

McDonogh School,
McDonogh, Maryland,
September 23rd, 1939.

My dear Miss Tarbell:-

It would be hard to tell just why I am writing to you, for I feel sure that you must long ago have forgotten, in your busy and fine life, one whom you knew some years ago. Perhaps I am writing because sometimes we just stop, amid many other duties, and do a few things we just want to do. I told Sister this fall, in moving into another ^{ap}artment here and therefore going over and handling books, that I felt as if I wanted to write to you and tell you how very much I have con-

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tinued to admire you through all of these years in which I have been silent. I hesitate to do it, because I know that you must have many, many demands on your time and strength, and yet I am doing it! I trust you will understand. It brought back something very touching and warm to re-read the inscriptions which you made in various books which are ever dear to me. That was many years ago and I am now fifty years old with four children and one wee grand-son and you have reached even riper years and are an example to our whole world of what a woman should be. I read-
was it in a Baltimore paper? - an

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article this summer which expressed such saneness and hope which is what it seems to me we all need under present conditions. I have asked for your autobiography for the boys to read in the library here at McDonogh - this is where I have been working for eight years and my husband has been teaching. I also wish to purchase a copy for myself to lend to the members of a small Book Club which we enjoy here each winter. ~~the~~ ^{from my other} Would it be asking too much to ask you to autograph this book for me, too? I have a good many of your books and all which I possess you have autographed. But if this would be another to you, I shall understand.

In arranging some other things this morning - not books this time - I also handled the lovely bowl you sent me when I was married. That I prize, too. It has been almost twenty-five years since I was married and I believe I am an unusually happy person, even after twenty-five years! We have not made a striking financial success, for my husband is a teacher, but we have four children of whom we are justly proud. Anne married a young man from Cleveland who is in his third year of law at Harvard and who is another son to us. They have the wee son, now six months old. Jack, our eldest son, graduated from the engineering department at Johns Hopkins in June and secured for himself a good position. David is entering the same department at Hopkins this fall and Bennett, now almost twelve, is still in school here.

You now have a short family history to date. My two sisters are living in Baltimore and have this summer bought a small but delightful house. Sister is, I am glad to say, no longer nursing but is busy and she and Anna, my other sister, are two of the rare people of this earth. They are taking Jack and David under their wing this winter for we are thirteen miles out of Baltimore and have no car. We have too many children to educate to have a car!

If I ever have the good fortune to visit New York, a thing rarely done of recent years, may I come to see you? I should so much like to, if it would not take too much of

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your time.

With deep admiration always and love to you because
of what you have always been in my life - one of my greatest
inspirations - believe me,

Faithfully always,

Virginia Bear Edwards.

(Mrs. John B. Edwards.)