

February 7, 1916
Houston, TX
4:30 p.m.
2 cents

Miss Gainor Roberts
206 S. Willomet
Dallas, Texas

Dear Gainor,

I wish I could evaf (?) awhile, instead though, I have to work extra hard because we have our mid-terms next week and they always mean a whole lot. I don't know whether I can study much after what has happened to-day.

I am not in the habit of writing such things in Spanish and then getting there in the wrong letter. No I meant it all. I'll see if you can read Spanish – someday. ~~Entonces sera usted mi mujer? Now translate that.~~

Well I sure did get a surprise, and it was a surprise too. I first came back from Math class when they rang my bell for a phone call. Well, I didn't answer because these blooming sophs. have a habit of doing that and then when you come down to the office they either make you do something or they strap you. So one of the boys came and told me I had a phone call and I sure "beat it" for the phone. I had never seen that number before and I had no idea who it was. So I proceed to phone. Ethel says I bet you never can guess who this is. I just said right away what in the world are you doing down here? Maybe you think I wasn't tickled, think of seeing someone just from Dallas. Well the best I could do was to make a dates, so to-night I am going to see her. Will wait an finish this letter after I've had a talk with Ethel.

No, thank goodness, Rice is not 11 nor 20 miles from the village of Houston. We are only five miles from the Rice Hotel which is considered the centre (sic) of the business district. By Jove that's far enough. It takes forty-five minutes or more to get into town.

I sure wish I was up there to go with Gib and Si. I went to see My Ladies Slipper, last Monday. It sure was good. I saw it twice. Gib sure wrote me some letter. I thought I never would quit laughing. I didn't know what in the world it was when I first got it.

Did you know that if one of your fingers was amputated it could still itch? Well, it's an established fact.

It is know 12:15 a.m. I together with 10 others missed the last car to the Institute and consequently had to walk. Oh but, Gainor, if you were only here. I sure was glad to see Ethel, and hear about everything. All of that stuff which Frank and Gordon have been receiving from Joe is simply pure nonsense. Ethel told me all about it. If some people would paddle

their own cause instead of trying to paddle other people's they would get along a whole lot better.

I got a letter from Joe in which he flatly denied having said anything about Gordon having a date with you that Sunday night. Well I wrote back and gave him our conversation in detail, but told him that he or I one had simply misunderstood one another. So Joe writes again and says that he told you we had settled the matter without an explanation, but I think we did have one. Now don't you think I have told you like a good little boy what he said?

I am going to take Ethel to see the Rice – Tulane B.B. game next Monday night. Wish you were here to go along also. It sure seemed funny to call on Ethel down here. Well, I guess I've said enough foolishness until the next time.

Otto