

From Dalton Tremble
7551

September 27, 1950
(Date)

To Miss Melissa Tremble
(Name)

Foggy T Ranch, Fresno Pk., Calif.
(Address)

Dear Mitzi:

The queen of the fairies (she lives right here in Kentucky) visited me this morning. She was riding a golden coach drawn by 22 white mice. She told me that I have a little daughter who is soon going to be five whole years old. She told me I ought to do something about so important a birthday. So I decided to write this jingle for you:

For Mitzi Tremble (who is fine)

When a little girl is one
She doesn't have a bit of fun;
Just eats and sleeps and rolls and turns,
And burps a bit — and never learns.

When a little girl is four
She has a passion to explore,
And do each thing in her own way,
And keep her mother every day.

When a little girl is two
She starts to walk and talk to you;
She learns to use her potty chair
And pull the ribbons from her hair.

But when a little girl is five
It's really fun to be alive!
She never has a pain or ache —
Just cherry tarts and angel cake!

When a little girl is three
She entertains her dolls at tea;
She learns to hop and skip and jump,
And now and then she gets a bump.

And so I send to a fine-year-old
Whose name is Mitzi T.
A handful of love and a bag of gold
And a birthday verse to her from me.

When the birthday is over, be sure and write me what presents you received. Don't eat too much cake — just fine pieces. And you absolute must not eat more than two boxes of candy. Love and Happy Birthday! — Daddy (over)