

# HUMBLE OIL & REFINING COMPANY

HOUSTON, TEXAS,

December 4, 1925.

H. C. WIESS,  
VICE-PRESIDENT

Mr. Amon G. Carter,  
Fort Worth, Texas.

Dear Amon,-

The attached clipping from Collier's, November 28th, handed me by Mr. Bowman. It has been suggested that you might be interested in reading it, therefore, I am passing it on to you.

Yours truly,

*H. C. Wiess*

HCW\*tff

cc- Mr. A. M. Bowman

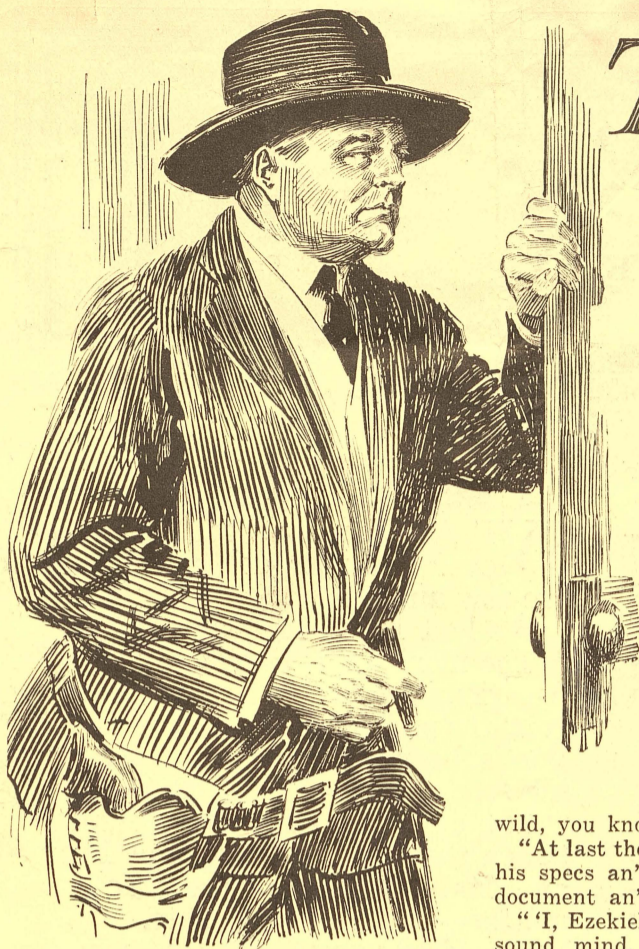
*[Red circular stamp]*

*I wonder who they were shooting at.*

*Blah*

# The Widow's Might

*Uncle Henry says public office is a public trust fund—"an' readin' the will of an elected official is as excitin' as listenin' to the election returns"*



*"What you doin' here? Bet you lost your job again"*

**T**O MY way of thinkin'," declared Mr. Stubbs, with an effect of sparkling originality, "public office is a public trust."

"You mean a trust fund, don't you?" said Uncle Henry. "That's what it's come to be. When a governor or a senator passes in his checks he leaves the job to such one of his heirs an' assigns as happens to be handy, jes' as though it was a Ford car, the kitchen stove or the watch the railroads gave him. If it keeps on, all of our public servants will have to be sworn in by the judge of the probate court an' vaccinated by a notary."

"The English law of entail is a hard an' fast affair, the oldest son inheritin' everything as a matter of course, but in this country an officeholder can leave the title to his widow, his daughter by a former marriage, a cousin twice removed or even to the faithful old nurse who cared for him durin' his declinin' years. It's certainly brought a brand-new complication into politics, for the poor devils of job hunters don't know who to specialize on, an' run from heir to heir like bird dogs at fault."

"The money spent on flowers has to be accounted for under the Corrupt Practices Act, an' readin' the will of an elected official has come to be as excitin' as listenin' to the election returns. All the papers put in special wires, an' crowds gather in front of the house, waitin' for the arrival of the family lawyer with no less interest than the heirs."

"I hope to the Lord it's the widow, you'll hear one mutter under his breath. 'My old woman's been sendin' her blancmange three days hand runnin', not to mention one floatin' island.'"

"I don't know," comes back the cautious whisper. "I kinda have the notion it'll be the boy. Zeke was always worryin' what to do with him. Nothin'



wild, you know, but jes' worthless.' "At last the lawyer comes, puts on his specs an' opens the momentous document an' the readin' begins:

"I, Ezekiel Quackanbosh, bein' of sound mind, no matter what the opposition says, do hereby give an' bequeath such years of my term as I have yet to serve to my dear—at this point the lawyer pauses to wipe his specs, an' a bootlegger wantin' a place on the Dry Squad faints an' has to be carried from the room—to my dear wife, Eliza Quackanbosh, an' if at the end of that time she shall not have married again, an' will have so conducted herself as to meet the approval of my first wife's sisters, she is to have a full six-year senate term as her sole an' undivided property."

