

April 19, 1918
Houston, TX
8:30 p.m.
3 cents

Miss Gainor Roberts
210 West Tenth Street
Dallas, Texas

Gainor, honey it would be sorter hard for me to tell what has been happening to me here lately, but it's mostly on account of my French prof and the amount of work they have been giving us in chemistry. I feel alright now though, or rather feel better, and honey dear I sure haven't forgotten what I promised you. I guess I was just kind of worked up when I wrote that because I never would have done it and I don't think first, what Gainor, honey it would be sorter hard for me to tell what has been happening to me here lately, but it's mostly on account of my French prof and the amount of work they have been giving us in chemistry. I feel alright now though, or rather feel better, and honey dear I sure haven't forgotten what I promised you. I guess I was just kind of worked up when I wrote that because I never would have done it and I don't think first, what you would think about it. See, that's just me. You know what I told you once about my ideal and that is what I am always striving to live up to. But honey you are so much better than I. It's rather hard to do. But to me that is what makes life worth while because if I didn't have something to look forward to, life wouldn't be very interesting.

Well, I won't get to finish this right now because I have to go to lab just so I get out as early as I did last Friday, but I'm afraid not.

You know honey I sure am on the fence. I spilled the beans the other day. Always about this time the different professors (sic) want to find out about how many are going to take certain courses, so they can start ordering apparatus and material, especially for labs. Well, Dr. Muller did that the other day. Everybody was supposed to hand in a slip with the course desired. I didn't hand any in and a little later when he was looking over them, he found it out and asked me why, so I know of hesitated and told him. Well, he like to have had a fit and three others in the department happened to hear him and out they came. Well, poor little me was all blowed up. Dr. Muller said he wouldn't give me a recommendation and he wasn't going to pass me and all sorts of things just to keep me from leaving next year. Of course, he was just joking, at least I hope so. They are going to give a course here next year in physiology. Of course that is exactly what I would want and will take next year anyway. They are not going to allow over 6 or 7 to take the course and I'll be the only boy in it. It is going to be given by a man named Frizzel who gets his master degree this year. He has been taking post graduate work and at the same time assisting in Freshmen lab. So he and I naturally know each other powerful well. He is just a young man and might fine. He sure wants me to stay and be his "assistant". Well, I wouldn't like anything better and I know that there isn't another course that I could get more out of. They require you to at least be taking chemistry along with the course and see this is already my third year in college chemistry and I would take it again next year. Not to be bragging on my self but "we" sure could put that

course through. The girls that are figuring on taking it are just those that have had Biology three years, and because they think they are going to have a snap. They didn't know which of the advanced courses to take and had the nerve to ask me, as if I know what they ought to take.

Well, honey, I thought I never was going to get away from lab. There is going to be another public lecture in Biology to-night so I staid (sic) and helped fix up some demonstrations for it.

Yesterday afternoon, I happened to meet Mr. McCants and so I asked him if I could get my credits at anytime from the office, and he said yes, but why do you want to know. So I told him what I was figuring on doing, and he politely told me I was a fool. He said that in after years, my degree from rice would certainly mean a whole lot more than the same degree from State and I absolutely agree with him there. You know I told you that was the only thing I hated. I was supposed to go see him this morning, but didn't get a chance. But be that as it may, I am going to Galveston one week from tomorrow and find out all I want to know. I guess I will have to make up physics this summer. Ding it. (sic)

They all want me to take my degree here and then go to Johns Hopkins. But if I ever go up there it will be one full school year before I can come back. Anyway, I'm not going.

Well "we officers" have got something new again. During rill now we have to wear sabers and honey I've already cut my face with it once. We were going thru the manual of the sabre (sic) and I happened to get to (sic) fancy and cut myself. I lived over it, though.

One of my roommates has been going out to see a girl a whole lot here lately, and he is going out again tomorrow night. So a bunch of boys here have framed up on him and are going to have his trunk sent out to him tomorrow night. Of course, we are not supposed to know anything about and are all going to leave supposedly for town before he does so he won't suspicion us. I sure would like to see him though when he gets his trunk. Honey, I'm afraid that some one is going to send my trunk up to your house some night, but for my part, I would like it.

No, in the ROMC you don't have to drill and you don't have to wear uniforms, but you sure do have to study.

Well, sweetheart, I wish you were here so I would feel like going to the dance next week ad know I could have a good time, but as it is it doesn't even interest me. Anyway, the day after I'm not going to be here, so - I intended to phone Boo before he left for San Antonio but couldn't get hold of a telephone until it was always to (sic) late to phone. Have you heard from Ethel?

With just lots and lots of love, dearest.

Otto

Honey, the candy came many, many thanks for it. It sure is good and you know I was just wishing for something good to eat. Honey, you just simply can't be beat. With thanks many times from the "household", sweetheart.