Wednesday

My dear Sweetheart—

The daily grind is now in full swing again, only to be interrupted by rumors of so and so busting out. It seems as though the upperclassmen were hit the hardest this time. They all seem to be either Juniors or Seniors. So far, I have only heard of one Senior who will have to leave school, but I know several others who are on probation, and they will have to get off by the middle of the term in order to get a degree. Sweetheart you have no idea.
how many are on the ragged edge. Fourteen juniors top are supposed to have failed, and I suppose as many more on probation, I will know for sure in a number of days, because they always send a list around to all the profs and I always get to see the doc's list. Justoodles of girls flunked, and I even heard of several that busted education 100 and I can't see how they did it. They say they studied it too which makes it all the worse, because I surely thought that if any
One studied that punk just a little bit. They most certainly could pass it. I never looked at it the whole time, and the night before the final remember I told you I went to a picture show with Ethel 1300. The Sunday it snowed, and I made a two in the darn course.

Nash's roommate busted and now he is going to S.M.W. All the rest of the boys are going to state, the dumping ground for all Rice failures. I guess I had better quit talking so big because I haven't gotten my
card yet and I may be among the missing yet, you never can tell.

Henry is writing a letter on the typewriter but I would lots rather have one written in ink. They always did appeal more to me.

Honey if I write rather crooked, you will have to excuse me, because I simply cannot keep my eyes open, they just go shut every few minutes. Had quite a bit reading in Eco. and B.A. and I guess it must have tired them out.

Honeymine that candy
Sure is good and all
the boy told me to thank
you for them for sending
it. I told them that it
was sent to me, and that
they were only in on it
then my kindness (?)

So day has surely been a
summer day down here, I nearly
burnt up all day long, and
we had the fans running in
all classrooms. But tonight
this is the nicest south wind
blowing in the window,
and I'm real glad too,
because I'm tired and I
can't sleep when it's hot.

Henry said told you
hills and that he was
thinking up some more Info
to tell you the next time he saw you. But I don't think he is coming up anymore now until June and I don't know whether he is going to Dallas or to Abilene then.

Darling I sure have been wishing for you to-day. Joe sister had the blues and I just want you so bad. I hope these next few months hurry up and really so I will get to see you again. Don't wonder to hard dear and remember that I love you more than anyone else in the world.

C.B.
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