PRESIDENT'S PERSONAL FILE

PPF 9
Gifts R
Mar.-Aug. 1935

PPF900644

March 8, 1935

My dear Mr. Rollow:

The President asked me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of March fifth and to assure you of his appreciation of your friendly interest in writing and sending the pictures to him. One of the pictures will be presented to Mrs. Roosevelt as requested.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

James S. Rollow, Esq.,
Hotel Pennsylvania,
New York, N. Y.

mgs

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

acbid 3/8 mcl

New York, N. Y.
March 5, 1935.

My dear Mr. President: --

Please permit me to congratulate you on the second anniversary of your inauguration.

I want, also, to repeat my note to you of two years ago, because I feel it holds just as good today as it did at that time, at least, so far as the affairs of the world is concerned.

I am also taking the liberty to forward to you, a picture of yourself and one of Mrs. Roosevelt, with some excerpts on the cause, effect and cure of the ills of the world.

I trust you will like them, and if you or Mrs. Roosevelt can use any more of them I would appreciate your command. I hope Mrs. Roosevelt may receive one of these pictures with my compliments and best wishes.

With hopes that all good things may be yours, I beg to remain,

Sincerely yours,

James S. Rollow

Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt
White House,
Washington, D. C.

P E R S O N A L

P 7.
9-R

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

March 5, 1933.

My dear Mr. President: --

Having just returned from Washington I trust you will permit me to extend my heartiest congratulations on your fine inaugural.

As we all must realize now, all the eyes of the world are focused upon you, appealing for succor, and in this epoch, with progress, your unique command over difficult problems and tasks will become more and more profound and powerful for the creation of good or ill.

I am sure, however, the results will always be found with the former.

Renewing my best wishes for your good health and a splendid administration.

Believe me I am,

Sincerely yours,

James S. Rollow

James S. Rollow

Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt
White House,
Washington, D. C.

PERSONAL

P7.
1-R-

OTEL PENNSYLVANIA NEW YORK

2,200 ROOMS, 2,200 BATHS

UNDER
SAME MANAGEMENT
HOTELS STATLER
BOSTON
BUFFALO
CLEVELAND
DETROIT
ST. LOUIS
AND
HOTEL BUFFALO
BUFFALO

FACING PENNSYLVANIA STATION
Connected by Subway Passage

SEVENTH AVENUE, 32ND AND 33RD STREETS.
Cable Address "PENNHOTEL"

Dec.17,1935.

Dear Miss DeHand:

I want to thank you for your note of March 8th.

I had placed in the mail on November 24 last a parcel containing some booklets entitled "The President and His Assurances for 1936" and addressed to the President at Warm Springs, Ga.

Would you be so good as to ask the President for me if they were received. I would be greatly disappointed if they did not arrive safely. I did not know of any other means which I could employ to gain this information. Therefore, I take this liberty.

With best wishes, I am,

Most respectfully,

James S. Rollow

James S. Rollow

ISR/EP

Miss M.A.LeHand
White House
Washington, D.C.

mm

Buckley

March 12, 1935

PPF. 9-R-

My dear Worthington:

This will acknowledge receipt of your letter of March eighth to the President. He deeply appreciates your interest in writing him and has asked me to thank you and everyone concerned for your courtesy in sending him the copy of the "Missile".

Very sincerely yours,

To Howe

LOUIS McH. HOWE
Secretary to the President

X
mm

Worthington Romaine,
Petersburg High School,
Petersburg,
Virginia.

Letter

PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA
H. D. WOLFF, PRINCIPAL

acked 3/12/35

March 8, 1935

Mr. F. D. Roosevelt
White House
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Roosevelt::

Knowing your interest in Williamsburg, Virginia, we take pleasure in sending you a copy of the "Missile", a publication of the Petersburg, Virginia High School, which is about the Restorations of that Old City.

Yours sincerely,

Worthington Romaine

Worthington Romaine
Assistant Circulation Mgr.

March 20, 1935

PPP.
9-R.

My dear Mrs. Reindel:

Will you please permit me to make this belated acknowledgment of the fine gift which you sent to the President at Christmas time. It was indeed kind of you to present the album to him, and he is most grateful for this evidence of your good will.

Very sincerely yours,

album.
Stove Room

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Mrs. A. M. Reindel,
138 Chapman Street,
New Britain,
Connecticut.

P.P.F.

P.P.F.
9-R

March 20, 1935

My dear Mr. Rogers:

Will you please let me make this belated acknowledgment of the gift which you so kindly sent to the President at Christmas time. He was very glad to have the album, and has asked me to tell you how much he appreciates your thoughtfulness in presenting it to him.

Very sincerely yours,

Stag Room

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

E. P. Rogers, Esq.,
149 Broadway,
New York, N.Y.

es

P.P.F.
9-R

March 21, 1935

Gentlemen:

Will you please permit me to make this belated acknowledgment of the fine gift you were so kind as to send the President. It was indeed good of you to send him the beautiful sweater, and he is most grateful for this evidence of your good will.

He has asked me to convey his very best wishes to everyone concerned.

Very sincerely yours,

Store Room

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Radio City Music Hall,
Rockefellow Center,
New York, N.Y.

es

March 21, 1935

P.P.F.
9-R

My dear Mr. Ratay:

Will you please let me make this belated acknowledgment of the fine gifts which you sent to the President. It was indeed good of you to send the pictures to him, and he wants you to know that he greatly appreciates this evidence of your good will.

He has asked me to convey his very best wishes for your welfare and happiness.

Very sincerely yours,

Calendar.
Stack Room

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Joseph A. Ratay, Esq.,
West 88th St., and Almira Ave.,
Cleveland,
Ohio.

es

March 21, 1935

P.P.7.
9-R.

My dear Mr. Rabefker;

Will you please let me make this belated acknowledgment of the fine cane which you were so good as to send him. He is delighted to have this gift and wants you to know how much he appreciates your kind thought of him.

He asks me to convey his very best wishes to you.

Very sincerely yours,

Stan Howe

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Nathan G. Rabefker, Esq.,
179 2nd Street,
New York, N.Y.

es

JEC:G

March 31, 1935

pp 7.
9-R

My dear Mr. Rankin:

Will you please let me make this belated acknowledgment of the beautifully framed prayer which you were so kind as to send to the President during the holidays. He was very glad to receive this fine gift and greatly appreciates your thoughtfulness.

He asks me to convey his very best wishes to you for your welfare and happiness.

Very sincerely yours,

Stw Lelland

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

A. G. Rankin, Esq.,
St. Frances Hospital,
Cincinnati,
Ohio.

es

JEC:G

March 22, 1935.

Dear Colonel Roosevelt:-

Just a line to thank you for the Flag which has arrived and is now in the Study. The President is delighted with it.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. Le Hand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Honorable Henry L. Roosevelt,
Assistant Secretary of the Navy,
Navy Department,
Washington, D. C.

JEC:G

P.P.F.
9-R.

March 22, 1933.

My dear Mr. Roberts:

The President has received your book "The Mystery of Life", which you were good enough to send him and asks me to thank you for the courtesy, which he deeply appreciates.

Sincerely yours,

LOUIS McH. HOWE,
Secretary to the President.

Mr. E. Mason Roberts,
1036 Yale Ave.,
St. Louis, Mo.

es

JEC:C

pp7. 9-R-

March 25, 1935

My dear Mr. Richards:

The President has asked me to express to you his thanks for the two linen helmets and the handsome felt hat. He is delighted to have them and sincerely appreciates your courtesy.

May I take this opportunity to thank you on my own behalf for the two very fine felt hats you sent me. They are a splendid fit and I shall greatly enjoy wearing them.

With sincere appreciation of your courtesy and thoughtfulness.

Sincerely yours,

M. H. McINTYRE
Assistant Secretary
to the President

Frank G. Richards, Esq.,
John B. Stetson Company,
Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania.

my way to the Coast, and if I do, I hope to have the pleasure of having you buy a couple of drinks.

Cordially and sincerely,

James E Coakley

JEC:G

March 25, 1935

Dear Jim:

The attached copy of letter which I am today sending to Frank Richards is self-explanatory.

I appreciate very much your own good offices in this.

With kindest regards,

Sincerely yours,

M. H. McINTYRE
Assistant Secretary
to the President

mm

James Cooke, Esq.,
1104 41st Avenue, North,
Seattle,
Washington.

Enclosure.

my way to the Coast, and if I do, I hope to have the pleasure of having you buy a couple of drinks.

Cordially and sincerely,

James E Cooke

JEC:G

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

OFFICE OF THE VICE PRESIDENT

Hon. Marvin H. McIntyre,
The White House,
Washington, D. C.

ack 3/25/35

Dear Mr. McIntyre:-

The two linen helmets and the felt hat for President Roosevelt, as well as the two felt hats for your personal wear, which were ordered by our mutual friend Jim Cooke over the phone the other day, are being forwarded today in your care. I sincerely hope these hats will be most pleasing and becoming to the President, as well as to you, and that you will both enjoy wearing them.

Sincerely,

Francis g Richards

March 22, 1935.

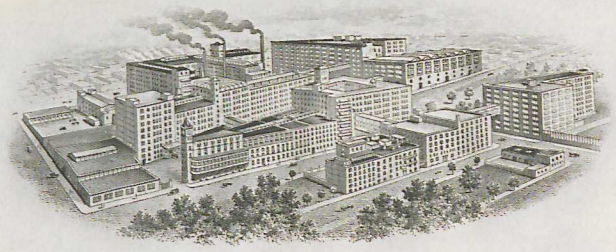
I noticed in the paper this morning that Louie's condition is just about the same, and I am wondering if you have made any change in the plans of going South.

It may be possible that I will stop between trains in Washington next Friday afternoon on my way to the Coast, and if I do, I hope to have the pleasure of having you buy a couple of drinks.

Cordially and sincerely,

James E Cooke

JEC:G



JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA

March 25, 1935.

GEORGE V. MacKINNON, PRESIDENT
FRANK G. RICHARDS, VICE PRESIDENT
GEORGE L. RUSSELL, JR., TREASURER
WM. H. SCHNEIDER, SECRETARY
J. HOWELL CUMMINGS, JR., ASST. SECRETARY

Hon. Marvin H. McIntyre,
The White House,
Washington, D. C.

My dear Marvin:-

Frank Richards tells me that he got the hats off last Friday for you and The Boss. I hope that you both will get as much pleasure in wearing these hats as we have had in making them for you.

One of the hats that I sent you is a new hat we have just begun to manufacture (I refer to the Luxury), and I will be glad if you will let me know just how this hat appeals to you. Possibly The Boss could use a couple, if you think he would like this type of hat with perhaps a little more brim than is on your hat.

It has occurred to me that possibly The Boss might also be able to use a new silk hat, as these hats are rather fragile and hard to keep in shape. When you have an opportunity you might ask him if he can use one, letting me know right away, and I will be glad to have one made and forwarded to him, making the hat on the conform you remember we took just a year ago.

I noticed in the paper this morning that Louie's condition is just about the same, and I am wondering if you have made any change in the plans of going South.

It may be possible that I will stop between trains in Washington next Friday afternoon on my way to the Coast, and if I do, I hope to have the pleasure of having you buy a couple of drinks.

Cordially and sincerely,

James E Coaks

JEC:G

141902

RECEIPT FOR INSURED MAIL—Form 3813

Keep this receipt until parcel is accounted for satisfactorily. It represents a parcel insured, and should be presented in the event of application for indemnity. The sender should write the name and address of the addressee on the back.

CLAIMS MUST BE FILED WITH POSTMASTER WITHIN 6 MONTHS FROM DATE OF MAILING.

DOMESTIC
(Including Canada and Newfoundland)

FEES	INDEMNITY
5c	Value up to $5
10c	Value up to $25
15c	Value up to $50
25c*	Value up to $100
30c	Value up to $150
35c	Value up to $200

*Maximum chargeable to Newfoundland.

APPLY AT POST OFFICE WINDOW FOR INFORMATION CONCERNING FEES AND INDEMNITY APPLICABLE TO INSURED MAIL FOR FOREIGN COUNTRIES OTHER THAN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

Fragile
Perishable
Eggs

Fee paid for return receipt.....cts.
Restricted delivery fee.....cts.
Special delivery fee.....cts.
Special handling charge.....cts.

No. 46
Class 46
Postage .....cts.
Insurance fee paid .....cts.

Accepting employee will place his initials in spaces applicable to indicate indorsements and insert the fees paid.

(Postmark of)
POST OFFICE DEPT. U.S.M.S. 1934
MAR 29
(Mailing Office)

POSTMASTER,
By .....

P.S.7.
9-R

My dear Mrs. Rydeen:

I am very sorry there has been such a long delay in acknowledging your letter of December twenty-second and do want to assure you of the President's appreciation of your friendly interest in writing and sending the quilt to him.

He does not, however, feel that he should accept it and I am therefore returning it to you by parcel post.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHAND
Private Secretary

em

Mrs. Minnie Rydeen,
915 First Avenue South,
Fargo,
North Dakota.

quilt returned. parcal post, Insd. $25.00
March 29 - 1935.

Cleaned Theirs offices over three half yrs
and found them fairminded gentlemen
they have been good to me and know the
doing the right thing

P.S.7.
9-R

March 27, 1935.

My dear Mrs. Rydeen:

I am very sorry there has been such a long delay in acknowledging your letter of December twenty-second and do want to assure you of the President's appreciation of your friendly interest in writing and sending the quilt to him.

He does not, however, feel that he should accept it and I am therefore returning it to you by parcel post.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHAND
Private Secretary

em

Mrs. Minnie Rydeen,
915 First Avenue South,
Fargo,
North Dakota.

quilt returned. parcal post, Insd. $25.00
March 29 - 1935.

Cleaned Theis offices over three half yrs
and found them fairminded gentle
they have been good to me
doing the right

Hold

QUILT TO BE RETURNED BY INSURED PARCEL POST.

Mr. Buckly
Ahis is the patriotic quilt.

ave S. Fargo N.D.
Dec 29-34

ack 1-2-35
B.P.B.

R

.C.

elt

wkd 3-27 sm

y desire to answer
Your letter of last ye, but time has been
so limited on account of hard luck this last
yr. I have been in an auto accident besides
four operations in my family some due to
the accident, but I'm glad I am able to start
work again. As long as I did not win any
prize I wanted to send the quilt to Pres Roosevelt
to show him an appreciation of making
the banks sound which means so much to the
people especially the old. My father lost over
$5000. and I lost $228. just gotten ready for
taxes and intrest on my farm then I had
to sell the stock and go out and work.
Now Mr. Nilles, Eckert, Nilles, Zuger Lawyers
are changing the Rural credit loan of Ihnen
to the Federal land bank loan. I have
cleaned their offices over three half yrs
and found them fairminded gentlemen
they have been good to me and know they
are doing the right thing to take their loans

915-1 ave S. Fargo N.D.

Dec 22-34

Mrs Franklin Roosevelt
Washington D.C.

ack 12/31/34
RPB

add 3-27 mm

Dear President Roosevelt
It has often been my desire to answer
your letter of last year, but time has been
so limited on account of hard luck this last
yr. I have been in an auto accident besides
four operations in my family some due to
the accident, but I'm glad I'm able to start
work again. As long as I did not win any
prize I wanted to send the quilt to Pres Roosevelt
to show him an appreciation of making
the banks sound which means so much to the
people especially the old. My father lost over
$5000. and I lost $2 28. just gotten ready for
taxes and interest on my farm that I had
to sell the stock and go out and work
Now Mr. Wilkes, Aehlert, Wilkes, Zaiser Lawyers
are changing the Rural credit loan of $ to
the Federal land bank loan. I have
Cleaned their offices over three half yrs
and found them fair minded gentlemen
they have been good to me so I know they
are doing the right thing. I hope this loan

will help all farmers. And I may may some day come back to my own home at Clearbrook Minn. Altho I do not like to part with the good people of Fargo. Now I hope you can make use of Ameres orginal patriotic quilt.
and that the Clearbrook people will remember the farm of said material was improved by a woman.
So my all your good work keep on and the times will all be back to standard again

I am sincerly your

Mrs Minnie Rydeen

Fishing pole left at Office by messenger from Office of Rep. Wm J Brunner, April 13, '35. with letter X enclosed.

