

564 Woodbine Ave.
Warren, Ohio
Mar. 21, 1929

Miss Ida M. Tarbell
New York City

Dear Miss Tarbell:

Your letter of March nineteenth received and much enjoyed. Ever since writing you on the fifth I have been intending each day to write again and correct a statement I made in that letter, but I have been so busy with papers sent me by Dr. (or is it "Mr.?" Warren) that I have put it off. I think I said there were forty Dees who came to America during the eighteenth century - seventeen of them before 1740; I should have said "seventeenth century" and "before 1640."

Yes, indeed; Dr. Barton should have specialized in fairy tales for children. As Dr. Warren says, he is always looking for "color" - peach orchards, babbling brooks, etc. - and, failing to find them in the dusty records dug out by others, he just supplies them.

And now about that copy of your "Boy Scout's Life of Lincoln" - I know of nothing that would give John F. Rudolph, Jr., more pleasure than your sending him a copy of that book. When he reads your

letter he said something that sounded to me very much like "Hoh dog!" (but let us think the best of him, for you know I may be mistaken), then after thinking awhile of the honor that was about to be conferred upon him and already beginning to expand a bit, he said, "I hope she writes something fine on the fly-leaf so I can show it to the fellows in camp next summer."

Dear Son! How did you know, Miss Tarbell, that I have a son? Did Mrs. White tell you? He loves her so much that all papers sent to her are wrapped with unusual care on his part. I could never get along without him, for he is not only my son but my helper in a thousand ways that other thirteen-year-old boys whose mothers are not invalids know nothing of.

One day over a year ago he brought in one of your letters, opened it for me, and laid it on my lap-desk; after a little pause he said, "Mother, this woman has a mighty careless husband."
"Why, Son?" I asked, keeping a straight face in the presence of such brilliant detective work.

"See the date in this post-mark and see the date in that heading — four days' difference! He's been carryin'

it 'round in his pocket!"

Since then you has "looked you up"
in his new Encyclopedia.

Sincerely & gratefully
yours,
Myra Hank Rudolph