

From: Director of the Mint, Washington, postmarked D.C., Sept. 3, 1940  
6:30 p.m.

To: Mrs. George Tayloe, El Marvaho Cottage, Walloon Lake, Mich.

September 5, 1940

Dear Nellie:

I'm so sorry you are ill. When you stay in bed four days I know you are pretty miserable. As fast a pace as you go it seems to me it would be a good policy for you to rest in bed a day or two occasionally. It seems to me I would do it if I could. A summer cold is such a miserable thing to have. I hope you have thrown yours off by now. It must be getting cold at the lake by now. My don't I, and don't you, remember that visit I paid you just after Labor Day at the lake when it turned so cold! And I got sciatica! I've never had a vestige of it since.

Yes George surely has become a fisherman to stay out all day like that. There must be something very fascinating about it, so many people like it. And relaxing to the nerves. It gives me such pleasure to think our Georgie is taking life a little easier. O, how hard he worked in the early years - & so unselfishly for all he loved. It seems to me no person could be more unselfish than he. And you are unselfish too my dear.

I am glad you have had no bad news about Mary. So often people come back after a serious illness. Maybe she will.

While I think of it I want to say I think you got a charming effect in your garden. You sent me a picture in your last letter. I think your garden is a nice size. They seem so much more intimate than when they sprawl all over.

Our flowers at the farm, especially the roses haven't done so well as they did last year on account of a drowth the early part of the summer, Japanese beetles & our inability to get down often. Still we've had the house full of flowers all the time. The chrysanthemums & asters are beginning to bloom. Kenneth planted one of those terraces at the right as you go up the lawn, solidly in chrysanthemums. Dorothy planted another one in annuals. And annuals in a bed all along the stone wall as you go up the steps. Aren't they wonderful! Mr. Howard planted the vegetables - beans, tomatoes, etc. - but its hard to get them picked & into town. He sold the last half of our last years crop of tobacco lately - got about \$365.00 for it. On the whole I think I have come out a little ahead, financially - not to mention the

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the pleasure I've got out of the place. We put a little calf in the meadow a year & a half ago. Bradford paid \$10.00 for him. I sold him for \$48 this week. There's a little thrill in all those things.

I haven't been able to get out into the tobacco fields but I hear we have a fine crop. There's much can happen though all along the way - in the stripping & curing, packing, etc. and we have to depend on a not too responsible colored tenant - & the bossing these boys about me give him. By the way the ~~tenant's~~ tenant's wife put up about 56 quarts of peaches from our trees. I was away from home & could do nothing with them & was glad for them to have them. I hear that tomatoes are rotting on the ~~gxn~~ ground, & beans dying up on the vines.

There are real possibilities in that farm - if it were in the hands of an enterprising young white man. Or I believe I could make money on it, with colored labor if I could be down there.

O yes my dear I'm expected to go out & make the welkin ring. In fact I had an engagement to speak in Bangor Maine this very day; in Portland tomorrow, Penobscot next day & then one other place. My ticket was all bought & at the last I was not well enough to go. I am still in my bed where I have been nearly ever since I came from the hospital. My wound has not healed well; has been infected & is still I guess. But I am sure I will be well in a few days, & going strong.

They called & wired me from the Speakers Bureau in N.Y., repeatedly, that the Maine people were calling for me & also many places in other states. I'm afraid to discuss this subject in a letter. George knows how I feel but for Heaven's sake don't connect my name with the campaign in talking with your friends, I mean don't mention my attitudes. Tell George I've gone through a good deal of travail of spirit over what he & I discussed.

My boy Georgie has been made Executive Vice President of the Mackelite Co. (for which he has been working) & he & Mary Steele are moving to Grand Rapids right away. She has resigned her job & they are packing up. It seems to be too good to be true for George to get such a position. I think my Georgie is very smart. He is so independent though & highly strung I am always a little afraid he will kick over the <sup>1118</sup>traces if something arises to vex him. Now I hope he is planted for ~~him~~ in that company. There has been a good deal of internal strife over the management of it but it seems to have great possibilities.

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Mary Steele is making George a fine wife and they seem to be extremely happy, fortunately.

You know I said I would write Virginia. Now I've mislaid your letter giving me her address. No doubt you write her. Won't you please tell her I so much want her to stop here on her way back. She had better however communicate with me, that I may be sure to be in town.

I hope she has had a lovely summer. Elizabeth I understand has been in Michigan. Soon you all I suppose will be back in Memphis.

You will love the ottoman I know. Those large old ones are not easy to find & are very handsome; especially the oval ones.

Has Margaret been with you this summer? Do tell me how did Elizabeth's chairs turn out? My, she has a job making needlepoint for all of them but what treasures they will be.

I guess I haven't told you I had seen Bradford & Dorothy in their new, or rather old home. His old home. They are so thrilled over it. And of course have more lovely things in it than ever we had. Dorothy shows excellent taste. My, I wish you & George or your children would sometime go to see them. They have had a perfect run of company this summer from Washington. All the Marsh boys (4) have been there, Kenneth four weekends (up from Denver) and Winfield McGill (Bradford's best man) not to mention Mother - stopping en route to California.

They have had their house painted. And they have developed the garden in the back into quite a lovely spot, where they've had tea often & suppers I think. There seems to be a great vogue now for cooking out of doors.

You know that wall in the back? Well the shrubs at the top have grown to be very large & thick & in the summer time make a complete screen. When I was there, there was a riot of flowers out there & nice grass, and a good-sized willow tree provides shade. So it is quite pretty. Isn't it nice that Dorothy loves the place as she does? And it's pretty sad that they have to pick up & leave it. Bradford definitely has to go into training for a year. They are going to try to rent their house and Dorothy will stay as near him as possible. I think that is the thing for her to do. It's a very bad idea for young married people to get used to staying apart.

Bradford is a 2nd Lieut. in the National Guard. He will get \$183.00 a month. They should get along on that. They have gotten used to being careful of expenses. Bradford is fortunate that Dorothy cooperates

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in that respect. She has more clothes than she can possibly wear. I do hope she won't get tired of them. While Bradford was gone to camp for a month Ruth & John Loomis took Dorothy with them to the Yellowstone Park & Dome Lake, which was very gorgeous of them.

How about Howdy - he won't come in the first draft I guess (assuming the conscription bill passes). How would he feel about going into training?

O yes, if I go out in the campaign I wish I could go your way. But you have no idea have you that Tenn. is a doubtful state?

Did I tell you that Bradford was running for the state legislature. He thought & I did too, that whether he was elected or not it would give him some speaking experience & broaden his acquaintance.

Well in the primary he ran third out of eight. John Clark was first - which was pretty good for my boy. I shouldn't think though he could be elected in Nov. for everybody knows he has to leave for army training.

If you think of it tell me how Ed, Margaret's husband is coming along with his paper-mill venture. That must be a good business right now. I do hope he is thriving. Enough, such a long letter.

Your devoted sister,  
Nellie