March 1, '37.

Dear Lady;

Can you come? You just make a guess as to how welcome you are bound to be out here. I am grateful indeed, selfishly and otherwise, that you can get about, but I hope devoutly my selfish rejoicing will be justified by a visit from you. It looks unlikly I will ever see you any other way. I am wondrous well if I don't lift my hand against the grain, and -- but I ca not lift it twice that it is not going against the grain. Yet I can do a good deal out here where I command conditions. I get along very cheerfully, havin been thro so much worse things than restrictions which leave me so many pleas ures,-- I bet I said just about this before-- forgive me.

It is going to be a sweet time for coming here very soon-- unless our woundrous climate makes some especially erratic moves. If you come never think of any other way than the train from St George to new Dorp and a cab out here. How I pray you are coming back from the farm rejuvinated.

Thank you so much for letting me see this letter I ree enclose. Strange how such a thing makes it all so much more vived than the best correspondent can.

I am Kitty Hall-- of all people -- are having a regular bout of Cozzens. She is having Scribner scour the country to get her all his books. Until very lately I had no idea he had writ so many. Cock-Pit meant a good deal to me-- so alive amd I dote on some of those men-- partly because I starve for the masculine note in life and have for so long.

My loquacity attribute if you can after our long acquaintance to my speechless days.

Love from Viola Roseboro'. OVER

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Woman, for my joy I would wish your book turned out a hundred and fifty thousand words.

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