

AMES, COCHRAN, AMES AND MONNET
COUNSELLORS AT LAW
FIRST NATIONAL BLDG.
OKLAHOMA CITY

B. A. AMES
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FISHER AMES

October 17, 1934.

Mr. Amon G. Carter,
c/o Fort Worth Star Telegram,
Fort Worth, Texas.

Dear Amon:

I have your letter of October 13th in regard to
the Band Wagon.

This publication, in my opinion, is utterly
irresponsible, financially and in every other way, and
has made a practice since its inception of publishing
libelous articles about prominent people. It is
published by a corporation, "The Band Wagon, Inc."
which was organized on July 23, 1932. Only one report
has been filed with the Tax Commission since its
organization, on April 15, 1933, and it has been
delinquent since June 30, 1933. It is capitalized
at \$2,000 and its officers, according to the last
available report are

Martin Heflin, president
Gordon Hines, Vice-President,
Don Reynolds, Secretary.

The offices of the publication are apparently in the
Insurance Building, Oklahoma City.

So far as I know, the corporation owns no
property of any kind and the parties connected with
it are of no financial responsibility.

Martin Heflin is editor of the paper. So
far as I know, no suits for libel have been filed
against the publication, but I understand that Heflin
has worn out a good deal of shoe leather dodging irate
persons whom he has written up. I do not know him
personally.

With best personal regards, I am,

Sincerely,

BAA s

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OCT 18 1934

DALLAS DOINGS — FT. WORTH FOLLIES

Wherein that old snoop, Disher Outer, and that inimitable gossip, Nawsty Mans, inaugurate their respective (nay, nary respectable) columns of comment and chatter from the Southland.

BIG DALLAS

THAT blond manicurist better start taking her SWIMS at the Y. W. C. A. because His vacationing Wife is going to be puh-lenty sore if she comes home and catches BLONDIE using HER new swimming pool.

Ewen Hail, m. c. for the reopening of Bagdad, ritzy Pike spot, left in a huff after a row with Kerry King and band on how the accompaniment should be played to "Irish Eyes Are Smiling." King dedicated the next tune to Ewen. It was "You Never Had a Chance." Ouch!

Paul Art, manager of the Log Cabin, believes the night club gang is growing tired of floor shows. So Paul has taken the show to the roof. He hired Flag Pole Kelly to ride a trick bike around the roof of the band stand.

A young Highland Park lawyer man who is growing wiser now starts off his letters like this: "My Darlingest Own —and Gentlemen of the Jury."

The drop-in crowd has dubbed Norman Steppe's Highland Park bachelor hall the "Goat's Nest." Now WHO could be the goat!

Our goofy-sign jotter-downer submits this one from the Cliff Queen: "Double feature: It Happened One Night and He Just Couldn't Take It."

Charlie Link, Dallas playboy, sure enjoyed the California scenery. Her name is Mona Rica of the flickers.

A Dallas columnist and orchestra representative are thinking about taking blind flying lessons out at Love Field. They started for the Lake Worth Casino at Fort Worth, 32 miles away, and wound up near Wichita Falls—just two babes lost in the woods. One of 'em long-distanced Casino Manager George Smith who was ready to set off flares when the boys barged in.

With Mae West's new heat wave ready for Elm Street, Frank Starz, Interstate mouthpiece, is telling this one: It seems Mae met the Invisible Man one day. "Why don't you come up and see

me sometime?" purred Mae. Said the Invisible Man: "I HAVE been up."

Another Dallasite with plenty-a-what-it-takes has pix of the Blond Venus Harlow, plastered helter-skelter over the walls of his bed-room. What's more, they get along together!!!

A dignified old Hebrew wired his Dallas son off at college: "Lest you forget. Yom Kippur starts tomorrow." He got this answer: "If he looks good put five dollars on the nose for me."

Wonder why Jimmie Lovell of the Times-Herald doesn't mention that Baker Hotel torch singer in his column SOME-time???

—DISHER OUT.

FO'T WORTH

FLASH!!! Prominent newspaperman to divorce wife; to soon wed muchly headlined and recently divorced wife of Gotham broker!!! See newsprints much later for details!!!

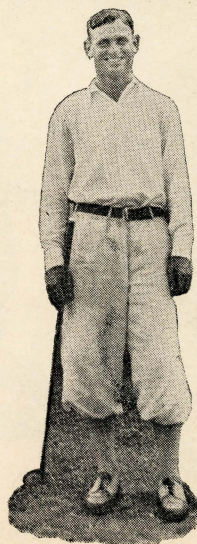
THEY'RE still chuckling out on Fairmont Avenue about the two young blottos who decided they wanted to cook hot dogs over a camp fire the other yawning and built the fire in the middle of a STREET CAR TRACK! The boys were wondering who forgot the mustard when the first car rumbled along. Just the Boy Scout in 'em!

The stenogs WHO CARE are thanking a shake-up in relief offices for a New Deal in how nice they must be to

Strike Up The Band!

for that grand little Dallasite and ace good sport.

SPEC GOLDMAN
—for his splendid showing in the recent National Amateur.



the bosses to hold their jobs. Some that DON'T MIND are missing the jug of corn compound that brightened up the day at four o'clock every afternoon!!!

How mortifyin'! A \$40-per-week theater press agent who bought a two-year-old Pierce-Arrow to three-sheet before his girl friend wishes now he'd kept the old Lizzie. Starter jammed on the Big Bus as the two started to leave a hot night spot and the P. A. had to use the old reliable elbow power. He'd worn out the right wing hoisting tall cool ones inside and couldn't get a wheeze out of the mo-tah. ANOTHER FRIEND of the girl happened along and pushed 'em off with his Chivvie.

Notes on botany: The nightwatchmen at the new Rose Garden in Rockwood Park are having SUCH FUN with their flashlights these nights.

YOU call 'em:

1. What young lawyer man is PUH-LENTY BLUE at reports Celia Villa will make it legal with Paul Barron, her manager?

2. What old meaney pours bourbon syrup into the rankest rotgut and fools his trusting little girl friends who go SIMPLY WILD on the synthetic stuff?

3. What young insurance man sang "Pardon My Sudden Exit" at the Lucerne apartment of a muchly married blond t'other evening? And wonder if hubby thought that new canary necktie was a gift???

The Eighth Avenue Night Club has gone Montmartre with the naughtiest wall art in town. The connoisseurs are raving over "The Absent-Minded Engineer," which shows a honeymooning Casey Jones oiling the springs with a locomotive oil can while his neglected bride stands by.

OUR ILLUSION BUSTING DEPARTMENT: District Judge Bruce Young has granted a divorce decree to that newspaper writer of "how to hold your husband" stuff who claimed DESERTION . . . and . . . A pretty girl artist is making swell side-money painting alluring nudes for bachelor boudoirs!!!

The censors said nix on "It Ain't No Sin" for Mae West's newest, so Worth Theater ushers ballyhooed the flicker like this: *It ain't no sin to see Mae West in 'Belle of the Nineties.'* Haw!

—NAWSTY MANS.

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