

Tuesday July 25 77

MRS. ALFRED L. BROWN  
1315 WOOD AVENUE  
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO  
80903

Dear Laura:-

Always a joy to  
see you! I hope you come again  
soon!

Here is the copy of the  
~~article~~ article Ruth Washburn  
wrote about Mayjory Watt -  
It really gives quite a lot  
of the history of the family!

I gave <sup>12 copy</sup> one to Sunnyrest but  
I fear They never look at it - They

(Sunnyrest) have a rather fancy picture - colored - which they think is Maryam - as she gave the money for the 2d unit called the Watt Memorial - all one big building now so <sup>not</sup> ~~not~~ very distinct as it was when the old buildings were there and it was a different building. Of course Sunnyrest was built for Tuberculosis patients but when T.B. was practically stamped out it was turned into a retirement home and is the best in town - (but I hope I never have to go there)



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But would rather go there than  
crowd up Persis's & Myron's busy  
household! I have had many  
good friends there and all liked  
it and been content there -

I think Agnes' cousin is  
living in Agnes' house but I haven't  
seen her - She seems to have  
friends connected with her work -  
Is a hard person to know -

Agnes' place looks a mess as she  
hasn't watered much - Oh, I do so  
miss Agnes - I had lunch with her

almost every week - a dear person!

Love to you -

affectionately

Larry -

Loved seeing your pictures -

Thank you!



MARJORY PALMER WATT

General William Jackson Palmer met his wife in Pennsylvania in a town near Philadelphia where he and William S. Jackson grew up in Quaker families. Mrs. Palmer had been known as a "belle". Her maiden name was Mary Lincoln Mellen. After General and Mrs. Palmer were married in the fall of 1871, she was always known as Queen. General Palmer had been building a big house in Glen Eyrie which was nearing completion. The connection with the Mellen family had been a close one. So General Palmer invited Queen's father and her six half-brothers and sisters to join her in coming west for the wedding. Clark Mellen was well known later to the children in Colorado Springs.

Mrs. Palmer was intrigued by her new life. She helped choose names for the wide streets and avenues as they were laid out in Colorado Springs.

Elsie Palmer was born in 1872. She always seemed a very sensitive individual. Dorothy was born in 1880. Shortly after her birth Mrs. Palmer's health failed. The doctors thought the climate too high for her so she and the two children moved to England where Marjory was born, November 12, 1881. After Mrs. Palmer died in 1894, the General brought his three daughters back to Glen Eyrie when Marjory was almost fourteen. Her accent was always English rather than American - not unusual in Colorado Springs or "Little London" as it was often called because of the large numbers of English people who



had come to live here.

Some of the happiest memories of my first thirty-five years are connected with Marjory Palmer, one of the rare people with a really beautiful personality as well as physical beauty.

After her return to Glen Eyrie, under the influence of her governess, Miss Cecile Jacobeit, she became interested in the Episcopal Church. St. Stephens had been newly organized for those who preferred the low church services as opposed to the high church order at Grace Church. Marjory was confirmed in the church when she was sixteen. She was devoted to the Rector, my father, Philip Washburn. After his death in 1898, she became a great friend of my mother's. We saw her not only at church but she dropped in for lunch or tea with us when she was in town. Now and then she asked us for a delightful day at Glen Eyrie. Once she took me home with her for the night. This was delightful but a little terrifying for a twelve-year-old at the long dinner table with the butler officiating and everyone in beautiful evening clothes. After that night I rode with Marjory on the open mesa on one of their superlative horses, whose pace surpassed a gallop in pure unjolting speed -- like flying!

Elsie, eight years older than her sisters, ran the great house in truly English fashion. She helped with the beautiful flowers brought each day from their greenhouse.

The Christmas party given for the children of Colorado Springs, was for them the event of the year, eagerly anticipated. The great



tree, on which there was a small present for everyone, reached to the high ceiling. The midday feast, served at long tables, was of gourmet quality. Afterwards there were games under General Palmer's leadership.

Marjory was constantly thoughtful of others. Once during a high wind she called for Miriam, Eleanor and me at Miss Henry's little school to make sure that we reached home safely, two blocks north along the east side of the college campus. She was so slender it was doubtful if she could have prevented it, if one of us blew away, but she was there! It was already dangerous to open the front door of the house, but she saw us in the back door, went on west in the teeth of the wind to stay with the Solly's.

On the day of our mother's death, Friday, December 11, 1903, Marjory and Cecile Jacobeit took the three of us to Glen Eyrie for the long weekend, since eastern relatives were coming for the funeral so a long train trip was required. At Glen Eyrie we had a big room and bath on the third floor all together. The good companionship at Glen Eyrie made the long days much more bearable, good weather made use of the surrounding trails possible.

Marjory had some of her father's spirit in her will to do for people. Once in a crowded trolley car, as Eleanor sat on her lap, she leaned over to say to me quietly, "Say that you know that you are my little family." In the months ahead she did much to make us feel that we were not "three against the world."



