

January 8, 1940

Dear V R:

I am ashamed of not having written you before about those wonderful Soy-bean crackers. I am usually suspicious of health products, particularly of Soy beans, having tried out Kellogg's without enthusiasm (some of Kellogg's) but these are appetizing, as well as nutritious. It was very thoughtful of you to send them to me.

And what a charming card this is, that little Angel with its background of Silent Night. You are wonderful in the selections you make. Sara was so pleased with that splendid old party you sent her. I did almost nothing for Christmas this year and am so ashamed of myself as a slacker, but I came to the season rather done up and a firm intention to forget it which of course I never do - can't stand it to do with all my family and friends that I want to remember.

I went to the country where the four of us had a very nice time. Sara roasted the turkey and did it so well that it seemed too beautiful to eat. The day after Christmas Ella came down here, staying at the Arts Club for a week, while I "spelled" her. As a matter of fact I didn't do anything but hang around - Will waited on me as if I were a real invalid, and seemed to like to do it. He is a good cook, too. I came back the end of the week. Haven't seen anybody but Bird Carter who tells me she saw you not long ago - thought you in fine spirits, said you were having a wonderful time with Sandburg's Lincoln. It is an amazing piece of compilation, as well as interpretation, the nearest to a Lincoln Omnibus as we have had. And it will be an immense help to the next person who writes a reasonably-sized life. I use it as I would an encyclopedia and really exult over its treasures.

I saw John Phillips last week. He was so pleased that you and Gigi had both written him about his Christmas letter. I thought it swell. There is the road to peace if man is ever to reach it.

Take care of yourself, dear Rosie. One of these days I shall be coming down to see you.

Love to you

manuscript on Sandburg

The misery in the world at this moment appalls me and one is so helpless, and it seems to heartless to put it out of mind in order to live at all with one's job.

Love to you, dear V R, and do take care of yourself.

Always affectionately

Miss Viola Roseboro
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