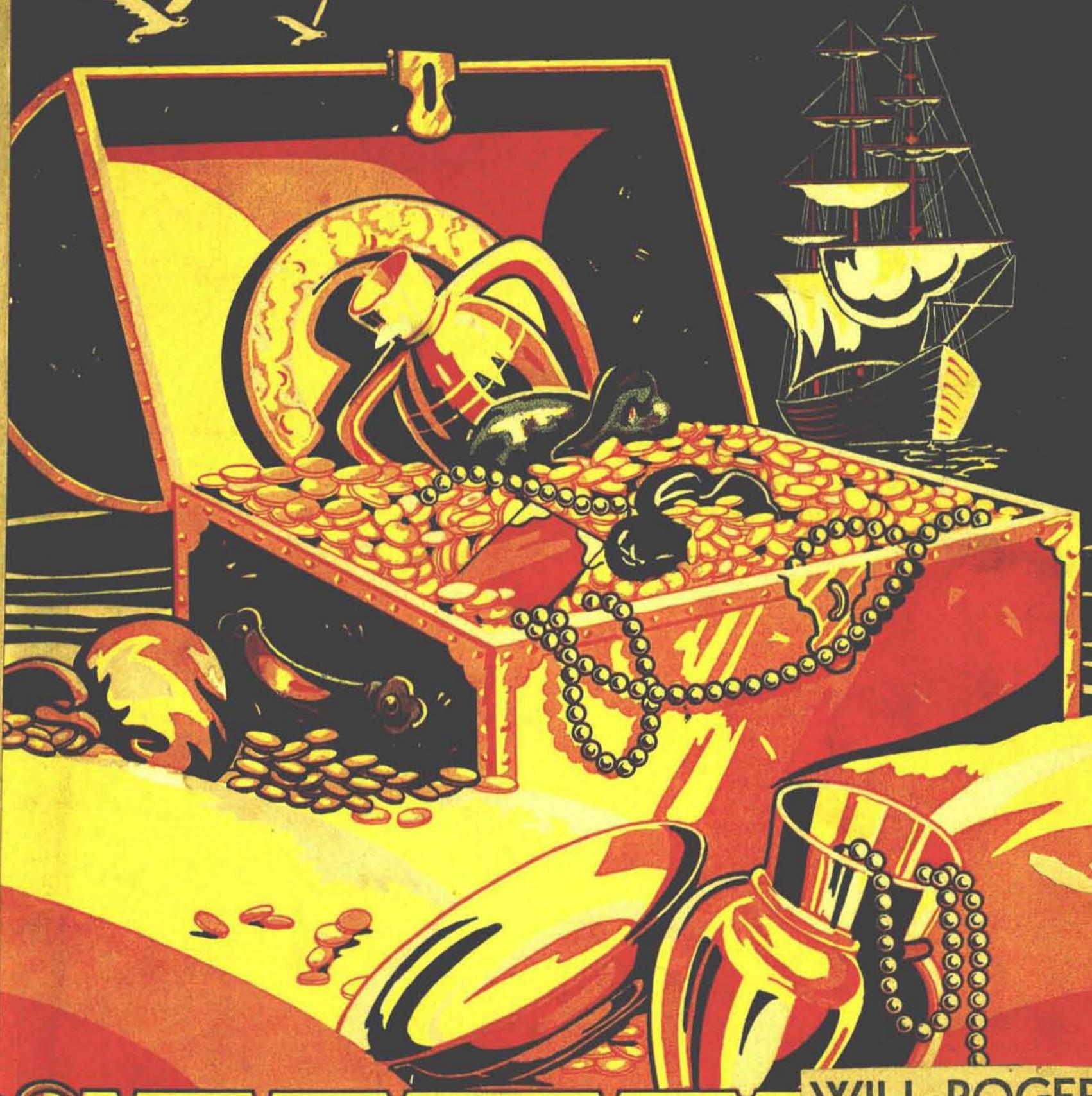


ROGERS

WILL ROGERS



WILL ROGERS

SCRAP BOOK

NOVEMBER
4,
1879

Will Rogers

AUGUST
15,
1935



This picture of Will Rogers was made by The Star-Telegram in Fort Worth a few years ago and is a favorite of family and friends. This is the picture that adorned the little first page box that contained his daily dispatch to The Star-Telegram and has become familiar to thousands of readers in the Southwest.

Will Rogers and Wiley Post Killed When Airplane Crashes in Alaska

AUGUST 17, 1935.

CRACKUP OCCURS IN TAKEOFF FROM RIVER IN ALASKA

Lindbergh Going After Rogers' Body

NEW YORK, Aug. 16 (AP).—Col. Charles A. Lindbergh and officials of the Pan-American Airways system here have been instructed by Mrs. Will Rogers to fly the body of her husband from Point Barrow, Alaska, to Juneau, it was learned today.

Colonel Lindbergh and the Alaskan service of the Airways company had been in touch with Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Wiley Post, offering their facilities and aid.

(Copyright, 1935, by the Associated Press)

SEATTLE, Aug. 16.—Will Rogers, cowboy philosopher, actor and air travel enthusiast, and Wiley Post, who circled the earth alone in a plane, were killed Thursday night when their plane crashed 15 miles south of Point Barrow in northernmost Alaska.

The word of their death came Friday to the United States army signal corps headquarters here from their Point Barrow station.

The first terse message said:

"Post and Rogers crashed 15 miles south of here (Point Barrow) at 5 o'clock last night. Have recovered bodies and placed them in care of Dr. Greist (in charge of a small Point Barrow hospital). Standing by on Anchorage (Alaska) hourly."

The message was signed by Staff Sergeant Morgan, the only army man on duty at the small Point Barrow settlement.

Later, he wirelessly that the plane crashed from only 50 feet in the air after taking off from a small river:

"Native runner reported plane crashed 15 miles south of Barrow.

"Immediately hired fast launch, proceeded to scene, found plane complete wreck, partially submerged two feet water.

"Recovered body of Rogers, then necessary tear plane apart extract body of Post from water.

"Brought bodies to Barrow, turned over to Dr. Greist, also salvaged personal effects which I am holding.

"Advise relatives and instruct this station fully as to procedure.

"Natives camping small river 15 miles south here claim Post and Rogers landed, asked way to Barrow.

"Taking off engine misfired on right bank while only 50 feet over water.

"Plane out of control, crashed, tearing right wing off and toppling over, forced engine back through body of plane.

"Both apparently killed instantly

"Both bodies bruised.

"Post's wrist watch broken stopped 8:18 p. m."

Henry W. Greist operates the Presbyterian Hospital at Point Barrow, which is maintained primarily for the care of Eskimos.

Post and Rogers were on an aerial vacation which Post had planned would take him to Moscow but Rogers had not decided whether he would accompany him further than Nome, where Wiley planned to establish a base for his projected flight across Siberia.

Mrs. Post Withdrew.

Early plans for the flight included arrangements for Mrs. Post, the flier's wife, to accompany them. At the last moment Mrs. Post withdrew and Post and Rogers flew into the North.

Mrs. Rogers, wife of the humorist-philosopher, and Mrs. Post were notified of the tragedy by Capt. Frank E. Stoner of the signal corps headquarters here.

A coast guard cutter, the Northland, was ordered to turn back to Point Barrow, which it left Thursday, to pick up the bodies and bring them to Seattle.

The pontoon-equipped plane took off from Fairbanks late Thursday, but when Post learned that a dense fog shrouded Point Barrow, he set his ship down on the small stream.

The Department of Commerce at Washington, through Secretary Roper, ordered inspectors to proceed at once to the scene of the wreck.

The inspectors, however, lack jurisdiction to act, as the accident did not occur on a regular airline, and the plane was privately owned.

Small Settlement.

Rogers had been especially anxious to get to Barrow, the small settlement 11 miles from where Point Barrow juts into the Arctic Ocean, for he wanted to chat with Charles Brower, known throughout Alaska as the "King of the Arctic."

Brower has lived 51 years within the Arctic Circle. He operates a trading post and whaling station at Barrow.

The plane in which the Oklahomans went to their sudden death was a new one, having been constructed at Burbank, Cal., especially for the Alaska-Siberian flight.

It was of a distinctive model, of low wing construction, and resembled the plane used by Col. and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh in their 1931 flight to Japan and their 1933 flights across the North and South Atlantic.

The territory south of Barrow in which the crash occurred is tundra land. It is generally devoid of bodies of water large enough to accommodate the landing of a plane.

Before Morgan's last message was received, Lew Parmenter, an aviation mechanic of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, expressed the opinion that Post must have experienced motor trouble or some other mechanical difficulty while flying through the fog-banked area.

Bad Weather Flier.

"Post was an excellent bad weather flier," Parmenter said. "That is, bad weather couldn't stop him, and he flew expertly in bad weather as in good. For that reason I think he probably got engine trouble or something, and had to come down to a landing, then found there was no water on which to land."

Mrs. Post, the flier's widow, was told of the accident at Ponca City, Okla., to which city she went a day or two ago to avoid publicity attendant upon her husband's flight. Also at Ponca City is L. E. Gray, Post's brother-in-law, who said he believed motor difficulties caused the accident.

"Wiley never took chances with defective mechanical parts," he said.

His past record and his care in making those stratosphere flights prove that. I feel confident it was motor trouble."

Further details of the accident were being vigorously sought Friday, both by the signal corps headquarters here and by the world of friends both victims had.

The only source of information for many hours was Sergeant Morgan, Morgan, Dr. Greist and an American school teacher are practically the only white people in the lonely Barrow region. The others are Eskimos and Indians.

Wanted to "Hunt Tigers."

After stops at Point Barrow and Nome, Post intended to continue his flight to Siberia where he said he was going to "hunt tigers."

It was generally understood that Rogers planned to go along, but before they left Fairbanks Thursday the humorist said he had not definitely decided. Two days ago in Anchorage he remarked that he might spend the Winter in Alaska with "sourdoughs denned up in their cabins" along the Yukon and Mackenzie Rivers.

Once before Wiley Post "cracked up" in Alaska. That was when his red monoplane, the Winnie Mae, was damaged in a forced landing near Flat, in Central Alaska, on the round-the-world flight which set the record—a record still unbeaten.

Post was unhurt then, repaired his plane and resumed his flight with a loss of less than a day's time.

The famous "Winnie Mae" in which Post then made his famous flight and which he said a few months ago was about through as a vehicle for further air adventures, survives her master. She rests now in a Los Angeles hangar.

Grief that came to the entire world when news of the tragedy spread was reflected in comment from all ranks of life, from members of the Congress that Rogers so drolly and good-naturedly lampooned to the home folks of Claremore, Okla., and Rogers, Ark., where the humorist was married 27 years ago.

"Lost Two Friends."

"I lost two of the best friends I ever had, in that plane crash," said M. R. Harrison, who manages the Will Rogers Hotel at Claremore.

Darryl F. Zanuck, Hollywood film magnate in charge of many of Rogers' successful movies, was too choked with emotion to make an immediate statement. All Hollywood was stunned and grief-stricken. Rogers was one of the biggest "box office" actors in pictures.

Secretary of Commerce Roper said at Washington:

"Words can not express my sorrow at the loss of these two splendid developers of aviation."

The Commerce Secretary voiced the grief of aviation enthusiasts generally, for it would have been hard to find two men who have done more for aviation than Post and Rogers—Post as a pioneer pilot and daring air adventurer, Rogers as the best known "air commuter." There was hardly a person in America who, as a private citizen, has done more to create public confidence in flying than Rogers.

The Royal Aero Club of London, through its secretary, referred Friday to Wiley Post as "a marvelous flier and a magnificent fellow" whose achievements "have drawn our deepest admiration."

"The Royal Aero Club is deeply grieved to learn of the death of this marvelous pilot," the secretary said. London papers displayed the story over all others.

"Worst Since Rockne Crash."

Clyde Pangborn, himself a round-the-world flier who even now is planning a flight to beat the Post record, said the tragedy in Alaska was "the worst since the Knute Rockne crash, from a public viewpoint." Pangborn is in New Jersey testing his new plane.

Vice President Garner, a pal and crony of Will Rogers, said: "That's awful bad," when told of the death of his friend.

Former President Hoover, in Chicago, said news of the deaths was "a terrible shock to me."

"I have long known these two fine Americans and have long been appreciative of their accomplishments. In origin and accomplishment they were typically American. They were great souls and I feel a sense of deep personal loss in their passing."

Post's home town of Maysville, Okla., was incoherent with grief. There is no telephone at the little farm home of Post's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Post, and a messenger was sent there to break the news to them of their son's death.

Speaker Byrns of the House of Representatives said at Washington:

"Had Ear of Public."

"Will Rogers had the ear of the public as few in this country did. His death is a real loss—and Post's is, too."

Point Barrow, northernmost white settlement in America, has a population of several hundred natives and about a dozen whites, including the Signal Corps operator, his wife and child; Dr. Greist, his family, and the nurses in the Presbyterian Hospital. The accident occurred at the height of the brief Arctic Summer when it is daylight almost around the clock.

Post and Rogers had been entertained in Fairbanks for several days while their plane was being serviced. They flew in a regular transport plane to Anchorage Wednesday and visited the Matanuska colony near there.

The pair left Fairbanks Thursday night but set their plane down on Harding Lake, 50 miles away, to await lifting of dense fog in the Point Barrow region.

Post arrived here from the south Aug. 1, accompanied by Mrs. Post, who had planned to make the Siberian trip with her husband. At San Francisco, he had been delayed several days obtaining passport permission to enter Russia.

Freed From Movie Work.

Rogers, freed from his moving picture work for a time, then flew north and joined them here on Aug. 5. He left Los Angeles under an "assumed name" but his identity was soon discovered and he was welcomed here.

On the next day, the two took test flights in Post's plane, which had by then been equipped with pontoons, and Rogers also found time for a polo workout with polo players here. He was their guest that evening and told them, among other things, that he was going to "get a polo team going on the Matanuska project," as that was about the "only thing the Democrats haven't done for the colony."

That evening, friends disclosed later, Rogers "kidded" Mrs. Post about the hunting and fishing they planned on isolated Alaskan lakes, saying it was "no place for a lady." The "kidding," in which Post joined, finally convinced Mrs. Post not to make the trip.

Consequently, the next morning, Aug. 7, when the two hopped from the Renton Airport on Lake Washington, south of here, Mrs. Post was left behind. She said the trip might be "too strenuous."

She remained here only a few days, and then flew south in a private plane to San Francisco.

Post and Rogers made a leisurely flight of eight hours, 15 minutes, that day to Juneau, not stopping at Ketchikan, although before leaving here Rogers had said he might have to "get a fish dinner at Ketchikan." Rain and low-lying clouds lay along the route they traversed, but they arrived safely at the territory's capital.

Guests of Governor.

Governor John W. Troy of Alaska and Joe Crosson, a hunting companion last year of Post, welcomed the two on their arrival at Juneau.

They were the Governor's guests that night at the territorial mansion. The next day it still was raining and their flight, which by now had become a "vacation trip," they said, was delayed. Rogers bought rubbers, two raincoats and other equipment, saying humorously, "with this weather, I'll need lots of them."

Within a few days they hopped again over into the historic Klondike gold territory, at Dawson, Y. T., and even there found themselves the objects of much attention. Miners and prospectors came miles to see them.

Within two days they took off again, their destination unannounced as usual, and they turned up at Aklavik, N. W. T., at the mouth of the Mackenzie River, on the Arctic. Rogers commented in one of his pert dispatches that the Eskimos there were "thicker than rich men at a save-the-Constitution convention." He also found it cold. It was 40 above zero. Their stay there was short.

A flight back to interior Alaska, to Fairbanks, followed, and then in a commercial plane they flew south to Anchorage and over to the Matanuska project.

"Pioneering for spinach is different than pioneering for gold," said

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Will Rogers.
 War in Six Weeks?
 News for Railroad Men.
 Russia Entertains.

By Arthur Brisbane

The Brisbane column is published by The Star-Telegram as a news feature because of the interesting comments of this distinguished writer upon topics of the day. The views expressed are those of Mr. Brisbane and should not be interpreted as reflecting the editorial opinions of policies of this newspaper.
 —Editor's Note.

Will Rogers is dead, killed in an airplane crash, with the brilliant pilot, Wiley Post.

Losing a friend, you find it difficult to say much about it.

Will Rogers was a good American, the reputation that he made, the fortune that came to him gained, through hard work. He knew no other road to success.

It is probable that not half a dozen Americans have been known to the millions of this country as Will Rogers is known to them. They know his mind through his writings, and his face, his voice, and his smile thanks to talking moving pictures.

Will Rogers, a cowboy in Oklahoma, rode hard and "roped" hard. When success came, he worked harder than ever. And he played, and flew, unfortunately, as hard as he worked.

