

May 2, 1940

Dear Harry Stoner:

I cannot begin to tell you how pleased I was when I returned a few days ago from a rather long rest in Arizona to find your letter of March 15th.

I have started more than once in the last few years to write you to tell you how glad I was that you had remained so loyal and so generous a friend of Allegheny. I take it that you, like myself, have a deep seeded affection for the College, believe in it, rejoice in its increasing usefulness and integrity of purpose and of action. The College is doing good work, dear Harry Stoner, and we should be proud of it in these later days.

I was much interested in what you wrote me of your ancestral home, the way it came down to you, ^{the} your treaty with Admiral Penn. Think of getting twenty eight thousand and more acres of Pennsylvania land for doing your duty as an officer in the Navy. But the tract seems to have had an honorable life and certainly the piece of it which has come down to you and your family has served a good purpose in the making of America. You have a right to be proud of your home in Berlin. I wish that I might see Oak Grove Farm as you suggest, but I am afraid it is not to be soon. I have not been very well for the last two years and I am sorry to say that my long vacation in the Arizona sun has not given me the strength that I need to go about my work. As a matter of fact I have been lower since I came back than before I went out - the fatigue of the trip I suppose.

Of course I expected to be at our 125th Anniversary in June, but I know now that I shall have to give that up. I dare not undertake anything as enticing as that will be. However, I am looking forward to the day when I can get to Meadville, possibly in October. I certainly hope you will be around next time I am there.

You ask about Sadie and Will. Will broke down completely after the War. He has never been able to go back to business for any length of time, although he has tried again and again but for the last few years has been a semi-invalid up in Connecticut where I have a little place in the country, something I am very fond of, something very simple and quiet, but with no such ancestral background as Oak Grove Farm - something where I have peace at least. I don't know that there is anything better in this troubled world just now than a spot where you can find peace.

Will is about the house but unable to do much more than to look after himself.

Sara lives near. As a matter of fact we are a little settlement of Tarbells. It is not so alien a land to us as it may sound for not very many miles away is one of the most treasured monuments of Connecticut - the house where the First Episcopal Bishop in this country lived, Bishop Seabury, a great great uncle of my paternal grandmother. The Tarbells belonged to Massachusetts and swarmed out from there. As a matter of fact on both sides my ancestors belonged to that part of the world, so we really have come back home you see.

Sara is not very strong but as I sometimes think she is the most courageous, cheerful one in the family. I hardly know what I would do without her. Although I have missed having children of my own I have seven grand nephews and nieces. They seem to me almost like my own.

But there I have written you a very long letter, but I hope not too long for you to read. It was your own excellent letter which prompted it.

You enclosed a clipping which I am returning. It is one of those anti-Semitic tales made to lure the innocent. The North and South were not the

catpaws of bankers, national or international.
They were independent men and women each fighting
for what he thought was his right. At least that
is my opinion.

But I am glad to have seen this
article. I am writing the Social Justice for a copy.

With many thanks for your letter and
many regrets for the long delay in answering it, and
a sincere hope that you may have many years of happy,
useful living, believe me

Very sincerely yours

Ida M.

Mr. H. K. Stoner
Berlin, Pa.