“The foundation of my log cabin is complete and three large granite slabs have been put in place to form the steps for The Log Cabin on Driftwood Pond,” Edwin Way Teale wrote on August 17, 1965, in his *Little River Journal*.

“In the heat, I came up the hill flapping my rolled-up shirt about my back like a horse’s tail to drive off the deerflies.” The cabin, which provided shelter against summer insects, likewise kept the encroachments of the outside world – the telephone and visitors, both announced and unannounced – at a distance.

Edwin later wrote in 1974, “From the hammock the mice riddled, to the brushpile study the tree demolished, I came to this writing retreat among the aspens and junipers above the far side of the pond.”

In this solitary workspace, Edwin surrounded himself with mementos of a deliberate life: a rusted rapier dug in boyhood from the Indiana dunes; the pack basket of the Teales’ beloved son David, killed in war-time action on the Moselle River in Germany in 1945; the worn butterfly net of his long-time friend and mentor William T. Davis, the Cicada Man of Staten Island, New York. Even the cabin itself was dimensioned to match the one constructed a century earlier by Henry David Thoreau at Walden Pond, and a copy of Thoreau’s Walden was a constant companion to Edwin here.

Surrounded by these and many other sources of inspiration, Edwin worked in this cabin for three seasons of each year, by kerosene lamp and, in fall and spring, by the warmth of the Franklin stove. He retreated full time to his study in the house each year only when winter had fully set in, returning the following spring, where he was “met by the clean wood smell of the interior.” In this cabin, Edwin crafted works that inspired several generations of conservationists, and that legacy continues today.