

April 25, 1920
8:30 p.m.
Houston, TX

2 cents

Sunday

Miss Gainor Roberts
203 North Clinton
Dallas, TX

My dearest sweetheart,

Six weeks from today and Sundays are going to mean everything to me again, but as they are now they don't mean anything, unless it is a day to try to catch up with the week's work and I very seldom do any studying until Sunday night anyway. I am going to have a chem. exam next Wed. or Thursday and I will have to do a whole lot of studying before then. I just naturally don't feel much like it though.

Did you have a good time swimming last Thursday night dear. Isn't that place awful crowded on week nights? I never have been there but once and that was on the Sunday night after we got back from Oklahoma. I was so tired that night I don't remember how it was.

Well I went out to see Ethel and Boo last night. Boo and Maltkin were going crabbing real early this morning so I've fixed up all the stuff that they were going to take with them and then we went riding a while, after we had gone to about seven dozen stores down town. You know honey I wouldn't be married and live like Maltkin and Anor. Though they have made up you can tell that they don't care much for each other, at least I would judge that from the way they act. Of course people are bound to have differences, but there isn't any use, so far as I can see, in people living together as man and wife, if it isn't that they love each other.

I am going to take this to town and mail it and then go to a show if I can find a good one in town. I worked in lab all morning, writing letters fro Dr. Altenburg and then doing some analytical work for Dr. Chandler. One of the veterinarians here sent out a cow's stomach to be examined for KOH and $PbC_4O_2H_6$ (potassium hydroxide and lead acetate). Well the doc was rather rusty on the various ways to test for it and so he asked me to help him. These veterinarians are keeping us pretty busy anyway. But I like to do that kind of work, because I always feel like I am working towards some constructive end and not destructive as it generally is.

Well tomorrow night is the much looked for (by some) Junior prom but the only reason that I look forward to it is because it is just that much closer to June and I know that the next dance that I go to will be with you, dear. They are decorating the dining hall to a

“fair you well.” It sure does look nice and honey mine I sure wish that you were here and could go with me. I am certainly going to think about you darling, and wish for you.

You know it was funny but the day that Nash got those letters the team did win, and Nash got three hits one of which was a home run, so you see how valuable letters are honey. That’s the way I do exams when I get a letter just before I go over. I sure can pass them.

Sweetheart that letter I got from you yesterday, certainly was fine and I am so glad that you wrote like you did. But dear I can’t decide anything and leave you out. It makes no difference what I do my first thought is always of you. I know that there are very few if any persons who have the basis for medical work that I have, not that I know more, but I’ve had some awful good courses and other training that I know the average student doesn’t get and this year just lots of it has been practical. In a way I would like to go ahead and study medicine but in another I would rather stay here and go right on with what I am doing. If I did that I know I wouldn’t be satisfied until I had a Ph.D. and that would take three more years. I don’t want to just settle down to a “job” either. Honey I want to be in such a position that I can make you happy, and sometimes I am so afraid that I can’t give you everything that I would like to and that then you wouldn’t be happy, and I know if you wouldn’t be I wouldn’t be. Just as you feel about the “wives and their husbands” I feel about the husband and their wives, and I envy them, but only because they are married, because I know none of them have a wife like you will be. Sweetheart I could tell you a whole lot better and even more than I can write. When June comes dear, and it’s got to some day, and if you don’t care, I certainly am coming to see you a whole lot, and the only way you can keep me away is not to be at home. So you see you have an awful job on your hands. You are a help to me dear and an awful big one. I only wish that I could be as big a one to you. Won’t you tell me how I could be?

You see I got started and I simply couldn’t stop. That’s all I think about, how happy we could both be together and I know that we will be.

I spec if I am going to town this afternoon I had better hurry because it is already 3:30 and I’ve got to dress yet.

I love you dearest –

With all my love

Otto