

Monday Afternoon

Dear Miss Tarbell,

Mr. Mills just called up to tell me they have decided not to have an Allegheny Dinner. Telegrams from Dr. Tolley, etc., brought the matter to a pleasant close.

I took the opportunity, when he asked about you, to tell him about the Lincoln piece you hoped some one could transport safely to Meadville. I think he will be calling you about it very soon. I told him, too, that you are giving up your apartment, and we feel pretty lost and forlorn about that.

I did not suggest another Tea. If you were going to be here it would be a different matter. Still-- maybe we ought to run another one in May-- maybe it takes two a year to keep the interest alive. But I don't think you ought to be giving any thought to it until your moving is behind you. Next fall you should institute a "tickler system" in your country office so that at a certain date you'll have a memo: "Write Yost to arrange a Tea!" Just give orders like a Napoleon, and I'll move.

Mother's reactions yesterday largely duplicated the college student's who wrote "She wasn't at all like a celebrity. She seemed like one of the family." In a long life filled with good deeds, you never did one that was more deeply appreciated. I hope you were not over-tired and that your skin spots are not being painful. Take care of yourself, and let me do any little thing that I can to help you get away. I have plenty of physical energy now-- It's just the head that refuses to be natural.

Love to you -
John Yost