

April 10, 1920
8:30 p.m.
Houston, TX

SPECIAL DELIVERY

The Rice Institute
Houston, TX
Department of Biology

Saturday

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

My dear sweetheart,

I am very sorry that you didn't get the letters I wrote Tuesday and Wednesday. But it certainly wasn't my fault. I wrote them and mailed them in the box out here, and they should have gone off the next morning and I am sure they did. If it were in any way possible I would take them and mail them in the post office, but that is out of the question. I can only remember one time when I didn't answer your letter the same day I got it and that was during exams and I simply didn't have the time.

I surely am sorry that you have been sick sweetheart and hope you are feeling alright again. Are you? No I haven't been sick but if I keep on going like I am, there won't be anything left of me by June. I had hopes of having an easier time this term than any other, but it has turned out just the opposite and then along with other things I am having a delightful (??) time. If this wasn't my Senior year I certainly wouldn't stay. I had a chance to get a job in Shreveport the other day, must I take it? Lots of money in it.

Yesterday and today we had a baseball game with Baylor – well we were beaten badly yesterday and when I left this afternoon we were badly beaten. Henry just came in and said the final score was 9 – 8 in favor Baylor, of course, he said I missed the best part. That they came near having a free for all and several other things. It was 5 – 2 in the eighth when I left and Baylor had 2 men on and going strong so I decided I didn't want to see anymore. I thought at one time this year we were going to have a good team but it certainly turned out the opposite. I don't think we have won but one conference game, and it by accident or something of the sort.

The Juniors gave a dance out here last night, and I went over and peeped in, thru the Kitching window, from the roof they all seemed to be having a good time. They were at first going to have the Junior prom – down at the University club, but now they have changed are going to have it out here. I don't think I have been to a dance they have had out here yet, but since I am going to that one I will break my record. I am not a bit

enthusiastic about going though, in fact, I believe I would feel a whole lot better if I wasn't going. I don't give a rap about it, at least right now I don't, I may later on.

I am going to take this letter to town and mail it myself, tonight, so you should get it tomorrow and then I've got to come back out and go to work. I've got so much to do in lab I don't know where to begin. I am afraid when I get to town I won't know how to act. I haven't been there in so long. I think I might as well give up my room too – since about all I do is sleep over here, the rest is spent in that darn laboratory.

I phoned Ethel the other night and had a long talk with her. I haven't seen her since Martha was down here, and probably won't until some time next week, maybe Saturday. She got to wanting to know a whole lot of things that I didn't think were any of her business, so I told her one fib after another, so if you get a letter from her don't be surprised at what she may say. If she ever does it again I am just going to politely tell her to jump in the do is sleep over here, the rest is spent in that darn laboratory.

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Honey what do you think is going to become of me, if you go jump or dive off the viaduct? Don't ever think of anything like that, sweetheart mine, because I would surely perish, myself.

It might be that I read some parts of your letter wrong to-day, but it certainly didn't put me in a very good humor. How do you mean, have I caught Ethel's habit? I certainly thought you knew me better by this time than to ask me if some one else had beat your time. You have no idea how things like that make me feel. If such a thing were possible, which it isn't, would you be satisfied with my simply telling you? Honey mine I write you every time you write me and have never deliberately, not written.

I can't imagine what Ethel meant by saying she was coming up there this month. She hasn't ever said a word about it if she is and I know she isn't going to stop work.

Well I sure hope you are alright again dear, and that those letters finally got there. I love you.

With all my love,

Otto