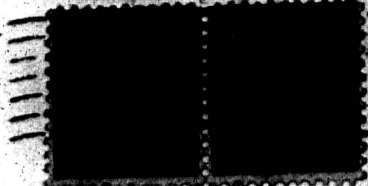


(Viola Roseboro)



Mrs John Finley,

1 Lexington Ave,

New York City.

Dear Mrs. Finley;

Your lovely graciousness is not lost because I can't come where I would rather be Friday night than anywhere else in the world.

It warms my heart to be asked like that.

Really my pretty good doctor out here calls me well, and I should say the same, but having been always very frail I am now subject to a variety of disablements of which this man says philosophically, "These are things you will simply have to put up with", things of the changes of age.

I can put in some good social hours when I have the luck of a visitor friend, but that is where all is adapted for me and I have prepared for th

strain and can do just right after it. I could no more come to that longed for dinner and go throit without a b breakdown than I could fly-- and I don't know what the b breakdown would be, but it feels as if it would be a very serious thing to go further when here , erratically and always quickly, I come to the end of my tether.

Enough of that-- only because I am myself when I see friends here there is a tender bias for feeling that I am cowardly, and I have to stick in here the evidence again that which lies in the fact that at seventy-five, with a broken ankle, alone, ~~on~~ a freight ship , to traif alone in a ~~language~~ country whose language I did not speak, and having little money. My frailties then I could cope with. No, timidities would not keep me from I.M.T's dinner.

Dear Lady, when I saw it was your letter thoughts of Bert brought the tears to my eyes.

Bad Typewriting is easier read than such writhing as mine, hence this vulgarity, so please pardon.

Sincerely Yours,

Viola Rose Watkins
173 Backland Ave,
New Brf, S. I.

Nov 1, '39.