

his hand down on the ticket window and said, "I'd give ten thousand dollars for that kid's idea of harmony." At another time, she had written a song for publication, by Will Rossiter, a well known publisher at that time, and she thought when he bought the tune, and the words, that was all he wanted. And she started off with a girl friend, but Mr. Rossiter said, "Here, come back! I want you to give me your 'Victor Herbert' to that number. And again Gertrude will know that was, indeed, praise. And a young man here who had studied harmony for ten years, corrected her for playing a certain harmony. She would not give in that she was wrong. So he went to his authority, and, sure enough, she was right. He said, 'I don't know how you do it. I have studied harmony for ten years, and you never studied it at all, and yet you KNOW it.'

She wrote an East Indian fantasy, that was produced here at the Ambassador Theatre. They sent for her from Seattle to do it. And when Lady Kidman heard it she said, "Have you ever been to India, Norma?" ~~She~~ said she hadn't. And Lady Kidman said, "Well, I don't know how you do it, but in your music, you have caught the very spirit of India."

She has written a lot of beautiful songs, high class ones, exquisite melodies, and haunting words. She has written a Chinese operetta that was produced in Indianapolis, at the finest theatre there at that time; with a cast of 35 people ~~xxx~~ a great orchestra and she sang the leading part, she has written songs for artists. When she was married, she was averaging \$2,000 a month writing songs for artists who wanted special numbers, not what everybody was singing. That was when vaudeville was tops. She got \$500 a song, and wrote about one a week. You see, we lived in a hotel next door to the Keith Theatre, and we knew most of the actors who came there, anyway. She wrote one song for a little eccentric dancer that the girl's mother said was worth \$1,000, but she couldn't afford to pay that. Norma gave her the ~~xx~~ song for \$350, and the girl got into the finest big time theatres because of that song. Norma hadn't asked for \$1,000, but this woman of her own accord had said the song was worth that. The girl made the grade and Norma was glad.

I could tell you of many other ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ outstanding successes she has had. One studio said to a friend of hers, "Miss Gregg is a clever and prolific writer, and if I had a chance to do it, I would put her in here if only as a piano player as a start, but he couldn't 'crash the barrier'."

It seems a cruel shame that an American girl whose ancestors made this so good a place to come to that ~~xxxx~~ the aliens will resort to any trick ~~xx~~ and lie and cheat to get into this country, while she is shut out of her rightful heritage by these same aliens.

She married the wrong man, too. Of the two army officers who wanted her, she picked one who was everything but a good husband, when the one she turned down was a charming young man we all loved. Her husband was a Rhodes scholar, an Oxford graduate, and could bend from the waist with the most graceful gesture, but she was engaged to him before he went to war, while the other boy had not quite finished his training. She loved him the best, & found it out after the other had gone away. She wrote Allan & asked him to release her from her promise. He refused. I told her to marry the other boy anyway but she said everybody would say, "When the man goes away his girl marries the one who was on the spot. So she let him go, and has been sorry ever since. He went away & never came back, & though she has had many chances to marry, she can't seem to make up her mind to try again. And we are sorry."

Julia met her husband when they were honeymooning in Chicago. He said something about his preference for the Southern cause (still fighting the Civil war. He was from Kentucky) and Julia sat upon him very nicely with the "retort courteous", and that was that. I could go into detail about her unhappy married life, but you have been bored enough, I think. But the fact she went from \$2,000 a month to a husband making \$40. a week as a Prof. of English, shows she wasn't looking for money, doesn't it?

Now, will you please send me a few copies of your paper? I'd like to know what kind of paper you publish. God bless and keep you, now and always!