

MAGNOLIA PETROLEUM COMPANY

A SOCONY-VACUUM COMPANY

MARKETING DIVISION

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT
S. H. DUNKEN

DALLAS, TEXAS

Sept. 26, 1935.

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

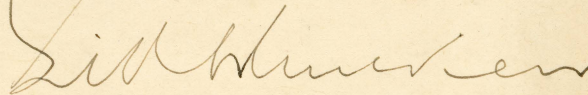
Dear Mr. Carter:

Knowing that you and Will Rogers were close friends, and having heard what I consider one of the outstanding radio programs covering Mr. Rogers' death, and believing that, if you were not fortunate enough to have heard it, you would like to receive it, I attach copy of the script.

This was on the "Between the Bookends" program on the Columbia Chain.

I told my good friend, "Jap" Newton of this and asked him if he thought you would like a copy and he told me he believed you would, hence I am sending it to you with kindest regards and best wishes.

Sincerely,



SHDunken-EB
enc.

RECEIVED

SEP 27 1935

SUNDAY, AUG. 25, 1935
2:30 PM EDST...KMBC-CBS.

Hello There:

There is a new phrase in the American language today, a sentence of several simple words. In sequence of significance, "I have never met a man I didn't like." -- I have never met a man I didn't like -- How few men, living or dead, could utter that statement truthfully. How few lives throughout all history could bear witness to those words -- "I have never met a man I didn't like." I wonder if there is a man in all the world who has had as many friends. The sentence might be echoed: "He never met a man who didn't like him." That, my friend, I humbly submit is Success.

Yesterday the papers carried a syndicated story that seemed a most interesting epilogue. It was an estimation of what we may call the worldly accumulations of a life of this philosophy. The estimate was five to six million dollars. That is a lot of money, and in this day of competitive business, we have been taught to believe that it requires close trading, sharp bargains, shrewd deals, cold-blooded decisions, hard-boiled business, to climb to the top. But strangely enough none of these characteristics were a part of this man's make-up.

Here was a man who believed the philosophy of mankind expressed by Confucius five hundred years B. C., reiterated by Jesus of Nazareth to his followers, and forgotten by too many men in the nations of the world today -- "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." The laws of supply and demand, survival of the fittest, are supposed to have antiquated this old maxim. Business in the Twentieth Century laughs at the Pollyanna Philosophy of loving your enemies.

Here is a man who loved all men and all men made him rich. Here is a man who has given to America a living proof that a man can make good without making enemies. Here is challenge to the cut-throat competition of world business today. A life, unsoiled by the greed of profits. A life, unspoiled by the accumulation of the world's appreciation. A life, based on the simple philosophy of Fellowship and Faith, and a Success.

Oh, there are a multitude of others who have tried this same philosophy, I know, and failed, financially. But for them there is another multitude who have tried Modern Business Methods and who have failed, both financially and spiritually. But this man's life proved that one can be a man - a Man's Man - can live the philosophy of Christianity - can make it a part of his every-day life, his every-day work, and the world will shower him with its love, and its wealth.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

-- Samuel Walter Foss

"I never met a man I didn't like." This man had no quarrels with his neighbors across the street or across an ocean. This man didn't even require Neutrality Legislation. This man couldn't go to war -- he couldn't shoot a man. He had no enemies. Oh, America, if you love him, as he loved you, pay him this great tribute -- Learn something from his life. Learn something from his his philosophy. Be Big -- Aw, shucks, life's so much more worth living when you quit grabbin', and start givin' --

"AW SHUCKS --"

Ambling along, his shrewd kind eyes
Shyly viewing the beauties of a new land -
Siezing the hand of an old crony,
Or of a president, fellow-ambassador, senator,
Or prince -
Grinning wistfully - and humbly before his Creator
Perhaps saying, whimsically:
"Y'know, Lord, all I know is what I've read
In the papers
'N' picked up as I gadded around
Hither 'n' yon;
But all this stuff that's in the papers
Just now,
Page on page - 'n' all the pictures -
Aw, shucks, Lord,
I wish I coulda earned
A little mite of it.
They mean well, Lord - don't hold it against 'em,
Let's just call it good-intentioned
Exaggeration;
They're just being kind
To an ignorant ol' cowhand
From Oologah.
Y'know, Lord, that's a great bunch
You've got down there,
Senators 'n' all;
I'm gonna miss 'em for a while,
But they'll be comin' along;
I had no idee
They felt - that way -- about -- aw, shucks, Lord --
After the way I've kidded 'em,
'n' all -
But I've never hurt 'em till now,
An' I'm just wonderin', Lord,
If there ain't some way
You can ease it up for 'em?
Just tell 'em that - shucks - it ain't bad like that a-tall -
an' that this round-up's just fine an'
Prettier than the song.
Y'see, Lord, that down there gets right next to me, an' -
Shucks, there ain't nothin'
I c'^o do about it;
I've got lots of confidence in Your ability
Along that line.
Well, there goes those bells - my time's up,
So I'll be moseyin' along.
Say, Lord -- ain't that ol' boy over there
From Claremore?"

- Waldo Wettengel
Rush Springs, Oklahoma.
