

March 19, 1917
Houston, TX
8:30 a.m.
2 cents

Miss Gainor Roberts
114 N. Winnetka Ave.
Dallas, Texas

Dear Gainor,

No, we, at least I didn't celebrate last Friday night, but I sure did Saturday night and all day to day and to night. I was so tired last Friday, I simply didn't feel like even moving around. Our math exam wasn't very hard. We had every one of those problems that I sent you, of course all plus some more in one question. There wasn't much sense to them, I'll admit, because they were formulas or problems from which we derive formulas that you have to use all the time so they were very important. I was just about dead Friday night, but Jack was almost blowed up. He had already busted two exams and he was afraid of Math, so I stayed up and tried to teach him all I knew. He says that he passed it. I took him on night and tried to teach him some Biology, but still he busted the exam. You remember I made my lowest grade in that last term. Well, I made a 2+ on the final. That's the only one of my grades that I've found out. They're not supposed to tell you, but then I have got a pretty good stand in there. If Jack don't bust out, he will at least be on probation. I sure am going to make him study this term. I know that sounds rather big, but I believe that I can do it.

I'll agree with you, last week was the longest one I have passed since Xmas. Gee, I thought it never would pass.

You know why I want to see you because Ick libe dick. See. I don't know whether my dream was good or bad from week was the longest one I have passed since Xmas. Gee, I thought it never would pass.

You know why I want to see you because Ick libe dick. See. I don't know whether my dream was good or bad from my way of looking at it. It was rather bad, that is for me. Gainor, dear, it won't be long before you won't have to dream about seeing me because tomorrow the third term begins and then it won't be long before good old June rolls around. Houston sure won't be able to hold me the night that I leave here. You know I feel so funny every time I think about that.

I picked a pansy out of the flower bed for you and am sending it along with this letter. We sure have got lots of them.

I came pretty near going to church again this morning Jack came over and wanted me to go, but by the time I had decided to go it was to (sic) late, so neither of us went. We are going to wait until Easter Sunday now and then blossom forth.

How has Martha changed? I never did think that John like Martha so very much.

Say, please tell me if a girl by the name of Ethel Botto still lives in Dallas. If not, can you tell me her whereabouts. I haven't heard from her since heck was a pup, and he's a full grown dog now. You needn't say anything to her about it though. Hear!

I sure would like to go to a dance at the tennis club once again. It sure has been a long time since I was there. I guess I do remember the dance you were speaking about. I know I didn't have very good time that night. But I know all about it now.

My eye isn't black any more. It has turned blue now. It is still pretty sore though. I love brown eyes a whole lot better than blue one.

We sure did give the Freshmen a bit tonight. It seems that after every exam. Hey, think themselves to be as good as upperclassmen or sophomores, and then we have to come along and take them down a notch. This morning a bunch of them came to breakfast without any socks on. That is looked on as a very great offense because it takes quite a bit of time to put them on, especially when the breakfast bell is ringing. We got all their names and then went around to pay them a little visit.

I wish I had been there to go celebrating with you and Ethel. What did you do, go to the Roseland. Are they building the Old Mill back again? I saw the best picture show last night. I have forgot the name but it was some Scotch scene.

Yours with love,

Otto