P.P.F. 9-R.

My dear Mr. Reardon:

It was perfectly splendid of you to make and send that fine deep sea and surf casting fishing pole to me.

I do want you to know how much I appreciate your kind thought of me.

I am looking forward with pleasure to a chance to try it out.

Very sincerely yours,

CWS

J. F. Reardon, Esq.,
21 Jefferson Place,
Hempstead, L. I.,
New York.

r.r.7.
9-R.

April 20, 1935

My dear Mr. Reardon:

It was perfectly splendid of you to make and send that fine deep sea and surf casting fishing pole to me.

I do want you to know how much I appreciate your kind thought of me.

I am looking forward with pleasure to a chance to try it out.

Very sincerely yours,

CWS

J. F. Reardon, Esq.,
21 Jefferson Place,
Hempstead, L. I.,
New York.

Very nice letter
& thanks —
P.

Ack 4-20 cws

THE WHITE HOUSE
APR 13 1935
RECEIVED

March 20, 1935

His Excellency Franklin D. Roosevelt,
President of the United States,
White House,
Washington, D. C.

My Dear Mr. President:

Having had the honor of building and fitting out your 26' fishing boat and being a fisherman myself for many years, respectfully request that you permit me to contribute in my humble way towards your future fishing trips by accepting this deep sea and surf casting fishing pole.

The two upper sections are hand work and made of bethabara wood, a relation of greenheart.
The butt is made of cocoabola wood.
The fair leads are made of nickle silver, lined with genuine agate.
The top is adjustable, fitted with a slotted head set screw.
The outside cover is of all weather material, metallic finished known as revolite fabric.
The inside cover is of velvet.

Having in mind that every fisherman favors a certain type of reel I have refrained from supplying any with this pole.

Trusting your first catch will be a real test and with best wishes for continued good health and success,

I am

Very respectfully

L. F. Reardon

21 Jefferson Place,
Hempstead, L.I.,N.Y.

P.P.F.
9-R

April 23, 1935.

My dear Mr. Geisinger:

The President has directed me to acknowledge and thank you for your letter of April thirteenth. He was genuinely interested in the information you gave him regarding the Angora Rabbit Wook Industry and is deeply grateful for your offer to present him with a pair of blankets and a blazer made of this material.

However, the President cannot, regardless of his own personal desire to assist all industries, particularly those of recent development, participate in proposals which are of an advertising or publicity nature. During the incumbency of his present Office, he has consistently refused to take part in projects of this kind and it is not felt that an exception can now be made.

X 101-a

If the President can be of assistence in any other way, he will be glad to do so. However, I must ask you to understand his situation and to excuse him in this instance.

Very sincerely yours,

STEPHEN EARLY
Assistant Secretary to the President

Mr. C. E. Geisinger,
Vice President,
Rabbit Textiles Company,
1007 South 11th Street,
Tacoma, Washington.

dj

No doubt this request will first appear as a selfish and mercenary act on out part, but upon second thought it will immediately put thousands of Angora Breeders in a position to realize a profit from their efforts in producing this wool, and will establish hundreds of thousands in a self sustaining capacity with very little investment.

BLANKETS ANGORA SPORTSWEAR ANGORA FABRICS

RABBIT TEXTILES COMPANY

1007 South 11th Street

Tacoma -:- Washington

April 13, 1935.

Honorable Franklin D. Roosevelt,
Executive Mansion,
Washington, D.C.,

Dear Mr. President:

We have been advised through various sources that you have more than a passing interest in the production and merchandising of Angora Rabbit Wool, as a new and added industry for the United States of America.

Whether this is true or not you alone know, but we are again calling it to your attention as a new method to rehabilitate people on small tracts and make them self sustaining.

The one and only obstacle that must be overcome is the merchandising of the wool they produce on an open market. This obstacle is due to the fact that the American people are not familiar with the wonderful qualities which are embodied in the fabrics made from this fibre.

We are a very small firm who believe and are convinced in the future of this industry, and are aware of the fact that a national advertising campaign is necessary to put the finished article before the public, and to convince them that this new fibre offers luxury, comfort and wearing qualities heretofore unknown.

Being a very close observer of your activities since your election to the Presidency and recognizing the fact that you have given any assistance in your power to worthy enterprises we submit the following.

With your permission it would be a pleasure and an honor to present you and the First Lady of the United States of America with a pair of our new Angora Rabbit Wool Blankets, and in addition to this a beautiful and servicable Angora Rabbit Wool Blazer for the Presidents use on his various fishing trips.

Should this meet with your approval and were we able to have the Hon. Senator Homer T. Bone our local Senator make the presentation, the publicity that the Angora Rabbit business would get all over the United States of America would immediately establish it on a sound and stable basis.

No doubt this request will first appear as a selfish and mercenary act on out part, but upon second thought it will immediately put thousands of Angora Breeders in a position to realize a profit from their efforts in producing this wool, and will establish hundreds of thousands in a self sustaining capacity with very little investment.

BLANKETS ANGORA SPORTSWEAR ANGORA FABRICS

RABBIT TEXTILES COMPANY

1007 South 11th Street

Tacoma -:- Washington

The administration in Olympia who are working on the Government Rehabilitation Project in Washington has shown the writer the courtesy of discussing the Angora Wool Rabbit in conjunction with their program of subsistence homesteads. The one obstacle which again comes to the front is the demand and market for the wool when produced.

Believing that you will analyse our stand in this matter and that you will recognize that we are not only trying to help ourselves but thousands of others along with your reconstruction program. We respectfully request that you give this matter serious thought and trust that it will meet with your approval.

Pledging you and your administration our whole hearted support,
We beg to remain,

Yours very truly,

Rabbit Textiles Company, Inc.

By: C. E. Geisinger

C. E. Geisinger, Vice Pres. & Gen. Mgr.

CEG/DL

April 30, 1935.

P.P.F. 9-R

My dear Doctor Rowe:

The President has asked me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of April twenty-seventh and to thank you for your thoughtfulness in sending him a copy of the photograph taken on the occasion of the signing of the Roerich Pact.

Very sincerely yours,

P.P.F. 9-P

M. A. LeHAND
Private Secretary

em

Honorable L. S. Rowe,
Director General,
Pan American Union,
Washington, D. C.

April 30, 1935.

My dear Doctor Rowe:

The President has asked me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of April twenty-seventh and to thank you for your thoughtfulness in sending him a copy of the photograph taken on the occasion of the signing of the Roerich Pact.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHAND
Private Secretary

Honorable L. S. Rowe,
Director General,
Pan American Union,
Washington, D. C.

THE DIRECTOR GENERAL
PAN AMERICAN UNION
WASHINGTON, D. C.

April 27, 1935.

THE WHITE HOUSE
APR 27 1935
RECEIVED

Ackd 4-30-35 em

My dear Mr. President:

I though that you might be interested in having a copy of the photograph taken on the occasion of the signing of the Roerich Pact.

I beg to remain, my dear Mr. President,

Very sincerely yours,

L. S. Rowe,
Director General.

The President,
The White House.

mgs

May 2, 1935

P.P.F. 9-R

My dear Mr. Rudebeck:

The President asked me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of April twenty-third and to thank you for your thoughtfulness in sending the ~~spoons~~ to him. He also asked me to assure you of his appreciation of the kind invitation which you extend to him.

Very sincerely yours,

MARVIN H. McINTYRE
Assistant Secretary to the President.

H.P.F. 9-S

C. W. Rudebeck, Esq.,
3746 East 14th Street,
Oakland,
California.

mgs

Oakland. Calif.

April 23--35.

Mr Franklin D. Roosevelt.
President of the U.S.A.

Rec'd Apr 28

My Dear Mr Roosevelt.

You will please excuse my writing you the second letter. I just want to thank you for your wonderful personal letter to me. I am now real proud of my accomplishments. The trolling hook I sent you was hand made by me. Since introducing it to 31.000 local anglers in the bay district I was compelled to go into A much larger production to satisfy the demand here. So I take great pleasure in sending you 6 Trolling Spoons one for your self and one to your dear friend Mr Vincent Astor who took you on his Yacht on A wonderful fishing trip. The remaining 4 you may give to your friends with my compliments. Should you come to the west Coast this summer to the SanDiago Exposition I would like to extend an invitation to you to come to Oakland and join me in A fishing trip. As I am the proud posessor of A 30 foot Cabin Crooser. After using Trooling Spoon dry and put in corn starch in the box it will keep it from rusting.

Yours Very Truly.

C. W. Rudebeck.

Mr C.W.Rudebeck.
3746 E 14 St.
Oakland. Calif.

P.P.7:
9-R

PRIVATE

Personal

April 16, 1935.

My dear Mr. Rudebeck:-

I am sorry for the delay in writing to thank you for the trolling hook which you sent me. I am delighted to have it and found it very successful on my recent fishing trip.

Very sincerely yours,

Miss Le Hand

C. W. Rudebeck, Esq.,
3746 East 14th Street,
Oakland,
California.

Noted

President of the United States.

Oakland. Calif.

My Dear Mr Roosevelt.

You being A lover of out door sports you are A man after my own heart. I hear you are A enthusiastic fisherman. I take great pleasure in sending you one of my Whiz Bang trowling hook.

Which is my own design and Patent. I hope it will give you great pleasure in landing various kinds of game fish. You will readly see how the hook is set for action. It can be used with or without pork rhine attached. The hook is endorsed by the leading newspapers of Oakland. California as the out standing lure of to day for catching game fish.

With best wishes and big fishes.

Yours Very Truly.

C. W. Rudebeck

Mr C.W.Rudebeck.

3746 E 14 St.

Oakland. Calif.

PERGAMENT, Mr. H.,
Pictorial Film Library, Inc.,
New York, N.Y.
May 4, 1935

Writes Mr. Early that they have been very successful in recording the President's Fireside Talk, given the previous Sunday night, April 27 (28), 1935, on a record. States that will send the President, in the course of the next few days, a set of these records for his keeping. States they would like to obtain a complete set of all the Fireside talks given by the President since his inauguration.

Under date of May 6, 1935 Mr. Early replied to Mr. Pergament, enclosing copies of the requested fireside chats, and advising that the President has consistently refused permission for any one to imitate him or his voice.

See 450

P.P.F.
9-R

EZYKUT

P.P.F.
9-R

May 9, 1935

P.P.F.
9-R

My dear Miss Rand:

Your letter of May eighth, addressed to the President, has been received and I want to thank you in his behalf for your kind thought in sending him the fruit to which you refer.

P.P.F. 9-F

Very sincerely yours,

P.P.F.
9.0

M. A. LeHand

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Miss Sally Rand,
1 University Place,
New York, N. Y.

fef

Noted

SALLY RAND

One University Place,
New York City.
May 8, 1935.

Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt,
President of the United States,
Washington, D. C.

Dear President Roosevelt:

I am writing to you about a subject in which I am vitally interested.

No. It isn't a bubble nor yet a fan or anything as ephemeral as that. The subject of which I speak is this country's billion dollar fruit industry, for in private life I am a fruit grower.

At Glendora, California, I own and operate a thriving orange grove and I take great pride in the splendid golden fruit that I grow, pack, ship and sell. As great a pride, in fact, as I take in my professional career. That is why I have arranged with AMERICAN FRUIT GROWER to mail you a sample orange, fresh-picked from one of my own trees. When you eat it (and I know you'll enjoy it), I hope you will ponder on the business possibilities, the progressiveness and importance of the great fruit industry of America.

I hope that you will think of me as one, who when her dancing days are over, will exchange the spotlight for the warm sunshine of her California orange grove and the pleasure and profits to be derived from fruit growing.

Yours for "Fruit for Health",

SR/k

Sally Rand

hm

Bradley

May 10, 1935

P.P.F.
9-R

My dear Mr. Reiss:

The President has asked me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of April twenty-ninth and to assure you of his appreciation of your thoughtful courtesy in sending a copy of "The Old Boat Rocker" to him.

P.P.F.
20
Radio Address
4/28 R

+P.P.F.
9-B

Very sincerely yours,

Howe

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

J. L. Reiss, Esq.,
59 Deal Esplanade,
Deal,
New Jersey.

hm

Mitch

J. L. REISS
59 DEAL ESPLANADE
DEAL, N.J.

acknl 5/10/35 hrw

April 29, 1935.

Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Pres.
The White House,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I listened with interest to your speech last night, about how you are going to dispense with four billion, eight hundred million and I noted particularly how you refer to the building of a ship, which reminded me of a book I read recently called, "The Old Boat Rocker".

Since then I have spoken to several politicians who have read the book and said that every politician ought to read it, and as you are the greatest politician living, I think you ought to read it.

It is quite amusing and there are very good points for politicians to think about and I hope you will enjoy reading this book, which I am sending you under separate cover.

Sincerely yours,

J L Reiss

JLR/AC

PPF 9-R

PPF 9-R

935

ks for

our new

y kind

ciate it.

to an

nomic

ours,

Right Reverend Monsignor John A. Ryan,
Catholic University,
Washington, D. C.

bsp

May 31, 1935

P.P.F.
9-R

Mr. Jacob L. Reiss

May 15, 1935

P.P.F.
9-R

My dear Monsignor Ryan:

Please accept my sincere thanks for your courtesy in sending me a copy of your new book. Your personal inscription is very kind and very gratifying, and I deeply appreciate it.

I look forward with interest to an early opportunity to read "A Better Economic Order".

Very sincerely yours,

Right Reverend Monsignor John A. Ryan,
Catholic University,
Washington, D. C.

bsp

May 31, 1935

PPZ.
9-R

May 15, 1935

PPZ.
9-R

My dear Monsignor Ryan:

Please accept my sincere thanks for your courtesy in sending me a copy of your new book. Your personal inscription is very kind and very gratifying, and I deeply appreciate it.

I look forward with interest to an early opportunity to read "A Better Economic Order".

Very sincerely yours,

Right Reverend Monsignor John A. Ryan,
Catholic University,
Washington, D. C.

bsp

PPF
9-R

May 31, 1935

My dear Mr. Rolfsen:

Your letter of May twenty-seventh has been received. The President has asked me to thank you for writing and for your kind thought in sending him the sickle to which you refer. He greatly appreciates the spirit which your letter evidences.

Very sincerely yours,

Steve Rooney

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Alf J. Rolfsen, Esq.,
The Ezykut Tool Corporation,
Pershing Square Bldg.,
New Rochelle,
New York.

es

Noted

THE SICKLE WITH A RAZOR EDGE
A TETCO PRODUCT

EZYKUT

GARDEN TOOLS OF QUALITY

ack'd 5/31

THE EZYKUT TOOL CORPORATION

NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Branch: Pershing Square Building
New Rochelle, New York

May 27th, 1935.

President Roosevelt
Washington, D. C.

My dear President Roosevelt:

I suppose you have often heard the old gag, "What do you do with old razor blades?" At last that question has been solved by an American, who has devised a means of cutting grass with old razor blades in a folding hand sickle. Am mailing to you one of these sickles with my personal compliments. I hope it will produce one of your famous smiles because of its ingenuity.

Furthermore, this is our contribution to the New Deal. The reason being that this sickle cannot be bought in stores. They are sold exclusively by salesmen. In other words, we will be in a position to put to work thousands of men in every part of this country selling these sickles. This sickle has a tremendous selling field because every lawn, golf course, cemetery and park is a prospect.

I sincerely hope that we will be able to employ many thousands of men who are now on either straight relief or work relief rolls, thereby helping the New Deal. If you are at all interested in this plan, I will be very happy to give you further details.

Very truly yours,

Alf J. Ralfsen

AJR:E

THE EZYKUT TOOL CORPORATION

THE SICKLE WITH A RAZOR EDGE

A TETCO PRODUCT

June 17, 1935

P.P.F.
9-R

Gentlemen:

The President was very pleased indeed to receive the two records of King George's recent address. He is more than grateful for your kindly thought in sending them to him.

X48

Very sincerely yours,

X450
X136-Miscl

To House.