"Upon the comin' of age of my beloved daughter, Jane, she is to have one fourth of the mileage paid in cash, an' in event of her demise said amount is to go to the oldest livin' daughter of my niece, Sarah Soupstock. The remainin' three fourths are to be divided equally among the old family servants if, at the time of my death, they shall have been in my employ a minimum of three weeks."

"To my son, Claude, I leave the stationery account, which should prove sufficient for his support, if carefully handled, an' to my old friend an' valued associate, Colonel Bucephalus Boggs, I bequeath the contents of the bottles in my closet, said bottles bein' marked respectively "Writin' Fluid," "Benzine," "Camphor" an' "Witch Hazel."

"Out West things have reached a pass where they don't even have to die to pass the office on. When an officeholder gets caught with the goods, an' the legislators make up their minds that he ought to be made an example of on account of his carelessness, an' his lawyers haven't got an appeal or a demurrer left in their system, an' he lacks the money to hire any more witnesses, the poor fellow heaves a sigh an' turns the place over to his wife."

"What you doin' home here in the middle of the afternoon?" cries the good woman as she sees him openin' the back door. 'I'll bet,

says she, 'you've done gone an' lost your job again.'

"Yes," he confesses, 'but, honest, it wasn't my fault. The mask slipped an' I forgot to wear gloves when I opened the safe. I reckon it's up to you to carry on, Jennie. Better peel off your apron an' come on down an' get sworn in.'

"Why, Jonathan Windjammer!' she protests. 'Here it is right in the middle of the preservin' season, with all my plums to put up, an' there's the children to get ready for school, an' the man's comin' this afternoon about the hot-water heater, an' I haven't even begun on the cake I've got to get ready for the meetin' of the Culture Club tomorrow afternoon.'

"You jes' go an' get Junior to take your old office. I'm sick of havin' everything put off on me."

"I know jes' how you feel,' he says, 'an' it does look like a shame, but I can't trust Junior. Twice last week he didn't do what I told him to. Hurry now an' get your hat an' coat. I've got the acceptance speech all written out in nice, easy words.'

## Wars of Succession

**S**OME delicate questions are introduced by this new rule of succession. If the widow marries again, does her new husband get the office? If none of the boys is old enough to take his father's place, can an aunt be appointed until he comes of age? It's also goin' to bring about a brand-new style of campaignin'. No longer will it be a question of the candidate's ability or his political views, but the quantity an' quality of his family. Is it true that his boys drink? How about the report that his wife uses a lipstick?

"Before long you'll be seein' campaign banners somethin' like this: 'Don't vote for John Doe. He's a bachelor an' has nobody to leave the office to. Cast your ballots for Phineas Peapod, the doctor's friend. He has a wife, fourteen children, three uncles, four aunts an' enough cousins to last a lifetime. Elect Peapod, the Human Guinea Pig, an' you're rid of the bother of votin'."

"They talk a lot about the sentimentality of the Latin races, 'Lonzo, but it's vastly overrated. They give the effect of bein' highly emotional, but you'll notice it's always in relation to somethin' that doesn't matter, like love an' brass bands an' being asked to pay

money. Even when a Frenchman beats his breast most passionately he's careful not to break his watch crystal, an' he never takes a sentiment durin' business hours."

## 99 Per Cent Mush

**W**E AMERICANS are the only simon-pure sentimentalists in the world, for we shut our eyes an' let go regardless of consequences. Any blood test would show a 99 per cent mush content. If a boy breaks a hammer over the heads of his father an' mother, we sob with anguish at the plight of the poor little orphan, an' not only do we let him go, but get up a public subscription to buy him a new hammer."

"My complaint is that the thing operates unequally. Why should we be sentimental only with respect to political offices? When poor Caruso died you didn't see any movement started to have his wife made first tenor of the Metropolitan. When Mark Twain passed on nobody suggested that his daughter ought to succeed him as the Great American Humorist. On the death of a famous surgeon we don't insist that the daughter give up school teachin' an' take over her father's practice. But when an officeholder is removed from the pay roll by any natural cause we're instantly willin' to give the place to any of his family."

"How about the son?" goes up the cry.

"He's in jail."

"Too bad. Then three cheers for the daughter."

"He hasn't any."

"Then we'll make it the widow."

"Has she any ability?"

"Ah, hell, who cares? She's a widow, ain't she?"

"An' so it's done, an' everybody goes back to work with the consciousness of having acted nobly."

"What's the matter with our public life, anyway?" demanded Mr. Stubbs in some exasperation.

"It's in danger of bein' overgrown with widows' weeds," said Uncle Henry.