

January 28, 1920
Houston
8:30 a.m.
2 cents

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

Sweetheart dearest, I surely did enjoy the nice long letter I got from you to-day. I was really expecting to get a hot lecture as I know that was what I deserved, but darling mine you wrote so nice and sensible.

I went to town right after dinner to-day to get those proofs I sent you and them came right back out. I wanted you to get them tomorrow honey so I sent them as I did. I like to died laughing when I first saw them. Aren't they the funniest looking things you ever saw? I look like I am absolutely ball headed, only in one picture can you see any hair at all. Honey, I think I will absolutely balk on having any of those made, especially a large one. Why they are simply to punk. I hate to think about putting one in the Campanile. Gee, they are funny looking.

Darling, how is your cold? I sure hope it is better. Have you done what I asked you too? I hope you have, honey, it would be a whole lot safer. How is Edward? I hope he is getting better. Tell him if he feels weak when he gets up not to try to do anything much because it will only take him that much longer to get well.

For once in my life this year I simply feel tired out. I am so dead tired, I can't figure out what I am doing. Honey, I did think that when I came back I wouldn't have so much to do but as it is I have dome more and still have more than I ever have had. This afternoon I thought well I'll get caught up on my stencil work and get all my letters out and only have those papers left. Well, I did that alright, but Dr. Chandler came along and handed me a regular manuscript to copy for him. He is going to give some extension lectures beginning next Wednesday and he gave me his whole address to copy. The darn thing is just oodles of pages long. Even if I don't have an exam Saturday I wouldn't be able to budge away because he wants the thing Monday and Saturday afternoon and Sunday are the only days I will have a chance to write it. But, sweetheart, I haven't given up hopes of coming. So if someone calls and wants to see you up there on the sixth floor some fine Saturday morning, don't be surprised to see me. I believe if I went to bed before 12 o'clock I would faint, but I'm afraid if I don't go tonight I will faint anyway. But, darling, otherwise I am feeling just fine and am getting fatter all the time. That is what I am trying to work off see. Are you 40" around the waist yet?

This is the funniest weather I have ever seen. One day it is absolutely fierce and the next just as pretty as you would want. The last two have been wonderful and the prospects are for more. Honey, can't you tell the days are getting longer? Oh I am so glad because that means

that spring is coming and then before long, you and I will be together again like we were last summer only more so.

Sweetheart, if I didn't have you up there I don't know what would become of me. Everything I do sweetheart, you are connected with in some way. I either do it because I love you or so you will love me.

Thank you, dear, for taking those pictures down home for me.

I sure am glad that my little dog is safe again. I think they all think about as much of him as I do. I know Mother does. I guess he was glad to see you, who wouldn't be, and anyway isn't it my dog, and don't I love you.

I am awful glad you didn't have to work last Saturday afternoon and I hope you won't have to when I come up there.

I wish I could see another basketball game like the one I saw last night. It would be well worth the time. Our next ones ought to be awful good but A&M beat the team that beat us so bad I am afraid to say anything about the outcome of our games.

Well, you ought to see my moustache. I've sure got one, and it didn't start growing until last Saturday, and it's coming off in the morning, but I just wanted to show them that I could grown one. Now really wouldn't you like for me to have one? You know the Charlie Chaplin kind.

Sweetheart, why do you have to get up so early in the mornings. With the exception of this morning, I haven't been waking up until 7:20 or 7:30. This morning it was seven when I got up. I wish you wouldn't get up so early, dear.

I surely hope you can take your vacation when you want it because it would break my heart to be figuring on you being here and then not to have you. I sure hope you don't go to Ardmore. It makes me jealous.

I love you dear.

With all my love,

Otto