My dearest Sweetheart,

I’ve got just a few minutes before dinner time and so will write until the bell rings. I don’t know whether I am going to get a letter this afternoon or not, but I am going to write you anyway, you don’t care do you?

This morning certainly started off with a rush, when I woke up it was almost cold and while we were at breakfast, it sure did start to rain and I thought sure it was a cloud burst the way it came down. But it stopped in a little while and started clearing up. It’s cloudy again now so goodness knows what kind of night it is going to be.

Well dinner is over and they are moving all the tables out. Honey I sure wish that you could be here, they have all different colored lights strung around on the outside and even decorated on the inside, and it looks awful nice.

I sure do hate to go and work in lab this afternoon but I guess it will have to be done. I am going to work on tea this afternoon, dear. The doc put our exam off from Wednesday morning until Thursday afternoon, but at the same time he increased it from one hour to one hour and a half. I think I would rather have it Thursday though because I know I am going to feel all in tomorrow. The dance is from 9:30 to 2:00 p.g.x. I hope the final ball is the same and even longer. I know that will be one night that I am certainly going to dance, and I hope they are all with you dear. Would you like to dance a straight program dear? Now don’t be afraid to tell me if you don’t.

I went to a picture show called, “The Woman God Sent” when I went to town yesterday afternoon and it was real good. It was a kind of moral picture dealing with child labor and its Evils and I like those kind of pictures anyway. I got back out here at about 6:30 and started studying about 7:30 or 8:00. I sure do have an awful time getting started these nights.

I had two different dreams about you last night, but the first one wasn’t nice at all, but the second one more than made up for it and it made me so mad to wake up and find it only a dream.
Honey I have to go to work now, I’ll write some more when I come back. I love you.

Later

Well I didn’t stay in lab any longer than 4:20 today. Nearly everyone either cut or left early so I thought I might as well do likewise and I sure was tickled to come over and find a letter waiting for me. I sure needed one because I’ve lost all my pep and fell sorter down on the world, things haven’t been going just like they should or like I would have them go. They certainly are making elaborate decorations but for my part I had rather put all that into music. Darling I sure wish you were going to be here. I would certainly have the time of my life then. Honey you know better how to act right now than any of these girls down here. I’m afraid you are going to have to tell me what to do and how. You know I don’t know how to act when I get with the high brows.

I sure am glad you did write me Saturday and see I am writing you before the dance and then tomorrow will tell you all about it, which probably won’t be more than that we went and danced, and ate and danced some more and got home late and am tired.

I sure am glad that you can get away for a week in June, dear, and if I can live that long with you, I know I’ll camp at the Depot the night before. Just think six weeks more and then what. I wonder what is going to become of me this summer. I mean what I’m going to do, sell peanuts or pencils.

I wish I could keep you from working Sunday mornings. How late did you work? And did you get to go swimming afterwards. You all sure must be having a good time. I wish I was.

Sweetheart don’t you worry about me going to mass. I am going to help make that porch a whole lot nicer than it is. I wouldn’t go up there for less than a million and I don’t see that coming in anywhere.

I am so glad that you are feeling so good dearest and hope that you keep it up. Haven’t I always told you that you were good looking honey.

Well I sure will be thinking about you tonight dear, and wish that I was going with you, how many times have I said that.

I love you Sweetheart,

With all my love,

Otto