Intelligent men will realize that his sad death has nothing to do with the general question of safety or danger in flying. Will Rogers loved danger, as did Wiley Post.

Just before their deaths, for amusement, with a plane arranged for water landing, not for land flying, they flew over the top of Mount McKinley, close to its icy sides, where Rogers viewed and later described the flocks of wild mountain sheep, and other animals that delighted his nature-loving soul.

Will Rogers was not flying seriously but "amusing himself in the air," when his plane unhappily crashed fatally, just south of Point Barrow, in farthest North Alaska.

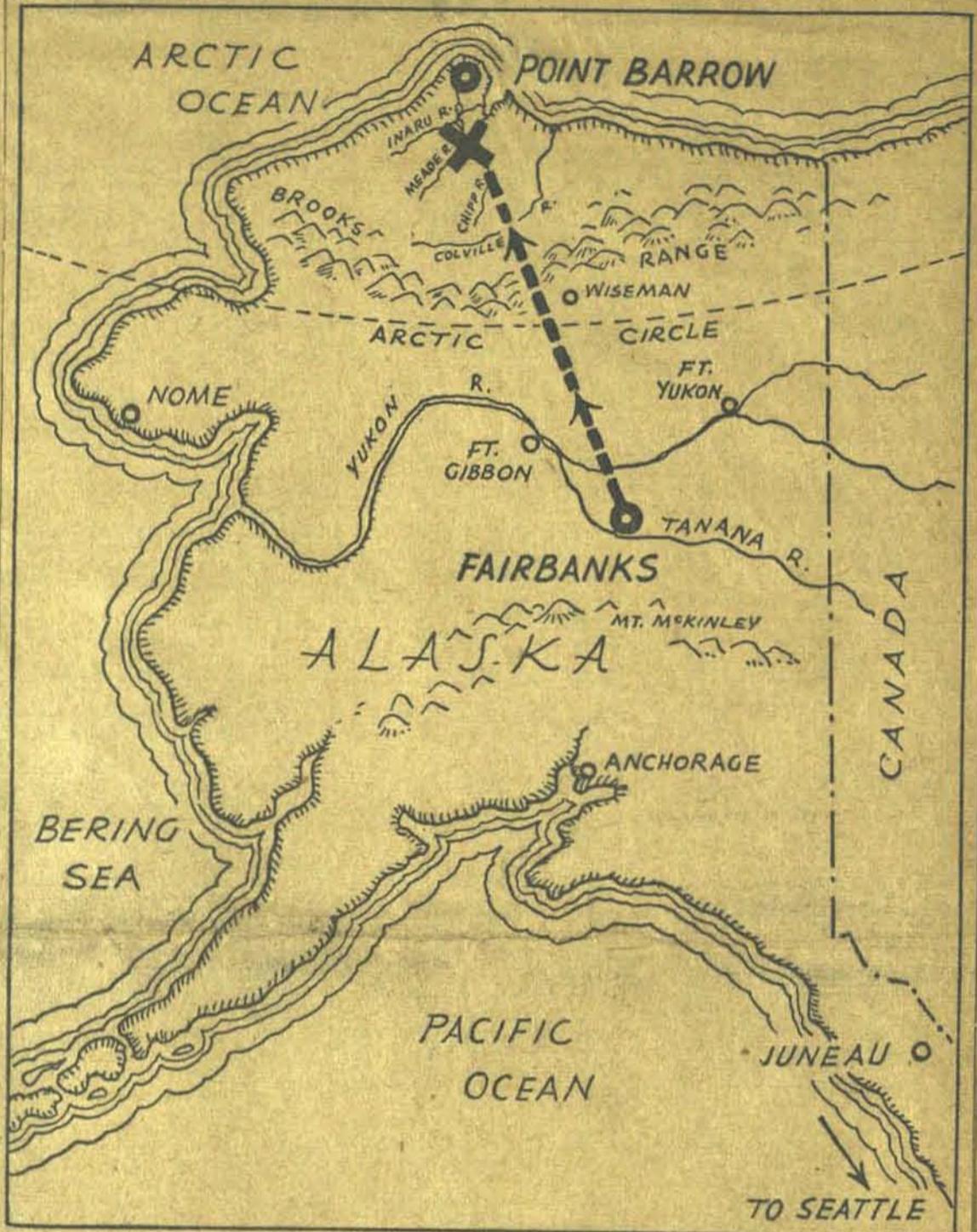
Millions of Americans will feel that in the death of Will Rogers they suffer the loss of a personal friend. His companions will know that at the end, when death was inevitable, Rogers was not frightened. That word was not in his vocabulary.

British military authorities expect Italy to attack Ethiopia in six weeks and say Mussolini expects the war to last "about four years." Some Americans thoughtlessly will ask, "What, with airplanes? Then, how long would it take Mussolini to conquer a real country?" It would take him, probably, less time to conquer a great nation, than to conquer Ethiopia, great in territory, small as a nation.

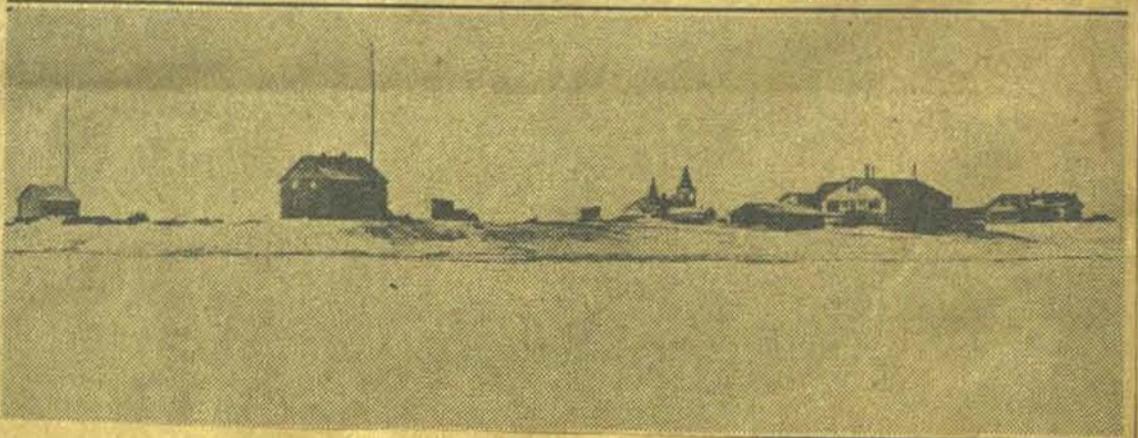
It took the British years to conquer a handful of Boers; it took this proud country 10 times as long to suppress the fighting Indians.

In a great country, conquest would be easy, with millions all ready to be gassed and bombed in New York, London, Paris, Berlin. It is otherwise in Abyssinia with each Ethiopian hiding under his separate bush.

Where Rogers, Post Crashed to Death



THE map above of northernmost Alaska shows the approximate site of the crash which Thursday claimed the lives of Will Rogers, left, and Wiley Post. Dispatches said the plane fell about 15 miles southwest of Point Barrow, after taking off from a small creek. At bottom is a view of Point Barrow, isolated from all the world and northernmost tip of the American continent on the coast of Alaska. It was for this point that Rogers and Post were headed at the time of the tragedy.



Pilot Will Push On To Juneau After Short Rest

SEATTLE IS GOAL

Flier's Widow to Meet Aerial Hearse At U. S. Airport

By United Press.
FAIRBANKS, Alaska, Aug. 17.—Pilot Joe Crosson, flying the bodies of Will Rogers and Wiley Post to the States, landed here today.

He spent slightly more than five and a half hours pushing his big Electra transport over 500 miles of Arctic tundra and high mountain ranges.

After a brief rest, Mr. Crosson expected to take off for Juneau with the bodies of the famous fliers who crashed to their deaths near Point Barrow, farthest north out-post on the American continent Thursday night.

By United Press.
POINT BARROW, Alaska, Aug. 17.—Joe Crosson, famed Alaskan "mercy flier," roared south out of Point Barrow today in a powerful Pan American Airways plane, bearing the bodies of two friends, Will Rogers and Wiley Post.

Crosson took off in the foggy darkness from the bleak Arctic seaport landing field at 1 a. m. (6 a. m. Fort Worth time).

neral services will be held beneath the trees in front of the house. Burial probably will be in Oklahoma City. His funeral, with boyhood friends and the neighbors who knew him before he sky-rocketed to fame in attendance, will be very simple.

Hollywood Rites for Will

Mr. Rogers' body will be taken to his home in Beverly Hills, Cal., where his intimate friends of the motion picture world were in the deepest mourning. Arrangements for his funeral are pending.

The immediate cause of the accident that took two lives of inestimable value to world aviation and to world amity, was Mr. Post's utter confidence in his new plane and his skill as a pilot.

He took off from an Arctic river 15 miles south of Point Barrow in a heavy fog with a faulty motor. It was a foolhardy gesture such as only a supremely expert pilot or the most inexperienced amateur would undertake.

Plunged Into Water

The Lockheed low-wing monoplane, which had replaced Mr. Post's celebrated plane, the Winnie Mae, rose 50 feet before the motor missed fire. It then plunged head-on into two feet of water, killing its occupants instantly.

Mr. Rogers' confidence in Mr. Post's flying skill was of the unquestioning kind. He had traveled thousands upon thousands of miles as an air passenger, having a passion for flight. He regarded Mr. Post, his intimate friend of a number of years standing, as the world's greatest pilot.

Grief for the two men far transcended their immediate circles of family and friends. President Roosevelt, former President Hoover, members of Congress, leading business men and industrialists,

Composed Own Epitaph

"When I die, my epitaph, or whatever you call those signs on gravestones, is going to read:

"I joked about every prominent man of my time, but I never met a man I didn't like."

"I am proud of that, I can hardly wait to die so it can be carved. And when you come around my grave, you'll find me sitting there, proudly reading it."

Mr. Rogers said that in Boston in 1930.

Mr. Crosson brought his Arctic plane into this hamlet of 10 white and 250 Eskimos and found it intense with shock and grief. A native runner arrived Thursday, all but exhausted from 15 miles of fast travel over a rough terrain of bogs and lakes, shouting excitedly that "the bird men" were dead.

Rogers Thrown Clear

He gave his news to this correspondent and Staff Sergt. Stanley Morgan of the United States Army Signal Corps. They didn't believe him at first, but after he had jabbered his story twice, Mr. Morgan manned a whale boat with a native crew and with the correspondent set out for the scene.

They arrived six hours after the accident. The Lockheed, badly smashed, was on its back in two feet of water. Mr. Rogers' body had been thrown clear, and the Eskimos who witnessed the accident had covered it with a down sleeping bag. Mr. Post's body was so firmly wedged in the cockpit that they had to tear part of the fuselage away to take it out.

The bodies were brought here, where this correspondent flashed the first direct word of the tragedy to the world, and placed in the little Presbyterian Mission

BODIES OF ROGERS AND POST BROUGHT BACK TO SEATTLE

Crosson Flies Funeral Ship From Vancouver to Seattle

ESCORT AWAITING

Aerial Cortège Will Fly On To Los Angeles

By United Press.
SEATTLE, Aug. 19.—Joe Crosson, Alaska flyer, brought the bodies of Will Rogers and Wiley Post back to the United States today.

The plane was rolled into a hangar and the doors locked. Bodies of the famous airmen were in the after cabin of the ship.

From Seattle the bodies will be flown in a Douglass transport plane of the Pan-American Airways. This plane, piloted by Bill Winston of Brownsville, Tex., reached Seattle at noon.

Col. Clarence Young, manager

Floral Tributes Are Exchanged By Families of Rogers and Post

GLENDALE, Cal., Aug. 22 (AP).—There was a floral tribute from the widow of his flying companion on the casket of Will Rogers today.

The wreath, lilies of the valley entwined with maidenhair ferns, bore the plain inscription, "Mrs. Wiley Post."

Flowers from the Rogers family had a similar place of honor at the Post funeral in Oklahoma City, Okla.

LARIAT ON CASKET "FROM OMAR TO WILL."

GLENDALE, Cal., Aug. 22 (AP).—A short, swarthy, hard-bitten little man was in the silent line which passed the bier of Will Rogers today.

At the casket, he paused, dropping a coiled lariat, with two red roses entwined in the rope. A crude scrawl said "From Omar to Will—just passing through."

WINEGLASSES BROKEN IN TRIBUTE TO WILEY POST.

NEW YORK, Aug. 22 (AP).—New York aviators broke wineglasses tonight in a last gesture to the memory of Wiley Post.

Surrounding a portrait of Post newly painted by I. J. Muller, they participated in a brief ceremony, then drank the farewell toast.

Earlier in the day a fleet of 24 planes trailing black streamers flew over the city as a tribute to Post.

The group of 20 who gathered for the toast and dedication of the portrait were members, like Post, of the Gas Craft Club.

Hometown Friends Pay Last Tribute To Wiley Post At Maysville



Thousands of Wiley Post's "homefolks" gathered at the little Landmark Baptist Church in Maysville, Okla., yesterday to pay their last respects to the world-famous flier who crashed to his death at Point Barrow, Alaska, last week. The photo shows the

through gathered at the entrance of the church, awaiting an opportunity to file past the aviator's casket. It was the first of several funerals held for the round-the-world flier.

Mr. Rogers' goodbye in Fairbanks, where they took off on the flight that ended in their deaths.

Mr. Crosson advised them against the flight, because of bad weather. He braved fog to fly here for their bodies.

Mr. Post's body will be taken to the farm home of his parents near Maysville, Okla., where fu-

minutes. Of Mr. Rogers, it recalled only a lovable character who usually appeared on the stage in chaps and sombrero, to twirl a rope and philosophize in an authentic plainsman's drawl, and in the movies as rough-handed and full-hearted. Neither Mr. Post nor Mr. Rogers had the least fear of death. Mr. Post dared it again and again. Mr. Rogers composed his own epitaph:

u. You know, after all, there is a lot of difference in pioneering for gold and pioneering for spinach.

Editor's Note—This telegram, the last which Will Rogers wrote for Star-Telegram readers, was filed in Alaska late Thursday and was received in Fort Worth shortly before midnight Thursday. The message was typical of the man—seeing good in others, trying to foster a spirit of peace and harmony among his fellow citizens.

Flying Companions Were Within 15 Miles of Their Goal In Far North When Death Struck; Natives Tell Vivid Story

By FRANK DAUGHERTY
(Copyright, 1935, United Press)

POINT BARROW, Alaska, Aug. 16.—Wiley Post and Will Rogers, famous flying companions, were killed at 8:15 p. m. Thursday (12:18 a. m. Friday Fort Worth Time) when their plane crashed 15 miles south of here.

Lost in a fog and with the engine missing, Post nosed the plane into the tundra, striking frozen hummocks of moss. Its right wing broken, its nose and engine driven into the cabin, the crash instantly killed both occupants.

They became lost in the fog about 5 p. m. (Alaskan time) and landed their Lockheed Orion low-winged monoplane at Walkpi, an Eskimo village. Post made repairs to the plane's engine which had been missing badly and asked natives the way to Point Barrow.

The fog was lying almost to the tundra and they decided to wait for it to rise.

Post and Rogers ate dinner with Eskimos camped on a river bank and after the meal decided to take off despite the fog.

Natives said the engine appeared to be running smoother as the big ship lifted from the river and took off in the blinding mantle which overhung the country.

Post was making a right turn when the motor failed. The plane plunged out of control at an altitude of only about 50 feet and

More About Rogers and Post on Pages 8 and 16.

crashed into the river, tearing off the right wing and toppling over on its nose.

The motor was torn from its fastenings and hurled back into the cockpit where the flyers were sitting. Both apparently were killed instantly.

Rogers was thrown clear of the plane which ground looped over onto its back.

Rogers' death was instantaneous.

Post's watch stopped at 8:18 p. m., Point Barrow time. The humorist's watch was still running when Sergeant Stanley Morgan of the U. S. Signal Corps, Point Barrow Station, and I reached the scene.

Morgan was notified in Point Barrow by excited natives and we reached the vicinity of the crash in a whale boat, manned by natives.

Post's body was pulled from the wreckage where it had been smashed among the controls and cabin.

Bodies Placed in Boat.

Rogers' body was placed with that of Post in the whale boat and returned to Point Barrow. Here the bodies were turned over to Dr. Henry Griest, superintendent of the Presbyterian mission hospital, where they were taken to await the arrival of the Coast Guard Cutter Northland.

Both bodies were crushed. The plane was demolished. Gasoline spewed over the water between the moss hummocks, caught fire and blazed for several minutes.

Sergeant Morgan's full report said:

"At 10 p. m., a native runner reported a plane had crashed 15 miles south of Barrow. I immediately hired a fast launch and proceeded to the scene. I found the plane a complete wreck and partially submerged in two feet of water.

