

From News
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SAYS WILL ROGERS



BEVERLY HILLS.—Well all I know is just what I read in the papers. And I been doing a lot of reading in the



papers here lately, for thats all I could do. You know the other day coming home from the big Claremore celebration on the Plane I either eat something that didnt agree with me, at lunch in El Paso, where we stopped, or it was the general effects of what I had stacked in

while at home in Okla. But anyhow I got home sick.

We always have such good times to eat at my sisters in Chelsea. Beans, and what beans, kinder soupy navy beans cooked with plenty of real fat meat. Well when I cant knock off a whole bowl of those myself, why I am sick before I start. And then the Ham, fried ham; they cure their own ham. Tom McSpadden my Brother in Law, he is the prize ham curer of any I ever saw. Smokes em with the old hickory log fire, then salts em away for all this time. Then the cooking of all this has got a lot to do with it. Sister Sallie has got a Senagambian Soul there, but she is more for arguing purposes. Sallie fixes it all up when I get home.

Then the cream gravy. You know there is an awful lot of folks that dont know much about eating gravy. Why not to be raised on gravy would be like never going swimming in the creek. They got their own cows and real cream. Ham gravy is just about the last word in gravys. Course good beefsteak gravy is good. You know we fry our beefsteak. Its cut in thin pieces, and say let me tell you something. Did you know all this eating raw, bloody, rare meat, like they order in these big hotels, and City people like, well thats just them. That aint old western folks. Ranch cooks and Farm women fry steak thin and hard. That old raw junk goes for the high collars in Cities, they are kinder cannibalistic anyhow.

Beans, cornbread, country ham, and gravy, and then just raw onions, either the young ones if they are in, or the sliced ones. Sallie had some dandy Bermudas that Tom had raided. He has the best garden in that part of the country. Well these wasent strong, so she was going to send me some to California. But I dont guess they would let them come in. No, thats one thing about California, if you raise anything better than they do, they got a law against it coming in. Thats why its awful hard to get good vegetables and

fruits in California. They make you just use home talent.

Then for desert? Dont have room for any desert. Had any more room would eat some more beans.

Now then I go from there over to my old Home place where I was-raised at OO-la-gah, and there her Son and his remarkable wife Madeline give you an encore on all this, and maby it tastes better, for this is the house you was born in. So about all I do when I go to Oklahoma is just shake hands and eat.

So the day I left we come by the old ranch place and Madeline did have a fine dinner for us. Now she is out in the country with no ice, electricity or all that and yet she has got things that she can make everything that you would have at a town dinner. Can make ice cream. Yes got some kind of a doodad that makes ice out of a hot water thing, and she can put up and can more things than you ever saw, and this girl learned all this in the last five or six years. She wasent a Rancher, she was from the city of Los Angeles, but, Brother, she made a real Ranchers wife and a good one too.

Well the old home place looked mighty fine. Bout all we got left to farms in their beauty. Lays on the bend of the Verdigris river. My Father settled it just after the Civil war, same old log house weather boarded over. Most of the farmers are all raising em a good garden and getting ready to try and offset a tough winter. What they going to do with people this winter anyhow?



Conditions cant improve enough to help everybody by then, so Lord knows what it will be and especially if we hit a tough winter.

Oh yes I started out to tell you bout being sick. Well i have been for a week or so, thought I was going to die, something I eat either at El Paso where the plane stopped for lunch, or the night before at Amon G. Carters "Shady Oak" farm. I had dinner with him and the Gas Sextette, and there was an Amateur Doctor Walker, that mixed up a batch there layed me low. The doctors called it Catarral Jaundice. I was the yellowest White man you ever saw. I never have heard who else died from this Carter dinner; the diet was, cove Oysters canned, then canned Tomatoes, and raw onions all in one mess. Well if they was laying for me, they got me. Next week I will write you of all the pleasures of being sick.