

October 5, 1919  
Houston  
8:00 p.m.  
2 cents

Miss Gainor Roberts  
c/o Texas Power and Light Co.  
Interurban Building  
Dallas, Texas

My dear sweetheart,

I just came back from town where I went to get a hair cut and intended to take in a show, but I saw stone and several other fellows down at the Rice whom I hadn't seen for several years so we just talked about things as they used to be and so it got late before I knew it. I came out on the ten o'clock car. Honey, I went by the hotel to see if I had any mail and they said I didn't have. I told them about when it should have come and they said they very seldom kept mail over ten days. So I guess I am out of luck for those letters. Well, I've got some others from you honey so I'm satisfied. I didn't go to the dance. I simply didn't feel like it, so when I came out a while ago I went over and watched them a while and I didn't even wish that I was there. Sweetheart, if you were here I would be tickled to death to go, but my feelings will sure have to change before I go now. They are still dancing and the music sounds real well, but my bed looks a whole lot better. Honey, I'll finish this letter in the morning.

Goodnight and pleasant dreams dear.

**(Sunday morning)**

It is now just ten o'clock and I have been up about 45 min. which means that I missed breakfast. My roommate is still in bed. But it was raining when the breakfast bell rang and I felt like sleeping some more anyway, so I did. It is still raining and the campus looks like a lake. You can hear frogs "cackling" all over. I know the Bayou looks like a river. I can't see it from where I am but it was high yesterday afternoon.

I had intended to go to church again this morning, but it is raining to (sic) much and anyway I don't feel like dressing for the occasion.

I sure was glad to get two letters from you yesterday. After I came back from the game, I went by the post office, but there was such a mob there, I couldn't get in. So I went back a little while later and there was a letter. I wonder if you are teaching Sunday school right now.

Honey, I've just been scouring the paper trying to find out if there are going to be rates up to the Fair. If there are and I can manage it any way, maybe I will come up. Gee, I sure would like to, but, honey, that simply sounds to (sic) good to be true. If I do can I have a date with you Sat. and Sun.? Now listen, sweetheart, don't figure on it, and if you all are going to do

something else why go ahead because I may not be able to tell until the last minute whether I can go or not and I don't want you to pass anything up.

Honey, you know what you gave me for my birthday sure is handy. I don't know what I would do without it now. I can keep everything so nice and neat in it and usually I had things scattered from one end of the room to the other.

Have you still got that scrapbook where you and I starting putting all those clippings? If you have, maybe I can find some more to send you. I'm sending my salmon colored card in this letter which please keep for me dear. I'm afraid I'll lose it down here and I would like to keep it.

Honeymine, sometimes the worst kind of people are the ones you least support. You know to some men a woman is a woman, good looking or not and the same applies just the other way around. There are lots of ways of telling them besides being with them. They are always found out sooner or later and then where are they. Some day, honey, I'm going to tell you about the disease caused by just such people and why there are so many deformed children born into this world. Why some so-called appendicitis operations are not.

If it ever quits raining, I will take this letter to town to mail real soon. It has slowed up a whole lot, and I guess by this afternoon will be alright.

Tomorrow I have a blooming organic chemistry lab and I have also got to write some stencils for the Biology Lab. I went down town last week and bought an Underwood typewriter for the department. I couldn't get a new one, but I got a good second hand. Won't you come and be my stenographer?

With all my love, sweetheart.

Otto