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Radio and Film Methods Corporation,
101 Park Avenue,
New York, N.Y.

es

P.P.F. 9-R

June 18, 1935.

My dear Mr. Rumage:

Your note of June twelfth has been received and I want to assure you of the President's appreciation of your kindness in writing and sending the remembrance to him.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHAND
Private Secretary

em

George Edward Rumage, Esq.,
25 Hope Avenue,
Rosebank, Staten Island,
New York.

Recd
carton cigarettes

#25 Hope Ave.,
Roxbank. S.I.
June 12. 1935.

Hon. F. D. Roosevelt, Pres.

My Dear Friend.

Just a remembrence
for Father's Day.
My Dad, went west
two years ago.

Your Sincere Friend.
George Edward Rumage.

P.P.7.
9-R

Intel

P.P.F.
9-R

June 19, 1935.

My dear Mr. Richter:

The President has asked me to acknowledge the receipt of your note of June seventeenth and to tell you how much he appreciates your thoughtful courtesy in sending the drawing to him.

Very sincerely yours,

Stna Room

M. A. LeHAND
Private Secretary

em

Alexander Richter, Esq.,
1635 R Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

Retd

Washington D.C.
June 17. 1935

To the Honorable
Franklin D. Roosevelt
Washington. D.C.
Dear Sir.

The drawing accompanying
this letter is a copy of one
executed by me under a
commission by Col. Frederick
Stuart Greene. for the State of
New York, in 1933.

I am presuming to
send it to you as most
of the buildings were designed
and built during your
administration as Governor.

Very respectfully Yours
Alexander Richter

es

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

June 19, 1935.

My dear Mr. Richter:

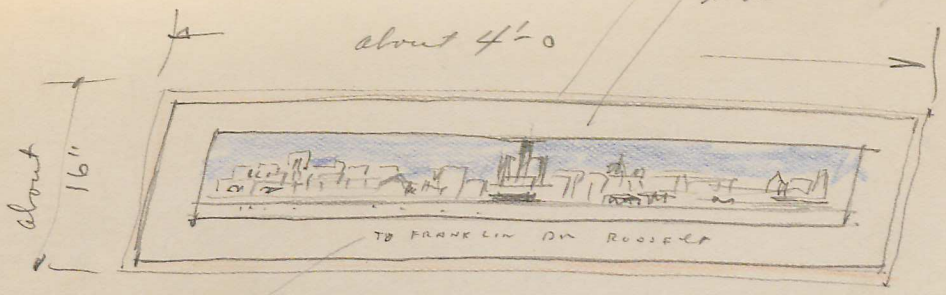
The President has asked me to acknowledge the receipt of your note of June seventeenth and to tell you how much he appreciates your thoughtful courtesy in sending the drawing to him.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHAND
Private Secretary

Alexander Richter, Esq.,
1635 R Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

es



3/4" maple frame
white mat.

Inscription reads - Building erected under the administration of
Gov. Franklin Delano Roosevelt
Governor of N. Y. 1930 - 34
etc.

p. 7.
9 - R.

Alexander Richter
1835 Kalorama Rd
Wash DC

(File note - July 15, 1939)
Mrs. Lavender told Mr. Richter
that she would continue search
for drawing.

Noted

Dear Mrs - Lanahan.

Enclosed
find a rough sketch of
that drawing you were
looking for —

V.T. yours

Alexander Richter
1835 Kalorama Rd
Wash DC

(File note — July 15, 1939)
Mrs. Lanahan told Mr. Richter
that she would continue search
for drawing.

R.P.T.
9-K.

es

Noted

Interior Bldg

Ext.

~~3090~~

3035

r minutes

opy — or

a drawing

t present

me you

waving now

that

ete with me

ichter

Ask description of drawing

P.P.7.
9-K.

es

Notes

I Dropt in to see you about 2 months ago - about gaining a copy — or a temporary loan of - a drawing I presented to the President several years ago - at that time you informed me that the drawing was in the warehouse and that you would communicate with me -

Alexander Richter

Ask description of drawing

P.P.7.
9-K.

es

Notes

P.P.F.
9-K

June 20, 1935

My dear Arthur and Henry:

The President was much pleased to receive your friendly letter of June seventeenth and wants you to know how much he appreciates your kindly thought in sending him the beautiful butterfly. He has asked me to convey his very best wishes to you.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Arthur and Henry Robarge,
2426 W. Van Buren Street,
Chicago,
Illinois.

es

Noted

June-17-35
2426 W. Van Buren St
Chicago, Ill.

ackd 6/20/35

Honorable President Roosevelt:,

My brother and I,
hope you will accept this butterfly.
It's the prettiest one we have ever caught,
and, we would like you to have it.
My brother is nine years old and I am
eleven. We hope you will like it.

Sincerely Yours
Arthur and Henry Rolargo

mm

Broadway & 55th St.

O.P.F. 9-R

June 25, 1935

Dear Mr. Read:

The President has asked me to tell you how much he appreciates your sending him a copy of your book, "The Abolition of Inheritance". He is delighted to have a copy.

May I also take this opportunity to thank you for the volume you sent me. It was mighty kind of you and I look forward with a great deal of pleasure to reading it.

With kindest regards and best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

M. H. McINTYRE
Assistant Secretary
to the President

mm

Harlan Eugene Read, Esq.,
Hotel Woodward,
Broadway and 55th Street,
New York, N. Y.

Broadway & 55th St.

June 25, 1935

Dear Mr. Read:

The President has asked me to tell you how much he appreciates your sending him a copy of your book, "The Abolition of Inheritance". He is delighted to have a copy.

May I also take this opportunity to thank you for the volume you sent me. It was mighty kind of you and I look forward with a great deal of pleasure to reading it.

With kindest regards and best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

M. H. McINTYRE
Assistant Secretary
to the President

mm

Harlan Eugene Read, Esq.,
Hotel Woodward,
Broadway and 55th Street,
New York, N. Y.

Broadway & 55th St.

HARLAN EUGENE READ
NEW YORK, N. Y.

June 21, 1935

Mr. Marvin H. McIntyre,
The White House,
Washington, D. C.

acked 6/25/35

Dear Mr. McIntyre:

I greatly enjoyed my brief visit with you and Mr. Early Monday, but as events have shown I came on the wrong day for the big explosion.

I swore a solemn oath years ago that I would not form the habit of sending any of my books to the President of the United States. I imagine that the President could fill several of Mr. Carnegie's libraries with the books that he has received, but when this inheritance tax proposal came out I at once swore by the twelve apostles that I would break my rule.

So I am sending him a copy of The Abolition of Inheritance today in your care. It has the rather unique distinction of being the first book written in the English language on the subject and has been translated into French and Spanish. But I think that what may be of some really practical value in connection with it is the reference material.

I am sending an extra copy of the book also to you and Mr. Early because it may happen that you will want to go into the arguments pretty deeply this summer and the book has considerable source material that will interest you.

With cordial personal regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Gene Read

Commentator - WOR

Hotel Woodward
Broadway & 55th St.

June 29, 1935.

PPF 7-
9-R

My dear Mr. Rosetta:

The President has asked me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of June twenty-fifth and to assure you of his appreciation of your thoughtful courtesy in sending the book ends and paper weight to him, and of the friendly message which your letter conveys.

Very sincerely yours,

To Hoover

M. A. LeHAND
Private Secretary

em

Frank Rosetta, Esq.,
House of David, Art Department,
Box 477,
Benton Harbor,
Michigan.

Retd

ART

Quality and Workmanship
Unexcelled

FIGURINES --- RELIEFS

Novelties:
CLOCKS, LAMPS, BOOKENDS, Etc.

House of David

Art Department

Box 477

Benton Harbor - Michigan

June 25th, 1935.

acknd
6-4-35

Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt,
Executive Office,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. President:

We take pleasure in sending to you a pair of book ends and a paper weight, the likeness of yourself, which we found were very popular at our booth at A Century of Progress.

Permit us at this time to express our appreciation of your laborious efforts to bring about the return of prosperity and livable conditions to the American working men and women.

Yours very truly,

HOUSE OF DAVID,

Per Frank Pasetta

Buckley
11

PP. 7-
9-R

July 3, 1935.

My dear Mr. Rumage:

This will acknowledge the receipt of your letter of June thirtieth.

Permit me to thank you in the President's behalf for your thoughtfulness in sending the holder to him and to assure you of his appreciation of the friendly interest which your letter evidences.

cigarette holder

Very sincerely yours,

Steve Tumulty

M. A. LeHAND
Private Secretary

em

George E. Rumage, Esq.,
25 Hope Avenue,
Rosebank, Staten Island,
New York.

Noted

25 Hope Ave.,
Roxbank, S.I.N.Y.
June 30, 1935.

Hon. F. D. Roosevelt, Pres.

My Dear Friend.

Enclosed you will find a cigarette holder, that eliminates a lot of nicotine, and tar from entering your throat. You will find this a great device, and cigarettes will taste better.

I know that you enjoy them in your solitude, while you are straightening, and shaping out our Country. Man, Oh! Man, you sure are going to town, How you're doin'. How you're doin', O'Kay! O'Kay!

When you receive the tabulation from W. E. Reed of Station W. O. R. you will find a great majority for the new N. R. A.

If I were you, I would not wait

to long, to enact Legislation. I think the sooner the better for our Country, and the People.

Of cause you know best, use your own judgment, when ever you think it is the propitious time. Conditions in general all over the Country are much better.

Your Friend, and Pal,

George E. Rumage.

B 6 1
9. R

July 10, 1935.

My dear Frank:

Received your note of July 1st and the White House received the salmon. Haven't had a chance to tell the President that you sent it but know he will appreciate it.

I am asking the housekeeper to have a steak cut off and sent out to my house.

Best regards,

Sincerely yours,

M. H. McIntyre,
Assistant Secretary
to the President.

Frank C. Root, Esq.,
Runnymede Lodge,
Restigouche River,
New Brunswick,
Canada.

xP&P 9-1

Frank C Root

M.H.M. This salmon arrived
Do you want the House-
keeper to send some out
to your house, as per
attached letter?

RB

LD G. ROBERTS

7/1

[illegible] the President
a 25 lb salmon tomorrow
via Express. I hope you may
enjoy it too. I would endorse
one for you but they are
more scarce this year
than last for me at least.

Give him my good
wishes tell him I'm for
him personally but seriously
doubt some of his policies

Best wishes

Sincerely

Frank A Root

TELEGRAPHIC
AND
POST OFFICE.
MATAPEDIA
QUEBEC, CANADA

RUNNYMEDE LODG
RESTIGOUCHE RIV
NEW BRUNSWICK, C

Mrs. Smith

Has it come?

R. Barrows

Mrs. Nesbitt Rexford
Salmon - Sat.

W 9 m

Dr. Fred H. Rubel,
Hot Springs National Park,
Arkansas.

es

Noted

RUNNYMEDE LODGE
RESTIGOUCHE RIVER
NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA

TELEGRAPHIC
AND
POST OFFICE.
MATAPEDIA
QUEBEC, CANADA

7/1

Dear Mac

am sending the President a 25lb salmon tomorrow via Express. I hope you may enjoy it too. I would endorse one for you but they are more scarce this year than last for me at least.

Give him my good wishes & tell him I'm for him personally but seriously doubt some of his policies

Best wishes

Sincerely

Frank A Root

SUMMERFIELD G. ROBERTS

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

ok -

7-10-35

Memorandum for Miss LeHand:

Mr. McIntyre wanted you to see this before it was sent out. He doesn't really want the steak, is only being polite.

R. Barrows.

Dr. Fred H. Rubel,
Hot Springs National Park,
Arkansas.

es

HENRY EXALL

SUMMERFIELD G. ROBERTS

P.P.F.
9-B

July 11, 1935

My dear Dr. Rubel:

Your letter of July fifth has been received and the President has asked me to thank you, and through you Captain W. S. Bryant, for the inscribed copy of Captain Bryant's book "And It Shall Come to Pass". He is glad to have the volume and appreciates your kind thought in sending it to him.

Very sincerely yours,

x P P F 9-B

Louis

LOUIS McH. HOWE
Secretary to the President

Dr. Fred H. Rubel,
Hot Springs National Park,
Arkansas.

es

Notes

SUMMERFIELD G. ROBERTS

1935

P.P.F.
9-R

Hot Springs, Ark,
July 5-35

Hon, Franklin D. Roosevelt,
Washington. D. C,

Dear Sir-

Under seperate cover
I am mailing to you
a book, Titled
"And it Shall Come to
pass"
By Capt. W. S. Bryant,

I am sure if you will
read this wonderful book,
you will appreciate same,
Very Respectfully-
Dr. Fred H. Rubel

nk

ling

as

es

HENRY EXALL

SUMMERFIELD G. ROBERTS

Buckley

July 13, 1935

P.P.F. 9-R

My dear Mrs. Rogers:

The President has asked me to thank you very sincerely for your nice letter of July tenth and for your kind thought in sending him the copy of "U.S. Money vs. Corporation Currency".

He wishes me to tell you that he has taken the liberty of placing his autograph in your copy of "Looking Forward" which you also enclosed and which I am returning herewith.

White House

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Mrs. R. E. Rogers,
44 Academy Avenue,
Pittsburgh 16,
Pennsylvania

Enclosure

es

HENRY EXALL

SUMMERFIELD G. ROBERTS

MRS. R. E. ROGERS
44 ACADEMY AVENUE
PITTSBURGH 16, PENNA.

ack'd
7-13
D

July 10, 1935.

Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt,
Pres. of the U. S.
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. President,

I am trusting that through the courtesy of your personal assistant this letter and package come to your attention.

Have you seen a copy of "U.S. Money vs. Corporation Finance"? I should like to know if you have read all or even part of it.

If you will examine

HENRY EXALL

SUMMERFIELD G. ROBERTS

my copy of your "Looking Forward" (a book which I have used in public addresses dozens of times being engaged in educational work), which is enclosed with Crozier's mentioned above, you will understand why I want you to have this book in case it is new to you.

Most respectfully yours,

Ella D. Rogers

(Mrs. R.E.)

HENRY EXALL

SUMMERFIELD G. ROBERTS

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

MR. FORSTER:

Write nice letter of thanks. President has had great pleasure in reading it. Is taking the liberty of autographing her book and returning to her.

dj

em

N.Y.
ly poor

HENRY EXALL SUMMERFIELD G. ROBERTS

P.P.F. 9-R

July 15, 1935.

Respectfully referred to the Executive Director, National Youth Administration, for consideration and advice to Mr. Rogers.

M. A. LeHAND
Private Secretary

em

NYA - Let. from FRANK ROGERS, 260 Davis St., Rochester, N.Y. 7/10/35 - encloses pencil sketch of the President; family poor yet he desires to go to art school - has no means.

SUMMERFIELD G. ROBERTS

July 15, 1935.

My dear Frank:

Your letter of July tenth has been received and your kindness in sending the drawing to the President is very much appreciated.

