

July 15, 1918
Austin, TX

Monday

Miss Gainor Roberts
210 W 10th St
Dallas TX

Gainor, sweetheart, you don't know how glad I always am to get your letter, I know that train gets in here powerful early but they don't seem to deliver the specials right away, because several of the boys have got them and they generally get out here at about 8 o'clock, any way I wouldn't care at what time they woke me up, honey as long as it was something from you.

I had a letter from Martha this morning, she said that she had several times from Gordon and that she hoped when he left that he would get homesick, but that he seemed to like it to [sic] much for that. She also said that she missed you and I on the back seat of the Dodge. I wonder if she really does. She might miss us but honey I wonder in what way.

Isn't John ever going to leave for camp. Not that I want to see him go, but it seems like he would be getting powerful anxious to get away himself.

I had a letter from Aldin a few days ago. He left Dallas about 6 months ago and went up into Indiana and studied wireless and then he took a notion he wanted to join the marines so he did, and now he is up in South Carolina, he says he likes it fine, even if they are working him pretty hard. Every time I hear from him or from Sutcliffe? They always want to know what I mean by going to summer school, and that they thought that I would be with the colors by now. They always want me to come where they are and join. I wouldn't mind so much going to San Antonio but no to S.C. with the marines. That camp at Fort Monroe is a training camp but not being a registered (man) (typist's note – Otto Eisenlohr xx'd out man) boy I would have a pretty hard time getting into it, but there is going to be another one before long that I would have a better chance at. I am going to try for that and if I don't get in there, then I simply have to work up and sometimes I feel like I had rather do that anyway (sour grapes). But sweetheart as long as I have you I don't feel incapable of anything, you don't know how much more a person can do when he knows that there is someone back home who cares.

Last Saturday night we rode in our "fliver" for about four hours trying to find a watermelon wagon so we could swipe some melons, but we only saw one and he was the one we had got some from once before and ding [sic] it he had another man sitting in the middle of the wagon facing the back so there wasn't a chance. So at 11:30 we got disgusted came back to town and bought us a slice, but they never taste near as good that way. I am going to get some films today and take a picture of the "bunch," swimming pool etc.

Yesterday morning I had the nice job of greasing brother's car, another fellow and myself worked all morning on it, and when we got thru we looked like, --well I won't say what. Then yesterday afternoon we went to San Marcos again, and had a good swim and lots to eat. Honey you didn't say when you were coming to go with us. I asked you fifty times now you have to come.

Honey you needn't move in from the sleeping porch, I won't wet you, I'd be scared to. We went to three different houses last Saturday night, and it had been thundering and lightening so I guess the people thought that it was raining, it sure is fun to hear them let out a scream and then run in the house.

This is the last week that we have classes because next week we have finals, of course mine have to come on the last day, Wed. from 8-11 and 3-6 and then the very next morning we have classes again.

With all my love, darling

Otto