

February 20, 1920
8:30 a.m.
Houston, TX

Thursday

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

My dear sweetheart – just two weeks ago to-day and you came home from work sick didn't you. I hope you are feeling much better and stronger to-day dear. I bet you did feel weak the first time you went down the steps. Isn't it a peculiar feeling to try to do something that is so simple and yet you can't hardly do it.

I came near not writing you tonight, not because I didn't want to, but because of the humor I was in, and still am to a very large extent. You remember the exam I told you we had in chemistry last Monday. Well this afternoon when we went to lab he gave us our papers back, and of course I had to make below passing, and the only one in the whole class at that. If I hadn't studied it and didn't know it I wouldn't have cared, but I did both and I would have bet my life that I made a good grade. Some of them didn't know a darn thing and I even taught them something about it last Sunday night and there they make good grades and I don't even pass. I'm just going to label myself bone head and am never even going to pretend to know another thing. I don't think I ever was quite as mad as I was this afternoon. I didn't even try to do any work but just threw everything back in my desk and left. The only satisfaction that I got out of the whole afternoon was giving the man who works in the chemistry store room, a good cussing out. I don't claim to be a dangerous man but I sure was this afternoon. I believe I was half crazy. I know any little thing sure did irritate me, and then on top of it all I had an awful headache and I was certainly ready to go jump in the lake. I've felt discouraged lots of times but darned if I haven't reached the limit now. I'm absolutely through I simply don't care what happens. The more I study the worse I do, so let it rip I should worry. Set up until midnight practically every night studying and what good does it do me – not a darn bit.

I knew I shouldn't have started writing because I could just rave on page after page and I know you don't want to read it and I can't blame you. I don't suppose there is any reason why I should burden anyone else with my own troubles.

I surely was glad to find a letter waiting for me when I came back because that cooled me off a whole lot and brought me back to my senses and then I tried to sleep and couldn't but I rested a little bit anyway. I didn't even have an appetite for supper, which is something very unusual. If I get my degree at the end of this year I am going to consider myself awful lucky. I'll never try for another.

I've heard of lots of peculiar things but I haven't heard of anything like Clara and Henry. I know I am never going let my sweetheart get up and light the fires for me. Although you have already done it one time honey I won't let you any more, that's my job.

Sweetheart I simply don't feel like writing any more tonight. I know this is an awful letter, but I just couldn't help it. I'll try to make up for it tomorrow, especially if I feel better. I hope you feel lots better dear.

I love you.

With all my love,

Otto