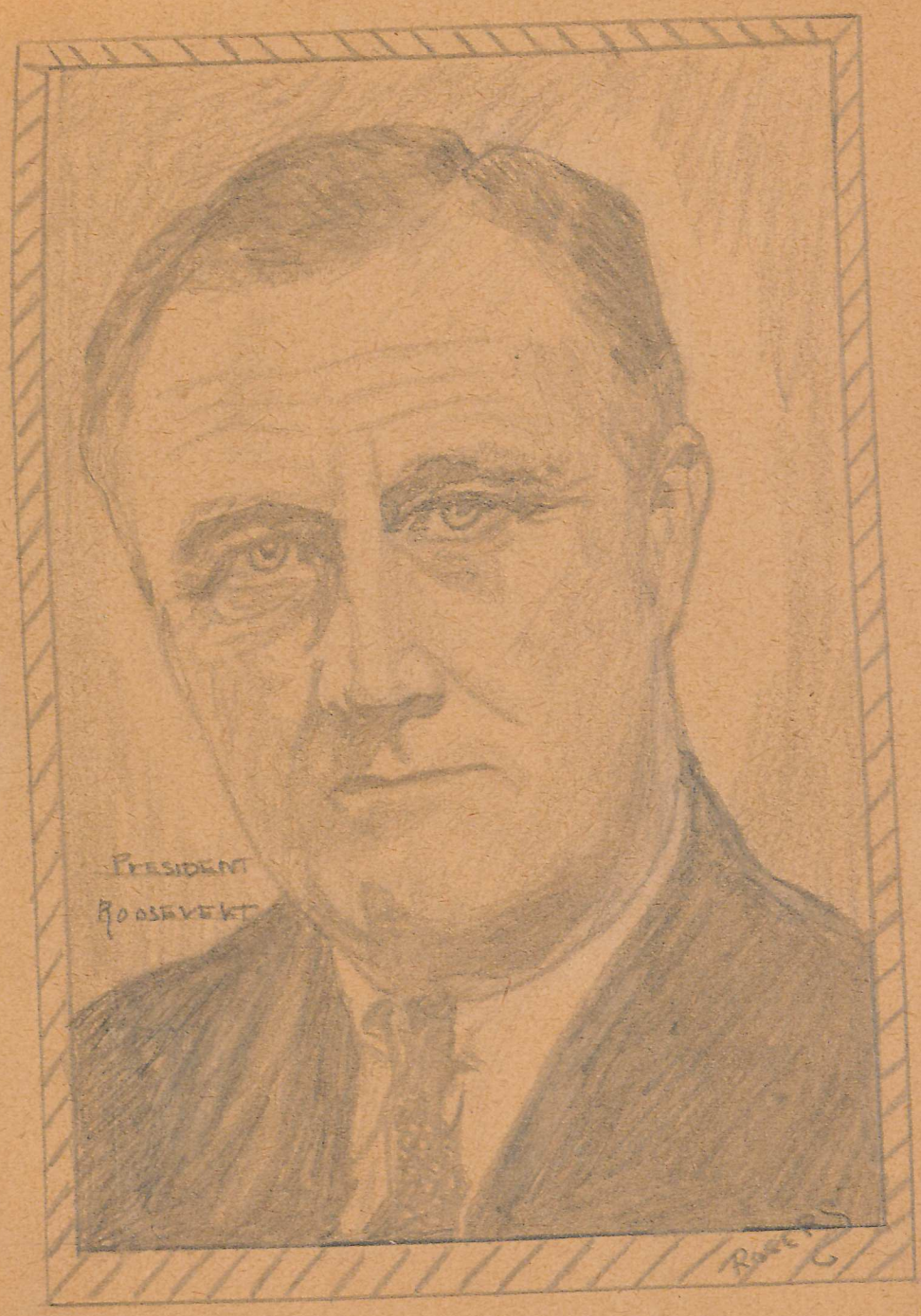
While it is not possible for the President personally to be of assistance to you, your letter is being sent to the Executive Director of the National Youth Administration, to see if he can be of any help.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHAND
Private Secretary

em

Frank Rogers,
260 Davis Street,
Rochester,
New York.


PRESIDENT
ROOSEVELT

HENRY EXALL

SUMMERFIELD G. ROBERTS

EXALL-ROBERTS & COMPANY

Buddy

P.P.7.
9-R

July 15, 1935.

My dear Mr. Rauch:

The box of avocados which you were kind enough to send to the President has been received and I want to assure you of his appreciation of your thoughtful courtesy.

Very sincerely yours,

- M. A. LeHAND
Private Secretary

To House

em

W. J. Rauch, Esq.,
Vista,
California.

xPPF
9-A

xPPF
9-F

Rotch

SUMMERFIELD G. ROBERTS

...S & COMPANY

Picture sent Sally 7-29-35

...ITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

...3rd, 1935.

...graphs which
...France, upon
...f.

...sit. During
... I was stationed
... several months
...casions to visit
...ourteous coopera-

...given you and
...your inaugura-
...however, I was

...nt rememberances

...y,

...Roberts.

For the President

1 box of "Avocandos"

ordered 7/1/35

W. J. Rauch
Vista, Calif.

sent to House
7/5/35
no letter.

SUMMERFIELD G. ROBERTS

...ERTS & COMPANY

Pictures sent Mrs. Sealy 7-29-35

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

...3rd, 1935.

...graphs which
...France, upon
...r.

...sit. During
... I was stationed
... several months
...casions to visit
...ourteous coopera-

...given you and
...your inaugura-
...however, I was

...nt rememberances

...y,

...Roberts.

HENRY EXALL

SUMMERFIELD G. ROBERTS

EXALL-ROBERTS & COMPANY

SPECIALIZING IN SOUND SECURITIES

ALLEN BUILDING

DALLAS, Tex

July 23rd, 1935.

Honorable Franklin D. Roosevelt,
President of the United States,
White House,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. President:

You will find herewith enclosed six (6) reproductions of photographs which were taken at the United States Naval Air Station, Pauillac, France, upon the occasion of your visit to the Station during the World War.

I was assigned to duty at that Station at the time of your visit. During the World War, I was a Lieutenant in the United States Navy. I was stationed in the Navy Department under Lt. Com. Benjamin J. Briscoe for several months before going to Europe. In the Navy Department I had many occasions to visit you while you were Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and the courteous cooperation I received was one of the highlights of my Naval career.

I had intended giving these photographs to you at the dinner given you and President Lowell by the Harvard Club of New York just before your inauguration as President of the United States. At the last minute, however, I was unable to attend.

I am sending these photographs, as they may bring some pleasant rememberances to you, as your interest in Naval activities is well known.

I remain, Sir,

Most respectfully,

Summerfield G. Roberts.

SGR/eh

July 27, 1935.

My dear Mr. Roberts:

The President has asked me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of July twenty-third and to assure you of his appreciation of your kindness in sending the enclosed photographs to him.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHAND
Private Secretary

em

Summerfield G. Roberts, Esq.,
Exall-Roberts and Company,
Allen Building,
Dallas,
Texas.

August 3, 1935

My dear Miss Reeves:

The President has received your letter of July thirtieth and has asked me to thank you for your kind thought in sending your drawing to him.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Miss Jessie Lee Reeves,
1,000 Annis Street,
Fort Worth,
Texas.

es

ahs 8/3/35

1,000 Annie Street
Ft Worth, Texas
July 30, 1935

Mr F. D. Roosevelt
Dear President

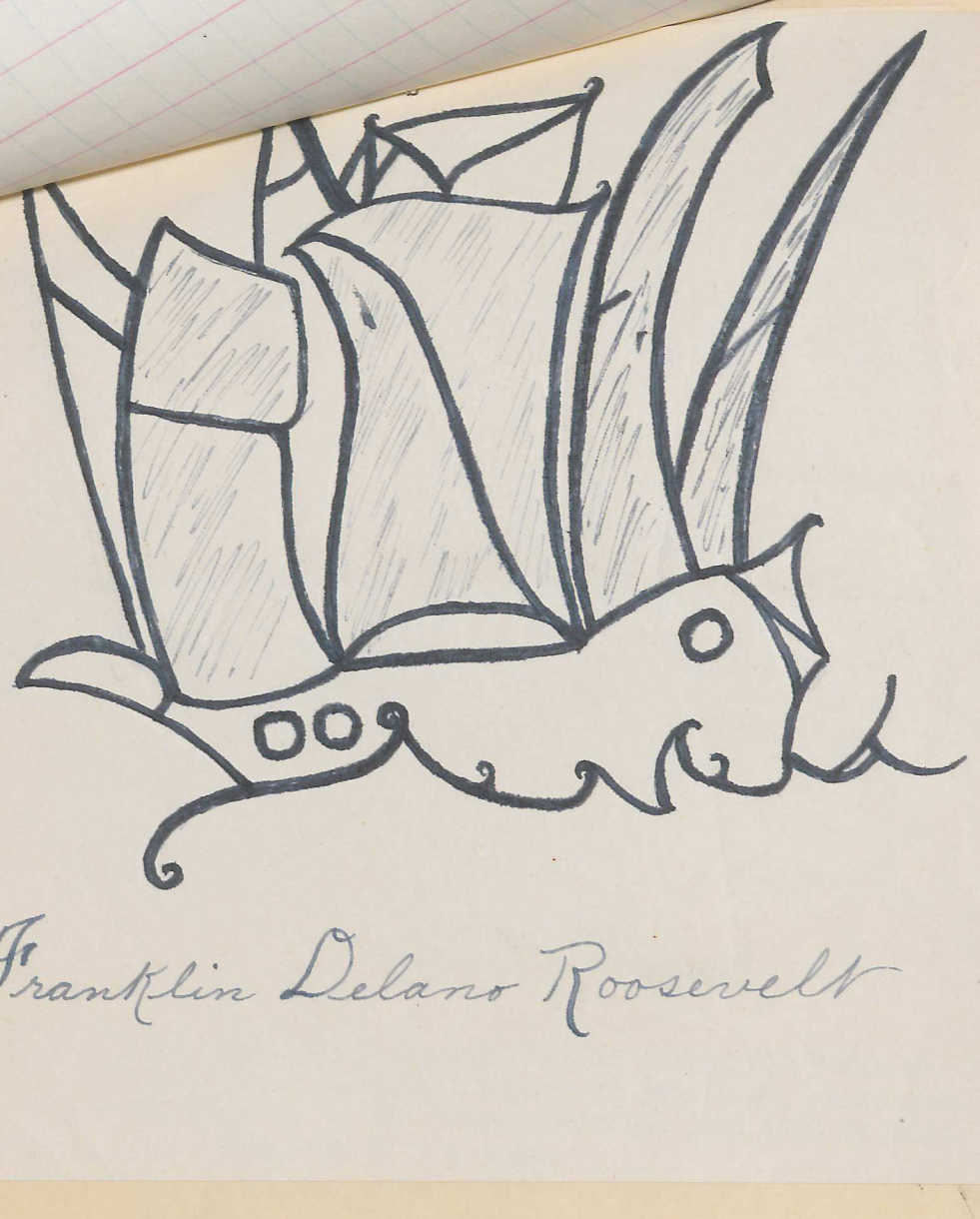
I am sending you a ship which I made because I admire your splendid ability. It contains every letter in Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and no mark is used in it but what is a letter of your name.

Hoping it meets your approval I remain

Your friend,
Miss Jessie Lee Reeves

P.P.F. 7-R
9-R

Noted



Franklin Delano Roosevelt

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August 10, 1935.

MEMORANDUM FOR MR. HOLMES.

I am returning herewith the communication from Jorge Roa, Havana University, Havana, Cuba, and a copy of his book entitled "Los Estados Unidos Y Europe en Hispano America".

We received only one copy of the book here.

Louis Howe

LOUIS McH. HOWE
Secretary to the President

. em

STATE - (Mrm. J. C. Holmes) Let as above 7/17/35 to Mr. Howe, advising he is mailing 2 copies of said book, an economic interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine from 1823 to 1933.
One copy of the book.

Noted

DEPARTMENT OF STATE

DIVISION OF PROTOCOL

August 9, 1935.

MEMO FOR MR. HOWE

In accordance with a telephone conversation with your office this morning, will you kindly send us the books mentioned in the attached letter.

J. C. HOLMES

x Lmt Boks

+ Lmt R

trusts

em

The White House.

August 20, 1935.

My dear Professor Roa:

Thank you very much for your letter of July seventeenth and your thoughtfulness in sending a copy of your book to the President and me.

While your courtesy is greatly appreciated, I regret that it is not possible to express any opinion regarding the book, as it is contrary to established practice for any one connected with this office to comment upon publications.

Very sincerely yours,

LOUIS McH. HOWE
Secretary to the President

em

Professor Jorge Roa,
Havana University,
Havana,
Cuba.

The White House.

Buchler August 20, 1935.

MEMORANDUM FOR MR. HOLMES.

Will you please be good enough to have the enclosed note sent to Professor Jorge Roa, as suggested in your note of August fourteenth?

LOUIS McH. HOWE
Secretary to the President

em

MR. J. D. HOLMES, State Dept - Original of Mr. Howe's let. to Prof. Roa under date of 8/20 - to be transmitted to the Professor through the Consul General at Habana.

To Howe

Noted

The White House.

August 8, 1935

MEMORANDUM FOR THE STATE DEPARTMENT

Attention Mr. Southgate:

For preparation of reply for my signature.

R

LOUIS McH. HOWE
Secretary to the President

gd

Letter to Mr. Howe 7/17/35 from

Jorge Roa
Professor, Havana University
Havana, Cuba.

Sent under separate cover two copies of his book "Los Estados Unidos y Europe en Hispano America" - "The United States and Europe in Hispanic America". Is anxious that the Pres. go over this book in his spare time. Thinks the U. S. would benefit by it.

The White House.

...NICATIONS TO
...ARY OF STATE
...WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON

In reply refer to
PC

August 14, 1935

My dear Mr. Howe:

With reference to your memorandum of August 10th, I am transmitting a letter which, if it meets with your approval, should be signed by you and returned to the Department to be sent to Professor Roa through the American Consul General at Habana.

Professor Roa's letter and book are returned herewith.

Very sincerely yours,

J. C. Holmes,
Acting Chief, Division of
Protocol and Conferences.

Enclosures:
Letter for Mr. Howe's signature;
Professor Roa's letter;
Book.

The Honorable

Louis McHenry Howe,

The White House.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

My dear Professor Roa:

Thank you very much for your letter of July 27th and the copy of your book which you sent me. The copy which you intended for the President has not as yet been received at the White House.

I regret to inform you that though I appreciate your courtesy, it will not be possible to give an opinion of your book as it is contrary to established practice for the President or an official of the White House to comment on foreign publications.

Very sincerely yours,

LOUIS McH. HOWE
Secretary to the President.

Professor Jorge Roa,
Havana University,
Havana, Cuba.

My dear Professor Roa:

Thank you very much for your letter of July 27th and the copy of your book which you sent me. The copy which you intended for the President has not as yet been received at the White House.

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Very sincerely yours,

LOUIS McH. HOWE
Secretary to the President.

Professor Jorge Roa,
Havana University,
Havana, Cuba.

REPUBLICA DE CUBA

UNIVERSIDAD DE LA HABANA

FACULTAD DE DERECHO Y DE CIENCIAS SOCIALES

THE WHITE HOUSE
JUL 25 1935
RECEIVED

Havana, Cuba, July 17th, 1935.

Mr. Louis McH. Howe,
Secretary to the President,
The White House,
Washington, D. C.

My dear Mr. Howe:

I am mailing to you under separate cover two copies of my book "Los Estados Unidos y Europa en Hispano America" -"The United States and Europe in Hispanic America", An economic interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine, from 1823 to 1933.

I have a great deal of interest that President Roosevelt go over this book at his spare time, as I am positive sure that he would be rather interested and the United States would be benefit by.

Ever since President Monroe to the present time there has never been no real inter-American international policy, either economic or political, and I hope this book place in evidence the way to correct this situation at least from the Latin American point of view.

I would be highly honored and complimented if you be so kind as to go over it you yourself as your valuable opinion and comments would be also greatly appreciated.

Thanking you in anticipation for yout kind courtesy in this respect, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Jorge Roa

Jorge Roa
Professor, Havana University

File the booklet

P.P.F. 9-R.

August 20, 1935

My dear Mr. Riddels:

This will acknowledge the receipt of your book, "Early Days in Texas", which you have been kind enough to send the President. I shall be very glad to bring it to his attention when an opportunity offers. I am sure that he will deeply appreciate your courtesy in sending the book to him, and I want to thank you, in his behalf, for your thoughtfulness.

Very sincerely yours,

Booklet.

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

R. A. Riddels, Esq.,
Caddo,
Oklahoma.

gd

Early Days in Texas....

By R. A. RIDDELS
CADDO, OKLAHOMA

Price 25 Cents

Caddo Okla., Herald Print

935

our secretary in

Days in Texas.

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Early Days in Texas.....

By R. A. RIDDELS

CADDO, OKLAHOMA

In dedicating this little book to the memory of my dear old father and mother, it has been the constant desire of the author to unfold its pages just as they were lived without any attempt at oratory or fine phrases. But in the simple language in vogue in their day and generation. I hope my friends will accept this book as a true story of early days in Texas. I wish to say in concluding this preface, that I have gotten quite a great deal of pleasure out of writing it. I have lived over the old days, and it has brought back memories of some of the finest characters and best friends any one ever had.

