

Day letter paid chg Star telegram

Paul Whiteman

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New York, N. Y.

I have been so busy entertaining some six or seven hundred oil men at Shady Oak, raising the Whiteman flags and other things that I just found you had celebrated a birthday. Otherwise

I would have poured out my congratulations, love and kisses before now even though I had thought that like myself you had passed the point of celebrating such. I notice you got a cake which reminds me of a story. A rich woman in a limousine drove up to an Alabama cross roads filling station for gas. The skinny old nestor was sitting on a cracker barrel, his flea bitten half starved dog on the floor beside him. Is you dog hungry inquired the woman. Nope, answered the nestor. Would he eat cake, inquired the woman. I guess so, replied the nestor.

He eats manure. I think he'd kinda take on over cake. I think the oil gang would have gone wild over cake. But best wishes, Old Top, for many, many more ~~birth~~ birthdays and the best of everything at all times. Sincerest regards to Margaret.

Amon G. Carter