

September 1, 1939

My dear Miss Tarbell:

When I first knew you
I was a little girl and
only realized you through
my Father's great admiration
for you and your work.
We are lucky enough to
have the long friendship
of John Phillips - whom
I call Uncle John - &
although my Mother, who
was his old friend, died
a year ago - I am
proud and happy to have
him still seem to
enjoy coming down
here for a quiet visit
with us - with me & my

Two young friends who
appreciate him also -
Lately we have talked much
of you - because of
your welcome autobiography.
It excited me to
realize after all these years
just why my Father
liked you so much through
your writings. I remember
how often your name
came up at our table
during the Standard Oil
investigation though I
was too young to
enjoy the talk & in
fact thought it an
exceedingly dull subject.
But now at the
so-called ripe age of 51
I realize how congenial

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to my Father's mind. Your
work has been. Father died in
1915 and so I can only
guess what his angle of
thought would be today
because curiously - much
of the trend of the good
talk at our family table
remains fixed in my mind.
As for example - we were
not admirers of Theodore
Roosevelt and I recall
with amusement my
mother's brief summary
of him. "Gee-Bag." And
I know they were
liberal enough to
appreciate the good
points.
We all admired, voted for &

notes for Woodrow Wilson
and Carter for the League
of Nations.

I am writing to you today
because of your book
and because you are the
first person I thought
of this morning when
the news from Europe is
so grim. War as a
politics of dispute is
so horrible — more so
today than ever — and
I cannot reconcile
myself to the fact that
even today indispensible
that the nations who
abhor the system of war
may be forced into it.
I had believed until
this morning that it could

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and who is arrested. I
saw Dr. Mauley Hudson
only yesterday - & when
he, with his terrific
background of knowledge
of such things - said he
believed it was not
come to war, I felt
referred & heartened.
I still have a shred
of hope in the sanity
& reason of statesmen -
But I know what it
will all mean to you -
and this letter is written
from an impulse
that is sometimes like
Complacency - The
unattainable. Limited
fertile part of feeling one
has when a friend is in

One great sorrow - There is
nothing to say - yet there is
need to express sympathy
even when you know it
brings no relief or solace.
I number you among
the great - and will
put you in the Hall of Fame.
Your life must be
a deeply etched strong
firm line - You are
very fortunate to have
seen friends & your
accomplishment so often.
Of course your book was
particularly exciting to me
because through the
year I have heard
so much about all
those people & have
met them, briefly from

time to time, including yourself,
 at Uncle John's here in Duxbury.
 I don't if you remember it
 but my mother built his
 first boat in our barn &
 you were interested enough in
 his enterprise to stop in
 several times during that
 visit, to see how things
 were going. If you do
 remember, it kind of
 interest you to know that
 Frank is now a designer &
 builder of what are called
 boats which have
 gained & themselves by
 their performance first &
 sound reputation.
 Also it is of interest to
 me as far back as
 1910 my father had
 motives in his
 business (lumber merchant)

