

"Home"  
Tues. Night.

My dearest Rob-

I am always surprising myself, by doing some amusing thing, but don't believe that I ever visited in a person's home in the afternoon and then write to them that night. However that seems to be what I am about to do.

We spent a very pleasant afternoon down there perhaps you heard the talking unless you were on the far side of the plantation. Certainly wasn't room for another word to have been wedged in anywhere I hardly think.

Only give me more notice  
than Hugh did Ada.

Laying all jokes aside Rob  
I had become desperate  
sometimes, and what on  
earth to do, I am sure  
I don't know, and older  
I get the less I know.  
Should have married at  
eighteen I reckon, before  
life became so serious  
& calling for me. And  
thinking that you are  
all at sea on account of  
my ideas on the subject  
I can hardly stand, to  
think of what is to become  
of us! If I only knew the  
best!! No use to worry  
you with more of that  
cause you know exactly  
how I am anyway.



I am like you are sometimes,  
I am lonesome. In and Homer  
decided to go out to Aunt Ada's  
<sup>to-night</sup> In will stay until Thurs  
or Friday. This was her only  
chance to visit them before school  
and they seemed to think hard  
unless she did. Hope Ada will  
come out with whoever goes  
for In, and perhaps we can  
get her home some way  
Sunday afternoon after the reunion.

I secretly know what to  
write, so many things happen  
that we want to discuss, but  
such a little time I forget really  
about our parables of conversation.  
I am lonesome sure enough,  
In away, Papa at tobacco  
house and Mama in bed.  
Everything is so quiet. Your  
picture here on the dresser  
stares away, but never says a  
word. It would be a comfort if  
to-night I could talk instead  
of write. It has been a year since  
we talked more than two minutes.  
And Ruth beats me so far  
talking and writing to, that  
I am about to become discouraged.  
Go ahead you know I shan't  
bother in the least, and  
you do need company  
and help, I must own that.



I am know you dead  
Sister Lucie's leaving and  
the kids too - you'll miss  
their company, fun, help  
and everything I am sure.  
Certainly do hope your Mother  
improves now.

Did you fire tobacco to-  
night or are you writing  
to your trouble? Or perhaps  
sleeping at 9:30. I have  
written Kathleen since supper  
too, so I must hasten  
into bed shortly.

Don't you know that I  
dreamed of going to  
Lynchburg last night to  
hear Billy Sunday - ahead  
of time, you see.

Guess this <sup>is</sup> enough for present  
so I'll spring off.

Yours with love and all  
good wishes, "Lindy"

P. S.

Don't forget, if you want to  
know our whereabouts Sun  
afternoon that we will be  
at Grandmas. Excuse blots  
on the other sheet, I shook  
my pen, thinking it was  
empty.

As ever,  
L. H. N.



Mr. R. G. Johnson  
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Virginia