June 25, 1931

Dear Mrs. Judd:

You are always such a dear about my Lincoln. Your enthusiasm for it always scares me a little. I know it is the subject that carrys it and I do not like to have myself starred in connection with such a subject. It seems to me, if you will forgive my saying so, a little profane. Insofar, as the book gives you a frame work to interpret Lincoln I am happy, but I do not think I could bear the idea of appearing on the platform with him in the way you suggest but I do feel your generous feeling towards myself.

And please do not think, dear I.B.J., that I am shying at my seventy-fifth birthday. I am proud as Lucifer that I have lived so long and am still enjoying the harness, but that is only for my friends. I am willing to celebrate with them but not on a public platform. Don't you think this is right? You know I dislike to refuse you anything but I am afraid I must in this case. The delay in replying to your letter will prove that, I hope. You mustn't try to divide a Lincoln Knight with anybody.

Faithfully yours

Mrs. Ida B. Judd
415 Central Park West
New York City

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