R. A. RIDDELS, Author

Caddo Okla., Herald Print

CHAPTER ONE

In the early summer of 1862, my father and a distant relative by name of Hague, concluded to migrate from a farm in northeast Missouri to some place in Texas. Three of my uncles, my father's younger brothers, were then in the Civil War. Father gathered his family, consisting of mother and six children, placed the family in a new Bain wagon and had a pair of 1200-lbs each bay mares hooked to the wagon. Hague had a mule team. They drove south through the Indian Territory without any hindrance or incident, arriving at an Indian Settlement on the banks of Boggy creek 8 miles southwest of Atoka. They concluded to rest up and get their bearings into Texas. After two weeks rest at the place mentioned, Boggy Depot by name to this day, they again drove south crossing Red River at Colbert's Ferry, thence southeast to Sherman, Texas. After one day at Sherman, they headed south for Mammoth or Singleton Springs as they are known today. Drinking water was awfully scarce and my father thought it good business to stay close enough to this spring where he could haul drinking water for the family, so he rented a small farm one mile southwest of the spring from Elesha Moore, and made a crop, wheat and corn, but Hague said there was no timber there even for firewood, and he moved on to the cross timbers near Cleburne, Texas. In the early spring of 1864, my father bought of a man named Slaughter, a 160-acre pre-emption 12 miles southwest of Waxahachie, where I grew to young manhood. We lived in a dugout two years, had 25 acres good land in cultivation on the place and a good spring. In 1866, my father raised 2 bales of cotton, the first I ever saw. We had to haul the seed cotton to Pinkney Sim's gin, located 15 south of Waxahachie. The gin was called a tread mill power, press was 100 yds from the gin stand. Powered by a mule to an overhead sweep, they carried the lint cotton from the gin by hand, in baskets and tramped it into the box press. A man gave me a dime to drive the mule hitched to the end of the sweep shaft, and we made a circuit at least 100 feet in diameter. I earned that dime on the first bale, a half day's work and struck for more wages on the second. The bales were tied with inch grass rope, and the bales, when ready to leave the gin, were much larger than the modern bale. We returned home with the cotton, and father set out next week to hunt a market for it. H. W. Trippett, one of the first merchants of Waxahachie, was a good friend of father's. He had just returned from Galveston, Texas. Father went to see him, and he advised father to haul the cotton to Houston, Texas. Father returned home to arrange for the trip. It was near like leaving the country to make the trip, but it had to be accomplished. It was some time in November, 1866, when the plans were completed for the memorable trip. Our journey was noised around over a radius of 15 or 20 miles; our neighbors rushed in to give us orders for sugar and coffee. We lived in a dugout and mother's demand for lumber to build a house was the first consideration. We owned at that time 12 oxen, they were good and also cheap, $40 a pair. We had acquired these oxen to work to sod plows for the public, and it required

6 yokes to the plow. We also had ox wagons, big iron axles, to haul rails from cross timbers to fence small farms. I am digressing a little from this story as father had to revise his final plans for the Houston trip to accommodate the neighbors in hauling back groceries, which I realized later was the proper thing to do. Final decision was to load the cotton on the ox wagon, take the Bain wagon with the big mares that brought us to Texas, to haul groceries back. The ox wagon with 6 pairs of oxen to only haul the lumber to build us a house. I was to ride a pony and drive the oxen, while father piloted the way in the covered wagon at a much slower pace than the mares were used to. Just a day or so before we were ready, Capt. A. J. Brown, who was then a small merchant in Alarado, Texas, came over to see father about hauling a bale of dry hides he had traded goods at a cheap price. The deal was closed and Capt. Brown brought the hides over and leashed them with ropes on top the cotton bales. He had weighed the hides at home, gave father the ticket and told father to give me half the hides brought for hauling them. They were no trouble at all. We had our camping utensils and grub on the wagon already, and we made the entire trip during fine weather, and it was late enough in the fall so the oxen made the trip without getting too hot. The only bother we had, when we got to water, we took two yoke or pairs at a time or three trips to water, or three trips to water the team. Grass was very fine all the way and we had a five gallon keg filled with good drinking water and a big box filled with good things to eat: boiled ham, light bread and big pound cakes that mother had prepared, and the neighbors had chipped in several small boxes of eats. We had not opened all the boxes when we got to Houston. As we neared Houston one fine morning about ten o'clock, a little Jew, riding a nice pony, met us and said he had learned of us coming in with a roll of hides and he wanted to deal right away. I sent him to father who had slowed down. He had surmised what the Jew wanted. We soon got to where father had turned out of the trail to let old Beck and Moll nibble some of the luscious grass, and the boy wanted to unroll and unload the hides. Father showed him the ticket of weights from Capt. Brown and told the Jew he would guarantee weights, but would charge him $10 more for the trouble of unloading before we got to town. The Jew turned his back to us and figured the ticket, then asked how much? Father priced them at $125. I did not think they were worth the change or $25, but to my surprise, the Jew bid $100. Father saw the boy was in earnest and started his wagon toward Houston. The Jew followed close and they haggled over the price for ten or fifteen minutes, and finally agreed on $114 for the lot. The Jew handed father $25 earnest money and rode along with us to show us where to unload. We were only a short 2 miles out when the hide deal was closed, and I wondered all the time if father was going to give me $57 to spend, or call my own. Father had the Jew to put the money in two packages of $57 each, he handed me one of them and put the other in an inside pocket for Capt. Brown. He advised me to keep the money until we got rid of the cotton. This was an easy job, as he had the cotton sold in 30 minutes for 25c a pound. The 2 bales

weighed over 1200 pounds, and while we were unloading the cotton at the rear of a long grocery house, I heard a shrill whistle. We had cut the ox teams down to two yoke on account of having to make short turns. When the train whistled, I jumped and said Gosh, What it It? A fellow nearby said it was the mail train. I had never seen one. I grabbed my pony and threw father a rope to tie the lead oxen and lit out to the depot. Talk about thrills all in one day, this was going some. The train pulled out just as I got there, but I got a good look. The cotton was weighed at the rear end of the store and the tickets figured in the office, and the gold was counted into a shot sack and handed to father. It was high noon and we were sold out and ready to reload for home. We parked the ox wagon in a lumber yard, put the oxen in the camp lot and had home made lunch. Father got the lumber man to figure a bill for a 30 foot square house, less the roof. We could make this at home, but the frame work made a sure enough big load. The lumber man knew his lumber and had the bills figured ready to load by 2 p. m. Father put high substantial standards good long compling poles. Just before sunset, father concluded to drive out the horse wagon 1 mile to a good camping place. I followed with all the oxen necked in pair, hobbles on their horns to use for the night's grazing. When we returned next morning, the lumber man had the ox wagon loaded ready to return and it sure was a big one. Father had instructed the lumber man to get all the trace chains needed to bind the load, so it would stay put, and we could easily dispose of all the chains to our neighbors. The groceries were the next thing on the program. The man who bought the cotton had a big grocery store, and he told father when he was ready to load to back the wagon up where we unloaded the cotton, and he said he would fill the bill as cheap and good as anyone in town. He had not hounded father for the trade when he bought the cotton, and father liked him and needed his assistance. Father handed him the order brought from home, and the man said it could not be put on one wagon, and one team could not pull it. The man suggested that every order be divided by two, so that no one at home would be left out. The wagon was loaded with about 3000 pounds, and for the condition of the roads was a heavy load for the mares; but everything was neatly packed, and required the better part of the day to complete the deal. Father had bought no dry goods, and I had my $57 burning in my pockets. Father was very tired and said we would wait another day to buy our dry goods. I had decided to get me a saddle and bridle with the bulk if my $57, a nice dress pattern for mother and caps and gloves for two younger brothers. We went back to the lumber man the next morning and had him make a long flat box to store our dry goods in, so we could leash the box on top of the lumber to save room and weight on the other wagon. I told the grocery man what I wanted, and he told me to come back next morning and he would help me to buy all I wanted. The only clash I had was with father on the whole trip. Father made me buy a full grown man's saddle. I was in my ninth year, was born in 1858. To please him I got the man's saddle, paid $30 for it, and a $5 bridle. I had $22 left to spend for dry goods. Bought

some caps and gloves for my younger brothers, and a nice dress pattern for mother, and I was ready for the return trip, and father was about ready. We bid our new made friends in Houston goodbye, and drove out two miles to camp overnight. I never shall forget what father said while we were getting supper. He said, Sonny, we did pretty well with that cotton, we will try to raise a little more next year. I was not much interested in next year's cotton. I wanted to get home and show my saddle and bridle, caps and gloves and give mother her nice dress pattern, which she made up beautifully. We finally landed everything in good shape, and such a greeting as the family and neighbors gave us. Capt. Brown was pleased with the hide deal, said the whole bundle had not cost $20 in dry goods, the neighbors were very pleased with the groceries, and the trip was a small triumph from start to finish at the close of 1866.

Father kept his word and planted more cotton in 1867, we made 12 bales. It was a good year to grow cotton, and we got through the crop season with 12 bales as easily as we did the 2 bales. By hiring some hands or pickers, we went to market much like the year before, only we had a trailer ox wagon, and loaded the 12 bales, 6 to each wagon on hewed sills. Father led the way and when we arrived in Houston, our first notice was the cotton market had gone to the bow wows. Only 4 cents the pound, Confederate money or $20 per bale in groceries. Father would not have the Confederate money, it was then like German marks at the close of the World War. Father was not a good loser, and he sure was sick. After the whole day looking around, he said he may have to haul the cotton back home. The second day he met Wm. D. Cleveland, who had just completed a big storage house—you can look up the records and see if this corresponds to my statement—Cleveland talked Father into storing 8 bales and he exchanged 4 bales for groceries, at 4 cents a pound. We loaded ox wagons with lumber to build us a barn and gallery to our home place. We got out on the road home right away. Father was sure sick and cross. I was especially kind to him for I knew just how far to go, and I finally said, Father, How much cotton will you plant next year? Not a seed, said he, and kept his pledge for 6 full years. He said I am going to raise good horses and mules and leave cotton for the negroes to raise over in Mississippi. It just took 6 years for the 8 bales stored with Cleveland to eat itself up. Father would not redeem it and never received a thin dime for 8 bales of middling cotton. This ends the first installment of Early Days in Texas. The second chapter deals with mule raising in Ellis county.

CHAPTER TWO

On our second return trip from Houston late in 1867 we began building a barn 30x60 with a 20 foot shed the entire length of the south side. The neighbors were glad to help us raise the barn frame without pay as we had hauled them cheap groceries for two years and had never charged them a penny. By the middle of January, 1868, we had the barn nearly completed. There was one expense that had been overlooked. In changing from cotton

to mule raising father had made the declaration of a change before he had time to study the details of the new enterprise. We had no pastures and remember, this was before the days of Barbed Wire. Father thought it good business to postpone any attempt to start mule raising until we had put the ranch in order.

When the sap rose in the timber so the bark would slip easily, Father put two men to cutting poles 10 feet long and posts 7 feet long. About July 1st, 1868, we were ready to start building a pasture fence. We used one string of the farm fence and made three strings of the pasture by setting double posts in a straight line every 10 feet. We cut chunks of wood 2 feet long, which we set on end between the double posts at the bottom and laid the first pole on top of the chunks between the posts. After placing 3 poles to each panel in this manner we bound the tops of the double posts with grape vine or anything we could use to hold them in place as we had originally placed them. This made a very substantial fence. We kept at it until we had 60 acres of good grass fenced and good spring water.

We had enlarged the farm from the original 25 acres to 100 acres. The stage was now set and the show was to open the following spring, 1869. Father had his heart set on a better class of stock than was then being raised, but he was very cautious. He reasoned he did not have time to correct any more mistakes like the one we were just getting over on the 12 bales of cotton. Quite a few mules at this date were being raised in Ellis county and others. It so happened that the Bullard brothers of Waxahachie, Dave and George, had concluded to buy and sell mules for a living. They would buy around home when crops were laid by and drive them to Shreveport, La., late in the fall or following winter. They drove 20 or 30 mules and a few horses in 1868 and did well with them. As soon as they returned from Shreveport father went to Waxahachie to interview them. They were good friends of father and gave him good advice. They said the best selling mules were the medium size, 800 to 900 pounds, 14 to 14 1-2 hands high. that the small mules stood the swampy climate better, ate less hay and were better browsers than big mules. We owned at that time 25 or 30 mares that had been gentle raised. They had been fed some sheaf oats in midwinter and were 25 percent better than the average raised broom tails in that day and time. We had just what we needed to start mule raising in a small way and did not know it. Father bought a good jack in Hill county and fine Morgan horse in Collin county near McKinney. In the spring of 1869 we bred 24 mares to the jack and 8 to the horse. In 1870 we raised 18 mule foals to weanlings and 6 horse foals. We exchanged 2 mule colts for one work mule or sold them at $45 to $50 per colt. In the fall of 1870 the Bullards came out to our place and made a four year contract with father for 50 acres of corn and 25 acres of oats and a feed lot. They had conceived the idea that it would be money well spent to feed all mules intended for Shreveport market 60 or 90 days before starting them marketward.

The mules that were for sale generally had been worked through the

crop season the spring before and were turned out to grass too late to get fat, and by feed, as stated above, the flesh and hair was more attractive and they sold as soon as offered. Bullards generally began their fall buying in September. They would advertise at all public places by circular in Ellis, Johnson and Hill Counties with the class of mules they preferred to buy described in the circular, and the mules to be concentrated at our place on a mentioned date.

George Bullard would drive out to our place on Saturday before the mules were to arrive the following Monday. He led a saddled horse with saddle riders made especially for the purpose with eight to ten thousand dollars in gold coin to pay for the mules. There was no bank in Waxahachie or Ellie county at that time. Nothing was thought in those days of carrying money to any place you desired to use it. The money was dumped off the horse on to the Bermuda grass in the yard near the house. Two or three saddle blankets were spread around the saddle riders which the dogs slept on every night and were supposed to raise a howl if anyone disturbed the money and this was all the protection the money had until it was paid out for mules.

This plan was adhered to for 4 years or during the life of the contract already mentioned and was never a dollar short. Think about the difference in conditions then and now. The horse would not have arrived with the first load. George Bullard was a great hunter. He drove an old brown mare to a buckboard and led the horse carrying the money. On Sunday he would hunt prairie chickens. He would get his buckboard filled to overflowing in 2 or 3 hours. By noon on Sunday a boy from Waxahachie would arrive and drive the old mare and load of chickens back to Waxahachie and distribute them among George's friends. Sometimes they would send back the following Sunday for more chickens. Generally a few mules from adjoining counties would arrive on Sunday and were put on sale at 8 o'clock Monday and by Monday night the lots were full.

About 10 or 15 percent of the mules were rejected and the owners returned them but George was a liberal buyer and mule raisers were well pleased with the treatment they received. They fed from 100 to 150 each season and made money on every drove. They paid father about $1500 each year for corn and oats. If they had any left after the mules were ready to market they hauled it to Waxahachie where they operated a big livery stable. There was no surplus grain any year, especially corn. I have known people to ride 60 or 70 miles hunting corn to buy for bread. About Dec. 1, 1873, George Bullard, who was the active man of the mule firm, concluded the mules were ripe enough to sell well and he was right. This was his fourth and last feeding to complete the contract. He settled in gold he owed against the mules and bid us all good bye. This was by far the smoothest and best finished bunch he had fed during the four years because they had been fed a little longer. He had sorted his buy and they were in the pink of condition. When he arrived in Shreveport he found the sale yards full of thin mules and no sale for them. By shading his prices a little he sold out in less than two weeks and returned home. He told

father he had done the proper thing in selling or exchanging his mules at the weanling or colt age. The demand for cotton mules was on the wane. The country was full of them. The next chapter will tell all we know about country schools in Ellis county, Texas.

