right up to it so we anchored two or three hundred feet away and rowed over in a boat which we carried along. Law it was scary. Fishing was pretty good, but swimming was better. We caught 7 good sized red fish, 1 trout, and four cats (I mean fish). Water was cold as the mischief. First time I went in kinda slow and like to froze, came back out on the reef and had a shell fight, got the blooming things all in our hair an they stuck like cement. So when we went back in to wash them out. I decided to dive so I wouldn't feel the cold so much. Well of course I went to (sic) deep and scraped my right arm on an oyster shell and I've got a nice trade mark of the trip. We got some oysters right out of the bay opened them and ate raw

oysters. I didn't like them so very much. Ate dinner at three o'clock, fried all our fish on the boat, gee it sure tasted good. Had coffee, water, grape juice, and ---- and ----- to drink. I drank a bottle of it but I'll never drink another.

Weighed anchor at 4 o'clock and started for the jetties, had to pass by Fort Travis, that is on Bolivar Peninsula and Ft. San Jacinto on the island. They don't look like forts at all. Water was awful calm until we passed the Bolivar lighthouse and headed for the Gulf, here the rollers were pretty big. We fished awhile but didn't catch anything. Started for Galveston just before sunset, were way out in the bay when the sun went down. It sure was pretty, looked just like a ball of fire sinking into the water. Another boy and myself rode the stern end of the boat and every now and then would get considerably dampened by the spray but it was great sport. Got into Glv. At 7:30, went out to the Hotel brushed up a little and went to a picture show on the beach. Didn't do much Wed. went swimming twice. Boss tried to duck me all of the time we were in, but I eluded him. If I staid (sic) here much longer I would be like a fish in this water. Oh yes, forgot to tell you how I sunburned. Why I'm as red as a beat, shoulders and arms, but you ought to see my face, it's read all over. I don't believe you would know me. These ducks here hit me on the shoulder every chance they get. You see there isn't anybody to keep them from it.

We took a bunch of pictures and are supposed to get them this afternoon. I'll send them to you, if you will send them back and I know you will.

Great guns alive, here I've written 16 pages of nonsense. I won't do it anymore.

I'll have to admit that I am having a good time, but that is just because I happened to know someone here. Still it is nothing like the time I could have with you and Martha and Gib and Jimmie.

I leave for Houston at 6:55 Friday morning, so when you write again send it to Rice. I'm not going to read this letter over it's to (sic) long.

Con Amor, Otto

Je Vous Adore.