

March 23, 1932

Dear V. R.:

Forgive me for having not answered your letter returning my sad last chapter, before this. But I have had anxious something which took away the last vestige of interest and courage in me, influenza I suppose. I am only marking time now but I am sufficiently about to say that you did help the accursed thing no little. You certainly slipped me up. I am ashamed to lean so heavily on you, but I can't tell you how thankful I am that you are there to lean on. *slipped*

Do persuade your nice Betty Diller that the last thing in the world that I resent is somebody looking after my punctuation. I have no mind for it left, am sloveningly beyond expression with dashes. There is a sign of growing uncertainty of mind in me, but this experience is going to make me brace up and try to get back a little of the none too great sense of commas, etc., that I once had. *2f*

Here is your five dollars. I feel that it ought to be several times that.

I am afraid there is not much chance of my getting again to the Pig & Whistle. When do you come back?

Love to you.

Miss Viola Roseboro
Browns Mills, M. J.