

MONTROSE MUSIC PUBLISHERS

MONTROSE, CALIFORNIA

Churchill 1262



Montrose, Feb. 8, 44.

Dear Collie:

Yesterday I mailed you back the picture you thought was my mother, and a couple of pictures of my mother when she was a girl so you could see how little the picture you sent me looks like her. She had a broad brow, her eyes were brown, and she had an innocent, wondering look that could not be mistaken for the picture you thought was hers.

I also sent a picture of Mama's mother and father. She looked a lot like her father, but not much like her mother who, like all the Moultons, were on the "sandy" side. Maybe that was the Prescott complexion, I wouldn't know about that, for tho my great grandfather Moulton died when I was quite a big girl, they were in Pennsylvania, and I was in Minnesota. I just thought you might get a kick out seeing those old pictures. Grandfather Philips was a soldier in the Civil war. As a child I didn't pay much attention to those things, but I am going to write to some of the Philips family who are still in Titusville, to see what I can learn about them. I do wish I had visited them when I was in Titusville.

Please be careful of these pictures, Collie, for they are all that we have, and Norma treasures them even more than I do, which is saying a lot. Papa and Mama were married in 1868, Sept. 20th, when he was 20 and she was 18. Her mother had just made her a beautiful dress of a pale yellowish color trimmed with white silk ribbon rosettes, and white silk fringe (remember seeing the dress which she treasured and kept even when I was a little girl) and friends said to her "You look like a bride in that dress". And sure enough, soon after that Papa came to her door in Titusville, and said, "I've come to get married!" Can you beat that? He evidently swept her off her feet, and she couldn't say no, for they were married a few days after that.

You know, the other day I was telling Norma about a lot of exciting incidents in my life, and she said, "Mama, you could write a wonderful story of your life. Why don't you do it? I have been thru fire and flood, and have had a most colorful life. I have "gone some", and as the negro said, "And it looks as if I were "going some more.".

I would love to see you and talk over with you some of our kid days. But I don't know in the least what you mean about "Titusville" and "pinching". I know I was full of romance, and made up little songs and poems that I never repeated to anybody.

By the way, have you ever read Norma's book of verse? There is one jingle in it, called "Perspective" that I didn't want her to put in the book because it had the word "hell" in it. But I wasn't there when she sent the stuff to her publisher, so I couldn't stop it. But it has sold more copies than anything else in the book. She was to have a very prominent man in Chicago write the Foreword, but before he got it ready, he was taken ill