University of Texas, Austin, Texas.

Aug. 21, 1918

Well, sweetheart. I thing things keep on like they have failed my commission and I never will see each other. This train is only 4 hrs. + 10 minutes late now. God knows what it will be when we get into St. Louis which place I have very serious doubts of ever seeing. I haven't the faint idea of where I am going to spend the night after 12 o'clock because we can't get into St. Louis after that time. I have a telegram which I am going to send to Camp
Taylor as soon as we get into Sedalia, wherever that is.

There may be some pretty scenery around here but I'm damned if I have seen it. Nothing would look pretty to me now though, except you just passed Sabin, don't look for it because it isn't on the map.

You will have to excuse this writing, but it's the train and not the Honeyman.

I wish this was last Sunday,
We got a hot top right after we left Dallas and had to stop every three or four feet to work on that. Then the train only had 14 cars by the time we got into Parsons we ditched about 16 there.

Honey I know it was real mean of me to want you to kiss me good bye last night but sweetheart you don't know how much I did want you to. Because it's going to be a long time honey before we see each other again. You'll forgive me, wont you?
University of Texas,
Austin, Texas.

The train has stopped at some milk station. I don't know what the name is so you see I can write just a little better.

Train started

I haven't had anything to eat but a box of marshmallows but still I'm not hungry. Those dining car prices keep me from getting that way (train stopped)

Well sweetheart I guess I'll get into by some time in the near future and will write you again as soon as I can please give my sincerest regards to everyone. With truest love to you, my own sweetheart.

Ett
Miss Gainer Roberts
210 W 10th Street
Dallas, Tex.

St. A.