

October 6, 1916
Houston, TX
8:30 a.m.
2 cents

Miss Gainor Roberts
131 N. Clinton
Dallas, Texas

Dear Gainor,

I wish you were here and could go to Austin with us Saturday. That is all that can be heard around this place. The Texas Game. It sure is going to be an (sic) game. I believe that the whole school is going. They are going to give us a holiday Saturday. They might as well. The special or rather Owl Special carrying the Band and the students, oh yes and a lunch car, leaves Houston at 6:30 a.m. Saturday. We are going to have breakfast out here at five o'clock and then special cars will take us to the depot. Yesterday (Tuesday) we had a pep meeting. It was the first one which the girls have ever attended because usually they are held after supper and girls are not allowed on the grounds after five. Believe me there sure was some pep shown if that goes to Austin together with the team, old Texas better look out. Of course, it is a hard matter for a school as young as Rice to beat one as old as State, but the team is simply raring to get at them and the fellows are right behind the team. Whatever happens it won't be 74 - 0 as was the case with SMU. There is a boy on the team by the name of Bell from Oklahoma. What part I haven't been able to find out. I know he sure can kick a ball. Read the paper Sunday morning and if we get beat, be sure and go to the Oklahoma - Texas game and I know who you will root for. I'll be there in spirit if not with body. Several of the boys who live in North Texas, especially Dallas are going up during the Fair. You see Rice plays TCU at Ft. Worth during that time and then they are coming to Dallas and see the A & M/Haskell game. They want me to go along, but I'm afraid it'll cost to (sic) much to go to Austin and Dallas, too. Anyway, I wouldn't get to stay long enough to do any good.

I phoned Ethel last night and she told me that she had got a letter from you. She sure was tickled. She is going to be leaving here before long and I believe from what she says that she is going to stay, and then that will leave me all by my lonesome again. But I'm coming home Christmas and if I feel then like I do now I am sure going to paint the town red.

No, my roommate hasn't ask (sic) me to go to church yet because I go anyway. Even though you didn't do what you tried to, you did one thing that no one ever had or ever would have been able to do and that is get me interested in going to church. Why before I knew you, I went to Sunday School, not because I wanted to but because they made me. I have practically been my own boss along certain lines for 3 years now and they never tell me to go to church, etc. So you see you did do a whole lot after all.

Well, I'm out of stationery. So I'll have to use this paper for the rest of the letter.

Gainor, whoever told you that I said you would be alright if you didn't have dark hair and dark eyes, is a big one. I never even thought of saying such a thing. You are as sweet as you can be just like you are, and I don't want you any other way.

I wish you would express your feelings a little more instead of letting up on them. You seem to express them to other people but never to me.

I haven't seen any of those pictures you were going to have made of you and Helena, and I sure want some of those Kodak pictures. Gainor, please tear that old postal up, why that thing is simply awful.

Last night a bunch of upperclassmen including myself went to the Owl and while we were there some Freshmen came in. Well, we needed some entertainment, so we had one sing a song, another dance and then some speeches. My roommate happened to be one of them. I told him to dance and he sure danced. He called it an Irish dance. They always have to keep it up until they do something that pleases and every now and then that is pretty hard to do.

I had a letter from Jimmie day before yesterday and he told me some things that sorter gave me the Blues, and I felt awful rotten all morning. We were supposed to have a class meeting at 12:30 for the purpose of electing officers and I came very near not going, but when I left that meeting I felt more than repaid.

Who should they elect for President but myself. Think of it. While I was in High school I thought that maybe I might someday be President of my class, but never did I dream that I would be President of my class at a University. I tell you I simply can't say how I felt.

That afternoon I had chem. lab and was walking back from it with another boy when 8 sophomore girls in a Cadillac came along and picked us up. They had kidnapped two little Freshmen and were teasing the life out of them. Well we rode around and picked boys up here and there and finally we got a prof. There were exactly sixteen people in that car. Five in the front seat and I was one of them. How I got out, I still don't see. We made the Freshman get the Victrola from the Commons and we went to a park just across from the School and spent the rest of the afternoon in dancing. It was the bestest time I have seen since leaving.

I love you.

Otto