

December 10, 1934.

Mr. Will Rogers,
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Dear Will:

In the wilds of old Mexico recently, I shot a fine wild turkey gobbler which I am sending out on the 10:55 P.M. American Airlines plane Wednesday. It should arrive in Los Angeles Thursday morning and you can have John (Billinger) drop over to the airport, pick the turkey up and deliver it to your house.

Enclosed, herewith, you will find a picture of the old bird on the running board of the car we were leaving old Mexico, as well as a picture of two wild hunters ready for the round-up. The white object on the right side of the car is a ten point buck which we "fetched" back to Fort Worth.

I wired you Saturday night about your Santa Clara team and enclose, herewith, a page of the Sunday paper. The ol' Fort Worth boys came through in fine shape. The Masonic Orphans Home team defeated the aristocratic Dallas Tech highschool team 32 to 0. So, you can see our gang has no fear for the size of the town from which their opponents operate.

I am still figuring on leaving here Sunday night, December 23rd; therefore, I am sending the turkey along to contribute my part to the meal that I hope to participate in. Chip Roberts has a good appetite also and to be safe I probably should send another turkey.

Luce, the old darkey porter in the Fort Worth Club Barbershop, stated: "I sho' is glad Mr. Will Rogers will be on the air Sunday. I always enjoys him." I asked Luce how about his Sunday night meeting - he being a very religious darkey. He said: "The Parson likes him too and when any of us members are late on Sunday night, the Parson says, 'Well, I reckon you have been listening to Will Rogers and I will excuse you because I sho' likes him myself.' "

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Hoping all of you are well and with best
wishes, I remain

Sincerely,

AGC,KD