

Howdy Folks!

By DAVID RANDOLPH MILSTEN

Well, here goes some scribblin' that's a little past due,
But I reckon I'm always a-thinkin' '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 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 Jesse, 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 there for a 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
For 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 'bout a cowboy like me.

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

To Amon G. Carter
all good wishes—
David Randolph
6/29/42
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This is a replica of the original bronze of the poem "Howdy Folks," which has been placed in the Will Rogers Memorial Museum at Claremore, Oklahoma, and which has been designated as the official poem of the Museum by enactment of the regular session of the eighteenth legislature of Oklahoma. (This poem was written by the author of "An Appreciation of Will Rogers," an authentic biography, published by the Naylor Publishing Company of San Antonio, Texas.) All rights to the above poem reserved, including reproduction in any manner for commercial purposes.

