

January 16, 1920
Houston
8:30 p.m.
2 cents

Miss Gainor Roberts
203 No. Clinton Ave.
Dallas, Texas

Sweetheart dearest – you have no idea how glad I was to get your letter today. I, too, have been thinking about what we were doing two weeks ago and also about last October a year ago, about how I felt in that darn hospital in Camp Taylor. I have just about been down and out all this week but the last two days and a half have been the worst. Have you ever had neuralgia, honey. If you haven't, don't. Well, I had it so bad over my left eye that the blooming thing was always wanting to close and my poor head felt like it was going to pop. I stayed in bed the best part of yesterday morning, but went to lab yesterday afternoon, and it sure didn't do me any good. I took some asperin (sic) just before I went over so that helped me over alright and then last night was our first basketball game and I went to that and when I came back out at about 9:40 I was just about all in. I got up this morning feeling fine but before long my old head was hurting again and it got worse than ever. When I was in chemistry, I sure thought I was going to faint. After class one of the boys, you know the one I told you about always riding me away from class in his car? Well, he brought me over to my room and I took some asperin (sic) and in half an hour I was much better than in about an hour I took another pill and I got to feeling pretty good. I had a pretty strenuous lab. It was assisting in sophomore Biology. I didn't eat any dinner so I ate a little supper. I didn't leave lab until 5:50. Doggonit, they have me 8 full page sheets to make stencils out of and they want them by 11:30 in the morning. I didn't get them until 5:15 this afternoon, made me so darn mad, and I haven't got but just an hour in the morning. I feel pretty good in the mornings but generally get worse later. I am alright now, however, have only a little headache and I'm going to take something to kill it before it gets to bad. That's enough about that, though.

The game last night was real good considering that it was our first game. We beat 50 – 20. At the end of the first half the score was 38 – 4 in our "flavor" but they played better and we played worse in the second half. There sure was a big crowd out for the game. Honeymine, do you remember the ones we went to last year and saw them get beat both times. My, but I wish we could go together again. Sweetheart, I'm never going to leave you again. You really can't imagine how much I miss you. Here, I haven't been gone but 12 days and it seems like as many months. If I don't get to see you before June, Honey, I think I will dwindle away.

Tonight we have a game with Simmons college and I can't make up my mind whether to go or not. I simply won't go to bed because I'm afraid I will get sick, sure enough. So I guess I had better go. We generally get back out at 9:40 so that isn't so bad. I will write you a long letter tomorrow, dear. I sure am glad you wrote me because that is better than medicine.

With all my love dear.

Love, Otto