CHAPTER THREE

When we settled on our homestead in 1864 there were no country schools in Ellis county. Some time in the early '70s a small log house was built by private donations. It was located 6 miles south of our place and was called Auburn. This was a church and school house combined. I think it was in 1872. A man by the name of Bugbee taught school there. Father sent 2 of us boys, my brother, two years my junior and I. Auburn was located on the south side of Chambers creek and there were 2 more creeks between our home and the schoolhouse. The creeks were all hard to swim when up and we were generally riding young horses, just to break them. Father explained to us later why he stopped us from the Auburn school for fear we would get drowned trying to swim high water astride a colt. He thought it bad management to keep us in a school where we would have to combat the elements from year to year. When the Bullards left us in 1873 father called all the boys inside his room for a lecture. There were then 5 of us, I was the eldest. Father began in an apologetic voice, he was sorry we had not had a chance to go to school, but he was going to devote the remainder of his life, to the end, that we boys had an equal showing with any other boys raised up in Ellis county. Don't get it into your head we were the ignoramuses you have pictured us. Not at all (a million thanks to that sainted little Mother of ours). When mother packed her trunk in northeast Missouri for that long trek to Texas she must have visioned her new home without any school facilities. She put in a handy corner, first, her Bible, the Webster blue back speller, McGuffy's third and fourth readers and Ray's Arithmetic, second and third parts. Mother taught us two full hours every night in the week except Sunday all during the winter season and the education the 3 oldest boys had at that time would admit them in the 5th and 6th grades of our modern schools. Every month each winter we would have spelling matches at our house and a candy pulling on the side for the winner. We stood up in the amen corner when it came to spelling, reading or multiplication. When Bullard left us there had been a small school trying to run at a place 4 miles north of us. It was known as Center point. I do not now recollect who christened it that, but Col. Alfred Forbes was one of the trustees, and was also one of father's very best friends. Father went to see him about entering 3 of us boys who were then of school age. We were to begin at the opening of the next term just after the holidays, in the spring of 1874. The house was only 16x16'. Father was elected a trustee at the first meeting and they agreed to take out the east wall and extend it 16 feet making a house 16x32. Among the new improvements were big

windows giving more light, a nice blackboard and big box stove. When school started in January we were ready to get right in the saddle. We were pretty well equipped as we had home made satchels, stone jugs to carry our milk and an old fashioned pair of saddle riders to carry our lunch. On arriving at the school we met our teacher, whose name was Haynes. He was spare made, not over 5' 6" tall, weighing 130 pounds. He was slow and easy of speech, but fairly intelligent. There were 20 odd pupils the first week. I was in my 16th year and at least 4 more boys from 16 to 18.. I made a forecast the first week for the outcome of the session, but had not mentioned my thoughts to a soul, except to my brother, Owen, 2 years younger. I cautioned him saying, We three boys are to act the role of the 3 wise monkeys; see nothing, hear nothing and say nothing against our teacher. I felt sure the school would not run over one month, and I did not want any disturbances to originate from our side of the house. I was certain Mr. Haynes was too effiminate to handle the boys who were in the school the first week. Richard Beall, or Dick as we all called him, was 18 but small for his age. He was a pine knot any place you put him. He had already had some trouble at school in Waxahachie before there were any country schools. His mother was a fine, well educated woman and his father a good man but neither of them had much control over Dick. One cold day the stove became overheated, a boy by the name of Bill Langham began throwing paper balls in the stove making the paper blaze up. Mr. Haynes stepped forward to reprimand Langham, and at a wink from Dick they grabbed poor Haynes and set him astride the stove to be badly burned. We larger boys put the fire out while Dick and Langham were on their way home. Haynes was under the care of a doctor at Waxahachie for 30 days and of course school was broken up. We returned home and told father our school was out for a while. He went to see Col. Forbes the next day. It was two or three days later we missed father, my saddle and bridle and two of the horses were also gone. Mother of course knew, but she gave us very little information. All we could find out was: father was hunting a school teacher, and was supposed to return home in about three weeks. In just about three weeks father and a two-hundred and-forty pound man rode up late one evening. Father called us boys and introduced us to Mr. Chapman. He was a big coarse man near forty years of age, seemingly was in the pink of condition. Father said, Boys, Mr. Chapman will open school Monday. If he cannot manage the boys I will assist him. The school is going to run.

We knew very well that father's statement was no bluff or four-flush All the cards were there. Father took our new acquaintance in his double top buggy behind a good team the next day to visit some of the patrons of school: Col. Forbes, Capt. John Singleton and Uncle Dick Beall.

Chapman seemed well pleased with the reception they gave him, and spent the remainder of his time until Monday trying to get acquainted, and size us boys up. The teacher returned with father to make his home during school at our place. We boys were sore at this information, but we had to keep quiet. Chapman turned out to be a fair school teacher

He did not have as much sense as a "cornfield canary bird" practically.

On Monday morning we were all on our horses early; When we got to the schoolhouse about twenty-seven pupils had also arrived, including little Dick Beall, whom we mentioned earlier as the main young man who broke up the Haynes school. Chapman was not slow to announce the opening of school. He walked to the blackboard, chalk in hand and wrote right in the center of the board "DO RIGHT" and put a ring around the two words. He turned around to address the school, and this is verbatim what he said, Young ladies and gentlemen I have written the Ten Commandments on that board. The least child in school knows when she is doing right and when she is doing wrong, pointing to a little girl. All unnecessary words will be eliminated in modern education (right you are, so far, Mr. Chapman). Then he said, The best people have hired me to teach a five-month school here, and if one pupil is here for me to hear the lesson, if I am not sick, I will be right there, pointing to his desk, or over there, pointing through the window at a little cemetery.

We organized a ball game, called it Town Ball in those days, and not Baseball as now christened. We chose sides, wet or dry, and Chapman was in the game every day

We had run the school one month without any friction. I was in the country throwing the ball into the diamond. A strong wind was blowing from the northwest. I was at least three hundred yards east of the diamond, I heard shouts and cursing, and looked to see two or three big boys hit hard with ball bats. I knew the ball game was over for the day and took a straight trail leading direct to the schoolhouse. Just as I walked around to the front door I met Chapman. He had an open knife in his hand which he handed to me and said Go down to the swimming pool and cut me six sticks, and don't get any shorter than you are, or I'll send you back for more. I was between two fires. It was not my fight as luck would have it, but I did not want to make an enemy in the transaction. I came back in fifteen minutes with six sticks, set them down by the door and walked over to Chapman's desk and laid his knife on the table. He got right up and opened another game. He went to Bill Langham first, grappled him by the collar and jerked him on to his all fours, and commenced a battle royal. Pieces of that six-foot dogwood flew over the east end of the house. He went to the next boy and so on until he had flayed five of them. The sixth and last one was Dick Beall, but Dick beat him to it. He jumped two benches, kicked out a window, frame and all, and lit out for home. All was quiet. Chapman did not say a word, but sat down. During the fight on the playground some fellows pasted him with a bat on the shoulder, and Chapman said if he had not ducked, right now the school would have been over for a few days at least. For two weeks we had to help Chapman on his horse because of his bruised shoulder. He got my father to take him to the doctor at Waxahachie the next Saturday. I heard afterward that the boys had planned to put him out of the running. But Chapman was a whole show by himself.

Dick did not return to school, but in about two weeks his mother one

blustering afternoon knocked on the door. Chapman opened the door and invited her in. She announced her mission right now. It was to return Dick to school, when she had stated her case. Chapman said, Why Mrs. Beall, that is dead easy. Just send Dick back and let him get right down here in the dirt and take his quinine just like the other boys did, and he can take his place in class just as though nothing had happened. Mrs. Beall said Dick was not the cause of the fight (mother-like), but Chapman said that he was there, Mrs. Beall, and am very sorry we do not agree.

Mrs. Beall was then on her way to the door. Chapman walked around her and put his hand on the door knob. Madam, just one minute, please. Say to Dick: We have this school ground incorporated, we own it west to the swimming pool, northeast beyond the cemetery, and so east to the road leading to your place. We have as good sprinters in school as Dick ever was, and if he wants peace, tell him to stay off this ground as I have designated, or I will put the boys after him, on horses if necessary. We are going to run this school and be the whole show. Dick never came back nor bothered the school.

Chapman was reappointed to teach the following fall, but father sent him away to board with Uncle John Burks. We boys were sure glad to get rid of him. When his second term was out late in the fall of 1874, the trustees of the school let him go. Father had gotten "wise" to him; he was a dope fiend and was always after Father for a loan of $5. Some time during the Chapman administration the name of the schoolhouse was changed from Center Point to Mountain Peak, and that it remains today The following spring, 1875, the trustees found a good man W. A. Baird. He was a good school teacher and a fine man to know. He taught three sessions. I did not attend school in the spring of 1875, but hauled lumber from Dallas to build a gin house. Father had turned the place over to us boys, Owen, two years younger, and me. We had concluded there was more money in running a gin than there was in raising cotton, which had been the only money crop raised on the farms by a majority of farmers. I hauled enough lumber to build a house 40x80, and had it put up ready to install the machinery. I was a little late getting the house ready for the 1875 crop. My ready cash was running low and we decided to wait one season, or until 1876, to start ginning. I went to school the fall of 1876 to W. A. Baird, and there were four of us boys in the school. In the spring of 1876 a man by the name of W. A. Barrett, of Waco, passed our place and saw the ginhouse. He was agent for all kinds of gin machinery. He called on us to inquire about some parties west of our place, and he said he would call on his way back to Waco; which he did, and sold us a good 60-saw gin stand, 8 horse power, and press, all that was needed to start ginning, and took a contract to install the machinery and gin the first bale of cotton. We found Mr. Barrett to be a fine man, and he did a good job of putting in our gin. We turned out over 600 bales of cotton the first year. We paid out of debt on the gin the first season and all our interests were in good shape.

Father had plenty of cash to keep himself and mother for several years;

also a good double top buggy made to order by J. E. Kennedy of Waxahachie. We had a good comfortable home, and did not owe a dollar to any one. He had turned the farm and livestock over to us boys, and had cautioned us to take care of all he had given us, and added, "you will have to work for the next stake you get." We had a basement under the gin floor about four feet deep to install the horsepower to run the gin. It was indeed the best and safest place to break young mules I ever saw. Mr. Barrett gave us some good pointers about breaking mules. He said to use only rope tugs, so we could cut the mules loose in case of fire. We also had big augur holes bored in the frame posts and a half dozen butcher knives good and sharp, stuck in the holes, with only the handles exposed. All we had to do was to pull the knives and start cutting loose. We were fortunate, however, in not having any fires.

The first year we ran the gin we kept a stout man and team hired at $1.50 a day to keep the cottonseed out of the way. Our gin was outside near a spring, at least 250 yards from our dwelling.

We had raised fifty or sixty stock cattle from our milk cows. We boys milked eight or ten cows. Late in the fall I noticed these milk cows were improving in their milk; the year before on the same day they were going dry. I spoke to my brothers about it, and they said the cows were eating cottonseed every day. It was my job to feed the gin stand by hand, so I was inside all day. My brother Owen said, Let me feed in your place tomorrow afternoon, and you get outside, sit down on a bale of cotton and watch them. The cows began arriving at the gin at one o'clock. They were all there and ate seed until sundown. I noticed the yearlings and two-year olds eating seed right along all afternoon.

I told my brother it was foolishness to haul the seed to a ditch so when it rained they would all rot. We had lots of rails stacked up near the cowlot. I got two of the boys and the hired man to work by lantern that night until we had built three or four pens, with one end of the rails stuck in the cowpen fence, and put the man to hauling seed up to these pens and unload. I said If you cannot keep the seed away, hire someone to help you and I will pay him. He put up twenty or thirty pens as high as he could throw the seed. All our cattle were fat and slick by May, with not a thing to eat but seed, and grass we had saved in our horse pasture.

The following spring, 1877, we had pens all ready on the inside of the lot so cattle could come up and eat out of cracks in the pens. I told the boys and hired man to say nothing about our discovery, or customers of our gin would haul the seed home. We kept quiet about the seed. It was a good business, but the following August I told the boys of my plans.

We took stock of our own cattle. We had twenty two-long steers; they were better than our neighbors' threes. But we rode all around our part of the country and bought gentle milk cattle as good as we could find until we had made the number 100. We put the 78 head of bought cattle in the horse pasture and let our 22 head run outside to save our grass. We started the gin Sept. 10 and filled the rail pens with seed and

kept them full all winter and on into the spring of 1878. I went to St. Louis with 100 steers without the loss of one. They sold on the 26th of May for $3.25; weighed 920 and netted $2,517.00. I shipped them to Hunter Evans and Co., and Nels Morris the packer bought them. I had the account sales filed for years.

Before I got home I had made up my mind fully to quit driving oxen the old way. I told Father I was going to sell our oxen; that I had served my apprenticeship driving several years ago. He said, You will not raise any corn, (his pet crop), when you quit breaking stubble with oxen, and he made a good guess. He had rarely made less than 30 bushels to the acre and more generally 35 or thereabout. We boys dropped back to 15 bu. per acre but we owned a McCormick binder. We sowed more oats as our binder took lots of drudgery out of the old way of harvesting with a cradle. I had never farmed with any kind of cultivating tools but a Georgia stock. I said to myself almost audibly, This going four times in a row 500 yards long, or to put it another way, walking 2000 yards to scratch one middle is all wrong. I had arrived just where Dad was when he tried to sell the 12 bales of cotton. I am going to leave such jobs to blind negroes and Mexicans. I did not as much as go out on the farm to see what was growing, mostly weeds, I feared, but saddled my horse and commenced trying to find enough fat cattle to make another shipment to St. Louis. This was the first of June and grass cattle were not fat, but I located the best ones and got 2 carloads by July 15th and shipped my second shipment. It only brought 3c, and barely made $100. But this was O K. I could hire a good man 5 months with the $100, and did it. It was almost time to start the gin when I wrote W. I. Barrett to send us a gin sharpener and mentioned some other repairs for the gin. He wrote back to send him the numbers needed and he would get a gin sharpener in ten days.

I wrote for him to come or send a good gin man that we were expecting a big run. The cotton was showing for a bumper crop and we wanted to be on time as two or three new gins were invading our territory. One was only 2 1-2 miles away and was ready to start with steam. Mr. Barrett came himself and brought a man with him to sharpen the gin and we got to run on the first bale. Mother mentioned to us boys one day just after we started to be sure to arrange to close the gin Christmas week because she was arranging to have the most elaborate Christmas we ever had. She had been working and planning Christmas for 2 or 3 months. She had knitted lambs wool all summer preparing comforts or long shawls for each one of the family. Think of her thoughts for the comfort of others; no selfishness about that. We were running the gin 12 hours a day with one team. I saw we could not do this regularly and had begun to devise some means of an extra team or a night shift. Half the teams were young mules, not seasoned for the work but we were raising plenty of horses and mules and did not want to buy work stock that would be an expense after 60 or 90 days. One day about the 5th of November when we came home to lunch mother was very sick and had high fever. I sent

one of the younger boys to A. J. Vicks' 3 miles for our half sister to come and stay with mother a few days (she was A. J. Vicks wife). She came as soon as she got the message. Mother passed a bad night, she was very nervous and had high fever. Sister said she was very much afraid mother was in for a bad spell and she had properly diagnosed the case. I sent one of the boys to Waxahachie for Dr. Sweatt and wrote him a note to come at once. He was east of Waxahachie to see a patient while we lived west 12 miles. It was late the second day when the doctor arrived. He said it would run into typhoid if not checked in 9 or 10 days. Father was in poor health, just able to get around the house. When the doctor said that mother was in for a spell I told sister to get someone she knew to do the housework; I also told my brother Owen we would close the gin and turn the mules in the pasture until such time as we could resume the work. No telephone and 12 miles to a doctor we sent word to all our cotton customers to haul no more cotton until further notice. The big gin house was full of seed cotton and I sent word to them to come and get their seed if they needed it to sell. Just one week later Father was taken similar to mother. The doctor was coming every other day and two weeks from the date Mother was stricken Vick's wife was struck down with a high fever. The neighbors were clever and good but we could not get the right kind of help with the money. Little had we boys realized what was in store for us as that insidious disease Typhoid was to ruin our home and kill our love for the old homestead. On the morning of Dec. 24th at 7 o'clock, all the folks who were able to eat were in the kitchen at breakfast, and I was sitting by my mother's bed. She turned her head sightly in my direction as if to speak and I noticed her gasp for breath. She was dying. Words fail me to describe this scene. With a grief that will never down, I called the folks. The good neighbors laid her out tenderly and prepared her lovely form for burial. We buried her in a littie cemetery at Mountain Peak on Dec. 26th. We returned home to find father worse. He died on the 28th and on our return from his funeral the doctor said sister would not live but a day or two. She died on the morning of the 29th. We buried her on the 30th.

