

June 25, 1934.

Mrs. Will Rogers,
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Dear Betty:

On my recent visit to your lovely home, I looked over the place very carefully to see if there was anything missing in your living room and found that Will had loaded the place down with a lot of agricultural implements, wagon wheels, ox-yokes, steer heads, lariats, blankets, etc. After making a thorough inventory of the room, I could not think of a single, solitary thing you needed for its adornment more than a good Texas saddle, which would have a tendency to make the place look more like a ranch (?).

So, I am sending you, herewith, a pre-war sample saddle made by the Hired Hand at Shady Oak Farm. Frankly, the farming business has been a little dull for the past few months and the old boy, after laying by his pickle crop, had a wee bit of spare time on hand to make you this saddle. It is sent to you personally with the idea that it will not even be used by Will.

We certainly enjoyed the use of John, your very efficient chauffeur, and your lovely Cadillac car last March. Will nicknamed John "Dillinger" claiming he could never find him, although we had no trouble in keeping in close touch with him at all times.

I hope you and Mary had a good trip East. With best love for all of you, I remain

Sincerely,

AGC.KD