

January 21, 1917  
Houston, TX  
12:00 a.m.  
2 cents

Miss Gainor Roberts  
114 N. Winnetka Ave.  
Dallas, Texas

Mi querida,

I believe that I know just about as much about these foreign languages as you do. I'll try them all but Greek and Russian. I sure am going to take Spanish next year (if I come back). I believe that I have learned more about that this year than I have German anyway. Hardly a day passes but what I don't learn some Spanish. See I'm getting ready for our trip to South America. Don't you remember, you said you would go.

While you all have been having such a good time in the snow, we have been having a good ? time wading in the mud. The sun hasn't been out over 2 hrs. for over a week. For six days we didn't see it at all, and it rained or was misty every day. It rained a little bit last night, and is still cloudy this morning, not a bit cold, though. I saw some snow last Monday. It was on a tram though coming from San Antonio. Somebody down here in Houston collected some snow from the different trains coming in and made a snow man, and placed him in front of the Rice Hotel. You should have seen the people standing around and looking at him. Some I know had never seen snow.

Gainor, I saw the best bill at the Majestic this week I have ever seen. We went down last Thursday night, and it certainly was good, not a bum act in the whole business. I think just about every Institute boy was down there that night.

I came near being formed to the US Marine Corps the other afternoon. A company is being formed here, and three of the officers were out to drill last Monday and made a little talk to the Company. You see they get to go on a cruise every summer, have to drill about one night out of every week, for which they get paid. The government furnishes entire equipement (sic). The only trouble is you are bound up for three years. After drill was over, I thought I never was going to get rid of those fellows. Our own adjutant and captain joined and of course they wanted as many of the officers as was possible. I sure wanted to, but I know Mother and Father would never let me. At least Mother wouldn't. I was supposed to go down and help drill last Thursday night, but instead I went to the Majestic. I'm going to do that some of these days though when I get a don't care feeling because that is the only way I will ever get to see the world.

Well, I am sending myself along with this letter. If you look at it in the dark and then get across the room from it. It might look pretty good, but sure 'nuff it is awful especially when it comes to the finishing. Put it under the carpet or some place where they won't see it.

I sure did have a good time last night. It was a dance and oh me. Most everybody was from rice but there were a few strange people. I met a girl from Dallas. She asked me if I knew Mr. Thomas, and of course I said yes. She said that she used to go with him. I had to go way out in Houston Heights, exactly ten miles by auto from Rice. It's about a half mile further by street car. I thought I was on my way to Dallas because it is so northeast of Houston.

Gainor, don't ever say that it is a blessing to the world that there aren't more people like you. If there were this world would be a whole lot better off and you know it. "C"

Don't ever think that I am going to make a date for the Final Ball until I know you can't come and maybe not then. But Gainor I can't see why you couldn't come down here. If it's just for two days, so long as Ethel is here. I haven't had a letter from Ethel in a long time, and I know I don't owe her any.

Are you still cold? You'll have to come down here though if you want me to put anything around you. There are times when three people make an awful big crowd, and two people are just the right number. Don't you think so. I've got something sure nuff important that I want to ask you some of these days, but I don't want to ask you in a letter. I like to look at them when I ask them questions.

Butter is in here reading the funny paper to me and laughing for all he is worth.

Well, I guess I'll have to stop and get ready for church. I wish I was going to church up there instead of here though.

I told Jack what you said, but he didn't see the point. He's to (sic) dense and so am I. What is it? We give up.

I don't know whether there are enough stamps on that picture or not. I just had to guess at it, and that is also the best paper I could find to wrap it up in.

The other night Vance came in the room and we started telling what crazy things we had done. He was telling us about a show he and another boy had one time, and he's got a habit of getting started to laugh and not being able to stop. Well, he got started, then Butter and I got started, and between us three, there was certainly some laughing. My sides sure did hurt. You tell me what you think Y if liebe dieg mib all mei lanz means and I'll tell you what 9 means.

Lots of love, Otto