

Unknown Date
Unknown Origin

Unknown Postage

Wednesday Afternoon

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

Well sweetheart I am just about ready to come back to Texas haven't done much of anything today , slept pretty late, took a car ride and came back, I've gotten so I don't eat dinner anymore. I guess it's because I eat my breakfast so late but I drink about 6 gallons and ever more Soda water seems like I'm thirsty all the time.

I just came back Kress' went brimming around so I stopped by the Music counter and listened to about 6 million pieces. Then after I had heard I'm always blowing bubbles for the 199th time I bought it. So if you don't know how to play it already you might as well learn, because I'm going to ask you to play it for me.

Some day when I get up enough nerve I've got a whole lot to tell you what I've learned about the ways of the world. It has surprised me and unless I'm very badly mistaken will surprise you also.

This isn't going to be a very long letter because there's nothing doing today. Guess I'll go out and see Ethel tomorrow night, hope that she and Boo will go to Galveston Sunday, because that's where I intend to be and will either go back to Houston or leave Galveston for Dallas Monday, I'm really ready to start right now as far as that goes, but I've got passes so why not use them?

What did Miss Mary say when you told her about that ring? I suppose it made her feel pretty bad.

Well I certainly hope I get a letter when I get to Houston, it seems like ages since I've seen you much less heard from you.

Lots of love,

Otto

P.S. Darling mine I just feel like writing page after page and tell you how much I think of you, but I know you don't like to read those kind of letters so you'll just have to guess what I've insinuated here. I've told you so many times that I love you, and I really [sic] do, and I know that many letters I act like I don't, but it makes me feel awful bad for you to tell me that I don't that's [sic] makes me feel like I am living for nothing, and that you

feel the same towards me, and I couldn't bear to have things that way. I guess I had better stop before I go to [sic] far. I certainly hope you aren't as lonesome as I am, and I know your not.

Lots of love Sweetheart,

Otto.

Enclosure: pressed flowers