Moneta, Va.,
March 20, 1923.

My dear Bob,

See I can be most as smart as you are about writing, but I am trying to show my appreciation of your thoughtfulness by answering immediately. I was mighty glad to see that nick better. I was hardly expecting it before to-morrow but so glad to hear any time.

I am tired as forty dogs to-night and have tried the Bland stupor of hunting my back and that makes me feel kinder limp. It was my own fault this thing to help Uncle Ben's little
a row of hen nests that wore heavier than I signed. "Hope I haven't really hurt myself for good, but one can never tell in such cases!" And were you really love some Sam? I was sure of has been Sam and well his return from your home was such a beautiful day company. We three spent a nice pleasant time discussing about marrying and all that and Sam should have heard the idea advanced. I was some- what mute on the end for my ideas you know might be too bear hitting the home door. Please don't forget to tell me the things Homer said.
I guess without saying that I missed you. Nonf that as much as you did seeing me, but it's better to miss sometimes anyway. 

Know you all will be glad when cousin Bill comes home, especially your mother. He and cousin me have walked around in Richmond heart of New York City. I'd like to have met them too.

Nana sent the hyacinth by Aberdeen this morning. Hope cousin Annie received it if O.K. and will enjoy it as we have the winter blossoms.

I ventured down to Mr. B's men afternoon awhile and nearly froze coming home in that wind.
Imagine you are reading "The Man" about now. Everyone to know how you like it. Uncle Ben has read the story and enjoyed it fine. He and I are trying to make a violin tight. If it was said you needed to have a chance to work on the car Monday was just right and I hope now that I can stay without clutching. It is if we ever get riding again. Mr. Wadell teaching time about that car arrangement. Or maybe you went fishing instead did you? Two men did, and they caught all of one fat fish. Could write more but feels like resting my weary self. I'll bring this to a close. Love.
Mr. H. G. Johnson
Moneta, Virginia