Tore Plane Apart

"I recovered the body of Rogers and then found it necessary to tear the plane apart to extract the body of Post from the water.

"Brought the bodies to Barrow and turned them over to Dr. Griest. Also salvaged the personal effects which I am holding.

"Advise relatives and instruct this station fully as to procedure.

HUGE CROWD FILES PAST ROGERS CASKET

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 22 (AP).—In a mammoth demonstration of tribute, Will Rogers was canonized in the Valhalla of popular reverence and esteem today as a crowd expected to exceed 100,000 persons filed past his bier.

The body of the well beloved actor and master of gentle satire lay in state out under trees at Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Glendale.

In a column of twos, persons from all walks of life passed by the closed casket, which was almost covered with a huge United States flag fashioned from flowers. Some mourners carried little bunches of flowers to leave at the bier. Some carried only a single modest blossom.

In the seemingly endless stream of humanity were roughly dressed laborers, housewives, business men, motion picture "extras" and office workers, some of whom appeared as early as 3:15 a. m.

These were the thousands who regarded the humble-living philosopher as their friend and wanted to participate in the farewell to him, even if they could not attend the funeral service at 2 p. m. which space limited to a scant few mourners.

All approaches to the verdant hilltop Memorial Park were choked with traffic. Still the thousands came. Shortly after the gates opened at 7 a. m. nearly 30,000 persons had congregated at the park. At this rate of arrival, police expressed belief that more than 100,000 persons would come to the scene.

Hurried along by officers, the mourners filed by the body at the rate of nearly 100 a minute. The line of march was kept several feet from the bier. Those who had flowers gave them to attendants, who placed them at the base of the catafalque.

The question of whether Rogers' casket should be open was left to his widow. She decided against it last night.

Among those bidden to the private services this afternoon were Rear Admiral William T. Tarrant and Commander Herbert A. Jones, representing President Roosevelt.

The huge Hollywood bowl, seating 35,000, and the community Presbyterian Church of Beverly Hills were meeting places for the general public. At the motion picture studios, including the one at which Rogers was a star, fellow film players were called to pay him homage.

Classmate Eulogist.

A proclamation of Governor Frank F. Merriam asking a minute of silence throughout California at 2 p. m., the time of the services, was to be followed by city and federal offices, and most business houses here, with flags at half-staff throughout the day.

At Claremore, Okla., which Rogers called his "home town" memorial services were set and at nearby Chelsea, Rev. Argus J. Hamilton, classmate of the humorist, was to deliver a eulogy.

Motion picture producers and distributors of America announced more than 12,000 theaters over the country would be darkened for two minutes during the services. The Variety Club of Minneapolis and St. Paul honored Rogers by arranging a theater program and in Des Moines and Ames, Iowa, carillons were to toll, while at the Iowa State Fair a silent tribute was planned.

John Boles to Sing.

At the request of the family the casket was unopened as Rogers' body lay in state from 7 a. m. until noon within the gates of Forest Lawn Memorial Park in Glendale. And at their wish the private funeral program at the Wee Kirk o'

the Heather at the park was made brief and simple.

At these services Rev. J. Whitcomb Brouger, associate pastor of the Glendale Baptist Church and intimate friend of Rogers, was to read the funeral oration and John Boles, motion picture star and singer at the same studio where the comedian worked, was to sing.

The service, as Mrs. Rogers wished, was timed to last little more than 20 minutes.

A special detail of 400 officers was assigned to handle traffic at Glendale Cemetery, where the body of the Alaskan crash victim lay in state until noon.

The vast motion picture industry was ordered to a complete standstill and all—executives, stars, extras and laborers—joined in ceremonies.

Services at Bowl.

George Jessel, stage star and friend of Rogers for 25 years, was selected to deliver the eulogy at Twentieth Century-Fox, the Rogers "home lot."

At Hollywood Bowl the most impressive service was planned. Lawrence Tibbett, the opera baritone, will sing John Mansfield's "By a Bier Side." Conrad Nagel, long an actor friend of Rogers, will read a prose selection, and Rupert Hughes, the writer, will deliver an eulogy.

Mrs. Rogers and her three children, Will Jr., Mary and James, returned here Wednesday from the East, riding in the private car of Jesse Jones, chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, long a close friend of Rogers.

Rogers Smiled at Thought of Death Before Leaving

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 16 (AP).—Will Rogers smiled at the thought of death during a visit here two weeks ago.

"When are you going to write a book?" interviewers asked him.

"Oh, I dunno," he grinned. "I ain't near enough dead yet."

He said one publisher had been "after me a long time to write my memoirs. (He pronounced it as if it were spelled "mee-mores.")

"But, heck," he chuckled, "you got to be old and pretty near dead to have anything to look back on. I'm a long ways from being dead. Feel just as frisky as a colt."

He jested that his luck was changing.

"Had a tailwind all the way up from San Francisco," he said. "Usually a plane I'm in has to fight headwinds. Guess my luck's changed."

Somber Last Curtain Is Drawn for Rogers

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 23 (AP).—The somber last curtain was drawn together for Will Rogers Friday.

His body was sealed away in a crypt at Forest Lawn Memorial Park late Thursday after a brief ceremony at the Wee Kirk o' the Heather.

It will rest there for a while, until Mrs. Rogers takes it back to Oklahoma to be interred beside the bodies of his father and mother in the Chelsea Cemetery.

While the rites were being said the life of the whole community stopped. Business paused. Public offices were closed. More than two-score Hollywood film studios were silent. And countless thousands of people participated, in one way or another, in the homage to the home-grown philosopher-wit.

Starting at 7 o'clock in the morning, some 50,000 persons filed past

his body, lying in state in a grove of trees at Forest Lawn. An even greater number failed to gain entrance. The body lay for five hours, and a cordon of police moved the crowd as fast as possible.

10,000 Gather at Bowl.

But there wasn't enough time.

In the afternoon, while a few invited guests went to the private services at the Wee Kirk o' the Heather, 10,000 gathered at the Hollywood Bowl, and an unnumbered host assembled in the movie studios, and the Community Presbyterian Church in Beverly Hills.

It was probably the greatest tribute ever paid a private citizen.

At the chapel a mountain of flowers was massed, the wreaths, figures, bouquets and funeral pieces coming from all over the country. Some represented a city or State; many were sent by organizations, from groups of aviators, the Baseball Writers Association of America, the Grand British Veterans, the government of Soviet Russia, the chuck wagon trailers and "the boys from the stables." Far less than half could be placed inside the chapel.

The entire lawn, outside, stretching down the whole side of the hill, was blanketed with them.

More typical of Rogers were the songs sung in his memory.

Minister Is Affected.

At the private services, John Boles, film actor, sang the cowboy-philosopher's favorite, "Old Faithful," at one studio, James Melton, radio star, sang "Home on the Range"; at another Joe Morrison, actor-singer, "The Last Roundup"; and at still another, Nino Martini, celebrated oper singer "Agnus Dei."

Rev. J. Whitcomb Brouger, former pastor of Tremont Temple Baptist Church, Boston, and Temple Baptist, Los Angeles, seemed deeply affected as he led the service at the Wee Kirk o' the Heather, describing Rogers as he had known him.

"He has been the one figure in the life of our Nation who has drawn to himself the admiration and love of all classes of people," Rev. Mr. Brouger said.

The clergyman read Will Rogers' own introduction to a book, written by the cowboy-artist Charley Russell.

"I guess God needed a good man in a hurry," Rev. Mr. Brouger read as his voice broke, and tears welled into his eyes.

His audience represented a wide cross-section of American life. Members of the Government of the United States, the Army and the Navy, the business world, the film industry—all were there. Postmaster General Farley, Admiral W. P. Tarrant and Brig. Gen. H. H. Arnold sat beside Mary Pickford, Eddie Cantor and Clark Gable.

Bill Hart Comes Alone.

Rogers' old friend, William S. Hart, came and left alone. In another chair was Stepin Fetchit, the negro film comedian.

A quartet sang "O Gentle Presence," with its reassuring refrain, "Lo, I Am With You Always." An organ sobbed, softly. The service was over.

At the same time in the Hollywood Bowl, another intimate friend of Rogers, the author, Rupert Hughes, was presiding over a public service.

He said "to become a dictator in this country, a man would have to kill Will Rogers, or anyone like him. That's why I call him a peacetime soldier."

At Beverly Hills, where Rogers was the first mayor, and in the movie studios, loving friends paid their heart-felt homage to his memory.

Services likewise were held in Claremore and Chelsea, Okla., to whom the famous actor was just a "home town boy made good." At thousands of theaters over the country there was a respectful pause during the services.

Will Rogers had taken his last curtain.

Rogers and Post Laugh and Jest Before Tragic Flight

Associated Press Photo



Will Rogers (left), and Wiley Post, as they laughed and joked before their takeoff for an Alaskan flight which ended Thurs-

day in tragedy when their plane crashed to earth near Point Barrow, killing both the famous humorist and the noted globe-gird-

ling aviator. This picture, among the last ever taken of the two together, was snapped at Seattle.

Flier Describes Country in Which Post, Rogers Killed

(Editor's Note—H. S. Jones, local oil man and amateur pilot-navigator, was flying companion with Reg L. Robbins on an attempted non-stop flight from Seattle to Tokio a number of years ago. While they turned west at Fairbanks and therefore did not traverse the route over which Will Rogers and Wiley Post flew on their fatal hop, the local aviators had an opportunity to observe the general topography of the country. Because of one very narrow escape Jones and Robbins experienced, they particularly observed the tundra similar to that in which Rogers and Post crashed.)

"At 1,000 feet altitude," explained Jones, "the tundra looks like a smooth, green plain stretching for miles in every direction. As we came down over it, however, we saw that it was a quagmire, with turfs of grass protruding up through the water."

The following is Jones' description of the country:

BY H. S. JONES.

The plains of Arctic Alaska are covered for the greater part of the year with snow and ice. Thawing starts around the end of May, but due to the short Summers, the top soil softens for a depth of about only three feet, leaving the sub-soil frozen the year around and cutting off drainage in that direction for the melting snow. Where the rivers are unable to carry off this surplus water, the plains are left as swamps of black mucky soil covered with hummocks of grass and mosses.

The greater part of Arctic Alaska is made up of this type of country called tundra. A landing on this

tundra with any type of landing gear is almost sure to meet with mishap for a speedy plane. The hummocks are of coarse grass and a sure stumbling block to any landing gear. In Summer, the only safe landing spots for wheels are the government built airports and sand bars of the rivers, and for pontoons, the rivers and lakes.

Winter is the ideal time for flying in Alaska, when the country is covered with a carpet of snow, which makes the whole outdoors a landing field for airplanes equipped with skis.

The tundra is such a detriment to travel in Summer that all transportation is confined to airplanes, the rivers or the government built highway or railroad.

The tundra, seen from the air around 1,000 feet, appears as a smooth green meadow, ideal for landing.

Rogers Was 'Adopted' Citizen of Ft. Worth

BY BESS STEPHENSON.

No other city in the world except the movie colony and Claremore will miss the slow, mischievous grin of Will Rogers as much as Fort Worth.

No other State except Oklahoma,

More about Will Rogers and Wiley Post on Pages 4, 5 and 10

his birthplace, has known him more intimately than Texas.

He never lived here, but the bobbing forelock and slow grin which marked the humorist were as well known to Fort Worth as to Claremore itself.

He came here so often, made so many public appearances (most of them extemporaneous) that he came to be an adopted citizen. Once he actually stopped off without being interviewed. That was a phenomenon.

"I'm just homefolks here now," he said to airport officials, "just a plain, everyday guy to you all. That's fine."

Will Rogers was a cowboy, humorist, writer, lecturer, philosopher, polo player, world traveler, movie actor and flier. Fort Worth has seen him at all his tricks except polo.

It has seen him in other roles, too, the serious, grammatical role, as he talked with Amon G. Carter and other close friends at the Fort Worth Club, and the role of a father, asking about his kid's first job. Will Rogers Jr. worked here one Summer.

Through all his visits here, the affection Fort Worth held for Will Rogers deepened. Hamburger stands on the road leading from the airport came to be named for him, and he said: "I used to envy General Grant and Jesse James because they had cigars named for them."

Texas claimed Will Rogers for a special idol after his triumphant tour for drouth relief in 1931.

Showed His Great Heart.

He showed the great heart that lay behind his frequently barbed witticisms by volunteering to stage a series of benefits through the Southwest to aid the victims of severe drouth in the Fall of 1930.

His benefit performances before enormous crowds in 11 Texas cities drew \$73,924 for drouth relief. The humorist's warm feeling for Fort Worth developed out of that tour. He liked this city because \$18,350 was raised here for drouth relief. It was more than twice that raised in any other Texas city.

Long before talking pictures gave Will Rogers the perfect medium of expression for his slow drawl and homely philosophy, he was known to newspaper readers all over the country for his "Worst Story I Heard Today."

A more limited audience knew him as the cowboy humorist in Zach Mulhall's Wild West Show and for six years he spent as star of Ziegfeld's Follies.

He spoke here first in 1925, twirling the lassoes and firing a volley of wisecracks to a large audience at First Baptist Church. He dropped in on the Elks Club Minstrel in 1931, was introduced as "a real Democrat" and spoke this prophecy about the approaching presidential election:

"Democrats are drifting back from the Hoover wagon."

He had kidded the Texas Legislature at Austin, visited the Cowboy Reunion at Stamford, the race meet at Arlington Downs and many other events of importance in Texas.

Rogers was a staunch friend of the late W. T. Waggoner and his supporter all during the fight to have racing legalized in Texas. He was on hand for the first racing meet after parimutuel betting was legalized.

It was rumored at one time that the cowboy humorist would buy the 200,000-acre JA Ranch, southwest of Clarendon. The comedian did inspect the property, but denied that he intended buying it.

Problem to Reporters.

Will Rogers was the great problem of the newspaper reporter. Always good natured about interviews, he, nevertheless, refused to be anything but serious in his answers to questions.

"I get paid for being funny," he grinned. "I can't waste my talents."

He didn't waste them, but gave them away lavishly for worthy causes. Only this year he flew from Cincinnati to Austin to speak in the interest of crippled children of Texas at a benefit at the University of Texas.

Texans were among the first to suggest Will Rogers for President in 1931. He stopped the talk and referred to the matter here a few weeks later as "a deplorable sign" that people might begin to take him seriously.

"No humorist wants to be taken seriously until after he's dead and, maybe not, then," he said.

Ocean Far From Home.

Will Rogers turned the spotlight of his shrewd but homely humor on every movement and event of world importance. He found time, too, to talk about Texas and the projects dear to the hearts of his friends in Texas.

Quotable comments from his talks in Texas include the hilarious description of the Trinity River with which he regaled the drouth benefit audience in 1931 when canalization talk was just beginning.

"They told me when I was here to start my tour," he said, "that they were going to bring the ocean right up to Fort Worth, seriously, no fool-in.' The ocean right up to Fort Worth? I asked. Well, that is serious. I don't suppose it's ever been that far away from home before."

"So when I got in my plane and started for Austin," he went on, "I asked the pilot to show me the Trinity River. After he'd pointed and pointed and I still couldn't see anything, he got way down near the ground and said 'There!' Well, the river wasn't flowing, it was oozing. I'm afraid when you get your ocean up here, somebody's going to drive a herd of cattle across it and drink it up."

Garner "Living It Down."

Other samples of Rogers' humor heard in Fort Worth:

"Me and the President of Nicaragua get along great. We both speak broken English."

"Say, where would you get a more liberal party than the Democrats? Ain't they givin' away five billion dollars?"

"What's the objection to a little horse racin' and gamblin'? Take Mr. Sterling here (then Governor of Texas), he's got lots of money. He picks up the telephone, calls his broker and lays a bet on some stock or other. And the thing about betting on stocks—something you buy from somebody who never owned 'em or saw 'em—is that they drop in the night. You don't even get to see 'em run."

"Jack Garner has about lived down being Vice President."

When Democrats Are Fed.

"I didn't want to thank you for that cup you give me (Fort Worth gave him a silver cup after his drouth relief program here) until I got it off and found out whether it would tarnish."

"I may not like some things Europe is up to, but I ain't a-sayin'. It's their country. Let 'em run it."

"Our great-grandchildren will be appointing commissions to find out about drinking."

"The people should support the Government, not the Government the people."

"We feed the poor on Christmas Day and the Democrats on Jackson Day."

'Airplane She Blew Up' Is Report Echoed Over World

Eskimo Gasps First Message in Pidgin English; Natives Sing Hymns; Village Mourns

By United Press.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17.—The complete story of how a lone, isolated Army sergeant stumbled breathlessly across a frozen Arctic bog to find the broken bodies of Will Rogers and Wiley Post filtered down from Alaska today in terse official messages.

