Mountain Lake Biological Station
of the University of Virginia

Mountain Lake
Virginia
July 21, 1939

Dear Ida Tarbell:

I love my copy of ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK, and am delighted, honored and shamed by the inscription-- delighted and honored because you are so generous with praise, shamed bee cause I know I don't deserve it. Anyway, I love you, and your book will always be one of my treasures. I only wish you had told all your stories more in detail. I want the full account, for instance, of the Dana ghost writing, the garrulous little stenographer, etc. It is a grand story-- the growth of the girl, would-be biologist seeking God, into the large- and fair-minded woman measuring statesmen and captains of industry by the Christian rule. Most of all I am grateful to you for "Nothing New under the Sun," strengthening the hope that men of common sense will be made men of good will also-- and at last fulfill the promise of "peace on earth."

I was grieved to learn from Mr. Latham's last letter that you had been "not very well." Get together your strength for the next job, big or little. Is it the little-ish one of John Wilkes Booth? Is there hope of your coming to Washington this fall and letting Will Flagg and me help you delve into records of the "misguided boy's" life? We should enjoy "going a-seeking" with you.

Last winter my good tenant came to me and said-- thanks to AAA, his 1938 crop did not bring enough to support his family and he and his sons would have to leave Echo Hill

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and get work of I would not help them. What did they want me to do? Well, if I would let him have a little sawmill and cut timber on the place, they could make a living and pay me about as much as the lumber men were offering for the timber. I agreed, and they have done well. While they cut pine and oak for market, they cut the scattering cedar for me. I had irregular thicknesses and widths sent up here to my mountain cabin and the inner walls are lined with it. The color and odor are a delight. You know the cabin is just one room divided by the big stone chimney into a little sitting room at the front, with three windows and a fireplace, and a bed alcove at the back with a bathroom where every inch was counted to accommodate stove, shower, etc. The best of the cedar goes to Richmond.

Oh! that deserves a new paragraph. I may not have told you that I have acquired --largely with my sawmill money-- a house in Richmond, where I shall set up my lares and penates early this fall. It is not a large house, but it is divided into two apartments. My sister and I will occupy the upstairs. The downstairs is leased to delightful people, a Mrs. Talley and her son, cousins of my dear friend, Mrs. James Branch Cabell. There is a back yard with grass, flowers, shrubs, even trees. The neighborhood is excellent. The price was small-- five thousand dollars cash, and I am getting forty dollars monthly for the rented apartment. It was difficult for me to make comfortable living arrangements at Echo Hill, as my sister does not share my enthusiasm for the country. I do not like her small-town home in Chase City. We both like Richmond and it is convenient for my work -- and also for my friends. Please come down there to see me. And save me some of your white poppy seeds, for my "memory garden."

-- Here come guests! I did not realize it was so late. Love and thanks to you from

Your devoted Edna Turpin

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