

817 Archer St
Millville, N. J.
Jan. 17, 1946

My dear Hollis,-

Your mother was a schoolmate
of mine and I loved her, and your
aunt is my very dearest friend,
so I'm dispensing with formality.

After all you are Joe's son and
I'm an old woman.

I awoke in the night with words
mulling around in my head so I
had to get up and reach for a pencil,
and found an old envelope to scribble
on. Scribble is right as I have to write
so fast on the words leave me - had a
hard time translating them this morn-
ing. I was about to begin on a tale
when my daughter missed me and
told me to get back into bed, so the
connection was broken for a while.

I am sending what I wrote to see if you think it will do as a sort of prologue.

You may criticize - say anything at all, and I will not mind no matter how adverse the criticism is.

If you think it all right to go on from there please give me suggestions as to the kind of stanza and I'll try to conform.

I never can tell what is coming, but I could just let the words fall as they come and try to whip them in shape to suit you, but I can't manufacture rhymes - they just come.

Do wizards have ghosts? and is there no given name to Polb?

Shall I make one or just make out without it?

And may I let my imagination
have lee-way?

Here I am talking as if I would
be writing a lot and I just
have to wait for the "Muse" herself.

And what about a title?

A Prologue to Mullica Gold-love Tales
or something like that - I'll leave
that up to you. If this isn't any
good at all, please don't be
afraid to tell me I'm not touchy.

Take good care of Kay - she is
so precious.

Sincerely

Emma G. S. Moore

P.S. On the Moore homestead there was a tree
outside my window that always sounded
like gently falling rain - even when there was
no wind the leaves made a quivering sound.
Was it an aspen, or a linden?