

January 15, 1918  
Houston, TX  
8:30 a.m.  
5 cents

Miss Gainor Roberts  
210 West Tenth Street  
Dallas, Texas

Oh, sweetheart, I have been so homesick for the last few days, but especially to-day. Every thing has just been going backwards. When I read that poem that you sent me I just thought, well that is exactly opposite from the way I have been acting since last Friday night. I had to go or rather asked to go before the military committee to-day It is composed of Captain Regan, McCants (sec. to Pres.) and Graustein (at the head of the exam com.) They are a pretty hard lot to face at times, but I was sure determined to tell them what I thought. I'll tell you what it was about. The other day one of the boys came into the dining room wearing a little skull cap and as I was passing out, I hit him on the head and jerked his cap off. Well, he put it back on and I took it off again. That took place for three times. You see I never had told him to take it off because it wasn't my business. That is up to the Officer of the Day. Well, somebody turned this boy in for insubordination, and Captain Regan asked me about it and I told him just how it was and that that wasn't the case at all. Well, he asked me how I left the cap, on or off and I told him on. Well, that settled it so far as he was concerned and he determined to expel the boy. So this morning I wrote out a permit asking permission to appear before the committee. Well, is sure told them what I thought and just exactly how it occurred. They tried their best to get me mixed up, but for one I would not get rattled. What they are going to do with him, I don't know. We also have another one under arrest, a senior at that who did refuse to obey orders and he will probably be expelled from the school.

This afternoon I went to lab. You know I have chem. lab just about all day Monday (20:30 – 12:30) (1:15 – 5:30). Sometimes we can start something going and can leave for an hour or so, maybe more. Well, that is what I did this afternoon and in between I went down in the 210 lab. Well, we have a prof in chemistry that no one likes, and he asked me what I was doing there, etc. I told him nothing. He didn't say anything, so I started out and one of the girls happened to ask me a question and I stopped to explain it. Well, here he comes and says "now get out" like he was talking to a dog or something. I managed to keep my temper just a little while longer, but I took my good time in walking out and that got his goat, so he repeated it, and then I reminded him in a not to (sic) polite way that I was human and didn't intend to be ordered around like was a dog, etc. (Soupee is just blowing again.) Later on he came around and wanted to smooth everything over, but you know how stubborn I am. So you see, honey, this life gets awful sometimes, and I sure was glad to get over here this afternoon and find your letter. Oh, honey, I can't hardly wait from one to the other.

I had a letter from Gibbons the other day. He also seemed to be of the opinion that it was cold up there. Well, it sure has been down here and a new Norther just came up this afternoon. It snowed here last Thursday night and Friday morning for the first time in 23 years. We went walking Thursday night in shirt sleeves an the next morning the ground is

white. It was a pretty good snow. Many of the boys and girls here had never seen snow, so you can imagine how they felt. The wind was something terrible, and then it was snowing to (sic) and you could hardly see where you were going. I had lots of fun that day, snowballing, etc. Took some pictures with straw hats on. One we took early in the morning, three of us were in shirt sleeves and had on straw hats. I am afraid it isn't going to be any good though. But Friday night, honey, I just got to thinking and you know how you feel sometimes when you have a pretty good time, but you just feel like someone is missing. Well, I sure felt that way and I was so lonesome for you, and I just thought about that night (Xmas night) when it was so cold and you and I walked from Clanton's down home. Do you reckon summer will ever come?

Yesterday, I went out to Camp Logan with some friends here in town and I sure met a fine set of lieutenants. They were in the artillery and some were nice to me, one of them, especially. These people had told him that I had been wanting to join something and he got to talking and said for me to stay out of it as long as I could and above all things, not to quit school. He told me that maybe I didn't realize it now, but someday I would be sorry if I quite school. I told him just how I felt about it, that practically all the boys at home had joined and the same thing was taking place down here, but he only told me to keep my seat that when the time came I would get all I wanted.

I know this letter is going to sound rather fishy, but, honey, it isn't. I am going to tell you another happening now. Last Sat. night we had a basketball game and I wore a blue hat cord to town because I get tired of saluting but more so of having men salute me when they are worth a hundred times more than I am. I have a badge with US ROTC on my overcoat. Remember I had it in my pocket when I was home. Well, that is absolutely all that distinguishes us from the Army, but they still salute so I just thought I would wear blue. Well, I had been saluting to all the officers whom I saw. We really don't have to do it, but it keeps us from explaining every minute. I was walking thru a sorter dark place and I saw a soldier coming, but I couldn't see his cord and I couldn't see the braid on his overcoat so I just passed him up. Well, the first thing I knew he was coming back towards me and stopped me and started bawling me out for not saluting. I saw then that he was a second lieutenant and it's hard to see that old brown braid even when there is plenty of light. So I just slipped my left arm around in front of me, and sorter held it up to him so he could see the insignia on it and I think he started to jump me for not standing at attention when he saw the badge. He didn't say another word but just turned around and walked off. It sure tickled me. He wasn't anything but a "Bevo" anyway. A little further on, I met a boy named Billups. He went to school out here last year and is now a cadet at Ellington Field. He and I were good friends. He had just gotten in and was trying to find a room in a hotel, so I went with him and we had a long talk. He is flying now and said he would be on cross country work in a few days. He said he didn't know whether they would let him take anyone up from out here, but if they would, he sure would give me a ride. You know, there is just lots of room to land out here and they are always flying over, so I hope he gets permission because I sure do want to go. He is a fellow that sure will keep his word, but I don't guess that they will let him. I never was lucky that way.

What in the world is Joe up to now? Tell me what he said, will you, honey, you'll forget by next summer.

Honey, if you were waiting on our table, I wouldn't exactly care for the biggest dishes. You know, it's what's on them that counts, but I don't ever want you to wait on me. When I am eating, you'll have to eat also.

I had to press a pair of trousers for Punk this afternoon. I left lab early (4:30) and came over. Punk was just getting good started on them when Captain Regan sent word for Punk to report to him. He was on for OD so I told him I would finish them for him. The way to get the crease straight is to have the seams on both sides together. See, one on top of the other, very simple.

Two weeks ago at this time, I was talking to you over the telephone and now -----.

These are all of the clippings that I have, but will be getting some from basketball now, mostly why we didn't win or something similar.

I know this letter is sorter mixed up and sounds just like I said it did, but it isn't.

Don't forget to tell me what Martha told you. Will you not?

With just lots and lots of love.

Otto