

May 7, 1918
Houston, TX
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3 cents

Miss Gainor Roberts
210 West Tenth Street
Dallas, Texas

Well, Mickey dear, am I or am I not. That is what I have been trying to figure out now for the last three days. I had a letter from Galveston, last Sunday, and there will be no term beginning June 15, 1919. So that throws that part of it out. I immediately wrote a letter to the committee here and luckily they meet tomorrow afternoon. I don't know though whether they will get to my letter or not and even the whether they will reach a decision on it. But here's hoping. If they decide not to give me my degree next March and unless brother writes me a powerful good letter, I am not much in favor of going to Austin. Of course, better judgement (sic) tells me that I ought to go, but I'm not very much stuck on my sense of judgement when it comes to things like that. So if I come traveling home any time between now and June 8, don't be surprised.

I went walking, or at least started, walking tonight when Mr. Ewell came along and took me for a nice long ride. He wanted to know when I had to be back and I told him no time in particular, that I could ride just as long a he wanted to ride me. Well, he rode me around quite awhile so you see honey I'm in perfectly good company all the time. No chance for me to go wrong.

You said you had lost three pounds in the last week. I worry so much that instead of losing weight like I used to, I gain now. I almost believe that because I really am getting fat and I know it's not because I am perfectly happy and contented. That will be impossible until next June. If I do get to stay in Dallas three months this summer, I am going to enjoy it to the limit because I guess it will be the very last I will have. Mr. Ewell told me tonight, for me to come back to Houston when I finished the medical school and they would boost me. Sounds very interesting, doesn't it ----- But ----- there are five more boys leaving tomorrow, all going to the Navy. One of my roommates is sending off his application tonight for the Naval Reserve Aviation Corps. The (sic) won't be any Senior boys here next year to speak of, and except for a certain few, those who do come back will only stay two terms or just long enough to get their degree and then they will be off. There won't be many Juniors. Their class will probably diminish just as ours has done this year. So the school looks like it is going and no doubt will be a Sophomore – Freshmen affair, and I can't say I like either one of them. I wish I was where I could come home every Saturday and Sunday, but still I believe that if I ever did join anything I wouldn't want to stay in a training camp very long unless it would be near Dallas, not Ft. Worth though. I don't like that place.

I worked in Chem Lab to-day as usual and had to do an experiment with iodine, and by the time I got thru my left arm had changed color almost because I had iodine spilled all over it. I know have three more Mondays. I always get to feeling awful excited when I think about

coming home. When I don't even know whether I am going to stay there or not. You know, it's a funny feeling not to know where you are going to be after a certain time.

Ethel told me Friday night that she had written you. I am afraid that she is not coming to Dallas this summer because Boo said he knew he couldn't get off again until next October, and I know Ethel is not coming up there without him, even if he would let her and he says he won't. Such is married life. But still I often wish I was that way. I went to a picture show last night and it was passable, but I generally get tired now before the shows are half over unless I am with someone.

You know I told you that we had a ball game with Texas, Friday. Well, Saturday, we were supposed to have another. The fact was, two teams were on the field, I mean one team. The other was a makeshift. In seven innings they had 15 runs, we had 3. If it hadn't started raining, I am afraid to say what the score might have been.

I sure agree with you on that poem because it expresses my sentiments to a "T".

There is going to be another boat ride this coming Saturday. Won't you come down and go with me?

I hope that by the next time I write you, I will know a little bit more than I do now, but I am afraid not because these committees are always so slow.

With lots of love,

Otto