"Home,"

Tuesday 8:30

My dear Rob,

It has become such a habit, writing you on Tues. night that I just don't feel right until I do. Well, I can't tell you just how much I enjoyed your letter last week. I read several times and enjoyed each time. Your letter was nice, long and interesting and mine wasn't either. I was almost ashamed to send it. I am writing and Papa
is talking to you - wonder if he interrupted your writing? For I hope you are doing that very thing.
I am for a hurry at having several other letters to write - being the stenographer of the family you see.

Papa is going to Bedford in the morning and I am thinking of venturing forth myself pro-fled the weather isn't fierce. You know I've been right here at home this winter until I feel that I am almost committing a crime to leave even for a day. Seems I don't know how to start. Certainly
now. Sometimes I wish I could take life as lightly as some people seem to. Then I would not be so bothered over what the same. Then my tactics would not cause any stir anywhere. Some day maybe and I can go to have a big talk and I'll promise to Be an old maid. So. Washington when she wanted to be a child I'll tell you, course for you say I tell you everything. But what's the use being if real confidential talks I am glad you can say.
that I am not like R—
You can certainly say
that I have never said
a word about you
going with any other
girl I can your for I
always wanted you
to be with different
ones then I wouldn't feel
more complimented! See?
Selfish at last you may
say, but not jealous to J
Those other things
you wrote are beyond
my grasp. I just can't
explain them at all
Alths' I have experienced
much the same feelings.
All I can say is that
boys and girls are
about the sameest
animals let loose on a planet. It's never any use to wonder why folks do things and so the only I cannot understand - we just don't know the whys and wherefores and if we did what better off would we be?

Our records came Monday. The fine, especially the 'March of Sharpshooters.' I have played them lots this week. Just finished playing for John. He's off to Moulton Packard to-night on a raid, I imagine.

Since will I be hauling those much talked of beards and pead to tomorrow won't you?

My pen has gone bald, has ink fallen on fingers, table and everything - so I'll bid you a happy good-night.

Yours,

Lilian.
2-1-22

Ms. Robert G. Johnson,
Moneta, Virginia