

PPF 1269
LEE, JACK H.

c 20 p 20



February 6, 1934

P. P. F.

1269

My dear Mr. Lee:

I deeply appreciate your kind offer to send me an autographed copy of your new book.

x PPF9-B

When next you are in Washington, I hope the pressure under which we all have been working will have lessened so that it may be possible to meet you and perhaps to hear you sing. In any event, let me know when you expect to come East again.

Very sincerely yours,

x 506

Mr. Jack H. Lee, #
239 West 58th Street,
Los Angeles, California.

pls

PPF 1269
LEE, JACK H.

January 26, 1934.

Dear President:

I am a Montana cowboy and I met Elliott your son and went down into Mexico with him last March. I sent Mrs. Roosevelt my first effort of writing, a little book, but now since my new book of narrative verse is out Published by the Huntington Press of New York with a foreword by Courtney Riley Cooper, and as Elliott told me "Jack, I want Dad to know you when you go east," I am writing to ask you if you would care to have an autographed copy of my book with a sketch on fly leaf.

You might remember of our being in Washington when Ted Joslin brought us east to meet Pres. Hoover. But me, I'm Democrat and like all cowboys.

I wish that you could hear the song that you like so well sung by us with our guitars like the cowboys sang it. I refer to "Home on the Range". That title is incorrect. And it was put on records also by a young man who did not have the right air as sang by the range cowboys. The original title is HOME IN THE WEST, and the real air is prettier by far than the one you like or so I have heard. John Thomas got it from a record of course.

I am an old cowpuncher and pretty Kitty Lee my wife and I roam all over the west singing our trail songs at rodeos and ranches.

Would like to see you when we come east. Senator Ashurst met us in Washington with Mrs. also in Arizona about six weeks ago.

Sang for a number of Senators and Congressmen when we were in Washington two years ago. With kind regards.

Temporary address

Powder River Jack Lee
239 West 58 Street
Los Angeles, California.

Jack Lee





WEST OF POWDER RIVER

The new book of narrative verse of the Far West

by the famous cowboy poet

"Powder River" Jack H. Lee

"POWDER RIVER" JACK LEE, a true cowboy poet, is known from the Rio Grande to the northern limits of our Western country. In robust, vernacular verse he describes the life of the old West of the Indian and of the cowboy, and of the West as it is today. He tells, to cite but a few incidents from the book, of the roundup; of prospecting for gold; of gambling on the Mexican line; of the hilarious cowboys who "tied knots in the devil's tail;" of the desert rat, left to die the "death of a thousand deaths; of the devil fox whose appearance in the moonlight foretold the death of an Indian chief; of the road-runner, killer of snakes, who saved the life of a herder; of the Big Horn Queen and the rodeo contest; of the celebration of Frontier Days.

Jack Lee's verse is as genuine and irresistible as the man himself. Thousands of people have heard him over the radio and have seen him at rodeos and fairs and private entertainments. And all have enjoyed him. Now his songs and poems of the West that have become famous throughout the country are made available to you in book form.

WEST OF POWDER RIVER has a Foreword by Courtney Riley Cooper and twelve full page illustrations by the well-known artist, Paul Honoré. The book, 5¼" x 7⅞" in size, and numbering 204 pages, is printed on a good quality of paper and is handsomely bound. The price, per copy, is \$2.00. To order your book, simply fill out and sign the order form below and mail.

