

Moneta Va;

Aug. 8, 1923.

My dear Lillian;

Looks like it rains every time I start writing to you, know it was raining when I wrote last time.

Have been working at home today and am not near so tired as was last night, had the headache and did not feel good at all.

You missed you at the election and expected you would come with cousin Jim, there were fifteen or a few more ladies voted as you would not have been by your self had you come.

It has been so hot today that you could hardly plow a horse without getting him too hot and not much better on the mare.

I don't know ^{how} it happened but I heard Blaud talking to you and knew his voice but could not place him for I did not think he was anywhere near.

Think he has some nerve after treating you like he had then to come right back here like he had never done a thing.

It is none of my affair but if I was you and think like I do now, he would get his orders now for good.

I started up stairs to write but sister would have me come back while it ^{is} thundering, but I don't see ~~how~~ what good I can do by being in the

room with her, anyway she has
hushed up.

I used to never mind the lightning
but am a little shy now since
have been shocked.

Was so anxious to get your letter
today then have been worried ever
since read it and heart too, that
was the first of the scares to me
and do not know a thing about
it or anything, but am so sorry
that it happened.

It would not be so bad if things
like that did not affect anyone
but the ones involved but the
innocent always had his or her part
to bear and ^{feel} like sometimes like
* have more than my share to bear.
I wanted to take in the short
course at Blackburg this year

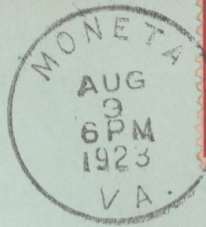
but if I have now the tobacco will suffer
for attention and the neighbours ~~are~~ not
through with the machine so do not
feel like it would be right to quit them
after they were so nice to help us.

Had so much rather do more for the other
fellows than for him to get the odd one.
then don't feel like have done anymore
than my duty, there is nothing that I value
more than a good friend or appreciate anymore.

You said you hoped to hear from ^{me} Thursday but
don't see how I can get there by that time.
Hope both of us will feel better by Sunday.

Tell Jim was sorry that I had to come home from
me's and not get any of those pies she was revealing over.
She was so hot I felt real sorry for her that day and would
have very willingly helped her but did not know where to

Robt. Always yours,
Ab. Always yours,
commune in Lane



Miss Lilian H. Nance,

Moneta,

Virginia

Route #2.