

August 2, 1918
On the Line
None Visible
2 Cents

Miss Gainor Roberts
Box 342
Ardmore, Oklahoma

Well, sweetheart, here I am leaving again. Now while the train has stopped to let a Wampus cat cross the track I can write alright. You see how awful it looks at the beginning. I certainly have been lucky on this trip so far. Punk was on the train with me as far as Mineola. He was going to Tyler to see Lady Punk, so he says. He was at the depot waiting for the train when I blew in and we have been having some time ever since. There was also another boy on here with whom Punk used to go to school and both of them had been to French and hadn't seen each other for along time, so we three had one more time. The train has started again. We have stopped again, but are already starting up again so I can't write anything. Now going thru Hawkins, not the Butler but a town by that name.

I told him for a job and he asked no.

Gainor, you know that Mr. Calder you were telling about, the one that works at the Top? Well, he and his sweetie are sitting just back of me and they act worse than Ethel and Boo ever did and I thought that was bad enough. But then I don't blame him. If I had a wife, I know I would be the same way.

Did you say hot, darling. I am about to melt. I never was so uncomfortable on a train before.

Well, I guess you are enjoying the Grand Opera now as it is about 2:45. Didn't you say you were going in the afternoon? Tell me how you liked it. Just passed thru Big Sandy. See where they get the Sandy, but not the Big.

Just stopped in Longview. Was in hopes they would start another Race riot while I was there so I could get in it. Gee, but it's hot. I've been out on the back end trying to cool off, but it's next to impossible.

Gainor, darling I sure did hate to leave you last night and wish you would have gone to town with me. John and I didn't do a thing but sit up in his room and talk. We tried our best to phone Punk but we never could get him, so we just talked. It seemed so funny to hear him talk about his wife. He says she cried two days and two nights before she left. She is only 18 years old. I asked him how it happened that he got married and he said he was up in Greenville working and she came up to see him and said let's get married and he said alright, but I haven't got any money. Another fellow bought his marriage license. He says it's alright for a change.

I'm just passing my third lake and for the third time I've got to sweat while I watch a whole bunch of boys swim around and cool off, but just wait.

I told you didn't I that John was going to Tampico to live? He showed me his passport last night.

I just got into Marshall ten minutes late, left Mineola 40 minutes late, would have got in here on time but had to slow up while a freight train got on a siding. We were making 60 miles an hour and if we hadn't been flagged there would be no more freight train.

John was in the Army out at Berkely (sic), California. He was a blamed aviator and I told him I didn't have any use for his kind. I simply can't get over that boy being married. It simply doesn't seem possible. He asked me when and why I wasn't married and I told him I would like to be but ? I hope to enter that charmed circle some of these days provided that, well just guess the rest –

I got my other passes this morning so I am all fixed up. One from New Orleans to Houston and one from Galveston to Dallas. It was 10:20 before I got them though. I started out bright and early to find out where they were and I found out that they were sent to the F&P on the 31sst so I told them about it and sure enough they were down in the transportation Dept.

Mr. Pinion gave me a letter of introduction to a friend of his in N.O. so I guess I had better go look him up. It might come in hand some day.

Just coming next depot. Will try to mail this letter. Sure hope you have a good trip and a fine time.

With lots and lots of love,

Otto