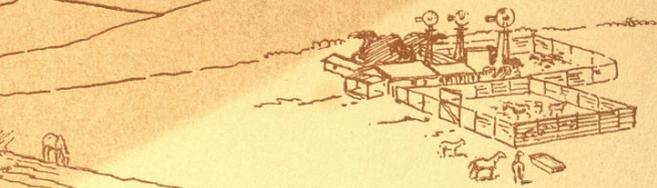


# MEMORIAL EDITION

WILL ROGERS' Favorite Cow-Boy Poem

Dedicated to him in 1933

by D. F. Draper

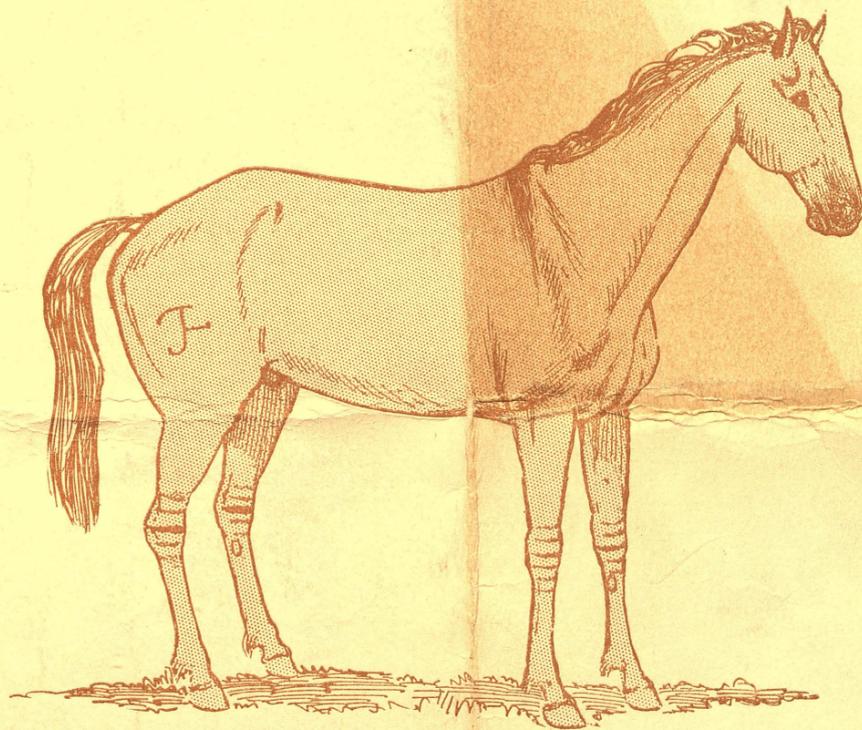


With a stripe across his withers,  
And a line run down his back,  
Zebra rings on knee and hocks,  
Both ears were tipped in black.  
Hide he wore was a smutty dun,  
He was fifteen hands or so,  
One glass eye, and on his thigh  
Was the map of Mexico.

Time had been, when this old skin  
Now monarch of the range,  
Would cut mavericks from the herd  
I know it may sound strange  
With just a saddle on his back  
And the rider outside the pen  
For cause unknown, to himself alone  
He had drawn the gun on men.

Change came quick, when Texas Dick  
At the round-up in the fall  
Threw heads-tails, with Billy Bayles  
To see who would make the call  
To a nearby ranch, on a rocky branch  
For help with the canyon steers,  
He saddled Ole Dun, to make the run,  
A hoss he'd rode for years.

Reins hung loose, on the old cayuse,  
As Dick in the saddle swung,  
He waved his hat, he fired his gat,  
He yelled to inflate his lung,  
He then tip-toed, and out he rode,  
For another loud whoo-pee!  
Out came the who-then-how-do-you-do?  
A silent man was he.



Official Poem Of Texas  
Trail Drivers Association  
W. T. JACKMON, President  
San Marcos, Texas

Now Dick was a man, so the story ran,  
That had never caught the horn,  
Made his blow, as the boys all know,  
That no hoss was ever born  
That had worn a hide, he could not ride  
From Maine to Mexico."  
Telling you right, we saw a sight,  
A sudden Wild-West Show!

Dun downed his head, eyes glared red,  
And he lunged from side to side,  
He fence-rowed back, to cover his track  
With a double-shuffle tried.  
Up went his heels, his bawls and squeals  
Would make your hair stand wry,  
Turned a somerset, and don't froget  
We was a-jumpin' ten feet high.

Then Dick came down, to bust the ground  
Though he fell in a pile of sand,  
Hit clear ker-whack, flat of his back,  
But had something in his hand.  
Sure's your'r born, 'twas the saddle horn  
While Ole Dun kept up the fight  
For quarter of a mile, true bronco style  
Till the dust blurred out the sight!

Dick found his cack, carried it back,  
And said with a peevish grim,  
To the puzzled boss, "That yaller hoss  
Is too much for mortal men."  
He's on the range, has made no change,  
Though we've tried him one and all  
Range is his own, we leave him alone  
When the round-up comes in the fall.

This Space  
Reserved  
For  
Your  
Favorite  
Pose  
Of  
**WILL ROGERS**

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"MY DEAR SIR, HAD YOUR LETTER CONTAINING  
THAT, MATCHLESS COMPOSITION; FINEST  
CHARACTERISTIC POEM EVER WRITTEN ON AN  
OUT-LAW COW HORSE,  
I KNEW IT WAS IN YOU, BUT I DID NOT KNOW  
WHICH VEIN TO TAP TO GET IT.  
IT IS WORTH 10,000 DOLLARS BUT I'D LIKE  
TO SEE YOU COLLECT ON IT  
YOURS WILL

To Amon G. Carter an appreciation D.F. Draper 4.21.36

"I ALWAYS TOLD EM WHEN THE  
HOSS GOT ME

I'D GET THE HORN"

Texas Dick



AL GUERRA