

March 23, 1920
9:30 a.m.
Houston, TX

Monday

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

My darling Sweetheart – It's just a few minutes before supper, but I will start writing to you anyway. Honey mine, you are simply the best going. I got my cake just a little while ago and it surely is good. Did you make it, dear, or is it from the sale you were telling me about some time ago? Honey, I simply can't get over that. I wish I could have a date with you so I could thank you the way I want to. I'll put them all in this letter, dear, let me know if you don't get them, and I'll send some more. And I got such a good letter from you this morning. Why, darling, I just feel like I'm in a dream, and here I am, and can't even see you except in pictures and in my dreams. Sometimes they become so real that it is hard to believe them otherwise than true. I've already eaten so much cake I'm afraid I can't eat any supper.

Later (11:00)

Well, sweetheart I tried to phone you tonight but didn't have any luck. The line was busy for 45 minutes and when I finally did get your house they said you weren't at home, so I have it up as a bad job. I'm awfully sorry because I sure did want to talk to you.

Yesterday and today have been real exciting days in my young life. Yesterday was our awful pretty day and I went over to the lab. Not exactly with the intention of working, but because I thought I might find something real interesting that I could do. While there another boy came over and we distilled (sic) some 100% alcohol and were sitting on the benches or rather lab desks lamenting the fact that we were not rich or at least were not lucky enough to have someone com our and get us for a ride when I saw Boo come along all by himself in the car. Well, believe me I yelled at him and he said that he had been over to the room looking for me. Well, he wanted me to come eat dinner with him. Maethur (?) and Anor (?) had gone to Sephour (?) Beach with someone and so they were by themselves. Well, I was only too glad to accept, and went over and changed clothes and then we set out. First, we picked a big bunch of pansies though. Here's where the excitement comes. Everything went along fine until we were going down the cross street towards the house. You remember the street you and I caught the car on, when you were here, the night we left for the depot. Well, the interurban runs on that same street also. Well, it just happened that there was one coming in at that time and there was a store right on the corner and you can't see a car coming, any Boo didn't. I saw it and certainly thought he did, but when he kept going I said, "There's the interurban." Well, we were already to (sic) close to stop and Boo didn't think to turn down the street, but instead he put more gas to it. Well, it all happened so quick that you didn't have time to get scared,

but I can remember that I felt rather relieved when I saw the front part of the car pass in front of that interurban, and I can just remember turning and watching it hit the hind end. Well, naturally when it did it just bounced us clear around and both cars came to a dead stand still. It didn't do much damage though, bent the top pretty bad and one fender was rather out of shape. Otherwise, everything was ok. In return the headlight on the interurban was shattered and I think that is really what saved us because, the headlight hit first and helped knock us off the track before the body of the car hit. Otherwise, well it might have been different. I think we were awful lucky because the interurban was going awful slow and stopped just about the time it hit us. Everyone said that they generally went through there awful fast. You can imagine what happened when Boo got home and the worst of it was, he had someone to sympathize with him, but as for me, well I sucked my thumb for company. Otherwise, the day was pretty good and we spent the afternoon riding around with the top rather lopsided and the right rear fender rather bent.

Episode two same show

This morning out here at the Institute a little dog went mad and started biting or at least trying to bit everyone it came in contact with, it did succeed in biting four or five people. Well someone killed him and brought him over to the lab. And we had to cut his head open, get his brain out and then examined it for rabies. Just for a quick and not absolutely sure method, we decided to try for what we call a "surear" (?) that is to take the most infected part of the brain known as "Ammons horn" and simply squeezing it on the slide and then running it thru (sic) the regular staining process which requires just about an hour. Well, I did it and I sure found some of the infected cells even in that crude way. That is the third dog we have had in the last four or five weeks and all of them had rabies. Honey mine, don't you play with any old dog you find along the street because you never can tell what is going to happen.

Sister's here sweetheart, don't you for the minute get the idea that you aren't coming down here in June because you are. Maybe I can float a loan about that time and pay you all I owe you and then I know you can come down. And too honey, I guess all the papers will be graded before you ever get here. The reason it was so much this time was because Dr. Chandler wasn't here to do his part of it, and I know I am not only going to want to see you every minute but I am dear.

I am glad you had a good time at the party honey.

Sweetheart dear, I never in all my life have been as lonesome for anyone as I am for you now. I have thought before that I couldn't feel worse, but I know now that I can. It's an awful feeling to have, yet I'm glad, not because I'm away, but because I do know that I love you, and that nothing can change me. I'm only living in hopes that I won't perish before June.

I love you with all my love,

Otto