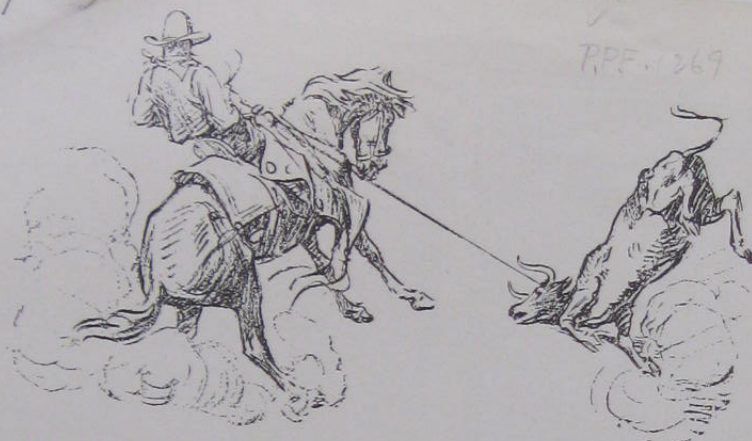


PDE. 1269

Dear Friend:
I received your letter of the 11th and was glad to hear from you. I am well and hope this finds you the same. I am still in the U.S. and hope to be in Warm Springs, Ga. soon. I am still in the U.S. and hope to be in Warm Springs, Ga. soon. I am still in the U.S. and hope to be in Warm Springs, Ga. soon.

Bust by
Frederick
Schweiggardt
Los Angeles

Guest by
President
Roosevelt
for
Los Angeles



POWDER RIVER JACK AND KITTY LEE
DEER LODGE, MONTANA

December first, 1934.

Franklin D. Roosevelt
President of the U.S.
Warm Springs, Ga.

Dear friend:

I recieved the letter from your Secretary and I will send the song book of the old trail songs as soon as it comes off the press in about one week. I had a nice letter from Elliott, from his office in the Shoreham Building in Washington this A.M. and I am writing you to advise you of the slight delay.

I know how you love Home on the range, but in my book you will have the real version as sung on the range which at the time I came up out of Texas with the last trail herd in 1898 with Catos XIT cattle, was then known as Home in the west.

I know you will like this book as it will be the first of its kind ever published. And it will contain complete arrangements from voice as we sing and know them. I am also sending you a copy of a card which Tom Walker and Kitty and I had made up to send Frank Walkers little son TJ upon his recent illness.

We spent several days here at Boulder with our friends Senator and Mrs Wheeler and also Mr and Mrs Murray the next or Senator elect. We had campaigned for them. I am writing Elliott in same mail. We both join in sending our regards to you, and for all time.

Sincerely,
Powder River Jack & Kitty Lee
Powder River Jack and Kitty Lee
Deer Lodge, Montana.

PPE 1269
LEE JAN 11



POWDER- RIVER JACK.

& KITTY LEE'S
COWBOY

SONG BOOK

WITH MUSIC.

COWBOY
YAILS



AND

CATTLE
TRAILS

OF
THE WILD
WEST.



FOR THE PRESIDENT'S APPROVAL

OK
P.P.F.
1269

Dear Jack:

The President was glad to get your little note of October nineteenth and asked me to drop you a line conveying his very best regards. He did like your songs, of course.

Let me know when you get to Washington. Of course, it will depend a good deal on how badly swamped with work the President is whether there will be time for some more fun.

Sincerely yours,

M. H. McINTYRE
Secretary to the President

Jack H. Lee, Esq.,
c/o Houlter Hayler,
Roundhill Road,
Greenwich,
Connecticut.

mhm/tmb

PPF 1269
LEE, JACK H.

Poughkeepsie, New York
October 26, 1937

Dear Jack:

The President was glad to get your little note of October nineteenth and asked me to drop you a line conveying his very best regards. He did like your songs, of course.

Let me know when you get to Washington. Of course, it will depend a good deal on how badly swamped with work the President is whether there will be time for some more fun.

Sincerely yours,

M. H. McINTYRE
Secretary to the President

Jack H. Lee, Esq.,
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mhm/tmb

PPF 1269
LEE JACK H

Franklin D. Roosevelt
Pres. U. S.
Wash. D. C.

Oct 19-37

Dear Franklin:

B.C.J.

We are at Philadelphia tonight
at a wedding - & will be in
Boston Mass for a few days
& will be in Washington in
about ten days.

I do hope you liked the
songs we sang for you on
the train out of Haver

We are coming to Washington
to see Jim Murray & will hope
to meet you again -

Our finest regards & well
wishes - from

Powder River Jack &
Kitty Lee

rare Couter Hugler.
Roundhill Road.
Greenwich, Conn.

PPF 1269
LEE, JACK H.

PPF
1269

March 29, 1940

Dear Mr. Lee:

The President has asked me to thank
you for your letter of March twentieth. He
greatly appreciates your thoughtfulness.

