

April 23, 1918
Houston, TX
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3 cents

Miss Gainor Roberts
210 West Tenth Street
Dallas, Texas

Honey mine, how are you feeling now? I sure was sorry to hear that you were sick. Honey, if my letter made you feel any better, I sure am glad of it, but I guess you oughtn't to have gotten out of bed to answer it. Honey, be sue and take good care of yourself because I sure don't like for you to be sick. I'm about halfway that way myself tonight and have been for about two weeks now, but I keep starving it off. I can't afford to get sick this late in the game.

Hone, I know that by going here next year I would be quite a bit better prepared for the medical school, but that isn't the question with me just now. It seems to me that I have been knocking around about long enough and it's time for me to either learn something or get out and try to make a living. To tell the truth, I don't believe I can do either. I can't hardly wait until Saturday comes, so I can find out a little bit more definite about what I am going to do. Every day someone asks me if I am coming back next year and then when I say no rather emphatically, they seem so surprised and always tell me I'd better come back. It sorter makes me feel as though I were just a little important. I wouldn't mind it half so much if it wasn't for the military system. I'm sick and tired of it. It's getting now to where it's almost a farce because so many are leaving.

Honey, you have no idea how many boys are leaving mostly juniors and seniors. So many are being drafted. Pebble leaves tomorrow night. He had a little hard luck. You see when the Seniors have passed the first two terms and the first half of the last term, they are given their degrees. Well, Pebble waited until last week before he decided to join the Navy. The same day that he telegraphed his board for a release, he got his notice to appear. Seven boys are leaving again this week. That doesn't sound like very many but among our already thinned ranks, it's a whole lot. Especially, when five out of that seven were cadet officers.

Honey, you remember I told you about another lecture last Friday night. Well, the funniest thing happened. I started over at about ten minutes to eight and I met Dr. Muller. So he began telling me about Dr. Altenberg wanting to use the rabbits that we have in the lecture. So I told him I would help him get them. So we went out to the cages and got 8 little rabbits and then two big ones. We put the little ones in one cage and the other two in a cage a piece. Everything seemed alright until we started off with them. You see the lecture had already started and what could be more comical than us two coming busting into that big room carrying rabbit cages. We got just as far as the door and got cold feet. Everything looked to (sic) "august" for us. So we both got tickled and simply couldn't go any further. Then Dr. Muller got started. First he wanted (?) to throw the rabbits in the door one at a time and see how many times he could hit Dr. Altenberg. Then he said maybe the best way would be to go

upstairs and drop them down. But we didn't do either. We sat outside and waited because we knew he was going to show some lantern slide and we were going to slip in then. After we had been out there quite a while, he turned out the lights for a slide. Well, we started in, me first and I had just got in when on went the lights. Next scene, out I went. Then the lights went out again, so I told Dr. Muller to go in first. Everything went alright this time and we lost no time in finding a seat. Honey, I laughed myself sick. I thought I was going to have to leave the lecture because I couldn't stop.

I had a card from Ethel this morning and one from Boo this afternoon. Guess that you have heard from her or them by this time. Ethel said she thought that they would be back before long.

Have three mid-terms this week, one Wed., one Thursday and one Friday. Had one last Thursday and actually passed, more than I did in mid-term last term.

It's only seven more weeks now, honey. Think of it just seven and I can remember so well when it was 22 or some such unheard of number. I just get so excited every time I think about coming home and seeing you. Why sweetheart, I can't hardly wait.

I may go to a dance next Friday night, but not the Junior dance. Bob and I have been invited to a girl's house and unless there are plenty of autos to swipe we will go maybe. But honey I don't want to dance with anyone but you.

Honey, I sure will excuse you and I sure hope you are feeling better now. Whenever you feel bad, it makes me feel bad because I always think about you and I don't like to think that you are not well.

With lots of love, dear,

Otto