Moneta, Va.,
March 27, 1923.

My dear Rob,

Again comes my turn to write on Free night and this my little world remains the same as when I last saw you, nothing new of interest yet I hope I shall not let you be disappointed, unless something unusual presents my writing on time for letters a week early spoiled me completely.

Don't see what you meant by asking if it was all right to write again, you can write anytime that you can write, and as many times as well.
In says that she can’t understand why you can write twice in one week and be near where we see each other right often too and she hadn’t heard from the Old Man for over two weeks. Can you explain?

I enjoyed Sunday fine, seemed all of us didn’t all our conversations yet a bit. We talked quite. Are you reading tonight?

I have finished Midsleeper and like it very well but as usual in Zane’s books there too much killing, there’s pretty day I’m not make me crazy to be planting something, me.
planted peas, beets and corn this afternoon. But Mrs. Disley came for her turkey egg and I didn't get into the garden except to drop flowers powerful fast, but the ground is rather cold yet. Don't know which I'd rather work the two don't prosper together at all. It isn't the profit I get from them is much but I just can't explain how but some pleasure of the work I have been very obedient this week, and feel better now ill effects to speak of from my escapade last week.
I would give anything to be st劳 so that I don't feel so work that I'll always have to depend on someone else to do. But perhaps I am just as well off as I would be otherwise. (Say, have you heard anything from our Easter party? I hope you have not heard whether or not we'll have to dress any more tacky than usual. As it will take some time to arrange a costume, I want to write Ada a note, therefore will have to conclude this.

A always,

O. S. M. M. 

Lilian-

We've just had a note of invitation from Miss Coal for Friday night so get on your good mood and let help entertain the youngsters. So remember me tales were once put that young-

Yours, L.M.
Mr. R. G. Johnson
Moneta
Virginia