With all good wishes,

Sincerely yours,

EDWIN M. WATSON
Secretary to the President

RB/mna

Jack H. Lee, Esq.,
Care of Dr. Lytle S. Adams,
Irwin,
Pennsylvania.

PPF 1269
LEE, JACK H.

Gen. H. H. H. H.

*Camp Phoenix
Phoenix, Arizona*

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

*sent
3/29/40
muna*

Dear Franklin:

We are in Arizona and have just returned from old Mexico (Powder River Jack and Kitty Lee) and are now enroute to Irwin Penna. and Washington to work in conjunction with Dr. Lytle S. Adams who is running for Congress and who is a strong supporter of yours. Dr. Adams is the President of the Tristate Aviation Corp. and his residence is at Irwin Penna.

We did not see you on our last trip east in 1939 and hope to do so in Washington when we arrive. I campaigned Montana for Jimmie Murray who is staunch and we covered the entire state previous to his election.

Am dropping this line from Globe Arizona (enroute) east and hope that you run for third term. Our love and regards.

Powder River Jack and Kitty Lee
C/O Lytle S. Adams.
IRWIN, Penna.

March 20, 1940.

Powder River Jack

PPE 1269
LEE, JACK H.

THE
STAMPEDE

And Tales of the Far West

Told in Narrative Verse

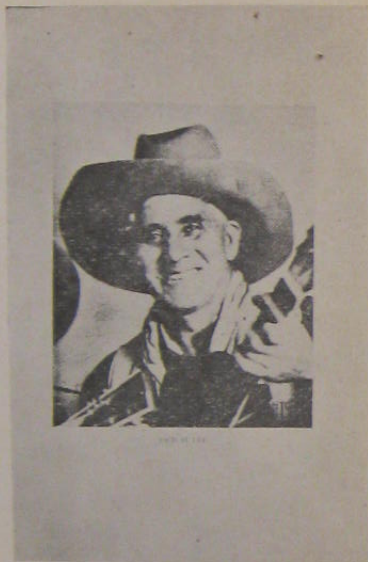
by

"Powder River" Jack H. Lee

For Sale By

(YOUR NAME IMPRINTED HERE)

PPF 1269
LEE, JACK H.



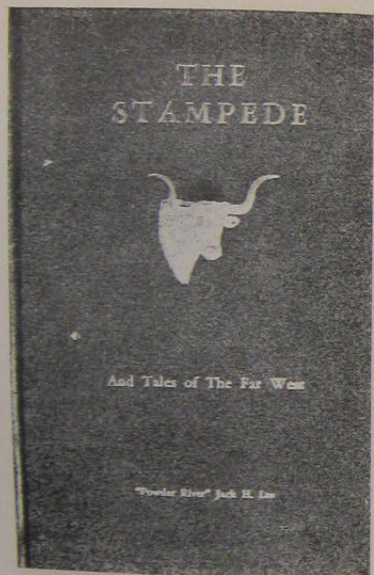
THE AUTHOR

Powder River Jack Lee is an authentic and his book is as real as mountain rain. That's something in these days of yodeling cowboy singers who wouldn't know which side of a horse to get on and professional rodeo performers who couldn't tell a chuck wagon from a prairie schooner. Powder River Jack Lee is worthy of his name and everyone who loves the real west and its stories can be grateful for this true bard of the high plains and cow camps.

Frazier Hunt

Journalist and Author of The Bachelor Prince.

PPF 1269
LEE, JACK H.



COVER OF THE BOOK

Dear "Powder River":

I have just had the pleasure of reading your book. Every person who loves the west should have a copy. Between its covers are inimitable stories of the high country that carry an irresistible appeal.

Sincerely yours,

Theodore G. Joslin

*Eminent Journalist and former
Secretary to President Herbert Hoover.*

PPF 1269
LEE, JACK H.

THE STAMPEDE AND TALES OF THE FAR WEST
THE SILVER STALLION OF ASHLIST LAKE



The silver stallion of Ashlist Lake was a noble creature, and his name was known to all the cowboys of the West. He was a white horse with a silver mane and tail, and he was as fast as the wind. One day, a cowboy named Jack H. Lee was riding him when he saw a herd of wild horses. He rode up to them and saw that they were all white with silver manes and tails. He knew that he had found the silver stallion of Ashlist Lake.

