Moneta, Va.,
Jan. 16, 1923.

Dear Rob -

Just a few lines before bedtime, that is if I can keep my eyes open long enough. Believe that I am unusually sleepy someway tonight; suppose it being out in the fierce wind I don't think I am wound up for a long letter as last week. Sure I don't feel much like writing and so I've seen you in the mean time. Sure I didn't talk much. However when I say how I feel hope you are not in the same boat. I like long letters and don't mean
to be selfish either.

Smith if there's nothing new
to write.

I don't know where this
week has gone so far for
I don't seem to know
anything I've done except
have felt fretted because
I can't get anyone to fix
my chicken fat but have
tried beans that ever since
I made Uncle Ben can't be
prevailed on to work a
day, and of course
everything there that can
drive a trail is in the
tobacco business I would
not say a word but
they knew this had to be
done, and have known
it ever since early fall
and just like "Ben's Cutten
it-off" nothing was done
and nothing ever
is done while stripping tobacco
is reasonable. It would be different
to if when I needed money
the tobacco would bring enough
for me some too, but that never
has been the case so I'm not
expecting the Union to make a
great difference this year.
Now, as concerns the said if this
tobacco business crippled my
source of income I well. All
simply have to be on the
look out for a job, but my deal-
ing in poultry hasn't brought
me the luck of this turkey one.
ines had her work hard the
richest joke on her about
a letter she got yesterday.
We will tell you fully when we see you. Concerning you are terribly interested in small matter as my chicken left to you will please it, and think I am a crank and go on. You would not be far wrong, Uncle Happy to-day! M.T. is having an epidemic of flu, and this quite sick and his sister work laughed over the poem about the pumpkin.

Miss Coral was here while yesterday and we had a big time. Oliver, but she even teased herself, so
she took it fine.
Mama and I are both asleep on the couch and Papa has retired so the whistling of that dreary wind filled all my company and that always did give me the blues. Therefore you can account for the tone of this letter.

My fire is getting low too so I must soon join the sleepers I suppose it's so still and stilly, don't imagine you stayed at the sipponing stove long tho' you may better now and if you are I won't get any letter this Thursday once for it will be too late for you to write.
I crocheted faster than I meant to, so this would have been finished earlier.

Sorry to send you such a dry letter, but I hope to do better some other time, if you'll grant me the privilege of another trial. Trust that you are feeling fine this week.

To end with, every other good wish, you're, Lillian.
Mr. R. G. Johnson
Moneta
Virginia