Think for a moment: three of our loved ones laid to rest within the week. Just 55 years ago as I write, we said good-bye to a devoted mother, a dear father and a beloved sister. Peace to their ashes. In the language of the illustrious explorer, David Livingston, I Revere Their Memory.

This story would not be complete without mention of a few of the leading enterprises that hastened the development and civilization of the vast domain of which we write, Texas.

CHAPTER FOUR

We have already cited a few of the antiquated tools that beset the pioneer farmers of early days. Railroad construction had almost ceased during the Civil War, only about 360 miles were completed prior to the war. With the close of the war in 1865 reconstruction problems came as a big handicap and development for a number of years was very slow. It was hard to finance, people generally who had surplus cash were afraid of railroad bonds. Land grants by the state ceased in 1869 and no further state land was available until 1873, when an amendment to the new constitution was adopted making land grants lawful and more liberal. The Houston and Texas Central railroad reached Dallas in 1872. This road was extended to Red river, the state line, in 1873, connecting it with an out of state line to the north and forming the first trunk railroad connection into Texas. Railroad construction during the middle and late seventies was rapid and throughout the eighties many projects had made connection that revolutionized transportation.

In those days they had no roads, no bridges across the creeks and the rivers. The coming of the railroads did more to hasten the development of Texas than any other one factor. They made it possible to get your stuff to market. As is always the case, there was a great deal of prejudice against them. But they pioneered business and made it possible for us to enjoy the modern conveniences we now have.

With the advent of the railroads, small packing houses sprang up at Ft. Worth, Dallas, Houston, Waco and San Antonio. Stock yards were built at all the towns mentioned above to facilitate the handling of the range cattle. The Cattle Raisers Association was desirable and necessary to get in close touch with the cattle raisers. The 1893 convention, which had been held at Jacksboro for some time, voted to remove the location to Fort Worth permanently, where it would be more centrally located and because of better railroad facilities. Many new problems were coming up all the time, that could only be solved by the cooperation of the best of brains it was possible to procure. The fever tick was a great menace, and to exterminate this little pest was not a one man's job. The better or the leading cattlemn had realized they could get nowhere without a united assistance of the Association. It had been a long and arduous school for many of them. But that slogan (they were not quitters) has served a good purpose. One of the saddest reflections of the writer is to note the departure of the Old Guard, published monthly by the cattle men at Ft. Worth. In 1902 and '03 the big packers, Armour and Swift, took over the packing interests in Ft. Worth and made a dependable market which has been expanding all these years. Lay aside your prejudices and note a few of the benefits these enterprises have placed at the disposal of our mankind. Government inspection of foods and a daily cash market for all live stock offered, cattle, hogs and sheep, placing the small stock man on an equal footing with his big neighbor.

CHAPTER FIVE

In 1874 barbed wire made its first appearance as a material for fencin. Little did stock raisers realize that their undoing was close at hand. The days of free grass was at an end. A man by the name of A. J. Vick bought a quarter-section of land west of our place; set posts every 25 feet and stretched two barbed wires and stapled on the posts and called it a fence. Range horses and cattle were crowding a bit closer to our place every day in search of water and grass.

Uncle Mose Barnes, who ranched 6 miles west of our place, owned 1000 head of broom tails or range horses. They grazed in droves of 50 to 100. Vick's barb wire fence was put up right in the center of their range. One fine morning something a little unusual started about 100 of them in a dead run directly facing the west string of Vick's fence. Such a wreck they made when they came in contact with the new fence was a revelation just beginning to unfold. At least a dozen of the herd was cut so badly that they bled to death near the wreck; another dozen were cut so they died within a week or ten days. Two strings of wire fence were dragged over a section of outside land. This disaster created almost an uprising. Men gathered in bunches at the scene of this wreck to cuss and discuss the future of barbed wire. Uncle Mose Barnes, in company with Marion Sanson, who was then running a general merchandise store at Barnsville, 6 miles west of our place in the edge of the cross timbers, drove over the horse range around Vick's place. Before they had returned to Barnsville, Marion Sanson was owner of the MB brand of horses.

Marion put about 150 of them on sale at auction the following fall. As this sale was a new departure from the old way of bartering livestock, the sale went over big and quick. The next spring, 1875, Marion sent a man by the name of Rivers (a Mexican by blood) who was a trusted employe of Sanson's for 3 or 4 years, to east Texas to look over the situation for trading horses for cattle or sell to anyone wanting to buy horses. He was authorized to contract for some worn out fields and have the fences fixed ready ready to turn the horses loose upon arrival to graze. This man was to keep Sanson posted ready to meet the herd and show them into this new range and about how many to start with. Sanson would gather the number desired and Rivers would meet them at a designated point and take charge from then on. It so happened that Rivers found about what he was looking for in Angelina county, in east Texas, said to be the poorest and brushiest county in the state.

The negroes would come out to River's camp every Sunday and ride the old mares bare back with only a circingle to hold on to. They got thrown off by the dozen during the show, but rarely ever got hurt, unless they landed on a stump, but it was great fun and the show went on as long as there were any unbroken horses in the fields.

The farmers were bringing cattle at so much for cows or steers of any age or kind of cattle. They would pick out the animal they wanted and a

trade was soon consummated. The cattle were well branded and turned loose among the horses until they were ready to start on the trail to Sanson's ranch on Johnson county. The plan described above was repeated each spring for 3 years and the old MB brand of horses were all gone. Sanson had handled all the young colts during 3 or 4 years of ownership in his own brand, a 5 on the hip, and he raised lots of good buggy teams that sold easily around home at $125 to $150 the pair. Occasionally a good saddler developed in the breaking and these were kept on his own ranch for his own use unless some fellow took a fancy to one and paid the price which Marion was not slow to ask.

Allow me to return to the barbed wire story and tell you of the outcome of Vick's experience. He had met a man by the name of John W. Gates who was interested in the east in the manufacture of barbed wire. Gates had one or two high-powered salesmen at that time in south Texas selling wire. He gave Vick some kind of guarantee or surety bond to protect him against any damage suit filed by reason of live stock getting out or otherwise damaged by contact with the wire when stretched around a farm. At any rate, Vick went right on and ordered more wire to replace that which had been dragged off and inside of 3 years there were hundreds of miles of barbed wire stretched around nearly all the outside land in Johnson and Ellis counties. Barbed wire had come to stay all right, but many of you who may read this will recollect the wire cutters got busy in many sections of Texas. Some fences were cut the third time between each post, but, after a few killings, the wire was stretched the fourth and last time some 50 years ago. The law prevailed.

Two years from the date Marion Sanson bought the MB horses he and a man named Gordon Boyd leased 4000 acres of land 10 miles east of our place and just south of the road leading to Waxahachie. They put post every 16 feet and a stay between, put three wires and had a good fence that held any kind of horses and cattle. Marion Sanson built many pasture fences since those memorable days. His last use of barbed wire was on his place 2 1-2 miles northwest of the Ft. Worth stockyards. The writer had the pleasure of furnishing bois d' Arc post for 6 miles of this fence. Only 3 strands of wire were used, for it was wolf proof with net wire and one string of barbed wire right on the ground to keep the wolves from scratching under the 2 strands at the top to keep them from climbing over, a necessary precaution 30 years ago. When old friends spoke of his good fence, Marion invariably called their attention to fields within his land that were outlined by bois d' Arc hedges, that first aid in fencing to the pioneer. He has finished with fences, horses and cattle and friendships, but his spirit, from bondage set free, wanders on an open range.

With the invention of barbed wire came a new era in the stock business. It enabled the stock men to fence their pasture at a very reasonable cost and has never been supplanted for economy and durability. It also aided them in grading their cattle and exterminating the tick. They could build cross fences and segregate their graded cattle from the common herd.

CHAPTER SIX

Jot J. Smythe — Grandview, Texas

Smythe was an extensive cotton raiser, cattle feeder, and he ran a general merchandise store.. He played every game of life and was interested in it to the limit. Smythe had many quaint sayings of his own coinage. He said his experience had taught him that when any commodity started down hill, the machinery seemed fresh oiled for the occasion. He reasoned that midsummer was the proper season for a farmer to take Christmas. Every August for several successive years, he built a big dance platform, hauled ice by the ton from Cleburn, hired the best cooks to be found, had meals at all hours, and everything free as water for a whole week.

He was one person who did not believe in doing things by halves, or on the installment plan. He was truly a great character in his day.

John W. Carter — Jacksboro, Texas

It was the writer's privelege to be jointly associated with the above named gentleman during the years of 1885 to 1890 inclusive, in the cattle business. We bought mostly fat cattle for immediate shipment to a central market. We rarely faled to make a few dollars on each shipment.

Johnny Carter, as we affectionately called him in those days, is one who had a fine conception of right and wrong. He believed in giving half the road, and paying the last penny of half the expenses. He now owns a fine ranch near Jacksboro, Texas, which he has well stocked with high grade Hereford cattle. He is one man who played the game safe all these years and won.

John T. Forbes — Midlothian, Texas

An old classmate of the writer in school at Mountain Peak, Texas, during the early seventies, and he is still living on the old homestead where was born. He wrote me a letter Christmas week, inviting me to a Christmas dinner, cooked by his good wife, who was also a classmate of early days. Their family, consisting of 47 children and granchildren, were all expected to be present at the feast. Nine turkeys were required for the occasion, and this is not a fish story in any sense. If you dub it such we can easily prove the big ones did not get away. Many happy days to dear old John and his family.

He and his kind are the bulwarks of civilization and make the world better by their conservative, unselfish lives.

M. B. Pulliam — San Angelo Ranchman and Banker

It was my good luck to meet the above named gentleman in San Angelo in 1886. I was buying feeder cattle for the Southern Cotton Oil Co., of New Orleans. Mr. Pulliam drove me out in his buggy to the Henderson Ranch on Lipan Flats and sold me 700 3- and 4-year old steers. He had recently bought of Henderson. We set an early date to receive and ship these cattle. We ordered cars on our return to Angelo.

The day we were to load these cattle the railroad ditched about 20 cars near Brownwood. They sent a Mexican section crew to sand and set the cars for us to load the cattle. Not having an available engine I pitched each Mexican 50c to put a few extra shovels full in each car for the long haul. Among the drove of cattle was an old outlaw steer that had been getting away for 2 or 3 years and the cowboys who had helped us drive into the shipping pens, pointed out this steer and gave us his record. As soon as the cattle were yarded the boys lit out for town. Mr. Pulliam had forgotten to request they stay on the job until the cattle were loaded. We counted the cattle as we loaded them across the alley of the loading chutes in car lots.

Mr. Pulliam was on the running board with a prod pole prodding them in the car. I was on my horse chasing them in the chute. The old steer was in the load we now mention. The first prod the old steer got in his ribs he changed ends like a bronco. He ran to the back end of the chute, went over the top rail, and lit out for his old range. Mr. Pulliam yelled at me to open a gate. He was on his horse and coming. I was near a gate and opened it right now. The old steer was shaking the beans off the mesquite south of the shipping pens. What was now about to happen was the greatest feat I ever attended around a beef herd. Mr. Pulliam put old Water Dog horse right up against the steer, he laid his lasso over his horse as though he was only a pet lamb. He could not throw his rope for the mesquite. The steer was back in the chute inside of 10 minutes and going up the loading chute. Mr. Pulliam passed his end of the rope to a Mexican who tied it hard and fast on the opposite side of the car and cut off the surplus. I kept track of these cattle through the feed lot and to market. The Oil company exported 90 percent of this brand of cattle and they netted $65 per head in British gold against approximately $40 for same grade in St. Louis.

Mr. Pulliam treated me so fine that I was ever after anxious to get back on his range. Incidentally I met him a couple of times in Ft. Worth shortly after this deal.

In the spring of 1895, Mr. Clay, head of Clay, Roberson and Co., in Kansas City sent me to San Angelo to solicit consignments of mutton to the firm of Clay, Roberson and Co. On my way I stopped over night at Ft. Worth and met a good customer of the firm at the hotel. After a short visit he handed me a nice letter of recommendation from Mr. Clay. He said he would be glad to go to Angelo with me, if he would

not be in my way. I was glad to have him. We arrived on Aprl 1st. I went direct to the bank and met Mr. Pulliam and introduced my new acquaintance, Mr. Brown. He handed Mr. Pulliam New York exchange of $10,000 for credit. Mr. Pulliam said he had 1800 muttons coming in from the shearing pens on Devils River he was going to ship Monday. He said we would drive out Sunday and meet them.

Mr. Clay always instructed his men to ride on sleeping cars and stop at the best hotel available. Mr. Pulliam carried us to the Langdon hotel and for good cuisine it did not have a double in Texas. We drove out and met the Pulliam mutton and about one o'clock Sunday, Mr. Brown bought them. In 20 minutes we had a fine lunch with us and a quart of Paul Jones. Mr. Brown remarked he wished Mr. Clay was here as he sure would take one with us. Mr. Pulliam told the Mexican to put the mutton in the shipping pens at 10 o'clock Monday. We returned late Sunday afternoon after a very pleasant ride. We loaded the sheep on time and got a good run. It was the first shipment out and the railroad company put on special service. The mutton hit a good market and made Mr. Brown a net profit of $1803.00. Mr. Pulliam was seemingly as proud of the sales as Mr. Brown. All the mutton intended for shipment at San Angelo were being shorn at the Devil's river pens. Grass was very short and late. Every ranchman was very jealous of his range. It was the custom to hold shorn sheep a week for the fleece to smooth up. The drive from shearing pens to Angelo consumed about a week. Sheep were ready for shipment on arrival. Mr .Pulliam took us to the shearing pens and introduced us to several big sheep men. Meyer and McKinzey had 20,000 muttons about ready to ride. They said our firm was good enough for them and I told them if they needed any cash now to call on me. No one wanted to borrow a dollar. In a 7 weeks stay at San Angelo, 94,000 mutton were shipped and 47,000 of them went to Clay, Roberson and Co. Swift had a regular buyer on the job every day. He got 35,000 of the 94,000 direct to Swift.

When I returned to Kansas City on the last day of May, Mr. Clay was making his regular semi-monthly visit to that office. When I went across the street to the West End hotel for lunch our errand boy tapped me on the shoulder and handed me a check for $500. I returned to the office and said, What is this for, Mr. Clay. He said, Working overtime among the rattlesnakes on Devils river. I said, I had a fine vacation and enjoyed it to the limit. He said, I request you keep the check for your benefit.

CHAPTER SEVEN

In 1896, the year that William J. Bryan ran for president on the Free Silver platform against William H. McKinley on a Sound Money platform, every old timer remembers how hard cattle paper was to finance that year. Beef prices were rotten. Mr. Clay returned to his old home in Scotland and secured a loan of $150,000 in British gold. With this ready cash he saved about three big ranch owners from bankruptcy. He really seemed to have an inborn contempt for free silver and every one that advocated it. We had one man that was a natural born advocate of W. J. Bryan. He could not help it. His name was Scott Jones, and by the way, I voted with him. Scott Jones was solicitor for our firm and lived at Purcell, I. T. Mr. Clay dropped in to the Kansas City office on Saturday before election day on Tuesday. He called me into the cashier's office and shut the door. He was so smart I wondered if, by any chance, he knew I was going to vote for Mr. Bryan. He never mentioned Mr. Bryan, but said Mr. McKinley will be president after Tuesday, and feeds will go up $1 a hundred in the next 30 days. He requested me to ask 50c per hundred more for cattle immediately after the election. And if they did not sell, to put them away for one week and to feed them all the hay that they would consume.

