

November 26, 1916  
Houston, TX  
5:00 a.m.  
2 cents

Miss Gainor Roberts  
131 N. Clinton  
Dallas, Texas

My dear Gainor,

Wecelso, have been having some awful weather, but it has got pretty again now, and I sure hope it stays for at least another week because we have never had a bad day for a football game and we are expecting a pretty stiff game. The team played in Louisiana today and tied them 7 – 7. I sure am sorry that they didn't win, but still a tie is a whole lot better than a loss.

Honey, I sure hope you have got over the Blues. What was the matter? I haven't had them very bad in quite awhile and I sure am glad, because – oh well you know how they make you feel.

I don't believe that I could ever have a better time here than I could have over at Ethel's when the bunch is over, or at least some of them. But I did have a good time and I expect that I will have another one next Thursday night, if I don't it sure isn't going to be my fault.

I had a letter from Mother the other day or rather last Saturday and she reminded me that it wasn't long before Christmas and she would get to feed me again. She says and maybe to see a little more of you, than we did the last time. I wrote and told her that she could expect me to be home Christmas Eve night but outside of that I wouldn't promise her any night. I'll have to wait and see what kind of an answer I get tomorrow. Mother don't know what kind of a boy her (darling ?) son is getting to be.

Nov. 25

Goodness, it is awful coolish this morning, but for one time not foggy.

I know you all had a good time last night, and I sure wish I could have been there. I sure thought about you all about nine o'clock last night. I had to go to Biology lab and work on some slides we are making. It sure is interesting work, and I simply couldn't help wishing that I was in Dallas. I've got thirty slides of different tissues etc. They are being stained and mounted for permanent slides. It is an awful long and tedious process but when you get good results you forget about the hard work. The substances to be stained are cut to 1/5000 (and less) of a mm. Of course, they are first imbedded in paraffin and a long ribbon is made, as each section is cut. I'll have to tell you how it is done sometimes because I can't describe things very well in writing.

I'll finish this later because I've got to go to Math and figure the most economical proportions for constructing a tin can.

Well, now I am through for this afternoon and I sure am glad. This week has been awful short but I am beginning to like the short ones the best. I've got to go to lab tomorrow (Sun) afternoon for about two hours. Better come down and lend me a little company, or have you got something else you had rather do?

I had a letter from Gib the other day, the second one I have had since coming down here. I've had one from Joe, none from any of the rest of the bunch. Gib wrote half of his letters exactly backwards. I couldn't make heads or tails of it. He told me that he was expecting to come down here before long and wanted to know how he could get me. I sure hope he comes before long because I'm crazy to see some one from up there.

Have you heard from James lately? I have been owing him a letter for almost a month and am thinking seriously about writing him this afternoon. I'm simply overworked and don't feel like writing all the time.

This letter is certainly full of ink spots and misspelled words but I generally get excited when I write to some one that I think a whole lot of. Don't cha know?

Gainor, I sure hope you don't have to go away out there, and even if you do go that you don't stay. Of course, it is natural that you should want to see your own people and that they should want to see you, but still I can't bear to think about it. If you go out there to stay I know that I am going to West Point and the quicker I get away the better because Ethel won't be there much longer, I don't guess. And if you go away, there won't be anything for me in Dallas anymore. It is not so much the town as it is the people, and if I had to stay around home all the time with no one to go see – why I would go crazy. That place is further away than I will ever get unless I am sent there. I would rather continue the study of medicine, but then there are some things that would make me lose interest in that.

This freshman of mine has started counting the minutes until he gets thru with his examinations. I told him that Freshman always had to stay longer than anyone else. He doesn't know whether to believe me or not.

I am glad that you like working, but don't say that you are afraid of the dark. The only way to get over that is to get out in it. Now I don't mean to run around in the dark by yourself.

I am a poor hand at saying what to crochet, but I do want to ask you just one question and I wish you would answer it please in your next letter. What do you want Santa Claus to bring you?

After Christmas, I am afraid this school won't be very big because to (sic) many are going to fail on the exams. Three freshmen left last week because they thought they couldn't pass.

Oh yes, class football begins next Monday. The first game is between the Juniors and the Freshmen. The Freshmen have an awful strong team, being made up almost entirely of scrubs. The best game will be pulled off between the Sophs and the Fish. The fish have got the heaviest line, but we have got the fight and backfield. Our backfield consists of track men. The holder of the State title in the mile, Kirksey who has taken part in the Olympic games, the holder of the 100 yard dash in Louisiana. There we have three title holders. Anyway Freshman are afraid of Sophomores now. Don't eat to (sic) much Thanksgiving because Xmas is coming.

With love, Otto