Letter: Eleanor Gridley to Ida M. Tarbell, October 1, 1930

Gridley, Eleanor

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Miss Ida Tarbell,
New York City.

My dear Ida Tarbell.

The last year has been a fateful one, so far as financial conditions are concerned. The Abraham Lincoln Log Cabin Association has felt the stress. But, other conditions and of a more serious nature has distressed the organization.

The passing of Mr. Oakleaf— one of the most zealous members of our executive Board—has been a bitter loss to the organization; to me that of a very dear personal friend. He and I had made plans and laid out work" To cover a period of fifty-years, "so said Dr. O Otte Schmidt of Chicago. And now who will help to carry out those plans?

The latter part of last May I went into Coles County, Illinois to personally go over the of the proposed Lincoln Highways, which will, if chosen, pass the site of the Lincoln log cabin, and on which our organization intends to erect a replica of the cabin. (Perhaps you will remember I sojourned in that log cabin, for several weeks in the year 1891.) Also contributed several articles to the different local newspapers of that and adjacent territory. And went on Springfield to attend the annual convention of the State Historical Society, as Mr. Oakleaf's guest. There made several "talks" and finished ar-

Mr. Oakleaf for Abraham Lincoln Log Cabin Association campaign. A few days afterwards, a telegram from Mrs. Oakleaf's son
announcing the sudden passing of his father, so shocked and grieved me I have not yet been able to get back into the old swing and forge ahead.

And now, just yesterday, a letter from Dr. W. E. Barton, written for him by his son Bruce, tells me- "I am flat on my back- severe heart strain; must rest, must give up church and pastorate at Nashville." Another member of our executive board- a valued member- not gone but unable to assist as heretofore.

This summer I went to Kentucky; gathered valuable Lincoln history, quite contrary to records, heretofore supposedly authentic. To Indiana, at Lincoln City, Gentryville, Nancy Hanks Park, and again over the Abraham Lincoln trail of 1831, which I trust will not be submerged. Other routes are not so desirable, nor so well authenticated as the one I hope will be made into a part of the official Lincoln Highway.

This morning comes a letter- "hoping for better times and that our organization will have its share of them" I am so sick hearing "Business Depression." Why not turn our backs to the "Wailing Wall" and face the rising sun?

I would like to hear from you.

Yours sincerely,

Eleanor Gridley