Sunday Afternoon

Sweetheart dear - I wonder how you are feeling today. I certainly hope you are feeling better, but something just seems to tell me you aren't. This time last Sunday darling, and we were both just as happy as could be. Except we were sitting out on the back steps eating pecans and Walnuts. Wish we were doing the same thing again.

The kind of weather we are having today certainly gives me the Spring fever. It's just as pretty and warm, it's really hot, but I am glad to see it and honey I know you are too, if only you
were well and could enjoy it.

I had three awful shocks this morning. Right after breakfast the bell in my room rang, and it came near scaring me to death, because I started imagining all sorts of things and I went over and it was Western Union, well I like to have had a fit until I found out it was for Henry and then in about a half hour the same thing happened, and it was another Western Union for Henry. He never did tell me what they were and I didn't ask
him. He left in a little while and I declare they rang again. This time it was also for Henry. That's more phone calls than both of us together have in months and they all had to come at such an inopportune time.

If I only knew whether you were asleep or not right now. I really hope you are because I know that is good for you and I don't guess you get any too much anyway. Oh darling I sure do hope that you are feeling better. I simply can't imagine you sick like that. — Why honey it has simply completely upset me, I simply don't know what
to do.
It seemed so funny last night to be here and not to be going out to Ethel's, but I certainly did not want to go. I went down and mailed your letter and then came right back out. I graded papers or at least tried to. I feel sorry for some of them though because I know they weren't graded right. When I came back from town de Wet was sitting up in my room reading away. He had come up to work some math with Henry and asked me to a dance. De Wet found a good book and started reading so while he read I graded and we were still doing
the same thing. When Henry came home then.
all three of us discussed the way of the world and
women in particular, also a certain set of men
and finally decided that
with some exceptions everyone was crooks but us
and we all had doubts about each other.
I have been working all morning—gave the
room a good cleaning, then cleaned some clothes and
spent up until dinner time grading papers. It seems
like I never will get thru with them. They are just
some old problems that they
had to work out and it
takes longer to grade them.
than they are worth. I think we are going to have some rain in a few days because it is beginning to cloud up and doesn't look as bright as it did this morning.

Sweetheart the freshmen are going to give a dance on the 16th and although I said I wasn't going to but three more have changed my mind, but now I wish that I had. I even made a date for it dear, but it surely was before I knew you were sick, otherwise I never would have. I hope you not almost well by then I'm certainly not going. I certainly hope that by then you will be absolutely
well not because I want
to go to the dance but because
I love you and don't want
you to be sick. The girl is
Yssen's lane, and she
is awfully nice and also
has a heart, dear, and
even if she hadn't have
she wouldn't mean any
more to me.
I am going to take this
letter to town after while dear
so you will get it tomorrow.
Sweetheart you were supposed
to get some flowers this morn-
ing or afternoon and as soon
as you can I would like for
you to tell me if they were all-
right. I want to know because
of an arrangement made
with the florist here.
There certainly are some
genteel Southern breezes
blowing over Houston to-day, hers hoping they don't change to the northerly kind.

Sweetheart take good care of yourself and get well again real soon, because honey when you are sick I am too (mentally) and always remember dear that I am thinking of you and that I love you and only you with as true a love as is possible.

With all my love
sweetheart mine,

[Signature]
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Sta. A.