

December 6, 1917
Houston, TX
10:00 a.m.
3 cents

Miss Gainor Roberts
210 West Tenth Street
Dallas, Texas

Well, Sweetheart this time last week I was about the happiest person alive. I sure do wish it was last week. Only I would want it to be a whole lot warmer because last night while we were at supper a norther came up and believe me it sure did get cold in a hurry and has been cold all day and is even a little colder tonight. But honey if you were here, well maybe you would have to warm me. I wish you ha been with me walking out that night. Don't forget what it was that you wanted to tell me. I wish you had been walking out that night. Don't forget what it was that you wanted to tell me. I wish you would tell me what it was that you wanted me to promise you. Honey, you know that I am not just curious, but I really want to know. Just two weeks from tonight and I am coming out to see you. That is, of course, if you will let me. Oh it seems to (sic) good to be true.

John got back last night and of course, as is always my luck, he got in the aviation corps, but he is going to stay until Xmas so that will make things just a little better until then. I don't know who I am going to room with after Christmas, but maybe it will be with a boy from Dallas named Mathewson. His roommate has also gone. The only trouble is he now rooms way over in the new dormitory and neither one of us want to change, but maybe matters can be adjusted.

Honey, I sure do want to have that date with you to go to the dance. Only I feel like I am going to be sorter out of place, so don't forget now. Maybe I am going to be quarantined Christmas, we five cases of measles out here and there is not telling what may happen, but if I were to even here (sic) of such a move, I would sure would move down town. Oh, I would go crazy if I thought I had to stay down here during the holidays. There is no danger of me staying here anyway.

I sure am going to try to get through my exams and, dear, you don't know how good you made me feel over what you said. And you can believe me that whenever I make you a promise I'll sure do my best to carry it out. You know, Gainor, the more I think about joining something and then again it seems just the other way. Oh honey what I need is you. I always feel better when I can ask you things and get your ideas. You know two heads are better than one anyway.

You know I have been wanting to phone Ethel ever since you left, but haven't had a chance. The time is so short at night when we can use the phone and then it is generally awful busy. But I will phone her tomorrow or after I finish writing if it isn't to (sic) late.

I knew you were going to have to work hard when you got back, but honey just don't work to (sic) hard and take care of yourself.

Weren't you sorry when you went home and found such a poor letter? This one is going to be just about like it, but there really isn't anything to write about. I mean news of happenings, etc. you know.

No, honey, I didn't care about you telling sister of the ROTC. They don't care anyway.

I sure will be glad when summer comes again and we can be together like we were last summer, but I'm just naturally afraid that Miss Mary didn't like my coming up there so much. To tell you the truth, I really can't blame her, but I always felt at home when I came up and I sure enjoyed being with you.

I am going to try to get to write Gib tomorrow. I intend to study the best party of the day and then see when I get tired I will write a letter for recreation.

Well honey two weeks from tonight and we can be talking about what we did down here. I would rather do that than write any way.

With lots and lots of love,

Otto