

CHARLES ROLLINSON LAMB
LAMB'S LANE
CRESSKILL, NEW JERSEY

October 18, 1938

Miss Ida M. Tarbell
120 East 19th Street
New York City

My dear Miss Tarbell:

I hasten to answer your letter of the 15th because I am perturbed to hear that you have not been feeling so well these days. I hope that the fortnight in the warm Indian summer days will bring you back to "normalcy" then I would indeed be honored if you could come out and have tea with me at The Fold in the early autumn.

In the meantime will you whom I consider one of our ablest historians, make a decision as to what is known as Indian summer and how it came to be named? When I was a young lad it was said that the Indians waited until they had all their grain and feed in for the winter and then they went out on a rampage and slaughtered the nearest white villages and brought away as much as they could, relying upon the severity of the winter to prevent any retribution and in the spring they would be able to go on the war path again. To-day as I am writing it seems all that an Indian summer day should be here at the top of Lamb's Lane in the house my dear wife and I built together nearly forty years ago.

When you come it may be possible that my daughter and her four children will have come across from her summer home to join me so that she can supervise the running of the house, and the kids will be running in and out after school to pick up some of the cookies usually served at tea time.

With best wishes, believe me,

Sincerely your friend,

Charles Rollinson Lamb

CHL:D