On Monday before the election on Tuesday, our Scott Jones was at Chickasha to see a man that was loading some cattle that were being financed by the Chicago Live Stock Commission Co. The owner of these cattle was a good friend of Scott Jones. When the cattle were loaded on a train of 14 cars, Jones told the man if he would give Clay, Roberson and Co., half of these cattle, he would go in on the train with him, and give him a $35 suit of clothes if our salesmen did not get 10c per hundred more for his cattle than the Chicago Live Stock. He said all right he would do it. They loaded the 14 cars without any sorting and billed every other car to Clay, Roberson and Co. They arrived Tuesday night; Wednesday was a cold rainy day, almost sleet. Everything was going McKinley. When the cattle were yarded, Jack Forrest and I went to the cashier of our office and drew $100 in $10 bills. I put $50 in each vest pocket. This brand of cattle had been selling at $2.70 and $2.75 was the top to date. I rode out to look the cattle over and saw Fred Foresee, salesman and Abe Becker of Becker and Sons, Omaha big feeder buyers, riding among Fred's cattle in the scale alley. I guessed he would put on a dime on account of the poor fill or no fill at all. Becker made a bee line for me and motioned the yard boy to open the gate. He said I bought the other end of these cattle and would like to buy these to fill out my train. He said, How much? I said, $3.40 is the selling price. Great Guns, he said, I just bought the others at $2.90. I said, Mr Becker, when you rode in here I never asked you what you were to pay Mr. Foresee. I slipped out $50 and stuck it under his nose. I said, Here is fifty that says I get $3.40. I fingered out $50 more and rolled it around the first fifty, and

said, Here is fifty more that says I do not own them 30 minutes and you can have one or both bets, or the gate. He said he would take neither of the bets, but bought the cattle. He said to open the gate and started to drive the cattle out. I said to get out of the pen and I would weigh the cattle at 2 o'clock. You just stole 25 bales of hay from Fred Foresee. I kept mine until they cleaned up the last bit of hay. My cattle averaged 7 pounds more per head than Fred's. Scott's friend went back home and shipped me 10 cars the following Monday. This was the clean-up train of his year's grazing. I sold them on arrival at $3.75 per hundred. They were barely $2.50 before the election. Mr. Clay's prediction came true two weeks ahead of time

I will say in conclusion, although Mr. Clay's prediction came true, I am still proud that I voted for William Jennings Bryan, and since I returned to Dixie, I am proud I have kept the faith, and did my bit to elect Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the greatest president in American History.

CHAPTER EIGHT

I arrived in Kansas City on Saturday, before Easter Sunday, in 1894, to call it home. I had a good job with a commission house.

I saw a notice in the paper at the hotel about the fine organ they had installed at the Presbyterian church. After a bath and shave, I retired for the night. Washer Bros., of Fort Worth had been selling me all my wearing apparel for ten years, had me a dress suit already packed for my departure. I donned the suit on Easter morning and went to the church mentioned. The usher led me forward and seated me opposite Kirk B. Armour, head of the Armour Packing Co. At the close of the services Mr. Armour handed me his business card and asked me if I were not a stranger in the City. I handed him my card and answered his question in the affirmative. He said, Well, we will get better acquainted. I went to the stockyards early Monday.

Our yard man reported I had four cars of cattle in the quarantine division. This division was across the Kaw river, half a mile from the office. I rode over and looked the cattle over. Had not been in the pen over ten minutes when John Lennin rode up. He was Armour's head steer buyer. He said Kirk Armour requested that he get in touch with me early. I invited him to look at the cattle. He asked the price. I said $4.25. He looked them over very carefully and said, Come with me a few minutes, and look at some I just bought. He showed me two loads better finished and a little heavier than mine. Cost me $4.15, and you may weigh yours at the same price. I said, All right, you have bought mine. I knew his talk was on the square.

The A. P. was giving me the glad hand to make me feel at home. I sold the company thousands of cattle in the following five years, and wish to add that I think Kirk B. Armour was one of God's noblemen. I do not

believe that he ever committed one dishonest act in business. In the summer of 1898 the Spanish-Americar War was declared. The A. P. Co. was low bidder for the beef contract.

It so happened that Mr. John Clay had secured the consignment of 8000 steers from the General Terrasas ranch of Old Mexico. These cattle were fat, aged 4 to 10 years. I sold the A. P. the four first trains that arrived. Now be it known that these cattle were double government inspected. They were inspected for crip and lumpy jaws in my pens before they went to the packing house. They were also inspected for any bruised carcasses after their jackets were off. All bruised carcasses were used for fertilizer and soap making. Peet Brothers had a big soap factory near the packing plant.

I had to sell these cattle (subject) on account of the long haul. They were loaded at El Paso, Texas, and were 4 days and nights in transit to Kansas City. Now if the public imagines they could put anything by these argus-eyed inspectors they would have another think coming, before they got through. I do not believe that after the long ride. The train of 500 cattle drank 5 barrels of water before they went to the packing house. Their unusual environment seemed to take all their desire to drink away from them. They stood with heads up. Only one in ten of them would smell water, and barely touched the hay.

The first train of cattle that I ever sold (subject) was a train of speyed heifers from the Miller and Lux ranches in California. Billy Cummings, Armour's head cow buyer, said he would buy one car (a cut off) at $3.85 (subject), and he would buy the remainder of the train the next day at the same price. I wired to Chicago for instructions, and they wired me to sell them on his terms. As I remember, the bruised carcasses ran about two to the car.

To give you a further insight into the character of our subject, I will tell you of a little incident that occurred. The Spanish-American war contracts necessitated the hiring of more shipping clerks. Kirk Armour had a desk in the corner of the storage room. Every box was branded OK, K. B. A. In the absence of the old clerk a new man got all balled up in checking out a car. He was turning boxes over already in the car and re-counting them until he did not know what came next. He tapped Kirk Armour on the shoulder and said, Who the devil is this fellow K. B. A., that has so much to do with this business? Armour got up and said, That is my name, young man; do you know what K. B. stands for? Realizing he had made a bad blunder, he said, I do not. Armour said, It just means Keep Busy. That is all it means.

From my knowledge of Kirk Armour and his way of doing business, I do not believe he ever shipped one pound of embalmed beef to the army at Havana, Cuba, or elsewhere.

Kirk Armour has long since passed from the picture, just in his prime; aged 47. No doubt his death was hastened by working overtime at his desk, and by breathing the foul aromas of the packing house.

It is a far cry from 1898 to 1935, and the facilities for icing cars were not as modern and efficient then as they are now.

From THE CADDO (OKLA.) HERALD Feb. 21, 1926:

The Herald congratulates R. A. Riddels on being second in Bryan county in the cotton contest. We remember some twenty-five years ago Mr. Riddels was a booster for better livestock, and did a great deal at his own expense to bring better cattle to this country. Now in the evening of his life, when the shadows are lengthening, we find him leading in a new field: the production of more cotton and better coton on fewer acres. The cash prize is incidental. But the influence of his example will be worth a great deal to the community, for he has performed a miracle by using the means at his hands of increasing production. Such men as R. A. Riddels are worth something to a community, for they are builders, not destroyers. Now, since M. Riddels has blazed the way, why can not others follow his example? What is the use of fooling around with a fourth of a bale per acre when you might just as well get a whole bale? If one man does it, surely another can. So, in congratulating Mr. Riddels, let us also resolve that we will imitate him, and try to make two bales of cotton grow where only a half bale grew before. And the satisfaction and profit will be all ours.

G. A. CROSSETT, Editor.

DOLPH BRISCOE, Pres.
W. T. COBLE, First Vice Pres. — E. B. SPILLER, Sec'y and G-M.
J. C. McGILL, Second Vice Pres. — TAD MOSES, Asst. Sec'y
W. E. CONNELL, Treasurer.
DAYTON MOSES, Attorney

TEXAS AND SOUTHWESTERN CATTLE RAISERS ASSOCIATION

Coliseum, Fort Worth, Texas, May 17, 1928.

Mr. R. A. Riddels, Caddo, Okla.

Dear Mr. Riddels:

Have yours of recent date enclosing check for $6.00, for which please accept thanks. We appreciate very much indeed your interest in the Association and support you have always given. It is gratifying indeed to have such men as you connected with the Association. Notwithstanding the fact that you are out of the business, you are still sufficiently interested to want to give your co-operation to those engaged in the business to the extent of helping to support the Association in carrying on its work. Such a spirit is very commendable and is the kind of spirit which has meant so much for the advancement of civilization in this country.

With very best wishes, we are, Yours truly,

E. B. SPILLER, Secretary.

Smith, Moore, Williams

Hardware and Implements

Caddo, Oklahoma

Aug.9 1935

Hon.Franklin.D.Rosevelt:

Washington.D.C.

Dear Mr.President;

Some one filched the nice letter I received from your secretary in acknowledgement of a copy of my little book,Early Days in Texas.

I am sending you another copy and kindly ask you to send me a copy of the letter you sent in acknowledge of the first copy.

Yours very sincerely,

R. A. Riddels

RICKARD, MR. TEX.,
Manager, KMTR,
Hollywood, CALIF.,
AUGUST 23, 1935.

Sends an air-check of the President's radio address to the Boy Scouts on Aug. 21, 1935.

See 450

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P P 7
9-R

File
The rock.

P.P.F.
9-R

August 24, 1935.

My dear Mr. Rushing:

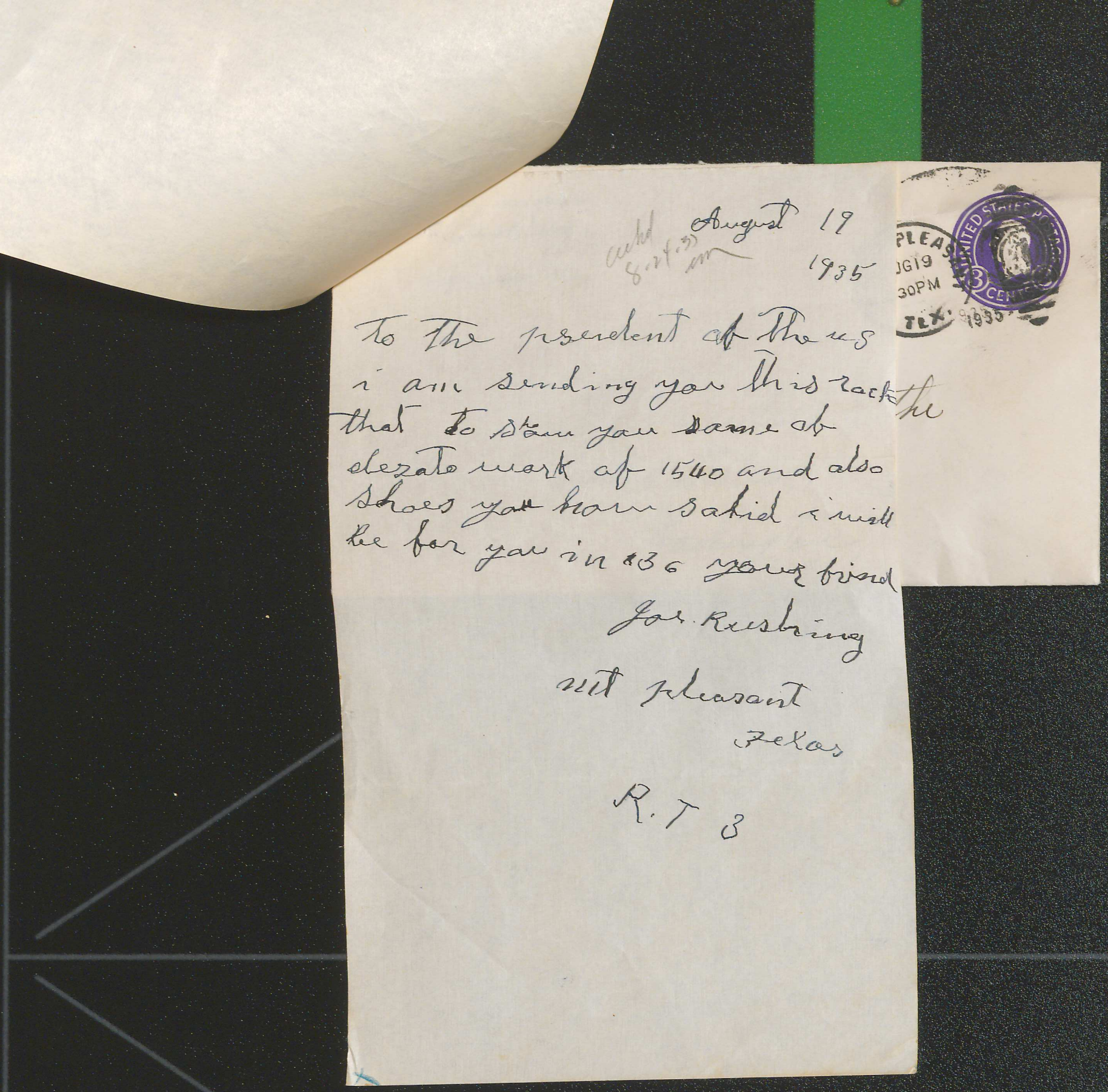
Your letter of August nineteenth has been received and I want to assure you that your friendly interest in writing and sending the enclosed rock to the President is very much appreciated.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHAND
Private Secretary

em

Joe Rushing, Esq.,
Route 3,
Mt. Pleasant,
Texas.



August 19
1935

To the president of the us
i am sending you this rack the
that to stan you name de
elegate mark of 1540 and also
shoes you have said i will
be for you in 36 your frind

Jas. Rusbring
Mt Pleasant
Texas
R. T 3

add 8-24-35

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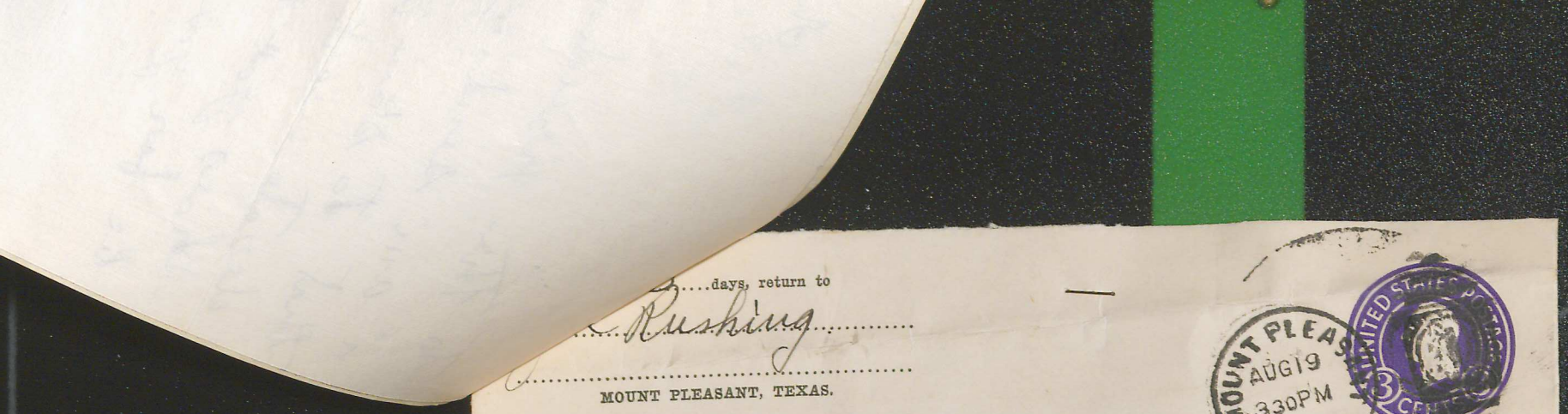
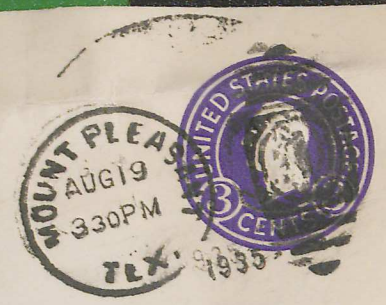


....days, return to

Rushing

MOUNT PLEASANT, TEXAS.



To. The President of the
United States,
Washington
D.C.