

Dear Mr. Bowman:

All things considered a long time, we think we are too old for a new social venture: which is what it would mean if we came to Pittsburg and what it ought to mean. Mrs. Frost has just been through a very serious operation that makes us both feel our age with sudden force. She is not up to entertaining much any more or even to being entertained; and for me, I couldn't undertake anything important that she couldn't hope to have at least some small part in.

I have thought of you often in heart-felt sympathy with the great big American thing you are doing for the city of Pittsburg. Too bad I couldn't have been called to share in it twenty

or thirty years ago. I am no reformer and no social service worker. I'd rather do things well than do people good. But I should have liked nothing better than to spend time where the brave and ~~some~~ too privileged were grinding themselves for struggle. I enjoy your mighty football teams if only as a symbol of that struggle. I trust the love I have sent you by friends ^{one or twice} has reached you with effect. Your success is on my mind.

Sincerely yours
Robert Frost

At least May
if not earlier 1937