It was Staff Sergt. Stanley R. Morgan, in charge of the Army's radio station at Point Barrow, who heard from the faltering lips of a native runner the first report of a tragedy which was to echo throughout far-away civilization.

Stationed in a desolate post, isolated near the top of the world, Sergt. Morgan found himself cast in a tragic but important role. Briefly, he reported to the Government on the crash and, today, came his full report:

Gasps Pidgin English.

"At 10 p. m., last night (Thursday) I was attracted by a group of excited natives on the beach, and, walking down, discovered one native all out of breath, gasping in pidgin English the strange tale of 'airplane she blew up.'"

"After repeated questioning, I learned that this native had witnessed the crash of an airplane at his sealing camp some 15 miles south of Barrow and that he had run the entire distance to summon aid.

"The native claimed that the plane, flying very low, suddenly appeared from the south, and, apparently sighting the tents, circled several times and finally settled down on the small river near the camp. Two men climbed out, one wearing a 'rag on his sore eye' (Post) and the other a 'big man with boots' (Rogers).

Hears Dull Explosion.

"The big man then called a native to the water's edge and asked the direction and distance to Point Barrow. The men then climbed back into the plane and taxied off to the far side of the river for the take-off into the wind.

"After a short run the plane slowly lifted from the water to a height of about 50 feet, banking slightly to the right, when, evidently the motor stalled.

"The plane slipped off on the right wing and nosed down into the water, turning completely over, and the native claimed a dull explosion occurred and most of the right wing dropped off.

"The native, frightened by the explosion, turned and ran, but he soon controlled his fright and returned, calling loudly to the men in the plane. Receiving no answer, the native then made the decision to come to Barrow for help.

"We quickly assembled a crew of 14 Eskimos and departed in an open whale boat powered with a Hermsdorf gas motor. It took nearly three hours to reach our destination.

"With some little difficulty we managed to tear the plane apart and release the body of Post. Rogers' body was easily recovered.

"Both bodies were then carefully laid and wrapped with eiderdown sleeping bags found in the wreckage and then placed in the boat.

Natives Sing Hymns.

"It is believed the natives felt the loss of these two great men as keenly as we, and as we started our slow trip back to Barrow one of the Eskimo boys began to sing a hymn in Eskimo and soon all the voices joined in this singing until our arrival at Barrow, when we silently bore the bodies from the beach to the hospital where they were turned over to Dr. Greist.

"It is doubtful if a person in this little village slept that night. All sat around the hospital with bowed heads, with little or no talking."

ROGERS LOVED BY AMERICA'S MILLIONS

Will Rogers was beloved by America's millions as perhaps no other single person was loved.

His ready wit, his "homespun" acting, both in the old-time Ziegfeld Follies and later in the movies, and his daily newspaper comment, with its witty and, oftentimes, barbed "wisecracks" about current events, made him one of the most popular public figures in the country.

Ironically, his death in a plane crash climaxed a long campaign waged by him through his newspaper comments to popularize flying and to impress the safety of aviation upon the public mind.

Rogers was born Nov. 4, 1879, at Oolagah, Okla., then the Indian Territory.

Married in 1908.

From a poor family, the comedian was practically self-educated at the Willis Hassell School at Neosho, Mo., and at the Kemper Military Academy at Booneville.

On Nov. 25, 1908, he married Betty Blake at Rogers, Ark.

From this union were born three children, Will Jr., Mary and Jim.

The man who was destined to become the world's most brilliant wit learned to rope and ride while he was a ranch hand in Oklahoma.

He was 26 years old when he made his first stage appearance—in a vaudeville skit at the old Hammerstein's Roof Garden in New York. His success was instantaneous and from 1914 to 1923, except for three years in the cinema, he was starred with Ziegfeld Follies and the Night Follies.

Rogers was an intimate friend alike of Presidents and men-in-the-street. He was a frequent White House visitor, but that never prevented him from taking witty potshots at the powers that be.

Former Vice President Charles Gates Dawes of Evanston, Ill., and Rogers were close friends and Dawes was the recipient of many Rogersisms while the Evanstonian ruled over the Senate in the "Hell 'n Maria" days during the last Calvin Coolidge Administration.

One of Highest Paid Stars.

In recent years, Rogers devoted most of his time to motion pictures and became one of the highest-paid stars in Hollywood. He appeared in more than a score of pictures, the latest of which were "Life Begins at 40" and "Doubting Thomas."

A great wad of gum and a droll Oklahoma drawl were Rogers' chief stage and cinema "props," other than his wit.

Although "Who's Who in California" lists Rogers' first vaudeville appearance as occurring in 1905 at the Hammerstein's roof garden, Rogers himself in 1934 gave a party in Hollywood for George Wirth, circus owner, and announced that it was Wirth who gave him his first job before the public. That, he said, was in 1903 and he wore a black and red velvet costume.

Will Rogers made his first appearance on the legitimate stage in Chicago—at \$75 a week.

It was early in 1900. Prior to that time Rogers had been performing his now-famous Texas pony and lariat act exclusively on vaudeville circuits.

George W. Lederer, pioneer Chicago producer, was one of the first to recognize Rogers' inherent sense of humor. Lederer engaged the comedian to appear in "The Girl Rangers" at the Auditorium Theater in Chicago.

Among First Air Passengers.

The producer's former wife, Rene Davies, sister of Marion Davies, was in the leading role of "The Girl Rangers." Rogers' "bit" fit in perfectly and he scored an individual success. Critics predicted a brilliant future for him.

His pioneering in aviation was recalled Friday by Harold Cray, vice president of the United Air Lines in charge of traffic, on the occasion of the humorist's tragic death.

He said: "Will Rogers has flown tens of thousands of miles.

"As a matter of fact, Rogers was one of the first people we ever carried when we started our trans-continental route in the days when we operated single engine planes.

"When we inaugurated our coast-to-coast service Rogers was one of the first to try out the new service."

DOCTOR TELLS ABOUT CRASH

Bodies Are Taken in Launch to Point Barrow by Signal Corps Operator.

BY DR. HENRY W. GREIST, M. D. Director, Presbyterian Hospital.

(Copyright, 1935, by Associated Press.)

BARROW, Alaska, Aug. 16.—Victims of the fog which clung yesterday to the flat barren tundra, Will Rogers, noted humorist, and Wiley Post, world circling flier, crashed to their deaths in a shallow stream 15 miles southwest of here at 8:15 o'clock, Pacific standard time, last night.

Their bodies, brought here by Staff Sergt. Stanley R. Morgan, signal corps operator here, in a launch, were taken to the Presbyterian Hospital. Their wounds were dressed today by Charles D. Brower, "the king of the Arctic," whom Rogers was flying to visit; Sergeant Morgan, a school teacher and myself.

Then they were taken to the Presbyterian Mission warehouse to await instructions from Mrs. Post and Mrs. Rogers.

Forced down by fog at Harding Lake, 50 miles from Fairbanks, en route here yesterday, the noted fliers, in Post's low-winged scarlet monoplane, hopped off again when it lifted. They sped across the mountain ranges, passing the Endicott Barrier and soaring out over the miles of flat, treeless waste lands toward this northernmost point in Alaska.

Evidently confused by the thick fog, Post landed his plane when he saw a tent, with a native near by, on the bank of a small river 15 miles southwest of here.

Rogers and Post climbed out of the cabin and asked the direction and distance to Barrow. The Eskimo directed them and the two men climbed back into the plane.

The native said later that the plane took off from the shallow stream and rose some 60 feet off the water, circling to head toward Barrow. Suddenly the motors misfired twice and the stalled plane fell off on its right wing. Then it dived, nose first, into the water, turning over on its back.

The Eskimo said he ran to the water's edge and called, but there was no answer. Alarmed, he turned and ran the 15 miles to Barrow and reported the mishap to Sergeant Morgan.

Several motorboats, under the sergeant's command, sped to the scene.

Both men had been crushed, dying probably instantly, when the engine was forced back into the cabin by the impact of the fall. The rescuers had to tear the plane fragments apart to extricate both bodies. The rescue party reported the plane debris was readily removed, as it was torn and broken to fragments by the plunge.

COMEDIAN MADE FORT WORTH HIS 'HOME NUMBER 2'

Friend of Texas Ranchers Last Stopped Here July 4; Best Boxoffice Attraction; Knew Pilots By Their First Names

Will Rogers probably had hung his slouchy flop-brimmed hat in Fort Worth more times than any other city—except in fashionable Beverly Hills, his California home.

His last stop, on July 4, when he booked out on an American Airlines plane for Los Angeles after attending the Cowboy Reunion at Stamford, was one of more visits than airport officials could count today.

Whether bound east, west, north or south, the comedian made it a point to route his trip through Fort Worth. The city's prominence as a cattle center seemed to place it close to the heart of the former Oklahoma cowboy. Here he could talk over old times with his many cattleman cronies.

Was Always Kidding.

Pilots at Meacham Field he knew by their first names, and his shuffling figure—in unpressed suit, portable typewriter in hand—always was the signal for a crossfire of kidding.

He was one of the best friends of the regular airlines, but often dropped in at the airport with a celebrated pilot. Among these was Capt. Frank Hawks, speed flier, who piloted the actor through the Southwest on his tour of 1931 for the benefit of drought sufferers.

Appearing at the Worth Theater, Rogers jammed the theater to the rafters, raising \$16,350. He raised \$73,924 in Texas.

Donated to Charity.

In January of last year, he gave \$500 to Fort Worth's fund raised through the Presidential balls.

On his visits here, the comedian stayed at the Fort Worth Club, the guest of Amon G. Carter, publisher, a close friend.

Another particular friend was the late W. T. Waggoner, on whose ranch near Electra Mr. Rogers was often a guest.

The esteem which the boss of the Three-Ds held for the cowboy-actor is best exemplified, perhaps, by a story which has become a favorite around the ranch.

Mr. Rogers, they say, once admired a young horse in the Waggoner string, commenting that the animal would make a fine pony for polo (the comedian's favorite sport).

"You like him?" said Mr. Waggoner. "Then I'll send you a carload like him."

Was Trick Rope Artist

But the comedian refused the generous offer.

Mr. Rogers also was a frequent visitor to the famous King Ranch in the Nueces country as a guest of Congressman Richard Kleberg, grandson of Capt. Richard King, the founder.

He was a friend of the late Augustin Quintanilla, the vaquero-foreman (or "caporal") of the King Laureles division—the man reputed to know more about cattle than anyone else in Texas.

And the comedian never passed through Encinal without stopping for a chat with Ab Blocker, of the pioneering cattle family in that section.

Chester Byars of Fort Worth, who has won in various rodeos and roundups the title of world champion trick and fancy roper, always has said that Will Rogers was the peer of them all in the practice of that art. Mr. Byars once wrote a book in which he made this acknowledgment—a book which contains a foreword by Mr. Rogers himself, done in the humorist's best style.

Was Unusual Plane

On his last trip to Fort Worth, the comedian had intended to continue to his home town of Claremore, in Oklahoma, to attend a celebration there, but was called back to Hollywood to make re-takes on a motion picture in production.

He was Fort Worth's No. 1 boxoffice favorite.

Aviator friends here today pointed out that the plane in which Will Rogers and Wiley Post met death bore the Department of Commerce rating NR, instead of the NC rating given for ordinary commercial and civil flight operations.

They explained that when a plane comes out which does not meet the safety requirements for ordinary flight operations, it is branded either X (meaning experimental) or NR, a special classification which includes racers and especially constructed equipment.

WILEY POST DIED AS HE WISHED TO DIE

OKLAHOMA CITY, Aug. 16 (P).—Wiley Post died just as he wished to die.

Aviator friends of the famed flier recalled here today that Post never talked of death and appeared unafraid of the Grim Reaper.

A few months ago he signed a release at Bartlesville, absolving Frank Phillips, sponsor of his stratosphere flights, of any blame in event of a crash, Bennie Turner, aviation editor of the Daily Oklahoman, recalled.

"Sure, that's all right," he commented as he and Mrs. Post signed the release. "I know it's dangerous. But if I get popped off that's the way I want to go. Doing the things I want to do."

ROGERS WILL RECEIVE MEDAL POSTHUMOUSLY

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 16 (P).—Will Rogers, who died in an airplane crash, will receive posthumously a medal the Society of American Engineers intended to bestow personally because of the humorist's contribution to the cause of aviation.

James Doolittle, noted St. Louis flier and secretary of the Spirit of St. Louis Medal Board of Awards of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, made the announcement today.

The Spirit of St. Louis medal was to have been given Rogers here during a meeting of the aeronautic division of the society in October. The posthumous presentation will be made at a banquet of the organization on Oct. 10.

Will Rogers in Death as Simple as in Life

By International News Service.

HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 21.—Plain blue suit, soft white shirt, black bow tie—a simple bronze casket. In death as in life, no ostentation will be Will Rogers'.

The beloved cowboy humorist and philosopher, crushed to death with Wiley Post in a Northern Alaska plane crash, Wednesday lay in the Wee Kirk o' the Heather, at Forest Lawn Memorial Park Chapel, as friends waited for the arrival from the East of his family to complete arrangements for his funeral Thursday.

Mrs. Rogers, with the children, Mary, James and Will Jr., are due late today. They probably will be taken directly to the Memorial Park Chapel to view the body and decide on several important details of the funeral services.

Simplicity, the mark of Rogers' life despite his hobnobbing with potentates and princes, will be carried out in his last honors.

At 7 o'clock Thursday morning the casket will be moved from the chapel to the shade of a big tree in the Memorial Park, a tree hard by a lily pond where the thousands of friends and acquaintances of the kindly homely philosopher will be afforded their last chance to do him homage. Whether the casket will be opened or not depends on Mrs. Rogers.

Around the casket will be posted an honorary guard of 50 uniformed army aviators from March Field, Riverside, and directing the throng will be more than 400 police from Los Angeles and Glendale.

At noon the cemetery will be cleared of spectators and the body taken into the church for the family services, to be attended by but 125 of Rogers' closest friends.

Rev. J. Whitcomb Brougher, returning from an evangelical tour of the Northwest at the request of Mrs. Rogers, will officiate at the private rites.

The services will consist of only one hymn from a soloist and one from a male quartet, with a short funeral oration from Rev. Mr. Brougher—all of the greatest simplicity, in keeping with the life of the noted wit, and according to forwarded requests from the widow.

There will be no honorary pall-bearers and the active ones will be chosen from the guard of honor.

A vault is being prepared to receive the body, although Rogers eventually will find his last resting place in the soil of his native Oklahoma.

The rites at the cemetery, however will be augmented by several others simultaneously, one at Hollywood Bowl, the huge natural amphitheater in Hollywood Hills; another in the Beverly Hills Community Church, and still another among the motion picture people.

At the Bowl, where 35,000 persons are expected, Rev. Roy L. Smith of the First Methodist Church, assisted by Rev. Frank C. McKean, president of the Hollywood Ministerial Association, will be in charge.

The lay speakers will be two noted friends of the humorist, Rupert Hughes, the novelist, and Conrad Nagel, film actor. Singers of prominence will sing the hymns and the bugle corps of the Hollywood American Legion post will sound taps.

At the Beverly Hills church four pastors of various denominations will co-operate.

At the hour of the private funeral every wheel in the motion picture industry will stop, every camera cease grinding. Work will not be resumed until the next day. Makeup will be removed on every lot; the entire personnel—executives, directors, writers, cameramen and workmen—will assemble in solemn services, led by ministers of various faiths. Rogers was genuinely loved in the film colony.

POST PROUD OF NEW SHIP

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 17 (AP).—Although it was assembled from "spare parts," Wiley Post was proud of the low-winged monoplane which carried him and Will Rogers to death in the Arctic.

"She'll never be abused like the Winnie Mae was," Post told mechanics when the ship was completed several weeks ago in Burbank. The Winnie Mae, placed in retirement by the flier, was the ship in which Post flew to aviation fame on two hazardous round-the-world flights.

Charles Babb, international dealer in used aircraft, disclosed that Post purchased the fuselage and wings of the new plane for him.

"Post said he wanted a wing with a large lifting surface," Babb said. "I assumed he knew what he was about and it seemed logical when he explained that he was going to put a Lockheed Sirius wing on a Lockheed Orion fuselage, saying this combination would give him greater visibility.

"The Sirius wing is more practical for pontoons and skis; also wheels, and since there are more lakes in the northern country on which to land than there are flying fields, I'll do most of my flying up there with pontoons," Post told me.

Post's resolve to build his own ship instead of buying a new standard plane caused considerable comment among fliers, who believed limited financial resources influenced the noted pilot in going ahead with his plans.

Joe Marriot, supervising aeronautical inspector here for the Department of Commerce, said Post's plane was operating under a restricted license.

