

MARSHALL, TEXAS

November 25, 1935.

Mr. Anon G. Carter,
Ft. Worth, Texas.

Dear Sir:

The second Will Rogers Memorial Program which went on the air Saturday night was as impressive and inspiring as the first.

The writer is just one of the many millions of admirers of the Great Humorist.

The thought of a fitting memorial in the form of clinics or hospitals for afflicted, under-privileged children is splendid. May I suggest, in addition to this, especially where sufficient funds can be raised, that memorial parks be established where children of all classes may romp and enjoy the great out-doors. Both would make permanent and fitting memorials for the greatest friend mankind has had in many a decade.

Yours very truly,

L. P. Reist

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NOV 26 1935

WILL ROGERS

There was only one
And his name was Will
There is no other
His place can fill

His heart was pure
And his mind was clean
Such men like he
Are seldom seen

With muscle strong
And a face like tan
He was every inch
A real man

His wit was keen
But his heart was kind
For the things he said
Left never a wound

When fame and wealth
Did him acclaim
He never changed
But remained the same

When a man like he
Has gone on West
We are a little more kind
To those loved best

For his soul reflects
And then we see
What each of us
Would like to be

Dear Mr. Carter:

*A few days after Will Rogers passed on
I was driving to Dallas when the above lines
came to my mind. After arriving at the
hotel where I stopped I wrote them down and
later had them typewritten. I thought you might
be interested.*

L. B. Reiss