

April 9, 1918
Houston, TX
8:30 a.m.
3 cents

Miss Gainor Roberts
210 West Tenth Street
Dallas, Texas

No, honey, I haven't been sick. I am or at least I'm sorter under the weather, just simply tired out. I don't remember ever feeling as tired as I do just now.

We have just about gotten out of the habit of sleeping and for the last few nights it has been extraordinarily late or I guess I'd better say early. Night before last for once we all went to bed at the same time (12:15), but none of us were sleepy so one of the boys decided that as he couldn't sleep none of us were going to. So he would sing, whistle, recite, and make noise in general. Well, we couldn't sleep so we all got up again, found a banana peeling in the room, so we all went filing out to find the night watchman. We were going to complain to him about that banana peeling. Well, we couldn't find him, so we went upstairs, woke some boys up and presented them with our find. They haven't gotten back at us yet, but. I don't know why we couldn't sleep unless it was that sardine sandwiches aren't good to eat late at night because we had some of those.

Last night, we were up until 12:45 cleaning up for batallion (sic) inspection which we had this morning. Oh honey, that was awful.

Yesterday morning, Captain Regan got a telegram that Colonel Miller from San Antonio would be here this (Mon) morning to inspect the Batallion (sic) and quarters. Well, he went right up in the air, so did we for that matter. I never saw such an industrious place as this was yesterday afternoon and last night. Everybody cleaning up like they never had before, and honey this morning we DRILLED. From seven until eleven we were on the parade ground just giving it a fit. I can understand now why lots of fellows faint in such a thing. I came out feeling better than ever, but I had lab this afternoon and that is when I began feeling bad.

Honey, this morning our company carried off the honors. Had the best line while passing in review, and later he gave us calisthenics and he gave us a good compliment on that. So see I guess I had better be a solider. I had a letter from brother Saturday, and honeymine he wants me to join or rather go to a training camp. I told him that I had tried to go and that they wouldn't take me and that now I was going to see that they didn't get me. But he doesn't se things that way, but Honey I do and I wouldn't go for anything now. Of course I may not even get to go to Galveston next year, but then again I may and if I do sweetheart, then we can teach each other things. I don't blame you for liking Red Cross work because it is interesting and the more practical it gets the better you will like it. Oh Honey, I wish I just lacked one year from finishing a medical school, instead of just entering.

No, I haven't told any of the profs that I wouldn't be back next year, but they don't give a rap anyway.

Punk is having an awful time in his first few days in the Army. The first week he was there, one man in his tent died and another one cut his throat. No, I don't care to go to the Army.

Honey, it's only eight weeks until school is out. Just eight weeks from tonight, I'll either be with you honey or be on my way up there. That doesn't sound so very long does it? It is though, and just as you say each week gets a little longer.

I had another letter from "Jack" Friday. Haven't had a chance to answer it again, though.

Honey, I'm so lonesome these days. I just dream about you all day long. You can't realize how much I want to be with you. Oh, I'd just give anything if I could kiss you right now.

Well, dear, I'm going to bed and dream that I am up there and that we are out in the swing.

I wish you could have been here to help us eat the ice cream last Sunday.

With lots of love, honey,

Otto