Restricted licenses, Marriot explained, are granted for certain types of test flying, industrial flying—such as crop dusting—as distinguished from licenses to carry passengers on commercial lines.

When the plane was finished, Post expressed approval of the job, airport mechanics recalled.

"It's the same type construction as the Winnie Mae," he said. "That's a Vega. This is a specially built low-wing job. It is two planes in one."

EX-COWGIRL ROGERS TAUGHT IS STUNNED

MULHALL, Okla., Aug. 16 (AP).—Lucille Mulhall, once known as the No. 1 Cowgirl of America, was stunned by the death of Will Rogers.

When the humorist was a young cowboy, he taught the 16-year-old Lucille the trick roping and riding that brought her worldwide fame.

With Rogers' passing, she remains today almost the sole survivor of the daredevil band of cowboys and cowgirls who thrilled America and Europe with the first staged rodeos at the turn of the century.

"It's the most terrible thing that ever happened to me," she said.

Last Visit to Austin Is Well Remembered

Special to The Star-Telegram.

AUSTIN, Aug. 17.—The last visit of Will Rogers to Austin three years ago when Ross Sterling was Governor is well remembered here. He was the star attraction and wisecracker at a benefit performance for relief of those stricken by the depression, but Will went much farther and addressed both the House and Senate, then in regular session. In the House he sat at the press table and when members began to yell out for him to speak, he surrendered with his customary talk, in which he razzed the Legislature but came back with praise of their work and closed by saying "I love you all."

The Senate heard of it and insisted upon a speech and Rogers complied. Edgar E. Witt, then Lieutenant Governor, introduced him in the Senate "as the brainiest man in the United States," and Rogers had to think fast of a suitable come-back to offset it. As he walked away from the Capitol he met up with James E. Ferguson and there was a friendly greeting, Rogers putting his hand on Ferguson's shoulder, just as he did Ross Sterling, for political foes were not foes to Rogers.

While here at that time scores of people sought him at the hotel for

a scrap of conversation or his autograph and the humorist-philosopher, worn out by physical exertion while he protested, met every caller with a smile and did everything everybody asked of him.

When he reached here by airplane he had an appointment with a newspaper man, to get the "low down" on the Legislature and state officials, but forgot the appointment and took dinner with Dan Moody, former Governor. A little later Rogers met the newspaper man, remembered the appointment and insisted upon eating two dinners.

Texans were with him much of the time at the Democratic National Conventions in Houston and Chicago, and it was the latter one that Rogers, having sat up all night at the press tables, went to sleep, during which repose some one put up his name for the nomination as President. Upon learning of it when he awoke he enjoyed the incident immensely, pointing out that if he had not gone to sleep he probably would have captured the nomination. He did not even get to make a speech, he complained.

Rogers, both in Houston and Chicago, spent more time with the Texas delegates than with any of the others.

Irate Farmer Helped Post Learn Short Run Take-Off

PONCA CITY, Okla., Aug. 17 (AP). A chase by a shotgun firing farmer, irate over a forced landing in his wheat field, aided Wiley Post to learn how to take a ship off the ground with a short run.

Jack Baskin, amateur pilot who mourns the loss of two friends in the crash that killed Will Rogers and Wiley Post, told about the flier's "shotgun takeoff" today.

"One day not long after Wiley had bought his first plane I was working on my ship at the airport here and I heard a plane drone overhead. The motor cut out and the ship came down in a wheat field.

"I drove over and out stepped Wiley, 'well, here I am in a field of wheat knee high to a tall Indian,' he grinned. 'Broke my oil lines.'

"I helped him tape the line but in three or four runs across the field he could not lift from the wheat. Then I saw Wiley stand up in the cockpit and yell, 'look, Jack, at that farmer with the long shotgun!'

"There was a farmer coming with a whale of a gun Wiley gave the bus the gun and I lifted the corner of the wing above the wheat to catch the air. As the plane bounced into the air the farmer let go a couple of shots but it was too far. I left pretty quick myself for that

farm. was still shooting at Wiley. I do believe that is where Wiley learned to take off a ship with a short run."

When Will Rogers was a young cowpuncher with the Mulhall Wild West Show, Baskin was in school with Chester Byers, who became a champion rope spinner.

Baskin and Byers used to "play hockey" from school to watch Will teach Lucille Mulhall, daughter of Zack Mulhall, tricks of riding and rope spinning.

"When Will found out we were missing school," said Baskin, "he pointed to himself as an example of lack of schooling and threatened to add his spankings to the daily ones we received from our teachers and parents."

Will's Glasses Unbroken After Fatal Plane Crash

Humorist's Dollar Watch Also Running When First White Men Reached Wreckage in Arctic

By FRANK J. DAUGHERTY

(Copyright, 1935, by United Press)

POINT BARROW, Alaska, Aug. 17.—Will Rogers' dollar watch was still running when the first rescue party reached the submerged plane in which the famed comedian and Wiley Post, noted flier, had met their deaths 15 miles south of this Arctic village.

Will's glasses, so familiar to all who had seen him on the stage and screen or in newspaper photographs, also were unbroken.

The watch said it was 3:30 a. m. (Alaskan time). He had reached the scene of the crash within a few hours after an Eskimo runner, close to fatigue, had brought the news of the tragedy to Staff Sergeant Stanley Morgan of the U. S. Army Signal Corps and me.

Couldn't Believe Story.
We obtained a whaleboat and set out through a windy, foggy night to confirm his story that "the bird men" had fallen to their deaths. We didn't believe him fully. Surely there must be some mistake, we thought. Rogers and Post can't be dead.

We sighted the plane when we were about 440 yards away on the same stream in which it lay.

The Eskimos who had witnessed the crash already had taken Rogers' body from the water and had covered it with a sleeping bag.

Post's body was still pinned in

RODEO HUSKIES MOURN ROGERS

SIENEY, Iowa, Aug. 16 (AP).—Hard-bitten cowboy huskies, assembled here to participate in the Iowa Rodeo championships, choked up with unconcealed emotion today when they learned of the Alaskan air crash that took the life of "the world's greatest cowboy," Will Rogers.

Most of the top-rated rodeo stars of the Nation were in the crowd that attempted to take the microphones in a memorial to their idol. One after another of the bronzed riders—from Texan to Canadian, they all included Rogers as a personal friend—found themselves suddenly unable to talk and the eulogy finally was omitted.

Chester Byers, Fort Worth, recognized as the world champion trick roper, leaned against a chute gate and wept when notified of the tragedy.

"The world has lost its best friend," Byers said. "I have known Will ever since I was a kid. He was the first roper I ever saw and it was his work that led me into the roping game. I learned a lot about roping from Will Rogers."

"That man had a wider friendship among cowboys all over the West than any other person ever had. It was all because he never forgot his friends of former years."

Byers said his last close contact with the famous comedian was during 1929 when they teamed together in a benefit tour through the South to raise Red Cross funds for aid of flood sufferers.

the debris. We attached ropes to the plane and tried to pull it over. The first time the ropes broke. Finally we pulled the plane apart far enough to bring out the body which we placed in a sleeping bag.

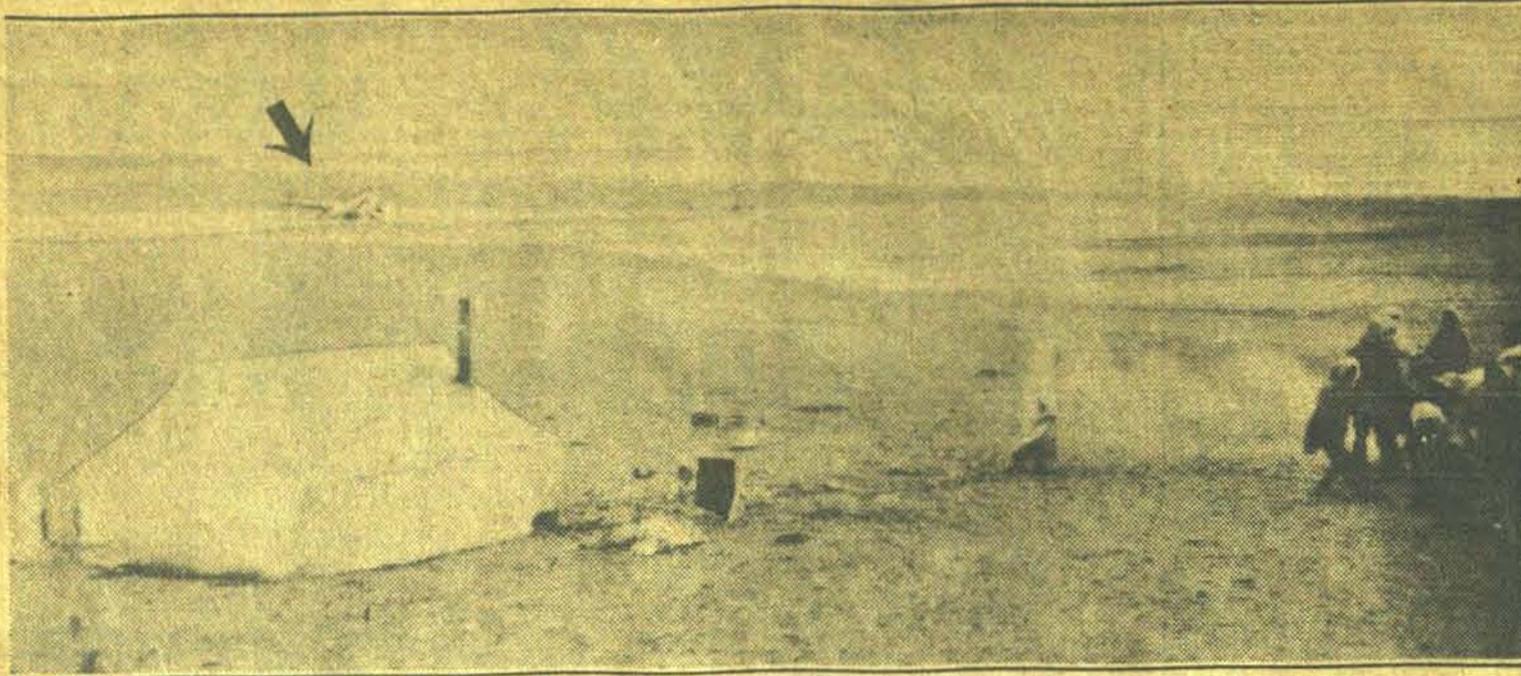
Right Wing Crumbled.

There were papers, maps and personal effects scattered all around. Most of them were soggy with salt, mud and water.

Although one of the Eskimos said there had been an explosion, we couldn't find any evidence of it. We believe the ship just failed to bank on a takeoff, the right wing crumbling as it hit the water.

We placed the bodies in a native komak and towed it to Barrow. Covering the bodies with white sheets, we took them to the hospital, then went to the wireless office to send the news of the tragedy to the world.

Associated Press Photo



Will Rogers and Wiley Post inquired their way at the tent in the left foreground. The short

stop resulted in a crash that took both their lives. In the right foreground is a group of

Eskimos that saw the crash. In the left background, designated by arrow, is the wreckage of

their airplane. Photo taken by Dr. Henry Greist. (Copyright, 1935, by Associated Press).

Will Rogers' Smile Is Seen, Even in Death

By International News Service.

HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 20.—There was a trace of a smile around the lips of Will Rogers Tuesday as he lay in death in the Forest Lawn funeral home.

With his eyes gently closed, it seemed as if, in pleasant slumber, dreams floating through his mind, caused that smile.

Somehow, the impression Will Rogers was happy—that old familiar, sly sort of smile he so often displayed—could not be erased from the minds of the few privileged to see him lying in a bronze but plain casket, delicately lined with white satin.

He seemed so natural—dressed in his usual blue serge suit, a plain tie matching his somber colored shirt—and still that smile that even as one watched, seemed to twitch at his lips.

Will Rogers, for a time, will rest here—but his famed companion of the airways and death—Wiley Post, started his last flight Tuesday. He will fly to Oklahoma City, where grieving relatives and friends will meet the funeral plane and then transport his body to Maysville, Okla., for burial.

Even in death there was a contrast between the actor-humorist and the noted flier.

As Will Rogers rested in his bronze casket, Wiley Post lay in the same canvas enshroudment that was placed around him last week in that tiny Alaskan village of Barrow, shortly after the plane crash that snuffed out the lives of the two men.

Even Monday night, when the bodies of the pair arrived at 6:19 p. m. in the silver colored funeral ship, there somehow was something in the sight of the cold canvas, then encasing the broken body of Will Rogers as well as that of the flier, which caused the most veteran of death spectators to pause for meditation.

Shortly before, with the slanting rays of a setting sun striking fire-like reflections from the sides of the glistening metal, the funeral plane circled the field, made a quick landing, taxied to a hangar and rested her cargo of broken humanity.

On that flight from Seattle to Glendale, the two still bodies were accompanied by friends in life.

At the controls of the ship was William A. Winston of Texas, with whom the humorist often had flown; Co-pilot J. L. Fleming, airways executive, who acted as radio operator; Flight Mechanic T. W. Ward, Col. Clarence F. Young, Coast manager for Pan-American Airways; Joe Crosson, who flew the bodies from the scene of the disaster in Alaska to Seattle, and Amon G. Carter of Fort Worth, close friend of the Rogers family.

It was a group of grief-stricken men. None cared to speak of the trip, but finally Crosson agreed to act as spokesman for his companions on the death ride.

Aviation's Deep Debt.

"We have completed the most difficult task ever assigned—difficult not because of the flying or country involved—but because of the purpose of the flight," he said. "I would rather not discuss our personal feelings. All who had a part in the flight, both in Alaska and the United States, I know, felt this mission might express in a small way all American aviation owes to Will Rogers and Wiley Post."

There weren't many to meet the two victims outside press representatives and 50 police. There perhaps was a meager 200.

The arrival was attended by the first disorders since the bodies of the celebrated dead were brought from Point Barrow.

Police and the curious clashed at the airport after the officers had sought to halt the taking of photographs.

The incident delayed transfer of the bodies to the mortuary a half hour.

As the body of the flier who flew twice around the world and made several unsuccessful attempts to set a record flight cross-country in the stratosphere went on to Oklahoma, friends and relatives of Will Rogers awaited the coming of the last farewell to him.

Public to View Body.

On Thursday morning the public—the same public which with their hearts cherished the Oklahoma cowboy—will be allowed to pass the body of the humorist as it rests beneath the trees of Forest Lawn. Later in the day private funeral services will be held.

The services will be conducted by Rev. J. Whitcomb Brouger, Methodist minister, lifelong friend of the columnist, who interrupted a lecture tour at Portland, Ore., to make a final tribute.

Those private services will be attended only by members of the immediate family and close personal friends.

As the lawn outside of the Wee Kirk o' the Heather is cleared of those who will march by the bier of Rogers in silent tribute, those same mourners, countless thousands of them, will flock to Hollywood Bowl, where at 2 p. m., the same hour set for the private services, the public will pay its last public tribute to the philosopher in an impressively solemn service.

After both services the body, according to tentative arrangements, will be placed in a crypt in Forest Lawn Cemetery near the bodies of other famed actors of the stage and screen.

How long the body will remain there before it is transported to Chelsea, Okla., the Rogers' family home, for final burial, has not been decided. That decision will not be made until the widow, two sons and daughter of the humorist arrive here Wednesday.

OLD HOME TOWN IS IN MOURNING

CLAREMORE, Okla., Aug. 17 (AP). The doctor, the banker, the cowboy, cronies of Will Rogers who recognized no caste, mourned today the passing of a friendship that had lasted for more than 30 years.

"Uncle Jimmy" Riggs is the cowboy. "Uncle Jimmy," 79-year-old uncle of Lynn Riggs, the playwright, rode the range with Rogers when the latter was a youngster. They "rassled" and branded cattle together. They had been friends since that time and on Will's visit to his old home town he always stopped for a chat about old times with "Uncle Jimmy."

"I remember once Will—," the aged cowboy could go no further. His voice choked and he cried as he tried to tell of the days when they worked together.

No less affected was the banker, G. D. Davis, who described Will as "one of the best men that ever lived."

It was Davis who handled Will's finances.

"Will never was much of a financier," Davis said. "It was his wife who took care of the family's money."

With reluctance Davis admitted that once when Will was stranded in Australia he sent him money with which to come home.

"I'd rather not say much about that," he said. "Times changed later and Will for years was the best depositor I had."

"Will always was thinking of the other fellow. He came here several years ago and put on a benefit show to raise money for charity. I still have some of that money that is going out to poor people now."

The doctor, Dr. Jesse Bushyhead, was in Cane Hill, Ark., on a vacation when word of the crash in which Rogers was killed was received here. Mrs. Bushyhead called him.

"He was terribly broken up," said Mrs. Bushyhead.

