Moneta, Va.
Thurs. Night

Dear Rob —

I am going to make an attempt to answer your letter of last week. Both letter and invitation were highly appreciated. I am so tired to-night, can hardly hold my head up, half just finished my lessons for to-morrow, so I must not be surprised at anything I write, for I am tired, tired and...
entertaining a gold as usual. Kathleen's school closed today, and we are so lonesome since she has gone. I nearly cry to think of it, for we had such fine times together.

Well, we have three more weeks of school. Commencement begins May 24th and ends 28th. By my, my, what we have to do! I haven't even begun our play yet and everything else to get ready. Besides the exams. Sometimes I think I can't face what is to be done, but hope to pull through some way. Hope you can come to commencement at 11 a.m. that is if it is worth going to. I too will be glad to get a bit of school, but I dread so much parting with my class and the teachers, but the best friends have to part sooner or later, so I try not to think of the saddest part of it any more than possible. Our girls did fine
playing in their game with Montpelier—they will play New London, I think, I believe the girls take more interest in their games and work than the boys. You all certainly have done well in your baseball this time. Hardly ever see or hear tell of George, presume he is farming and doing well and still traveling the roads to Goodview every Sunday. How are you about the war these days? I don't want.
Uncle Sam to send our troops to France to defeat, but I am longing for Germany's tyrannous to be crushed. I don't see how those cruel, merciless people are allowed to live, that is if the reports of their deeds be true and I don't believe nation built on such principles can prosper long. I must close. Don't work too hard.

Yours friend

[Signature]
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