

January 29, 1918
Houston, TX
9:30 a.m.
9 cents

Miss Gainor Roberts
210 West Tenth Street
Dallas, Texas

Well, honey mine, how do you like your new place of business? I hope you will like it as well as you did your last place and I guess you will. Isn't it funny how lots of times you think you would like to leave a place and then when the time of leaving comes, well you sorter hate to go. But there is one place I know I will be glad to leave and have no desire whatsoever to return to and that is this one, honey if I live thru this school year, and at the end in June am still as sane as I am now (which isn't saying much) I certainly will be happy. Never in all my life did I want to see a year end so much.

Yes, if I get to go to SMU this summer it will save me a whole year. You see I can go to Galveston next year and get my AB degree just the same as if I stay here, but of course it will be from Texas and if I ever do get a MD at Gal. It of course would also be from Texas and that wasn't exactly what I wanted. I wanted the two degrees from two different institutions. It really doesn't matter, but somehow I feel like Rice, that is the Rice of old, not the one that is here now, but the one that used to be and the one that we all hope to see return in a short time is going to carry a big name along educational lines, not only in the South but also up North.

Honey, I think a whole lot about this war also and, at times, I want to go, especially when I am thrown in a circle where war seems to be the chief topic of conversation. I can't be blamed for that I am just is able to go as those who have already gone, but Gainor, I would like to do what I have set out to do. I don't know, if peace was declared tomorrow I may never have a chance to finish school, but I have overcome everything so far and I guess I can tackle some more. I wish I could feel like I was really going to be just some thing some of these days, but I always feel like I have fooled everybody but myself and sometimes even that. Punk and I both have the same feeling about each other. You know, he is taking architectural and sometimes he feels a whole lot worse than I did Christmas Eve night. Gainor, I'll tell you what it's an unexplainable way. (Well, I don't know what I am driving at, do you?)

Honey, I wish I could have heard that sermon because I always like to hear that kind, and it is no doubt a fact that medical and biological students become materialistic, but honey it can't be helped because if you study the fundamentals of biology if you study embryology (rudiment of an organizer) you can't help but see that man is like lower organisms that man to-day in his embryo state has gill slits, like a fish and a tail like a calf or cat or anything would have. The average student is apt to accept this without consideration because there certainly are two sides to the question. I have changed a whole lot in what I used to believe about Biology because the more you study it, the more you see that it isn't absolutely perfect. I believe in evolution but that doesn't hurt, does it? I want to join a church some of these

days, but, honey, I hate to have to adopt or follow a creed. You remember Mr. Ewell that used to preach at the Christian Church. He is coming to preach at the South End Christian Church here, and I think I shall go here him next Sunday.

Oh, honey, I sure am glad that was just a dream you had, and far be it from me to tell you that you have to marry him. Never. I'm not John Alton because when I speak I sure intend to speak for myself, that is one time I am not going to bother about the other fellow.

Last Friday night, I had a date with Ethel. Boo went to a banquet given by the Gulf people and Ethel couldn't go, so I went out to see her. She has learned how to knit and was knitting a sweater for the soldiers or a soldier she said. I was afraid to ask hr if it was for Boo in case

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Punk and Stone both had to appear before the Board and they don't know where they will have to go. I sure hope it isn't this school year because I don't know what I would do if both of them were to leave.

We split the basketball games with A&M winning the first but losing the second.

I have so many clippings. I don't know whether I can send them all in this letter or not. Things certainly have been moving fast since I last wrote you. That was just the beginning of our so-called "Riot" last Thursday night some one took the fire hose on the fourth floor, upon the roof placed it down the chimney that leads into Captain Regan's room and turned the water on. Now it happened that the military committee was having a meeting in there, and this noble body of men were rather surprised at the sudden deluge and naturally it took one of their number quite a while to run up to the fourth floor to cut it off, and coming from the fire hose you can imagine how it must have "soaked" the room. The same night the large lights in the Hall were broken and fuses blown as fast as they were put in. Friday night anyone who wanted a permit to go to town got it very easily. They were glad to get rid of them. Saturday morning all the officers were called before the trustees. The men even higher than the president, the last ones to whom we could go for a redress of grievances and for 2 ½ hours we talked with them, told them what was wrong and what we wanted. You know some of the students have a tendency to believe that the Officers' are cahoots with the military committee which is absolutely not the case and which we have let them know. Anyway, we got the trustees to call a meeting of the student body for 10 o'clock this (Monday) morning and there let the students talk just as we had. Preliminary to that the officers once again had to be the goats and go before the Trustees at 9 o'clock. Four hours and 15 minutes, honey, you've read about big law cases where the hearing lasted so and so many hours. Well, that is what the meeting this morning reminded me of. The Trustees are all, I believe, lawyers of fame and men who know how to make a talk and also from the student body there were lots of fine talks made. It was an experience I shall never forget and it isn't over with yet because they told us that so long as we came to them in a rebellious spirit we would get absolutely nothing, so long as we came with a threat we would get nothing, but for us a student body in meeting assembled repudiate the Anonymous publication called TAPE and then appoint a committee submit our desires to them in writing, and then let them act upon it. We also had to pledge our allegiance to the Rules and Regulations now in force until modified or

repealed. Just to show you how serious the situation was, they sent special delivery letters to every one of our parents advising them of the situation or at least as much of it as they knew and telling them to advise us to stay here and obey all regulations. This to be done by telegram. I got a telegram from home this afternoon. Further more, they wouldn't let us resign which meant that if we left we would be kicked out and would not be able to get our credits from here. So you see they had us – but it's a good thing that they (Trustees) came out and took things in their hands because tonight had been planned by the students. As a general walkout night and it was certainly going thru because these men are in earnest and the trustees have found it out. Now if we don't get what we want, but I think we will. There is but one thing left to do – quit, and though we could stand it, the University cannot and after all that is what we must look out for.

Honey, I guess you think I'm a little off writing as I have to-night, but I sure feel all in after what we went thru this morning. I am awful lonesome to-night, sweetheart, and sure would give anything to be with you. Honey, four months seems just as long to me as five. Why it seems like I have been here six already. I try not to worry but sometimes I simply can't help it. I hope your cold is still improving (meaning that I hope it is getting better). Good night, honey, pleasant dreams not like the last ones you had.

With lots and lots of love,

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