Will called Doctor Bushyhead his "favorite cousin."

"He and Will would sit around by the hour, when they could be alone, and talk," Mrs. Bushyhead recalled. "The first thing Will asked when he came to town was, 'Where's Jesse?' They schemed to be alone so they could just sit and talk."

HOLLYWOOD IS HIT BY TRAGEDY

Sorrowful Thoughts Turn North as the Body of Celebrity Heads Homeward.

HOLLYWOOD, Cal., Aug. 17 (AP). Hollywood turned sorrowful thoughts toward the North today as the body of its most beloved celebrity, Will Rogers, headed homeward.

Beverly Hills claimed him as a former mayor, Pacific Palisades as a resident, but Hollywood loved him as a co-worker—and one of the biggest box office names in pictures.

Strange were the reactions in gay, sentimental, sophisticated, maudlin Hollywood. This tinsel-streaked land of make believe missed Will Rogers. He was seldom, if ever, seen along the bright light frontier.

Yet over the night club cocktail glasses a lull fell last night when the chatter turned, as it did all night, to the tragedy in the North.

At the Legion Stadium the usual crowd of Hollywoodites packed the house for the weekly fights.

Joe E. Brown, the wide-mouthed comedian, climbed into the ring. He does it every Friday night, clowning, turning handsprings, challenging the fighters. The crowd always howls.

But Brown had a different tone last night. He paid a touching tribute to Will Rogers. Gallery gods listened in silence. Movie stars, bankers, merchants stood with bared heads as Brown recalled the name of Will Rogers.

Mae West at the ringside seemed to have trouble with her eyes. Maybe it was a tear, perhaps she was thinking of the time of the gala premier of one of her first motion pictures. She wasn't very well known, and some of the long established stars may have resented her sudden drive toward popularity.

Anyhow, few of the big stars turned out for the premier. But Will Rogers, who seldom goes to gala affairs of this sort, did.

FINAL RITES ARE HELD FOR WILEY POST

Airman's Body Lies Beneath Flowered Reproduction of His Plane, 'Winnie Mae.'

Oklahoma City Church Is Jammed and Hundreds Wait Outside Building.

OKLAHOMA CITY, Aug. 22 (AP).—The body of Wiley Post rested in a crypt in Fairlawn Mausoleum here tonight after funeral services as simple as the rustic surroundings he left to fly to undying fame.

The brief rites ended a day of tribute to the intrepid flier, who, with Will Rogers, another famous son of Oklahoma, crashed to his death in Arctic Alaska.

During the day, airplanes droned a requiem high overhead and then swooped low to scatter flowers over his coffin, the Governor of the State delivered a eulogy and more than 15,000 persons from all walks of life crowded the corridors of the Capitol to pay a final tribute.

As soon as the hour-long services at the church were finished, the building was cleared of everyone but members of the immediate family of the flier.

For a few brief moments, the loved ones of the stocky airman were alone with their dead.

Then they signaled to waiting National Guardsmen and city officers and a path was cleared from the door of the church to a waiting hearse.

Borne by Friends.

Borne by men who had been close friends of the famous pilot, the body was placed in the hearse and taken along crowded streets to the mausoleum.

In the First Baptist Church Post's body had rested beneath a flowered reproduction of the Winnie Mae, the airplane whose name was almost as well known as his own.

Thousands were turned away from the church, but they remained in the street to listen to the service through amplifiers. Women predominated in the crowd outside. This host included the many who had been unable to get into the Capitol and view the body as it lay in state.

The grief-stricken family arrived at the church just before 2 p. m., the hour of starting the final rite. The widow was hardly able to walk. Two women supported her slumped figure. The mother, too, was visibly broken. One of those on whose arms she rested was the slight figure of the modest father.

Melodies of Sorrow.

The soft music of an organ greeted the family's arrival. First, improvised melodies of sorrow, and then, as the little group walked toward its shielded section, the church echoed with the strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

There was a brief prayer, a quartet sang "Lead, Kindly Light," and Rev. W. R. White began the sermon, in which he linked the name of Will Rogers with that of Post throughout.

"May we join in the hope that he and his pal soared beyond the stratosphere, and that some day the sorrowing ones left behind will be called up to meet them in the air, to be forever with the Lord."

The minister read some verses from Isaiah, "who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows." Then came the familiar passage from John: "Let not your heart be troubled, believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions . . ."

Expressions of Sympathy From All Over World

NEW YORK, Aug. 16 (AP).—The deaths of Will Rogers and Wiley Post shocked the United States and brought expressions of profound sympathy from all over the world.

Men high in the worlds of statecraft, aviation and the theater voiced their sorrow at the passing of these two pioneers in their respective fields.

President Roosevelt expressed the grief of the American people. Congress paused to pay an unusual tribute.

"I was shocked to hear of the tragedy which has taken Will Rogers and Wiley Post from us," said President Roosevelt. "Will was an old friend of mine, a humorist and philosopher beloved by all. I had the pleasure of greeting Mr. Post on his return from his round-the-world flight. He leaves behind a splendid contribution to the science of aviation. Both were outstanding Americans and will be greatly missed."

Other expressions of grief, voiced in Congress and elsewhere, follow:

Vice President Garner—"Two mighty good men have been lost to the world. I just can't talk about it."

Herbert Hoover—"In origin and accomplishment they were typically American, with their careers appealing to everyone appreciative of the pioneer spirit. They were great souls and I feel a sense of deep personal loss in their passing."

Alfred E. Smith—"The news comes as a distinct shock as they were two great Americans who will be missed by everybody."

Senator Robinson of Arkansas—"All the Nation mourns these great citizens. They were both representatives of the highest type of manhood. Peace to them."

Ernst Udet, German War Ace—"I considered Post the greatest flier of all time. Mr. Rogers . . . was a prince of a fellow."

Eugene L. Vidal, Aviation Chief of the Commerce Department—"The loss of these able men can not be measured."

Speaker Byrns of the House of Representatives—"Will Rogers had the ear of the public as few in this country did . . . his death is a real loss—and Post's is, too."

Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, American War Ace—"Both Rogers and Post have been pioneers with new equipment over uncharted skyways . . . Will Rogers was not a passenger but an adventurer with Wiley."

Gene Buck, President of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers—"I can hardly believe that Will Rogers' voice is stilled forever. I do not believe we will see his like again."

Senator McAdoo of California—"Rogers' loss will be felt by untold millions."

Frank Hawks, Noted Aviator—"America has lost a great person in Will Rogers and a great flier in Wiley Post."

Representative Will Rogers of Oklahoma—"Oklahoma has lost its two greatest sons."

Representative Patman of Texas—"The Nation has lost one of its unique citizens, the world one of its first aviators."

Mayor LaGuardia of New York—"Every good American will feel a personal loss in the sudden passing of these two beloved characters."

Former Mayor James J. Walker of New York—"The world's two most unique characters in all history—two men who have made valuable contributions both to the science and joy of millions."

Clyde Pangborn, Famous Flier—"The worst tragedy since the Knute Rockne crash from a public viewpoint."

Harold Perrin of England's Royal Aero Club—"Wiley Post was regarded by us as a marvelous flier and a magnificent fellow."

By International News Service.

SKOWHEGAN, Maine, Aug. 16.—Mrs. Betty Blake Rogers and her actress daughter, Mary, were "very brave" Friday when news of the plane crash death of Will Rogers reached them here.

Mrs. Rogers, here with her daughter who is the lead in an airplane play, "Celling Zero," and Mary retired to their cottage immediately after hearing of the death.

Ironically an airplane crash figures prominently in the plot of the play now in rehearsal at the Summer theater here.

No plans have been formed by the pair.

News of the tragic death of Rog-

Ruth Nichols, Famed Woman Flier—"It is one of those horrible tragedies sometimes inescapable in the field of pioneering."

Viscount Jacques de Sibour, French Air Enthusiast—"Post certainly was the pioneer of stratosphere flying."

Dorothy Stone, Actress—"The worst shock I've ever had."

Fred Stone, Actor—"Rogers' death is a national calamity. The world has lost a great man and I have lost my best friend."

George Marshall, Motion Picture Director—"He (Rogers) was a great man, but so human that everyone who worked with him loved him."

Governor Alf M. Landon of Kansas—"Both were Oklahomans and neighbors and all Kansans will be saddened by their passing."

U. S. Circuit Judge George T. McDermott of Topeka—"Will Rogers was the greatest humorist that ever lived."

F. C. Hall, Oklahoma City oil man who sponsored the Winnie Mae's record breaking world flights—"Wiley was like a son to me. I'd have done anything in the world for him."

Governor E. W. Marland of Oklahoma—"The State will want to give them a memorial, but the State can't add anything to the honors already heaped upon them by the sovereigns and people of the world."

Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith, Australian Aviator—"It is very sad."

Rochelle Hudson, Featured in some of Rogers' pictures—"He was one of the grandest persons I ever knew."

David Butler, Motion Picture Director—"I have lost my best friend."

Ronald Colman—"I feel humanity has lost its best and most sincere friend in Rogers and aviation one of its greatest figures in Post."

Sol M. Wurtzel—"We must take comfort in the fact that the good Rogers did will live on."

Warner Baxter—"Will Rogers' death marks the passing of one of the greatest men of our time."

Warner Oland—"Rogers belonged to the world."

Charles N. James, Who Flew Rogers on the first Western air express mail trip between Los Angeles and Salt Lake City—"He saw the future of transport flying in this country and often told us he intended to help it as much as possible."

L. W. Goss, Pacific Coast Operations superintendent of Transcontinental and Western Air—"He knew practically everyone in the flying business by his first name, and was a favorite of the personnel of the three transcontinental air lines."

Lee Tracy, Stage and Film Star—"The entire English-speaking world has lost its most beloved character."

Mrs. Cenie Post, 59, Grandmother of Post—"I'm sorry May (the widow) didn't get to fall with him instead of Mr. Rogers. She'd always told us she wanted to die with him when he crashed. And I know she hates to be left like this."

S. H. Post, the Flier's Uncle—"I was anxious to go on this trip with him. Oh—it's awful."

Miriam A. Ferguson, Former Governor of Texas—"Mr. Rogers was a fine man and our friend."

Senator Gore of Oklahoma—"My State has suffered a double tragedy."

Gen. Hugh S. Johnson—"It's a terrible loss."

Donald L. Brown, President of United Aircraft Corporation—"Sufficient tribute can not be paid to their useful lives."

Hugh Herndon, Round-the-World flier—"Post's death is the greatest loss to American and world aviation in the last 10 years."

Lewis Lacey, Famous Anglo-Argentine poloist—"Rogers was the finest kind of good-will ambassador."

ers and Wiley Post in Alaska did not reach Skowhegan until noon.

Noticeably affected, Mrs. Rogers and her daughter stood up bravely under the shock, but declined to comment on the tragedy.

The daughter of Rogers and her mother came here at the start of the Summer season with the Lakewood Players. A group of prominent actors and actresses as well as the sons and daughters of prominent stage stars had appeared here.

Mary, following in her father's footsteps, has established herself as one of the leading young stage actresses during her brief career.

It is believed Mrs. Rogers and her daughter will leave for the West immediately to arrange funeral services.

Home Town of Post Shocked by Tragedy

MAYSVILLE, Okla., Aug. 16 (AP).

Old friends who bore the news of Wiley Post's death to his mother and father were greeted Friday with "this is the news we've been dreading for years."

Both Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Post who received the word at their little farm two and a half miles from here stood the shock without flinching.

There is no telephone at the Post farm and lately the radio with which the couple has followed the exploits of their famous flying son has been out of order.

The first word of the tragedy was taken to the parents by Fred Scott, mayor of Maysville, and his wife, who drove to the farm with William Showen, publisher of the Maysville News.

Mrs. Post was working in the kitchen when the party arrived at the farmhouse. The news was given first to Arthur Post, the flier's brother, who was working in the yard. Wiley's father arrived a few minutes later.

Temporarily overcome by the blow, mother Post said over and over again, tears coursing down her cheeks, "oh, can it be so? I hope it isn't so."

Stolidly holding back his grief, father Post said the family "had been living in dread of this for years and years, but it is such a shock to know that our boy has been killed."

Mother Post had been expecting Wiley's wife to come down to the farm for a visit today.

Another son, Gordon Post, is working in the Oklahoma City oil field. When her friends told her they had bad news Mrs. Post thought at first something might have happened to Gordon.

As the word of Wiley's death spread throughout the Maysville farming section where the flier had always been "just a home town boy," scores of friends and neighbors dropped their tasks and hur-

ried to the Post farm to offer their sympathies.

Half an hour after the party arrived to bring the sad news, the yard in front of the farm was filled by dozens of cars.

It was too early to learn what funeral arrangements would be made. Members of the Post family said they did not know whether the body of the flier would be brought here for burial.

"We don't know what we'll do," Showen said. "This is the thing Maysville has always been hoping against."

"You know, I was very close to Wiley but for that matter, so was everyone else in town. He was our big hero. We liked him more because he was such a regular 'home town' boy. The more famous he got, the friendlier he was. There was nothing 'biggety' about our Wiley."

He came here with his folks along about 1921 when they bought their farm. He was always tinkering with something and it wasn't long before he had the flying bug badly. I don't know just how he got his early training but I do know that I sort of 'passed the hat' and raised \$50 to back Wiley in his first parachute jump here, along about 1922.

"Wiley's was the first parachute jumper in these parts. After that he kept going on and on in his flying career and Maysville watched him and exulted in his progress."

"We sure gave him a rousing reception when he returned here from his first trip around the world, the flight he made with Harold Gatty. The whole town turned out and folks came from miles around."

During recent years Wiley was in the habit of slipping down to see his parents every time he was in Oklahoma City, his friends said. Frequently no one knew he had been here. His last visit with his parents occurred a short time before he left on his Alaskan flight.

GRANDMOTHER RECALLS POST'S FIRST TERRIFYING 'CHUTE JUMP

DALLAS, Aug. 16 (AP).—Sadly, Mrs. Cenie Post, 95-year-old grandmother of Wiley Post, talked of her noted grandson's tragic death Friday and then reminisced of his famous past.

"We knew it would happen," sobbed the old lady. "We've expected it since he insisted on flying with that other man up at Maysville, Okla."

Mrs. Post, deaf and almost blind, sat in calm meditation for almost 30 minutes after being informed of her grandson's death. Then, as she slowly talked of Wiley's past, she wept.

"I'm sorry May (Mrs. May Lane Post, the aviators' widow) didn't get to fall with him instead of Mr. Rogers. She'd always told us she wanted to die with him when he crashed. And I know she hates to be left like this."

Mrs. Post sobbed a story of Wiley's first attempts at flying.

"Our first real scare came when Wiley insisted on jumping in that thing—what do you call it? Oh, yes, a parachute."

"On one of his first jumps the parachute failed to open until Wiley was halfway down, and we were all scared to death. It was then Wiley's papa hid the parachute."

"Wiley got awful mad at his papa, and threatened to have him arrested if he didn't return his parachute. He was just a boy then, so he left home and took a job at the foundry near Oklahoma City."

"A spark or chip of metal struck his left eye and it had to be taken out. He got several hundred dollars' compensation and spent it all on an airplane. 'You can't stop me now,' Wiley told us when he came back to Maysville in that airship."

"Ever since he began all this flying I've read the papers every day and kept up with him."

Posthumous Medal Will Go to Rogers

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 17.—The Spirit of St. Louis Medal for outstanding contribution to aviation—which was voted weeks ago to Will Rogers—will be awarded posthumously to the famous air enthusiast, it was learned today.

Rogers was selected for the honor because of his work in publicizing aviation and for the attitude toward flying which he frequently expressed in his writings, and was to have been presented with the medal Oct. 11, during the convention here of the aeronautics division of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, Maj. James H. Doolittle is chairman of the society, which originated the award in 1929.

Orville Wright, pioneer airman and honorary chairman of the society, will be present when the award is made.

MRS. ROGERS TELLS WHY CASKET WAS NOT OPENED.

HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 22.—A statement authorized by Mrs. Will Rogers and her children explained their refusal to allow the casket of Will Rogers to be opened to the public gaze.

"During his lifetime," the statement said, "Will Rogers often expressed the thought that he would rather the casket were not opened at any funeral. This was the reason why the casket remained sealed this morning and this afternoon."

The face was cut and there were several bruises on it but in other respects the body was in excellent condition.

GARNER'S HEAD IS BOWED IN SORROW

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16 (AP).—Usually jolly Jack Garner had his head bowed Friday. His real friend, Will Rogers, was dead.

"Awful bad" was almost all he could say on hearing of the Alaska crash.

Intimates of both knew how much this companionship of Vice President and humorist meant for each. The annual Garner dinner to President Roosevelt never can be the same again without droll, wise-cracking Will Rogers in his "old blue serge" to "lambast everybody."

