

February 21, 1920  
8:30 a.m.  
Houston, TX

Friday

Miss Gainor Roberts  
203 No. Clinton Ave.  
Dallas, TX

My dear sweetheart – have you recovered from your strenuous exercise? I hope you did sleep well after that, dear, and that you are gradually getting over your weakness. Yes honey I know just how you felt when you took that walk to the pharmacy and I bet you were glad to sit down. It sure is a relief isn't it.

I am glad you like the picture but I surely didn't think you would. It simply didn't look right to me and I just imagined you wouldn't like it either. Darling I want to ask a favor of you, please don't tell Ethel that you have one of those pictures because she wants one, and I don't want her to have any so I just told her that I wasn't having any made, see, that will keep peace all the way around. And anyway you said you didn't want her to have any. I am awful glad that you like Kathleen honey, but just the same I would rather that you wouldn't be there when I come home next June. I sure hope you do have a house by then, don't you.

What kind of a site did you say Gibbons was going to survey? I thought sure you were over using such language. Why I'm shocked. But what do we give a dam anyway.

Well the lab this afternoon was pretty good and I did it all by my little self too. It's a good thing I've got something like that to break the monotony and help make me forget all my troubles. Because if I didn't have goodness knows where I would land some of these days. And darling if I didn't have you, I don't know what I would do. You are just all the world to me and I just believe it would be impossible to get along with out you.

Nearly everybody I saw today asked me if I had cooled off yet. I never was as darn mad as I was yesterday afternoon. Honey if you had seen me I know you would have been off of me for life. Why I was just looking for a fight. Every time some one asked me something I would either cuss them out or tell them to go to \_\_\_\_ and I sure meant it. It's a wonder some one didn't jump on me and beat me up. I guess I ought to be glad that I'm still alive.

Mamma sent me a box of the best cakes yesterday and they all just about are gone. I've got one and a few crumbs left. That is what most of my supper consisted of last night.

Today at dinner we had a whole bunch of girls with us again. Oh of course I had one but I shared her with another boy and it was the same one that I took to the dance too. Isn't that awful though. I'm trying to vamp her honey but I can't have any luck, she's already

got a beau. I didn't want her anyway, since I've got the sweetest girl in the world. That's you isn't it dear.

Do you think that you will be feeling well enough to start in to work Monday dear? I know you are anxious to go back and I can't blame you but please be careful and don't try to do to [sic] much and take a good rest during noon hour won't you.

Somehow I feel relieved about something tonight. I don't know what it is, or why I should feel that way because I've certainly got enough work to more than keep me busy. Maybe it's because tomorrow is Saturday and another week has gone by. How glad I would feel if this were the next to last week in May. That time may roll around but it seems like it never will.

Darling when you do start back to work do you want me to send your letters to the office again or do you want them sent out to the house? Please take good care of yourself dear. I love you.

With all my love,

Otto