

cheap furnished apartment) Well, Allen saw that it wouldn't do, too, so we took her back with us, and all the people who ~~never~~ thought it was a mistake said, "I told you so". Well, we had a very dear friend, a Judge of the Superior Court in Muncie, & he said he'd get the divorce for mental cruelty, behind closed doors. And he DID. But some sneak of a reporter, got hold of it, & it was spread out over the front page of the George town paper (or papers, I forget which) saying that the popular young composer and singer, Norma Gregg, had gotten a divorce from Capt. Allen Barnet, for Mental Cruelty. They had broken their word, & of course, it was very embarrassing for Allen, I am sure, and he didn't know that Norma had tried to protect him from that publicity, and we were very sorry for that, & have never found out who did that dirty deal. All Norma wanted was to get free of him. That kind of publicity didn't do HER any more good than it did him, I am sure. Things weren't like they are now, where every female of any prominence who is expecting a baby seems to want to advertise it to the world. Everything has degenerated since the unspeakable FDR went into office, carrying all the crooks & scum of Europe in here (indiscriminate immigration)

But back to Norma. She has now the finest man I have ever known (outside of my own blessed husband) and the only sorrow I have is that she is so far away, with 2500 miles of ocean between us. It is tough for me, as you can well imagine.

Here's some more 'ancient history'. You will note that I said I had bronchial asthma in the first part of the letter. And now I'll tell you why and how. For in all the years of my life, almost, I have NEVER had anything the matter with me that a doctor could cure.\*\*\* I got that bronchial asthma from doing war work in the FIRST World War, when there was no USA. When that war broke out, we had just playing the Keith Theatre in Indianapolis, where Walter's father and brother were running the biggest cleaning plant, this side of Philadelphia. They belonged to the Mellon Institute, and Dad (W's father) had gone to get a permit for cleaning and dying (as the biz. had been called a non-essential industry). It covers an acre of ground, and has done business even in the Virgin Islands. \*\*\*<sup>2</sup> To return to our muttons" -- We stopped right there. I wrote TWO SONGS, & Norma wrote ONE. We published them, Walter had a big covered car built (like a bus) we bought a \$675 Operaola, a (player piano) took 1,000 lbs of music, hired two boys, and toured the state of Indiana, and gave the boys \$3,250 worth of songs, got books for the soldiers, and gave all that to the boys in a little less than three months, & only stopped when the flu epidemic stopped us. We have pictures of our car on the cor. of Pennsylvania & Washington, the most prominent cor. in Indianapolis, where Walter sold \$39,000 worth of Liberty Bonds. Well, anyway my two songs, "Good Bye, My Soldier Boy", and Every Mother's Son, and Norma's song, Don't let Your Foot Slip, Hiram," sold for only 10¢ then, whereas, now ~~they~~ such songs sell for 35 and 40 or 50¢ now. So you see we did a REAL work, and PAID ALL OUR OWN EXPENSES. Now a days, they think they are doing something when they go out & get paid for doing that kind of work. We did such a good job that when we got to the Indiana State Fair, Col. Benj. Harrison GAVE us the use of the 45th Regular Army Band, for the week at the Fair, & we gave the boys \$600 for their use, & they had a good time, besides. When they give a civilian the use of a Regular Army Band for a week, that's something. I played the piano, Walter with his beautiful baritone voice sang the songs. (Norma was playing on the stage most of the time, tho she did the "Hiram" song once in a while, when she could, she'd join us. My back was to the sun every afternoon, & I'd get hot & perspiring, & at night, when we'd have another session, I get very cold. And that's how I got the bronchial asthma, & that's what took us out here. And thereby hangs another tale I'll tell you sometime if you can stand another one. The last happened in California, when I wrote a poem, & was divinely lead to something else. Well, don't say I never wrote you a letter! If you can stand it, I'll tell you the other story later.

With much love, Your Cousin, *Calla*