

January 7, 1918
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Miss Gainor Roberts
210 West Tenth Street
Dallas, Texas

Honey, I had to wait until the morning to get your letter. See it didn't get here until Sunday morning and we only get the mail once on Sundays. Yesterday was the longest day. I just kept thinking about Sunday a week ago when we were to-gether just about all day. It sure makes me feel funny. I have a nice picture gallery on my wall now, just over my desk, and I can just look up and see you, honey. I sure am glad we took those pictures. I phoned Ethel Thursday night and she asked me when I was coming out and I told her I didn't know I didn't go to town Thursday night as I had planned because I felt to (sic) bad and I couldn't have enjoyed a picture show so I just went to bed. Friday afternoon I just felt like I couldn't stand it any longer and I decided to phone Ethel and tell her I was coming out Saturday night. I sure am glad that I did because you know Ethel understands me a little bit anyway, and we can talk about home people. I sure felt a whole lot better when I left there anyway. I took those pictures down and Ethel was looking at them and the two with you and I together happened to come first and then the one with Sister and I. You should have seen Ethel jump when she first saw it. She thought it was you. I wish it had been.

On the way out to school, you where you have to change cars at Eagle Street, well we had wait about five minutes for the car and there were a whole crowd of the boys there and when the car came up I was about the last to get one. I saw a Negro standing there in a uniform, but his hat wasn't peaked and he didn't have a on a hat cord. He had his hands in his pockets and was standing worse than at rest. He looked at me and then saw my hat cord. You should have seen that Negro change. He jerked his hands out of his pockets, came to attention and then saluted. I almost had to laugh because it was so funny the way he did. I started to jump him and ask him where his hat cord was and to show me his pass, but then I decided maybe I had better not. I think the next time I see one like that I will though.

The airships sure are flying thick around here now. They have to fly right over the Institute to get to Camp Logan and that seems to be where they are all going. It sure looks pretty to see them sailing in the air and sorter makes me wish I was one of them. They have only had one man killed down here and he wasn't an aviator or a flyer. He was killed cranking the machine. They have some Canadians down here now, so I guess the death list will grow before long.

I heard some of the best news I believe I have heard in some time yesterday. I started inquiring about training camp as soon as I got back because I wasn't anxious to stay at all, and yesterday I heard from a pretty good source that it was not compulsory for us to stay. It is going to be hard for me to stay five months. Honey, it always get harder for me to stay

good-bye also and always harder to wait until I can see you again. But June has got to come around, so I guess we might just as well look forward to it. They came around yesterday and inspected our rooms to see if we had any citizen's clothing. I did have, but I'm not saying where it was when inspection was mad. I wasn't even in my room because Punk, Stone and myself went walking out through the park. We knew they were coming, but we didn't know when.

Well, I have a new roommate, but he isn't from Dallas. He is from Weatherford. The boy from Dallas told me before Xmas that he had made arrangements to room with another boy provided he came back. If not, he was going to room with me. But this boy came back. My roommate's name is Shaw. He is a sophomore and was a sub on the football team. He also plays basketball. He is as tall, maybe a little taller, than I am, but his hair is lighter. We shall never be without fruit anymore. He waits on a table and never fails to bring back 5 or 6 maybe more apples or oranges.

I sure am glad you feel as you do about the arrangement of our pictures because "them's my sentiments". Honey, I would like to tell you what I resolved not to do but then its kind of like what Cary told Ethel not for me to say. If I could figure out a way I would tell you.

With lots of love,

Otto

P.S. I hope your father is feeling alright again. I don't like sickness.