For Jack Garner—his fellow-hater of dress suits—Will was in his finest fettle at the January dinner each year.

Around his fun-poking the dinner revolved on President Roosevelt's only social "night out" of the year, as guest of the Vice President on the Washington hotel roof, Jan. 29, 1934, and Jan. 17, 1935.

The President Lingered. To enjoy Rogers the more, the President each time lingered far past the hour he was supposed to go home, and Garner—famed for retiring early—stayed up until 3 in the morning!

Rogers described the magician at the first Garner party as "good enough to read a senatorial mind;" said "there were just enough Republicans there for disturbance purposes;" reported Lewis Douglas, then budget director, was called on to add a column of figures "but he couldn't do it because there wasn't but 16 and he never had used so few making up the budget."

Both the Vice President and Mrs. Garner are proudest of the picture of themselves in the embrace of the jolly Will of any in the small and intimate gallery hanging in their inner office.

Patrick J. Hurley, Secretary of War in the Hoover Administration, friend of Rogers since they were boys together in Oklahoma, called him "one of the cleanest, finest characters I have ever known."

"We was one of nature's noblemen," Hurley said.

"I knew Wiley Post well also. He was a brilliant and intrepid flier."

"Two Greatest Sons." Mayor Frank S. Shaw of Los Angeles, here on business, said "I was with Will only two weeks ago. No words I could say now would completely express my sorrow."

"Oklahoma has lost its two greatest sons," said Representative Will Rogers of that State. He recalled the humorist's indorsement had helped put him in Congress.

Representative Boland of Pennsylvania said "no one realized Rogers' genius for judging current events" better than members of Congress.

Speaker Byrns, incredulous at first, later said he had a premonition that trouble would come to Rogers on the Alaskan flight.

"When I read he was going on that long trip," he said, "I told my wife, 'I wish Will Rogers wouldn't do that!'"

Senator McAdoo, who knew Rogers as a fellow Californian, said: "His loss will be felt by untold millions."

WILL WOULD WANT FILMS RELEASED, FRIENDS SAY

HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 17 (AP).—If Will Rogers were alive, he would want his two finished, but unreleased, motion pictures to be screened, close friends of the comedian said today.

Executives at Twentieth Century-Fox Studios remained undecided whether to junk "Steamboat Around the Bend" and "In Old Kentucky," or to put them in circulation.

Hollywood has an "unwritten law" forbidding the release of a picture after death of the star. But Dave Butler, Rogers' director, said the comedian opposed this custom.

Butler said Rogers expressed his view when the late Marie Dressler died, with one finished picture unreleased.

Rogers, Post Sealed Bond Of Friendship in 1931

Humorist Said 'Wiley Great Guy With Monkey Wrench;' Flier Praised Cowboy Pal

By United Press.

TULSA, Okla., Aug. 17.—The bond of friendship which eventually took Will Rogers and Wiley Post to their deaths together was sealed in Tulsa four years ago.

Before they ever had met, aviation's "grand padre" and its top-notch pilot had great admiration for one another.

Mr. Post and Harold Gatty, companions in a globe circling flight, on July 13, 1931, were in Tulsa paying Mr. Post's home state a visit following their record-breaking jaunt. A banquet was scheduled in their honor.

Mr. Rogers, en route from California to his "adopted" hometown, Claremore, to dedicate an airport, heard of the fliers' presence in the state. He wired airport officials here:

"If you will meet me at Amarillo, I will come to Tulsa for the Post-Gatty party. I want to meet them guys."

Mr. Rogers arrived late for the party, but met the two fliers and spent the greater part of an evening discussing the common interest of all three—aviation.

The following day Mr. Post

flew Mr. Rogers to Claremore for the airport dedication. The bond of friendship was sealed.

Mr. Post said privately of Mr. Rogers:

"It's guys like Will who brought public sentiment to the point where our flight (his and Gatty's) was possible."

Mr. Rogers said publicly of the two fliers:

"Harold Gatty is the world's outstanding navigator. He can take a peek at a southern Democrat and the North Star and tell how many miles from the poor-house the farmer is."

"And what Gatty can do with a lantern and the North Star," he continued, "Wiley can do with a monkey wrench."

In Hollywood Was Genuine

By United Press.

HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 17.—Hollywood awoke today with a numbing sense of loss—irreparable loss, for the film capitol will never know another Will Rogers.

When a plunging airplane snuffed out his life in Alaska the cowboy comedian was rated as the most popular player on the screen.

But few in Hollywood measured Will's popularity by the traditional movie scale of box office drawing power. From prop boy to producer they loved Rogers as a man and a friend. The kindly humorist was everybody's friend, and his nurse and hand were proverbially at the disposal of the unfortunate.

Will Rogers was reality in the city of make believe. Amid thin pretenses of the movies his genuineness as a typical American was beyond value.

Informality was the keynote of that life. Risen to great heights Rogers remained throughout the Oklahoma cowboy, simple, direct, kindly.

It was frequently said of him and by him that he never met a person he disliked.

The humorist was no respecter of persons, and if indeed he was even aware of them, the values and gradations of Hollywood's hierarchy meant nothing to him.

It is told gleefully on a dozen movie lots how he would pass up important luncheon engagements and take a score of minor technicians and workmen to nearby tea-houses. He was gravely amused by shocking elderly ladies and temperamental feminine stars with his dusty, overalls friends.

On location he seldom availed himself of hotel accommodations, preferring the camps of the workmen and ranch hands.

Rodeos were one of his peculiar passions. Not the performances so much as the performers. He would perch on corral rails for hours at a time, chatting with riders, bull doggers and ropers.

Rogers himself, never forgot the spinning lariat, which, accompanying his drawling patter, aided him in his climb to fame. A goat was the No. 1 prop on every Rogers set. Will used the animals to keep his roping eye and hand in practice.

At work Rogers was as conscientious as a clock, screen players recalled.

Rogers' funeral, which probably will be held in Hollywood, will

ROGERS FAMILY IN EMPTY HOME

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 21 (AP).—To a home emptier than words could express came the family of Will Rogers late today.

They gathered in the rambling ranch house, in Santa Monica Canyon, after having parted for a few hours today at Victorville, Cal., where Mrs. Rogers and her daughter, Mary, left the train for an automobile. Will Jr. and James Rogers and friends and relatives of the family detrained at Azusa and continued in automobiles. They were met by Fred Stone, actor, who embraced the two Rogers boys with tears in his eyes.

On the low porch, looking toward the hills, was their father's rocking chair. Inside, all the little intimate things were just as he left them, a few weeks ago.

No sign of the pain of this lonely homecoming showed on the faces of the mother and her children as they entered the house.

In a simple bronze casket at the Wee Kirk o' the Heather, in Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Glendale, the body of their beloved lay, awaiting a last tribute tomorrow.

Tonight it will rest alone, while Mrs. Rogers fulfills the few funeral duties that only she can perform.

Tomorrow morning the privacy of today will be surrendered to permit those who loved Will Rogers to file by his casket placed under pine and olive shade trees on a broad expanse of lawn near the entrance of the cemetery.

The memorial planned for the man who held a unique place in the Nation's life will be a useful one, said the committee of 13 in charge. Fred Stone, Billie Burke and Mary Pickford are among those shaping plans for the tribute. It will be an auditorium or some other public edifice.

Rev. J. Whitcomb Brouger, a friend of Rogers, arrived this morning from Portland, Ore., to officiate at the private services tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock in the Wee Kirk o' the Heather in Forest Lawn.

Only 125 persons can be seated in the cemetery chapel. Hence provisions were made for two public services at the same time as the funeral.

In the Hollywood Bowl, which accommodates 35,000 persons, Rupert Hughes, the author, will deliver an eulogy.

Conrad Nagel, film actor, will read a selection and Lawrence Tibbett, noted baritone, will sing a selection to be chosen by Mrs. Rogers. The Hollywood American Legion band will play "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and Beethoven's Funeral March. A nationwide broadcast of the Hollywood Bowl services is planned.

In the Beverly Hills Community Church, which Rogers was instrumental in founding, another service will be held, with 200 of the available 650 seats occupied by aviators. Part of the service will consist in an amplification of the Forest Lawn rites.

Simultaneously in all motion picture studios tomorrow afternoon work will cease and ministers will lead devotions. It is the first time the industry ever has accorded such honor to an individual.

Nation to Pay Homage To Rogers Today.

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 21 (AP).—The homage paid tomorrow to Will Rogers may be the most extensive ever accorded a private citizen of the United States.

Although only 125 of his close friends will attend the private funeral at Forest Lawn, simultaneous public services here and throughout the country will attest to the esteem in which he was held.

A nationwide broadcast of the memorial rites at the Hollywood Bowl will enlist thousands of listeners, while in Oklahoma, where his friend, Wiley Post, will be buried, tribute will also be given to Rogers.

Los Angeles courts will observe a period of silence in the afternoon.

Every motion picture studio will suspend work for services presided over by clergymen of various faiths—the first time the industry has ever done this for one of its workers.

From 7 a. m. until noon tomorrow hosts of people who regarded Rogers as a friend will pass by his casket resting under trees near the entrance of Forest Lawn, and in the afternoon several hundred aviators will attend services in the Beverly Hills community church which Rogers was instrumental in founding.

Governor Merriam called upon all citizens of California to observe one minute of silence beginning at 2 p. m. tomorrow, in tribute to Rogers and Post. Flags on all state buildings were to be ordered at half staff, as were flags on city and federal buildings throughout Southern California.

President Roosevelt will be personally represented at the services in Forest Lawn by Rear Admiral William T. Tarrant, commandant of the Eleventh Naval District, and Admiral Tarrant's aid, Commander Herbert A. Jones.

Eugene Vidal, chief of the aeronautics division of the United States Department of Commerce, will represent that branch of the Government.

Later His Body Will Be Moved To His Beloved Oklahoma

By United Press.

HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 23.—Will Rogers, having received the highest tribute ever offered a private citizen, rested today in a stone vault in Forest Lawn Memorial Park, awaiting the time when he will be returned to Oklahoma.

That his body would be sent there was certain, for during lifetime the cowboy-humorist expressed such a desire and his family gave concrete evidence that his wish was a command.

This was illustrated during ceremonies yesterday when his coffin remained closed despite the desire of 50,000 people, who filed past it while it lay in state, and of close friends who attended the last rites at the Wee Kirk o' the Heather at Forest Lawn, to have a last glimpse at the kindly face of the actor.

Rogers had requested that none but relatives see his body after death and that request was carried out.

His widow, Mrs. Betty Blake Rogers, his children, Mary, Will Jr., and Jim, were expected to decide within the next few days when the body will be returned to the state where he was born and where he started his rise to international fame.

Mrs. Rogers, who almost collapsed during the impressive rites, for her husband, was reported much improved today.

She needed the support of both sons yesterday when she left the chapel where world famous notables heard Rogers eulogized.

Not Alone in Grief

But she was not alone in her grief for there were no dry eyes when John Boles finished singing the cowboy ballad "Old Faithful," the humorist's favorite song.

Fred Stone, of the stage and screen, Eddie Cantor, Bill Hart, Spencer Tracy and Irvin Cobb were among those who wept without shame in the Wee Kirk O' the Heather.

Never before had there been such a turn-out of notables for a public citizen.

The list included Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Norma Shearer, Will Hays, Joe E. Brown and scores of others connected with the film industry.

Farley Attends Rites

Notables outside the film world included Postmaster General James Farley, Amelia Earhart and Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr.

In direct contrast and in perfect keeping with the cross section of friends Will Rogers made, were Stepin Fetchit, the negro come-

WILL ROGERS' WEALTH IS LEFT IN ITS ENTIRETY TO HIS WIDOW

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 29 (AP).—

Will Rogers' wealth was left to his widow, Mrs. Betty Blake Rogers.

The last will of the famous humorist, written just two days before he flew away from Los Angeles to join Wiley Post on their fatal air journey to Alaska, was filed for probate here late Wednesday.

The document, executed in simple language, contained about 275 words.

"I give, devise and bequeath all of my property, both community and otherwise, unto my said wife, Betty Rogers," it read in part.

While the comedian's fortune has been estimated at amounts ranging from \$2,500,000 to as high as \$5,000,000, the probate value merely put it "in excess of \$10,000," the usual description made in such cases.

Final legal steps in connection with the will will be taken Sept. 16, when a routine hearing will be held in Superior Court.

The will provided the estate be divided in event of Mrs. Rogers' death among the three Rogers children—Will Jr., 23; Mary, 22, and James, 20.

"In the event my wife shall not survive me, I give, devise and bequeath all of my estate unto my said children who shall survive me, share and share alike," the document read, "provided, however, that should any of my said children predecease me, leaving issue, the share to which such deceased child would have been entitled to if living, I give, devise and bequeath to his or her issue."

The will was witnessed by Ewing Halsell, Vinita, Okla., and E. N. Vail, Jaloma Ranch, Santa Barbara County, Cal.

"I hereby appoint my wife, Betty Rogers; O. N. Beasley of Beverly Hills, Oscar Lawler and James K. Blake as executors hereof," the will concluded.

"Should my wife not survive me, I appoint my son, Will Rogers Jr., in her place as such executor, and direct that no bond be required of my said wife or son as such executor."

"Dated Aug. 3, 1935."

"WILL ROGERS."

Included in the Rogers estate was insurance of about \$800,000.

GOOD DEEDS OF WILL ROGERS COMPILED

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16 (AP).—The National Red Cross Friday was compiling a remarkable honor roll—the good deeds of Will Rogers.

It ran like this:

September, 1926 — Worked with Charles Evans Hughes, now chief

PAYNE'S DEEP REGARD FOR ROGERS REVEALED.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16 (AP). The deep regard of the Red Cross for Will Rogers was attested in a 1933 telegram to him, made public today.

It read:

"When I pass from the Red Cross and knock at St. Peter's gate, he will ask, 'Who comes here?'"

"I will answer, 'John Barton Payne, chairman of the American Red Cross.'"

"He will ask, 'By what right do you expect to enter?'"

"I will answer, 'I knew Will Rogers.'"

"He will say, 'That is sufficient. Come right in.'"

Mr. Payne died last January.

justice, in a Florida hurricane benefit aboard the Leviathan, raising \$40,000 in a single performance.

Mississippi flood, 1927—By benefit personal appearances, raised more than \$100,000 for flood sufferers.

McAlester, Okla., mine explosion, 1919, 61 men killed—Made large personal donation and raised generous fund for families of victims.

January, 1931—Helped Red Cross organize nationwide drought relief broadcast including President Hoover, former President Coolidge and Al Smith.

Drought relief campaign of 1930-31—In airplane with Frank Hawks, speed flier, toured Midwest and Far West making several cities daily, with speeches which greatly accelerated chapter giving.

Nicaraguan earthquake, 1931—Flew to Nicaragua, gave \$5,000 and cheer there, came back and raised a large Nicaraguan fund.

1933-34—Donated \$20,000 for continuing Red Cross public health nursing in places where it was to be cut off due to depression. Only two months ago the Red Cross sent Rogers a pictorial report of the good done with this money.

May, 1933—Rogers wired the Red Cross his intention of "litterin' up the mike with a little Oklahoma grammar" to "make contribution to a couple of good causes," unemployment relief work of the Red Cross and Salvation Army.

Friday James L. Fieser, speaking for Admiral Cary T. Grayson, vacationing in Maine, and the entire Red Cross organization, said: "Literally thousands of Red Cross chapter people will personally miss Will Rogers, not alone for his numerous financial gifts in the furtherance of better health and happier living, and in disaster relief. He often unexpectedly arrived at the point where the need was greatest."

'IRREPARABLE LOSS,' SAYS AMELIA EARHART

CLEVELAND, Aug. 17 (AP).—Amelia Earhart, premier woman flier, said upon her arrival here today to fulfill a lecture engagement that "the death of Will Rogers and Wiley Post is an irreparable loss. Will was aviation's greatest friend. Wiley was aviation's leading pioneer."

She said she plans to return at once to the West Coast to attend Rogers' funeral.

Flags Lowered At Claremore in Tribute to Rogers

CLAREMORE, Okla., Aug. 16 (AP).—Will Rogers' home town, the Claremore that he alternatively teased and praised—but always loved—grieved tonight for its first citizen.

Soon after the word of the humorist's death was received flags were lowered to half mast.

"It can't be true. Nothing worse could have happened," said his old friends who gathered in hushed groups to talk of Claremore's most famous and most beloved citizen.

There was no business in Claremore today.

Despite his absence of years Will Rogers was still a Claremoreite at heart. He maintained a residence here and the town's leading hotel is named after him. The airport bears his name.

He sold the Government the land for a new postoffice and turned over the money, \$4,000, to the town for a new library.

