

Dear Mr. Texan:

In the summer of 1959 a poem was written by me and sent to the Chamber of Commerce at Dayton, Texas. Its essence was to simply identify the geographic location of Dayton. By a coincidence, Dayton, Texas is the birthplace of the then Governor of Texas, Price Daniel.

Seeing a chance for some free publicity, the local "bigwigs" handed the poem with my letter to the local newspaper, who in turn published it on the front page.

The Houston Press and other newspapers in Texas printed the poem and soon the leading newspapers in Boston and New England carried the story —

Their plan had worked — the story was snowballing and picking up speed from day to day.

I was phoned, long distance by the president of Dayton's Chamber of Commerce, who invited me to come to Texas — I told him I would think it over.

After a few days had gone by, the president of the Chamber of Commerce evidently was fretting not to lose this chance of free publicity, he called again, this time making several promises and a challenge to entice me to come to Texas —

I finally accepted his challenge and made the trip with my mother and my wife.

These men wanted publicity on one hand, and to humiliate me on the other. The newspapers were aware of only the "Good" part of the story— They succeeded in both —

A Rodeo was held; supposedly in my honor and an admission was charged to the public, (I did not receive a red cent).

I was asked to ride a horse in the rodeo arena. I was to come in at a gallop, holding the reins with one hand and waving the Texas hat they gave me with the other.

I did this, but no one asked the "Yank" if he could ride a horse.

The next day with the heat up in the middle nineties they coaxed and prodded me to bull-doze a steer, which I did (I have movies to prove this).

I was made to drape the confederate flag around me —

I did all the things I was asked to do good naturedly.

They did not do the things they had promised over the phone and in a letter to me. Their promises was the reason I made the trip.

I left Texas dejected and humiliated. I had to pay all the expenses of the trip from Boston to Texas.

I am a "Damn Yank" to the Texans and my poem opened a door for them to capitalize on the situation and at the same time ridicule a northerner, their feelings were vented — but how small I see those few.

Since then —

Adlai Stevenson visited Texas and he was "Spat" upon — then — our beloved President — John Fitzgerald Kennedy also a Bostonian, was brutally murdered —

I think it fitting and proper at this time, for all Decent Texans to heed the call of the John Fitzgerald Kennedy Memorial Library Fund —

Send some of those Texas dollars to Boston, so that in death, our beloved President may be honored by giving to the American people the library he so earnestly strived for.

Personally, I love Texas, and as a Texas citizen am trying to reach your ears and your hearts to a cause I know all good Texans approve.

Show Boston and the Nation that "Texas" is not a dirty word up here.

**GIVE NOW**

**ORGANIZE A FUND NOW**

Respectfully,  
John J. Giordano

Send All Donations to:

THE JOHN F. KENNEDY MEMORIAL LIBRARY

Box 2500

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS 02107

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