

June 25, 1939

Dear Anne Chambers:

I am just back from the country and find your letter of June 14th along with an autographed copy of Dr. Phelps' autobiography. It was most kind of you to think of me and most kind of Mr. Avery to secure the autograph. He has written something of which I am particularly proud and which is so like him - "For Ida Tarbell with the affection of her friend". And below - "From one autobiographer to another." Of course I am writing him. And I am trusting to you to send my thanks to Mr. Avery.

I understand that Macmillans are to bring over this morning - I did not get in until yesterday - a dozen copies of my Boy Scout's Life of Lincoln to be autographed. I am so proud of that tribute, dear Anne. I always liked that little book. I spent the whole of one hot summer doing it, not thinking that it would ever mean much to anybody but a few boys who read the Boy Scout's Journal, for it was published serially there first. But the book has had a steady sale and every now and then I meet a boy scout or one who has left the scout experience behind him who tells me he liked the book. Out in Illinois they make Lincoln pilgrimages and I am told they often use my book as a text. Isn't that heartening to an aging writer?

I found myself pretty well tired out when I got back from my experience in Meadville, so I have been taking a little quiet time in the country. Of course I told them all about my visit with you and like me they were so pleased that you had gone back on top of those lovely Allegheny hills to build a home. Sara is having a rather hard time - shut up for some weeks and put on the strictest of diets with strict orders for perfect quiet. Will, too, is not very well.

For a number of years now he has been practically a confirmed invalid. So that in a way we run a sanitarium up in Connecticut and are obliged to keep all the restrictions of a sanitarium. But the country is lovely and we all feel that we are happier than we would be in any commercialised institution.

With love and gratitude

Your old friend

Mrs. Anne C. Moreck  
Oil City, Pa.