

June 12, 1918
Austin, TX
11:00 p.m.
Three Cents

Miss Gainor Roberts
210 West Tenth Street
Dallas, Texas

Well, sweetheart, I sure feel like a stranger in a strang (sic) land. I hardly know what I am doing, but I do know that for once I didn't get in a head of time because school starts tomorrow just as the catalogue says. I sure did have an awful time registering and thought for a while that I wasn't going to get to. I got out there at about 9:30 and law me the line was so long then that I couldn't hardly see the end, so I stood there for one hour and a half and got disgusted and left. Went back again that afternoon and now have everything fixed up. I sure do hate to begin to go to school again though, but I guess it has to be did.

Honey, I sure did hate to leave last night. I may not have seemed like it but I sure did. I simply couldn't stand to think that I was going to see you anymore yesterday when I left at noon so I began figuring on how I could manage it and I happened to think about the bicycle and so there I came.

The train was awful hot last night, at least for the first few hours and I stood out on the back platform and watched Dallas just gradually fade away. Oh Honey, you don't know how I began to feel about that time, when I really began to realize that I wouldn't see you anymore for a long time. I just felt like getting off and walking back. I got all turned around on that old Katy. I knew we ought to be going south yet it seemed that we were going north. The first little town that we came to I looked out to see where we be at, approximately, and found out that we were at Lancaster and my old mind just wanders at such times and I began thinking about the time you and Martha and Muff, Joe John and I all went riding, and remember we went to Lancaster.

When I woke up after I had been on that train for (it seemed like years) four hours, the train was standing and we were in some city. I didn't know then what it was and feared it was Austin, but pretty soon a train came in and I happened to hear the con. call out Waco and then I looked at my watch and saw that it was only 12.

The next time I woke up, we were really in Austin, and honey my heart sank. I wasn't feeling a bit good anyway, but now am feeling alright physically but not otherwise. I started up the strut and the first thing I knew here come two boys across the street and as luck would have it one was from Rice and Dallas at that. Well, that was sure good luck. They were coming down to the depot but were a little late. They took me straight on out to a fraternity house, the Phi Gamma Delta and ate a powerful good breakfast. This fraternity house is sure fine. It is an awful big house and has two large galleries, one upstairs and one downstairs, two pianos and a victrola with records more than I am ever going to try to play at one time. At present, I intend to stay here but am not certain yet. Brother isn't in town and it may be that he had

rather I would come and stay with him. There are five boys from Rice here now, but it may be that one or two will leave because they can't get the courses they want. Have seen several others during the day.

I phoned my sister-in-law and, of course, had to go out for dinner and am going out again for supper. I sure have been having her drive me around today and tonight we are going to Camp Mabry. You know, one of the Bodeker boys is down here and so Mrs. Bodeker gave me a cake to take to him.

I don't know what I am going to do. I can't get my trunk out. Have been after them all day, that is since this morning and the trunk isn't here yet.

This is not my stationery I am writing on, but just the same it's writing paper.

Oh honeybunch, I would give anything if I could see you tonight, but no matter if I am here, my heart isn't and my mind never more than it has to be.

If it gets any hotter than it has been today, I sure am going to melt and they say that it gets awful hot here.

I am going to mail this tonight somewhere because I don't know the ropes as yet, but hope you get it tomorrow.

With all my love,

Otto

300 West 27 Street
Austin