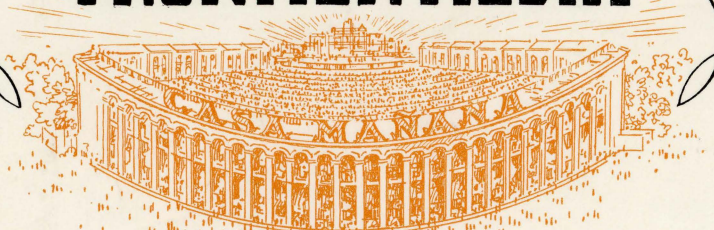


# FORT WORTH FRONTIER FIESTA



*Billy Rose*  
DIRECTOR GENERAL

*James F. Pollock*  
GENERAL MANAGER

FORT WORTH

May 15, 1937.

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

My dear Amon:

I am enclosing the lyric of a song I wrote in collaboration with Dana Suesse, entitled "It Can't Happen Here." Miss Suesse, as you know, last year composed the music for "The Night Is Young and You're So Beautiful."

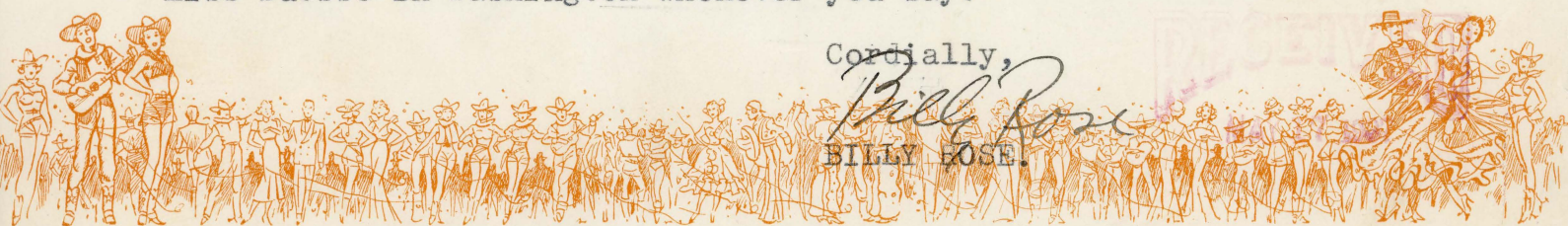
This is the song around which we will build the entire finale of the Casa Manana Revue. The finale as planned, and now in rehearsal, is a much more exciting spectacle, in my opinion, than the one we presented last year.

I sincerely believe that this lyric conveys a message of real importance to anybody interested in preserving the structure of this country. In an age of Communism, Facism and a dozen other crack-pot philosophies, I believe that the entire country should listen to this message presented in words and music. I believe that the American Legion should eventually endorse it. Now for the concrete reason I am writing this letter:

Before the public ever hears it, I am very anxious for Franklin D. Roosevelt, our President, to hear it first. I believe that it lyrically expresses his philosophy. I would appreciate it immensely if you could arrange an appointment for Everet Marshall accompanied by the composer, Dana Suesse, to play and sing it for him at the White House. Though I am also using it in Cleveland, for personal reasons I am very anxious for this song to be launched out of Fort Worth and associated indelibly with our Fiesta. If you will arrange for the appointment, I will deliver Marshall and Miss Suesse in Washington whenever you say.

Cordially,

*Billy Rose*  
BILLY ROSE



FORT WORTH . . . THE FRIENDLY CITY



IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE

Verse:

All for one, one for all,  
That is why our fathers fought and died.  
What they've done, must not fall;  
Send the word across the countryside !

Chorus:

Let cannon thunder over the sea,  
Let men be slaves who used to be free;  
Let Hell appear, but never fear -  
(ddom)  
IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE !  
Let men in black and crimson and brown,  
See all their hopes come tumbling down;  
Let boys of ten march off with men -  
IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE !  
We're free in all we do;  
Nobody tells us when to come or when to go.  
Shall we be dictated to?  
A hundred million voices answer NO !  
The time has come for us to prepare  
On LAND and SEA and up in the AIR.  
If we can guard our own back yard,  
IT JUST CAN'T HAPPEN OVER HERE.