

Treasury Dept., Bureau of the Mint, D.C., postmkd., Nov. 15, 1938, 8 p.m.
To: Mr. George G. Tayloe, Tayloe Paper Co., Memphis, Tenn.

November 15, 1938

Dear George:

Our last letters crossed. I have found comfort and a grateful sense of support in your letters. It appears to be evident that I made a mistake in selling my stocks when I did, but you have the wrong impression in thinking I lost heavily. I came out almost even on the whole investment; ahead if dividends are considered.

Perhaps I should not & shall not go into the market again. You apparently think I shouldn't. I'd be interested to know what kind of an investment you would favor. I have no strong convictions on the subject. Only I know I'm not going in for any wild-cat ventures.

I am so glad you react favorably to Bradford's going back to Wyo. Everything in life is a gamble. I have a feeling though that Bradford will make his way. He writes cheerfully.

Georgie I appreciate your adjuring me to save my money. My own fear of dependency in my old age has always been so acute as to keep me from thoroughly surrendering myself to the enjoyment of any but the most essential creature comforts. So I was a little depressed over your warning. The design for living is a problem certainly. If only we knew how long life would last and how to apportion our little resources to tide us over it would be simpler. Sometimes I think it not good judgment to work as hard as I do, straining every nerve, almost to the snapping point, to earn a fairly good income and then feel I should deprive myself of personal comforts & even indulgences that would ease the strain upon me & take me out of the everyday humdrum. All to the end that I may never be a beggar and that when I am gone my sons, who presumably are able to make their way, may supplement their resources with savings of mine which could have yielded to me so much comfort and pleasure.

This may sound selfish. If I were selfish really, I could manage to spend much more than I do. Bradford is always telling me that he does not want me to save for him & George feels the same way I think, but I have the same parental instinct that you have to do my best - for my own.

There is no such thing as filling an important position in Washington & escaping the constant demands upon finances that charities, civic enterprise etc. make; also social.

As for the social I have fallen down on social amenities for a year or two to the degree that has probably been costly to me. One car

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not with-draw too much from associates & expect to retain the close friendships that are essential not only to happiness but to "getting on" in the world. I have done almost no entertaining for a very long time. I have found my chief diversion in going to the farm week-ends and have spent some money, rather conservatively, in producing a crop & improving the premises. We produced a good tobacco crop thanks to Bradford's management & toil. We do not sell it until next Spring so don't know what it will bring. The price of Md. tobacco is down now. I hope it will be up in the Spring & that I will recover more than the cost of the crop. I feel confident that I will. Anyhow the farm for one year has given Bradford & me pleasure that can not be reckoned in money & that will be a green spot always in his memory & mine. His love of the farm was something beyond expression.

Here I am again, going on and on like the brook, about me and mine because I know of your interest and I want you to know that your advise on all these personal matters carries much weight with me.

Of course you & Belle are coming up in Feb. I long to see you both. There is a possibility I will have to go out west to the Mints where I should have gone six months ago, but it will not develop that way if I can help it.

Looking at the calendar I see that this letter will reach you on your birthday. Dear George I am grateful to the dear Lord that it finds you in the possession of health and so many other choice blessings that make for the enrichment of your life; above all your wonderful family.

Devotedly,

Belle