

*S. J. Flenner  
D. Keller*

Muskogee, Oklahoma,  
215 South 15th St.,  
January 6, 1934.

Miss Ida Tarbell,  
New York City.

My dear Miss Tarbell:

It is with sorrow I must write you that my husband, John W. Flenner, went to his final sleep on Thanksgiving morning. Shortly before he passed on, in fact only about ten days, he appeared concerned not having kept you advised as to the progress made on his history of the early oil development in the Southwest. For many months prior to his death he bravely worked on and on, hoping that he might finish his work before the end. Most of it is now finished, there are perhaps about six more chapters to be typed and I believe I can accomplish this since I prepared all the finished chapters. Today, several oil men from Tulsa called upon me and urged I complete it as soon as possible, all seemingly being convinced that this history would have a ready sale when on the market. Unfortunately, I can only devote a few hours each evening to this work since I am busy during the day working in the office of the U. S. Marshal here, but I shall speed it on as quickly as possible.

Miss Tarbell, you can never guess how proud Mr. Flenner was of the photograph you sent him all your letters were carefully put away and he intended writing you asking that you might write a foreward for his book. Considering his great physical handicap (he was ill so many years) as I sit alone at night going over his papers; his verse, his art work, and dozens of notes tucked here and there and everywhere (Like Poe really)

my heart turns many flops and I often wonder how I shall manage alone and without him. Alone all day with his books, his papers, his radio he amused himself, always when I left him in the morning for my work with "Goodbye, Old Brick, Hurry Home". Several years ago he wrote a story for children entitled "My Beddy-Boat", A Trip to Fairyland for Little Shut-Ins", - most of this was written while he was ill in bed. When in Washington I took it to Mary Roberts Rinehart and she, after reading it word for word, declared it to be the one of the most charming, delightful stories she had ever read, as did Major Putman of the Putman Publishing Company, but to have it published seemed another story, and I failed, although from publisher to publisher, (Like O. Henry) I walked wearing out shoe leather and moving from a first class to a third class hotel while there, and then with nothing but my return ticket hurried back to my author with nothing but defeat in my pocket. But I still have hopes for this story too; and as soon as possible I intend also compiling his verse, humor and pathos.

Mr. Flenner's mother, now seventy-eight years of age is living and here in Muskogee with me. She is very brave, considering she lost a husband and a son in less than a year, her very all in fact, ~~xxx~~(a Pennsylvanian by birth, Huntingdon,)

May I express the wish that you are well and that the New Year may bring you much happiness and contentment?

Very sincerely yours,



(Mrs. John W. Flenner)