THE STAMPEDE AND TALES OF THE FAR WEST
THE STAMPEDE

Over the plains the Texas herd came straggling slowly on,
And homeward lightning flashes played and leaped from horn to horn.
Far and wide a watching sun had baked the powdered sod
And blazed and blundered the weary herd as over the trail they plod.
The weary pasture lay for miles as far as eye could see,
And restless steers relayed their leers with howlings morbidly.
A smothering vacuum filled the void and whirling spirals loomed
As onward ran toward heat and man a fierce and furious storm.

Rumbling echoes reverberated and hoarse the Kansas plain,
A distant boom with ominous gloom and quivering specks of rain,
Shoaty and wild with clashing horns, first dropped Texas steers
In million ranks of moving flanks as pale and floundering
Plopping and pouncing heels and hoofs, creep over the waving
rains.
Like a mountain ridge of devils' edge and straggling look-on flares,
Risky holes and red-rimmed eyes that glare with frightened blaze,
And horns suspended supreme, each head through sulphurous di-
mid haze.

For numberless days we'd trailed the herd and by my side there
rid
A buckskin and a sorrel, too, by the name of the Charlie Kid,
More like a girl, with nut brown hair and water line like and slim,
But his flanking eye to follow his way when the boys poked fun at him,
Fond of a snicker that flowing bright, and scooped in a slender hip,
A honey grin for war or fun, the kid from the Charlie Kid,
Fifteen buckskin trailed the herd, but the kid from the Cimarron
Would always ride close by my side or travel super-close.

Waving and shivering about the storm, the Texas Trail herd bore,
Weathered and stout, rode down the side on a weathered story
horse.

Powder River Jack Lands Here

Ex-'Roughrider' Leaves Pinto
Behind and Travels By Air

A gray and grizzled veteran of the Old West, who has been sculptured, painted, caricatured and talked about as the perfect personification of the old-time cowboy, came riding into Pittsburgh today—in an airplane.

This apparently unusual arrival for a cowboy whose life has been largely busting brones and riding the range is not a bit unusual for "Powder River" Jack H. Lee, who's probably the most publicized of cowboys and is as much at home in a plane as he is in a saddle.

He sings and recites poetry which he composes himself. And he doesn't like the current crop of "cowboy" singers who croon lyrics written by persons who never have seen a round-up or smelled the desert night.

"The cowboys and hillbillies you hear nowadays give the wrong impression and their songs are not the real songs of the West," said "Powder Jack." "As a result, a lot of people say they don't like cowboy songs when chances are they've never heard a real one."

For years Jack has been an important part of the West's rodeo shows, along with his wife, Kittie Lee one of the Miller girls of "101 Ranch" fame. Their songs are the songs of the familiar things of the cow country, authentic as Jack himself.

From The Pittsburgh Press.

PPE 1269
LEE, JACK H.

THE STAMPEDE AND OTHER TALES OF THE FAR WEST
 AND OTHER STORIES OF THE GRIZZLY BEAR



There is a grizzly bear who lives in the mountains of the West. He is a very large bear, and he is very fierce. He is the king of the mountains, and he is the most powerful of all the bears. He is the most dangerous of all the bears, and he is the most feared of all the bears. He is the most powerful of all the bears, and he is the most dangerous of all the bears. He is the most powerful of all the bears, and he is the most dangerous of all the bears.

THE STAMPEDE AND OTHER TALES OF THE FAR WEST
 THE BIG BORN CATTLE



PPF 1269
 LEE, JACK H.

LEE, Jack H. "Powder River"

Freeland, Pa.

Undated (Ack. 2-8-39)

Asks that his sister, Mrs. Alice Gunter, Boston, Mass., employed on a WPA sewing project be permitted to retain her position. Encloses two letters he has received from her and excerpt of her letter to the President. - Also sends President copy of his book.

Letter referred to Works Progress Admin. 2-8-39.

See P.P.F.9-L

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PPF 1269
LEE, JACK H.