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TULSA, OKLAHOMA

February 9, 1937

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TELEPHONES
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Mr. Amon G. Carter, Editor
Fort Worth Star-Telegram
Fort Worth, Texas

Dear Mr. Carter:

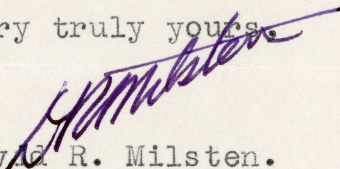
You will no doubt recall the writer as the author of "An Appreciation of Will Rogers", the life story of the late humorist.

I am attaching hereto a newspaper copy of a poem I have recently written in connection with the flood relief program. In the event that you see fit, I am by this letter granting you permission for reproduction of the poem in the Fort Worth Star-Telegram, and if the poem is published, I would appreciate a copy of the issue in which it appears.

I am attaching hereto a self-addressed and stamped envelope for your convenience in making reply.

With kindest personal regards, I am

Very truly yours,


David R. Milsten.

drm/e
encl.

As 'Our Bill' Would Like It

THE following poem was written by David Randolph Milsten of Tulsa, author of "An Appreciation of Will Rogers," life story of the late humorist, that first appeared in the Tulsa Daily World and was later put into book form. The inspiration for this poem was brought about by the intimate knowledge by the author of Will Rogers' charitable work.



There is no doubt that he would be making an appeal for funds if he were among us today, just as he did during the 1931 drought when his wit and humor assisted in the raising of thousands of dollars for "drought relief."

Milsten has caught that intimate manner of Rogers in this poem and the Tulsa World feels that the thoughts expressed will be of assistance in bringing to the attention of the public the necessity for "flood relief funds" for the American Red Cross.

The Cherokee Kid Comes Home

By DAVID RANDOLPH MILSTEN

*Last night I fancied, from out of the past
He walked to the mike with his chuckle and smile
As he scratched his head and some straying hair
And he chewed his gum in sagebrush style.*

*He was on the air with his homespun wit;
"Howdy, folks," said he, "I've got a new boss,
I'm a workin' for charity and had to come back
And do my turn for the great Red Cross."*

*"I've been ridin' the range away up there
With the cowboys in heaven a-cuttin' their capers
But I reckon I know when there's trouble at home,
'Cause I still find time to read all the papers.*

*"I expect you remember the drought-stricken times,
When the ground was dried and we all prayed for mud,
Well, it's all wet now from the snow and the rain
And Old Man River has started a flood.*

*"If my friends are a-listenin', the rich ones, you know,
They ought to give plenty without being lax,
And I just got a hunch that old Uncle Sam
Will let you deduct it from income tax.*

*"There ain't no distinction at moments like these;
All colors and creeds join in the fight
And the poor folks dig down for nickels and dimes
While the unsung army works through the night.*

*"Why Irv Cobb's home town is a-floatin' away,
And there's folks needin' medicine and aid,
The Ohio Valley is just about ruined,
Oh it's terrible I tell you, what a mess it's made.*

*"The women and children are hungry and cold
We gotta help 'em and give 'em a hand,
There's Rudy and his Yankees to do their bit,
And Rubinoff, too, so strike up the band.*

*"Make it 'Pennies From Heaven,' now that's a new tune,
Eddie Cantor will sing it; come on, let's go,
Fred Stone will swing it, boy he's a wow,
It's just like old times, get on with the show.*

*"We got to come through for old Franklin D.,
We're needin' ten million and a whole lot more;
The bread lines are formin', we can't let 'em down,
I'll hand you my check as I go out the door.*

*"Well, my time's up and the director is callin'
We're making a movie called 'Life on High,'
The angels' tribute to all that is good,
I'll be seein' you folks, so long now, good-bye."*

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