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November 15, 1938

Mr. Amon Carter  
Ft. Worth Star Telegram  
Ft. Worth, Texas

Dear Mr. Carter:

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

I had hoped to meet you in person during the recent dedication, but was confined to a Tulsa hospital following an operation and was therefore forced to be absent from the dedication.

Attached hereto you will find a poem which I hope you will enjoy reading. If you care to do so, you have my permission to reprint same in your paper, giving proper credit line to the writer as the author of "An Appreciation of Will Rogers". This book, as you know, was published by the Naylor Company at San Antonio, Texas.

Trusting that I will have an opportunity to meet you at some future date, I am,

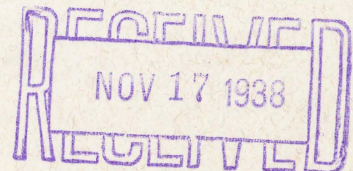
Sincerely,

David R. Milsten

DRM/c  
Enc. Poem

I should like very much to have your personal reaction to the poem and if you do publish same in your paper, will you kindly see that at least four copies of the reprint reach me.

D.R.M.





# Howdy, Folks!

By DAVID RANDOLPH MILSTEN

(Author of "An Appreciation of Will Rogers," an Authentic Biography.)

Well here goes some scribblin that's a little past due,  
But I reckon I'm always athinkin bout you.

I've been readin the papers in my own little way,  
And I see where you messed up my last birthday.

Through divine television I caught the dedication  
And heard some tributes by a mighty swell nation.

Now that's a powerful nice shack you built on the hill;  
But that's just like the Sooners, it gives them a thrill.

I never did nuthin to cause all that fuss;  
And sometimes, folks, I could ~~just~~ almost cuss.

But, dern you, I love you, I guess it's my pride  
That chokes me all up and hurts me inside.

I heard Jessie, Irvin, Cohan and Fred  
And Amon and Eddie, what nice things they said.

I always called Claremore a big little town,  
With guys like Mort Harrison and others around.

I see where Joe Crosson winged <sup>†</sup>here for the day;  
Remember him, Wiley? We slept all the way.

But I'll tell you the part which touched me the most,  
And it ain't like me to speak up and boast.

It was when my dear Mary pulled the curtain string  
From my act in bronze—what a homely thing!

But I guess it was sentiment that filled the place,  
Cause my kids kind of cried and I saw Betty's face.

God bless my old pardner, she held up her head;  
And though none of you heard me, she knew what I said.

And I spied Sister Sally with a shy little glance;  
She's all the west means, charm and romance.

Old Jo had a job a chisslin my mug;  
Why I got more wrinkles than a Navajo rug.

So you're honorin Oklahoma with a replica of me—  
Move over, Sequoyah, for another Cherokee.

Well, much obliged friends, for the money you spent,  
And the words that were spoken by our president.

I wish you had erected a memorial to peace;  
We'd be happy up here if war talk would cease.

But I ain't ungrateful, I just can't see  
Such a hullabaloo about a cowboy like me.

Well, so long folks, it's time to retire;  
I got to keep a date with Odd McIntyre.