

Christiansburg, Virginia
January 22, 1939

Dear Ida Tarbell:

This card has been waiting for me to get and read your "Would Miss Tarbell See Mr. Rogers?" I read it - and then reread it with increasing delight. It is you yourself that is made vivid in the story - the wisdom and integrity that never lost sight of fundamentals, that could not be diverted by power and personal charm. Poor Mr. Rogers! If you had set out to imagine a tale, you couldn't have invented anything more dramatic and moving than the episode of the boys' consciences.

This installment makes me all the more eager for the book. Mr. Latham told me they are planning to bring it out in March. I shall be on your doorstep with my copy for you to autograph.

It was a deep disappointment not to

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See you again before I left New York. I enjoy every minute of you, and am really very greedy in the way I "hanker" for more and more time with you.

I am having an amusing time with my small friend Zickle about whom I am writing another story - that shall ^{sure} have better format than Zickle's Luck! My colonial story, Littling of Gaywood, will not be published until July. Random House prefers summer for juvenile publications. That's all my book news.

I've put in this note pictures of my two homes. My book plate shows Echo Hill, my plantation home of which you have heard so much. One of those ^{book plates} ^{little} go in All in the Day's Work. The snapshot shows me with a friend at my mountain cabin, Harist Cottage (all cottages are named for Southern biologists) at Biological Station,

Mountain Lake, Virginia. The central build-
ings - laboratories, dining hall, etc. - are a
short distance at left and front of my
cottage. At right and back the unbroken
forest extends for miles and miles. I
wish you could go there with me!

Your devoted

Edna Turpin