

Uncle  
George  
Humphrey

19 Hyatt Street  
Staten Island

November 30, 1932

My dear Mary Belden

The enclosed clipping has for a week been in an envelope addressed to you, but I've not mailed it as I was not certain of your whereabouts. This morning a nice newsy letter from Ellen tells me all about it, so now I'll send it on.

It of course reminds me of the nice time we had, making around New York on that stormy day, and how much we enjoyed Miss Skinner's impersonations. I wish that we might have seen her as Eugenie.

Ellen says that you are going to spend your coming vacation with her and at Oak Park. I had hoped that you would be at Montclair, but can readily understand that you sisters feel especially drawn to one another these days. What kind of an "Easter vacation" do you have and when does it occur? I hope that you can be with us then; I notice that Easter

Day is quite late (April 16<sup>th</sup>). The weather will be pleasant by that time and we can no doubt do a little sight-seeing in more comfort than when you were here last. Don't mind the rather full house at "169". It is quite flexible, and you know that my room is unoccupied most of the time. I'm anxious to have a little visit with you as of course the Hadleys are.

Ellen describes your rather thrilling drive from Youngstown to Elmira. I am surely thankful that you came through all right - it was pretty dangerous.

I am very much distressed over Will Taylor's condition - he doesn't seem to improve much does he!

There is quite an accumulation of London Times in my drawer here. It's too bad to send them in such a bunch, but you told me that you read them that way - so do I!

Mary, you are much in my thoughts these days; it is difficult for you to adjust yourself to new conditions, and I know that the void in your life is all always in the background of your mind, no matter what you are doing or how your thoughts are occupied. I also know that you will always feel your great

loss, but you will face it with your accustomed bravery, and time will make a hallowed memory of what is now a poignant sorrow. "So have I done in my time."

And to me, and I am sure to you also, the boundary between this existence and that of the one where our loved ones are, seems increasingly narrow. The other life seems to be the real one, and this only an evanescent affair.

With my love and every good wish for your happiness, I am, as always,

Very affectionately

Uncle George

Please remember me most cordially to Miss Laydon and also to Miss Kitchin(?) who took us to Athaca; my regards to Agnes who I trust is taking good care of my little niece!

G. D. H.