

ANN RUTLEDGE  
35-54 81ST STREET  
JACKSON HEIGHTS, L. I.

July 6, 1938

Dear Miss Tarbell,

I believe we have many mutual acquaintances and that you have met various members of my family. On this excuse, flimsy though it may be, I am writing you and — even more — asking a favor.

Perhaps you know already that I am the great-grandniece of Lincoln's first love. You have taken so much interest in this story and been its champion defender for years; and I want you to realize our deep appreciation

last fall I moved from Iowa to New York City with my family. My ambitions have always been along the lines of dramatics and writing. At present I am playing the role of Ann Rutledge in "O'rologue To Glory". If you

haven't seen the play, and are able to attend, I should like you to do so as my guest. It is not a powerful drama, nor can it be compared with any great plays, but it is a simple and beautifully written folk-drama. As such it has won high acclaim from play-critics, Lincoln students, and a majority of theater-goers.

This Spring some newspaper men persuaded me to write my version of the Lincoln-Rutledge romance for publication in a Sunday feature section. After reading it they suggested I try to market it to magazines first, thinking it would do me more good in the long run. I took it to Colliers through friends. The feature editor sent me a letter asking me to come in for my article — that you had covered the subject in a previous February issue. My father later had some business up at the liberty

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offices, so he took it to a friend who placed it in the proper hands there. To-day I received it back with the enclosed "Memo." This is the first constructive criticism (or maybe it's destructive) I have had on the story, and I believe it to be good — except that I am at loss what to do about it. They evidently expect I should know forty times more about the subject than you or anyone else. Matter of fact I know about that much less. But I didn't copy it from books. I merely tried to weave together stories which had come down through the family coupled with a little general knowledge.

Yesterday I received a copy of Mr. P. G. Rennick's book, "Abraham Lincoln and Ann Rutledge," accompanied by the news of his death last month.

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I value this book highly since it is the last he autographed.

After reading Mr. Rennie's book I see several places where my story needs revising. If my grandfather Rutledge were alive he no doubt would be of tremendous help, but I know of no other member of the family to whom I can go for accurate information. I am asking, therefore, if I may come to you.

It's hard to develop a new angle on a pretty well exploited subject that isn't blessed with an over-abundance of material. Perhaps it is "badly written". I don't know that I can write; I only know I want to write, and so someday I shall through persistent effort. I would love to have something published I had written. It would give me far greater pleasure than any great ovation I might receive in my dramatic accomplishments (not that I'm

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expecting any! ).

Maybe what I am asking is  
far too much; credit it, then, to my  
youthful ignorance. May I come to  
see you at your convenience?

Sincerely,

Ann Rutledge

Phone

Hawemeyer - 4-9840