June 30, 1918
8 p.m.
Austin, TX

Well sweetheart, honey one more week has gone. I sure am glad to, because they are beginning to drag along now, all the “newness” has worn off and it’s the same old grind that you find every where. There are only three more weeks left in this term, it’s over July 24, and then the second term begins and lasts until August 31st and then sweetie I am coming back to you for at least one month before I go away again. I will probably know a little more in my next letter, but you know I’ve got to start looking around for something which at least looks inviting.

I turned down a commission in the Texas Infantry yesterday. You know they are going to organize a unit of infantry for border service and one of the boys from Rice has an uncle here who is at the head of the state exemption boards and a major at the same time, this boy was also a first lieutenant at Rice, but he had to register this last June, so we went to see the major yesterday and talked with him and he made us that proposition, of a commission in the Texas Infantry, I believe he just did it as a sort of feeler though because he was powerful pleased when it was turned down, but I’m not going into any infantry much less one for border service. I want to get into the artillery and I’m going to do believe, because so far I can’t see where I’m going back to school. There are three boys here in the house that are going to Galveston next year. They were going this summer but when they called the summer school off, they stayed here and are taking some extra work. I sure would like to go to Galveston, but I believe that there is a stronger pull in the other direction right now. I just simply feel like I want to get out and do something.

Honey I had the nicest ride again tonight. We went out to the farm, and I always have to kid the old Negro before I get away, and he told me tonight that women were put on the earth to be hypocrites. I couldn’t agree with him on that.

We are going to San Marcos again tomorrow evening. Oh honey I sure wish you were here, so you could go along because it’s so pretty over there and then I always feel lonesome riding without you.

I had another exam this morning and think that I passed alright. You know if I fail in either one of the two terms of physics that I am taking, I am not going to stay for the second term but am coming on home, and there is a powerful big chance of me not passing, because I’ll tell you it’s hart to try to do six months work in six weeks and I’m beginning to realize it more every day.

I got my report from Rice today and “got by” in everything alright. I forgot to tell you last time that there were about 1400 summer school students here, that’s over twice as many as I’m used to going to school with, but they are scattered so that it doesn’t seem as if they were as many.
One of the boys here at the house is also named Otto, that is the first time I have ever been anywhere were there was someone with my name, we haven’t any of the same habits though unless it is continually cutting up. That boy is never at rest unless he is tormenting someone. Even when he sleeps he snores to torment us.

So John is finally going to San Antonio, he better be glad he wasn’t sent here, because Camp Mabry is an awful place. Did Gordon and Martha make up before he left? I was rather surprised at the way Martha and John acted when I was up there, and sweetie if you ever did things like Martha well – I would try to not think about you at all, I know I couldn’t do that but I sure could try, but I know honey that I don’t ever have to worry about anything like that, I have too much faith in you and know you too well.

So Gib and the rest of them have really left Ft. Worth, well I know that they are not sorry to leave Camp Bowie, but are sorry to be so far away from home.

Last night either our house was haunted or someone was playing a joke on us, because while we were studying at about 10:45 the lights sorter flickered and then went out, we thought at first that the power was off, but then found out different and went to the switch and found a fuse missing, some of the boys went after some fuses and then still it wouldn’t work so we finally found a wire cut, after we fixed that, in about 10 minutes they were out again and that time every one of us were accounted for. I wish you could have seen the Motley Army that went down in the basement in search of the villain, we had broomsticks, ice picks and files but naturally we found nothing.

Well honey did Ethel and Boo get moved to-day. I wish I could have been there to help, anything just to be up there, but honey mine all my thoughts are there even if I’m not.

With all my love.

Otto