

RICHARD LLOYD-JONES

Tulsa, Oklahoma  
January 7, 1942

Dear Ida Tarbell:

That was a sweet picture of that snug Connecticut home with the trees standing sentinel. I like to think of you in it under the wind-breaking shelter of the old stalwart timber and warmed by a good log fire in that ancient house.

I think of you often and hope you are in the full measure of health which the crowning years of life allow. Your years have been years of great achievement and for them and for your grand spirit I always think of you with much affection.

I have not been able to do anything along Lincoln lines for Allegheny. But I keep the old college in mind and I very definitely have in hopeful tow something of an asset for the college which may culminate in a couple of years and which I am studiously nursing and believe we will accomplish.

In addition to this one thing, I am trying to steer some LaFayette material that way.

Georgia and I both send our warmest New Year greetings to you. And what a wretched, wretched world 1942 finds. Human life seems to go in circles. There is eternal truth in Emerson's "Circles" and may we hope that when this most violent volcanic eruption of all time is through spitting its flames of human hate the world may find a way to bind peace on earth and good will among men.

Affectionately your friend,

Miss Ida Tarbell  
Bethel, Connecticut.