After we had moved to Brooklyn, New York to live with an aunt she wrote one of us each week and how we watched for the letters!

Tuberculosis must have overtaken Marjory in 1908. We saw her in bed in a hotel in New York when the whole family was on its way to England. Marjory's purpose was to see the man to whom she was engaged, a Wellesley descendant of the Duke of Wellington, to tell him face to face that the engagement must be broken.

General Palmer died in March 1909. Marjory's engagement to Doctor Henry C. Watt was not announced until late summer 1909, after which they were almost immediately married. Glen Eyrie, with its early sunsets was indeed no place for a tubercular patient. For their first winter, while the beautiful house on Culebra Avenue was built, they lived in a house on Beverly Place. Many beautiful things from Glen Eyrie furnished the Culebra Avenue house.

We were not in Colorado Springs during the four years that I was at college, but returned in September, 1913, to our little house on Cache la Poudre Street. Marjory's health was much improved. The Culebra Avenue house was living up to expectations.

Dr. Watt also had tuberculosis but less severely. Born in Scotland, in January, 1872, he was a practicing physician. His partners were Dr. Bortree, Dr. McGruder and Dr. Loomis. By 1913, having been a bed patient, Marjory was often up and about, driven about the town, able to spend ten days or so in their little cottage at the Douglas Ranch. Once I spent a day with her there when Dr. Watt had to be in



town, and did not want her to be alone. We assembled our own lunch, on a lovely peaceful day. They did not lead a social life in Colorado Springs but loved to have people come to them.

Dr. Watt had delightful Scotch humor. He loved to work in the garden. Marjory and I sat on a warm afternoon watching him build one of the garden walls. Marjory so much relied on his good common sense, his simplicity, his absorption in life.

It sometimes seemed as if Marjory considered wealth a stigma. Once she murmured, "it isn't as if Papa did not earn everything he had." He had created railroads at the crucial time. Marjory's Christmas and birthday presents were usually things she had made herself. There is no doubt that her taste influenced ours.

Marjory also delighted in Dr. Watt's Scotch family. They were quality folk in a small Scotch town, Peebles. Here, two of his sisters, Miss Jeannie and Miss Rebecca, ran a Dame School in their house. I spent a week with them in September, 1919. We had "high tea" with many of their friends. This was followed by a night at his brother, John's, who was a minister in a small church in Edinburgh. His sister, Margaret, was John's excellent housekeeper. Another sister, Mrs. Fisher, and her husband and son, lived nearby in Colorado and were often with Marjory after Dr. Watt's death. Margaret Watt also loved to be with her in Colorado.

Dr. Watt died suddenly of a hemorrhage on December 7, 1917, when Marjory was alone with him. She knew that my mother had had



a similar experience. She was unquestionably shattered by his death. The doctors questioned whether she would survive. Arthur Taft, Rector at St. Stephens Church, was a great help to her at this time. When it became apparent that she would live, she said, "if I must live I am going to do something worthwhile." She went about it quietly. Her plan was to turn half of her house into a kind of nutrition camp for undernourished children. These children came for the day, had their midday meal in the beautiful dining room, had the run of the place on good days, with very adequate attendants. About 1921, when Marjory was preparing to live nearer her sisters in England, the camp was taken over by a group at the Glockner. Dr. Timmons had supervised while the camp was at 1801 Culebra Avenue. Marjory gave \$10,000, her sister, Dorothy, \$15,000, toward the maintenance of the Nutrition Camp. Later, it was taken over by the Junior League of Colorado Springs. Finally they could no longer support it, so it was given up in 1957, having had 40 years of usefulness.

Since the first World War had made comings and goings of Marjory's sisters in England impossible, in addition to the compelling interest of their own lives, plans had been underway for Marjory to move to a sanitorium in England. My last time with her was in the summer of 1921, when I spent a night with her. What a journey for her to undertake, since she was already much frailer! To me, and to each of my sisters, she gave a beautiful piece of furniture, life-long possessions for us as for the others to whom furniture was



given.

Marjory's estate was not nearly as large as had been expected. The Glen Eyrie house had been greatly enlarged during General Palmer's lifetime and the White House Ranch had been taken over by the Mellen family.

Sunnyrest had been launched by Mr. Asa T. Jones and the Reverend Arthur Taft. Marjory left \$200,000 to Sunnyrest in unrestricted funds. She had seen too many bequests tied up and unmanageable. I think she also left her house with its remaining contents. The remainder of her estate went to the members of Dr. Watt's family.

Marjory made the hard trip to England in 1922 where she died in her apartment at Hove on December 22, 1925. They say that on the last day of her life she opened her eyes, looking transfigured with happiness, said "Harry!" and it was over.

**\*\*We Three"**

Miriam Storrs Washburn - Mrs. Fredric A. Adams, President of the Colonial Dames for some years.

Ruth Wendell Washburn - Consultant in Child Development.

Eleanor Phillips Washburn - Mrs. Charles F. Emery - mother of five children.