M. R. Harrison, manager, recalled naming the hotel for Rogers.

"He told us it would have better drawing power if we named it Bill Murray or Clark Gable," said Harrison.

"Seriously, though, he told us it pleased him more to have his name in electric lights on an institution of service in his home town than to see that name in lights on Broadway."

Rogers had no financial interest in the hotel.

But not only Claremore knew and loved Will Rogers; the whole State mourned.

"The State will want to give them a memorial," said Governor E. W. Marland at Oklahoma City, "but the State can't add anything to the honors already heaped upon them by the sovereigns and peoples of the world."

Former Governor William H.

Estate of Rogers Is Estimated at \$2,500,000 Up

HOLLYWOOD, Cal., Aug. 16 (AP).—The value of Will Rogers' estate was estimated unofficially from various sources today at \$2,500,000, at least. Possibly much more.

He carried life insurance totaling \$1,050,000. His wife and children are beneficiaries to the extent of \$1,000,000. The other \$50,000 is payable to the Actors' Equity Fund. Provisions for double indemnity for accidental death were waived by Rogers because of his flying.

The value of Rogers' Southern California real estate was estimated at nearly \$1,000,000. He is reported to have had considerable cash and securities also.

Although Rogers apparently accumulated most of his fortune in the movies, he also had large earnings from his short daily syndicated dispatch to newspapers and other writings.

Under his contract at Twentieth Century-Fox Movie Studio, Rogers was receiving \$125,000 for each picture. The contract called for no less than three, nor more than four, pictures a year.

Murray said "Will Rogers was the greatest humorist that ever lived." The elder Rogers served with Murray in Oklahoma's constitutional convention.

At Bartlesville, Gunter Lane, a nephew of Rogers, said he had felt Rogers would meet death in an airplane crash.

Even a federal district court was halted when the judge received news of the crash. Judge Franklin E. Kennamer was sitting specially on the bench at Oklahoma City. When a bailiff whispered the news, the judge said, "Court can't go on now," and left the chamber.

Rogers-Post Monoplane Was Assembled From Used Parts of 2 Lockheed Ships

NEW YORK, Aug. 17.—Wiley Post was flying a Lockheed Orion, low-wing monoplane when he crashed with Will Rogers in Alaska. It was a seven-passenger cabin plane powered by a Pratt and Whitney wasp S1-D1, 550-horsepower engine.

The engine was equipped with a supercharger for high altitude performance and it could drive the plane at a maximum speed of 226. Its cruising speed was 180. It was equipped with a controllable pitch propeller.

Lockheed Aircraft officials were unable to estimate the plane's cruising radius. They said the plane, ordinarily equipped with retractable landing gear, had pontoons put on instead of wheels at Post's special request.

They estimated the ship cost \$27,000.

The single-motored, red, low-winged monoplane was assembled from used parts of two ships built by Lockheed Aircraft Corp., Burbank, Calif., the same plant that turned out the cream-colored Winnie Mae in June, 1930.

It was a wooden plane, of spruce plywood "moulded" into stream-line form.

Known around the airports as the Lockheed "orphan," it had a fuselage from a Lockheed Orion such as Laura Ingalls files and wings from a Sirius like Col. Charles Lindbergh's personal plane. It had a cockpit in the nose, where Post apparently was crushed at the controls, and a mid-fuselage cabin, where Rogers rode.

Post bought the parts from various fliers and had them assembled by his own mechanic.

MOURNERS FOR ROGERS ALSO BURY POST



Wiley Post.

After a memorial service led by Governor Marland, the final rites were to follow, in the First Baptist Church. The building can seat only 2,500, but voice amplifiers were prepared to take the service to the audience assembled outside.

The body will be placed in a crypt at Fairlawn Cemetery, to remain until the aviator's widow decides whether its final resting place will be Arlington Cemetery or Oklahoma City.

President Roosevelt directed that an officer of general's rank should represent him at the funeral. Brig. Gen. H. W. Butner, commandant of the field artillery school at Fort Sill, was selected.

Notables from over the Nation were expected at the rites. Bennett Griffin and Jimmy Mattern, who unsuccessfully attempted to break Post's globe circling record, arrived here Wednesday for the services.

Most downtown stores gave notice they would remain closed during the afternoon.

Post's body was returned here Wednesday night from Maysville, Okla., home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Post. Flanked by a military guard of honor, it lay there Wednesday afternoon in the little Landmark Missionary Baptist Church.

Friends and acquaintances who live in the little farming community passed by the casket, gazing for the last time at the body of the adventurer who undertook his first flight 10 years ago in a second-hand "Jenny."

Accompanying the body was Joe Crosson, the "mercy flier of the Arctic," who flew the remains of Post and Rogers from Point Barrow to Seattle. He had known Post well, and had assisted him in his record-breaking solo flight around the world.

"I Have Received My Reward." He met the elder Posts, and in a kindly voice replied to their tearful thanks for bringing home their son.

"I have received my reward," said the taciturn Alaskan, with bowed head. "There is nothing else that you could possibly do for me."

Among the many who passed by the casket in Landmark Church were 140 children from the Whitehead School, located in a community with many tenant cotton farmers.

"I wanted them to see one boy who left the cotton patch and made something of himself," said J. I. Dendy, their principal.

"I want them to realize they might do the same."

TOWN STOPS TO TALK OF WILEY

Home Folk Gather on Main Street to Recall Sadly Former Returns of Post.

MAYSVILLE, Okla., Aug. 17 (AP).—The common folk of a countryside, too drab for adventurous Wiley Post, left their fields and came to Main Street tonight to talk over the times when their plain hero of the skies returned home just as one of the boys at the corner drug store.

"Publicity never gave Wiley the big-head," they said.

To these people, "publicity" has a different meaning. Because of their close association with the flier's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Post, who dread the limelight, they throw up their guard when newspapermen near.

Knowing the gray-haired couple on the little 80-acre farm want to be alone in their sorrow, Maysville is leaving them alone. Few cars are seen beside the yellow bungalow with its shady grove. These mostly are the cars of neighbors who prepared food and brought it.

Saturday is always a big day in Maysville, just as it is in all isolated farming community centers, but the little groups around the bank and the hardware, dry goods and drug stores were solemn tonight. Maysville now is a town of long faces.

"He sat right here," said Fred Berry, pointing to a corner of his auto dealer's office, "and told me all the details of his last world flight. I said, 'Wiley, don't you have any doubts or fears?' He said, 'Not a bit; he knew he would make it.' Berry then showed an obsolete propeller that Wiley, his good friend, had given him a long time ago.

"Wiley never was talkative," another said. "He'd just stand around the streets, or up against a tree, grinning, and talk like one of the boys. He never forgot his people; that's why we saw him after he got big, but being big didn't change him."

The little Post home has been a lively scene many times before, and strangers flocked there, but those were times of joy. Reporters came to hear "the old folks" exclaim their joy that Wiley, whom they had not encouraged to fly, was safe again.

On those occasions, they posed for pictures, reluctantly. Now that reluctance has turned to firm determination. Pictures are out. The father does the talking when this question comes up. He is kind, but if pleading fails his quivering voice grows commanding.

Will Made Debut In South Africa

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 17 (AP).—Will Rogers made his debut as an actor in South Africa, not as Will Rogers, the name now known all over the world, but as "The Cherokee Kid."

He had gone to the Argentine and after punching cows on the pampas had worked his way from Buenos Aires to Capetown on a boat carrying mules for British troops in the Boer War.

He signed on with a traveling wild west show as a rider and roper and soon became the star of the show. He was billed as "The Cherokee Kid."

Originally he did his rope spinning in silence and probably was astonished when he thought out loud in one of the tricks and the audience laughed. Later he tried the audience reactions with another "crack" and when the laughter was prompt and sustained he kept it in the act.

How Rogers Spun 'Yarn' to Cover Up Air Accident Told

NEW YORK, Aug. 17. (AP)—The late Jimmy Collins, a noted test pilot who was killed last March in a crash, tells in his forthcoming book that Will Rogers once belied his own excellent horsemanship to avoid giving "air jitters" to a fellow passenger.

The incident is set down in "Test Pilot," soon to be published. Collins and Rogers were fellow passengers when it happened. Collins had struck up a conversation with Rogers without identifying himself as a veteran aviator.

"He seemed to be crippled up a little," Collins wrote. "I asked him what was the matter. He said he had fallen off a horse before he left California and had broken a couple of ribs. I thought that was kind of funny, because I had always supposed he was a good horseman."

"I told him that, and he said it was a new horse and he wasn't used to it. I still thought it was kind of funny but I let it pass."

Later in the conversation Collins told Rogers he was a professional pilot. Then Rogers confessed that actually he had broken the ribs when an air-liner he was riding in the day before made a forced landing and partially nosed over.

"He said he had told me that story about the horse in the first place because he thought I was a regular passenger," Collins' account continues. "He said not to tell any of the rest of the passengers, because it might scare them and spoil their trip."

Fort Worth Pays Reverent Tribute to Adopted Citizen

Reverently Fort Worth paid tribute Thursday to the memory of Will Rogers, "adopted citizen."

Flags were flown at half staff during the day in honor of the famous humorist, who crashed to his death in Alaska a week ago.

Several business firms announced that they would close at 4 p. m., when the courthouse also will close in tribute. At that time—the hour of the funeral in Los Angeles—Mrs. F. L. Jaccard will play chimes at First Methodist Church. A five-minute toll will be followed by Chopin's Funeral March and "Abide With Me."

The City Council voted Wednesday to dedicate to Rogers the auditorium-coliseum to be built for the Centennial Stock Show, if voters approve a bond issue to be submitted Sept. 3.

Flag-raising etiquette specifies that the flag should be raised to the top at sunrise and immediately lowered to half staff, remaining in that position throughout the day.

Only on Memorial Day is the flag lowered to half staff until noon and down at the top during the afternoon.

Tribute Paid Post, Rogers by Allred

AUSTIN, Aug. 16 (AP).—Governor Allred called upon all Texans today to revere the memory of Will Rogers, "its adopted son," and ordered the Texas flag flown at half mast on his burial day.

Likewise he paid homage to "the intrepid aviator," Wiley Post, proclaiming officially that "Texas and the world have suffered immeasurable loss in the untimely death of these two distinguished men."

"No pen shall ever be powerful enough to record, nor a mind brilliant enough to conceive the influence for wholesome good wielded upon this Nation for so long a time by this noble philosopher, who knew no man for his place in life," he said.

In a telegram to Mrs. Rogers, Governor Allred said all Texas grieved "the tragic loss of the lovable character who had made a Nation laugh away its troubles."

LEAVES FOR SEATTLE TO MEET ROGERS BODY

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17.—Amon G. Carter, Fort Worth publisher, left here this afternoon on an American Airways plane for Los Angeles en route to Seattle to meet the body of Will Rogers.

Before leaving he stated to newspapermen that he would be glad to appear before the Senate lobby investigating committee at any time it wanted him.

His statement was in answer to questions resulting from the suggestion of Senator Gibson, Republican, Vermont, a member of the committee, that Marvin McIntyre, one of the President's secretaries, Assistant Secretary Robert of the Treasury and Carter be called in connection with a dinner at which they were found in company with E. B. Robinson, representative of the Associated Gas and Electric Company, by Chesley W. Journey, sergeant-at-arms of the Senate, when he was seeking to serve a subpoena upon H. C. Hopson, head of the company.

Rogers Recognized Tribute to Dead Friend as Best Thing He Ever Wrote

Introduction to Book by Late Charles M. Russell Phrased as Personal Letter to Cowboy Painter.

The best thing Will Rogers ever wrote, he once told Fort Worth friends, was a foreword to "Trails Plowed Under," a book by the late Charles M. Russell.

Rogers wrote the introduction in the form of a letter to his old friend, Russell, and it is a masterpiece of pathos and brotherly feeling. The cowboy humorist addressed his friend in another world, asking him to look up Mark Twain, Bill Nye, James Whitcomb Riley and other writers. The final words of the introduction are especially striking in view of Rogers' death.

The foreword:

INTRODUCTION.
BY WILL ROGERS.
THE OLD WORLD.
1926.

Hello, Charley, old hand. How are you?

I just thought I would drop you a line and tell you how things are a working on the old range since you left. Old Timer, you don't know how we miss you! Gee, but it's lonesome since you left, even to us away down here in California, where we didn't get to see near as much of you as we wanted to anyhow. But think what all of them old Montana Waddies are thinking. Why, some of these old birds would miss their wives less than they do you.

Nancy comes down to California this Fall as usual, her and Jack; I didn't want to tell her so and she tried to let on they wasn't, but I tell you they was a pretty sad looking outfit. They sho was a lonesome layout. Nancy and I talked over the usual routine about "it being all for the best, and that you had a better job, and would do may by better work there than you did here." Yes, we both said that we kinder agreed in our talk with each other, and we joshed it off and sorter smiled a little, but I want to tell you that it was a mighty sick little grin and, between you and me, in our hearts we knew we were both trying to load each other. We knew in each others own hearts that we couldn't see why you had to go and switch outfits, just when you had got to be boss of this one.

You know I hadn't seen you in about a year, and she told me the most part of that Time, that you were working on a Book of yours even more than on your paintings. She said you had the thing all just finished up. She said she wanted me to write a sort of introduction to the book, said you wanted me to before you left. My Lord Charley you know I can't write any Introduction, that's for writers to do. Why a book like you got Charley that you put all your best stories in, and spent all that time drawing, I bet a hundred wonderful pictures are with it. Why you ought to have somebody turn an introduction out of the "schute" that would really turn on some high grade words, and doctor them up with some pretty salty ideas. It ought to be sorter classy, I couldn't try to make it funny in the introduction, for you know yourself Charley what chance I got being in the same book with my little maverick brand along side of your outfit of humor. Why you never heard me open my mouth when you was around, and you never knew any of our friends that would let me open it as long as there was a chance to get you to tell another one. I always did say you could tell a story better than any man that ever lived. If I could a got you to quit that crazy painting idea, and took up something worth while like joke telling, Why I would a set you out there on the stage at the tail end of an old chuck wagon, hunched up on an old roll of "Sougans" and a "prop" campfire burning your face. Say you would have

been the biggest thing that ever fit in while the "Glorified Beauties" was changing the color of their powder. But you would dab around with them old brushes, and squeeze a handful of mud into the snape of some "limber neck" bronk. You looked to me at times like you would rather be a good dirt dobber, or a sort of an old painter than just about anything.

Now I am going to try to talk Nancy out of that introduction Gag to that book. Every one of your old friends are too anxious to get into that book, to be messing around with any introduction anyway, I don't know what it is but everyone of them feel that this book will be more like you than anything you have done. We can just set there by the hour and imagine you telling that very yarn, and then we can look at the drawing and you will show us in it the things that we might never get if it wasent for your pointing it out for us, I bet we get many a laugh out of all those comical drawings. I want to see old Ed Borein when he starts a pointing out all the little cute things in the pictures that he thinks we dont get. Some of them stories of yours is going to be mighty sad when somebody else tries to tell em like you did. They say your range is up on a high Mountain and you can look down on all these little outfits like ours, You will get many a quiet laugh hearing modern "grangers" trying to unload one of your old favorites.

There ain't much news here to tell you. You know the big Boss gent sent a hand over and got you so quick, Charley; but I guess He needed a good man pretty bad; I hear they been a working short-handed over there pretty much all the time; I guess it's hard for Him to get hold of good men, they are just getting scarce everywhere. But you was gone one morning before the old cook could roll out, and when you beat him up you are stepping. But after we realized that you had rolled your bed and gone, it sure would a done your old hide good to a seen what they all thought of you. You know how it is yourself with a fellow leaving an outfit and going over to another, in talking it over after he has gone there is generally a But to it somewhere. Some old "Peeler" will unload some dirt about him. But there sure wasent any after you crossed the skyline. Why, it would a been almost worth your going to a new outfit just to have heard all the fine things said about you. Why, even a lot of them old Reprobates (that perhaps owed you money) that said "we may have Painters in time to come, that will be just as good as Old Charley; we may have Cowboys just as good, and we may occasionally round up a pretty good man. But us, and the manicured tribe that is following us, will never have the Real Cowboy. Painter and Man combined that old Charley was. For we ain't got no more real cowboys, and we ain't got no real cows to paint, and we just don't raise no more of his kind of men, and if by a Miracle we did get all that combination, why, it just wouldn't be Charley."

Why, you old Rascal, you would a thought you was somebody. Why, the Governor and the State Legislature of that big old commonwealth of Montana said you was the biggest thing ever produced in the State, that your work would live and be known when maybe Montana was the central part of Japan. Why, we got ahold of Editorials by big Writers and Art Guys from all over the East that said that you was the Michael Angelo of the West (That's some Dago over there that was as big in his day as Mussolini is now); you never was much for swelling

up, but I tell you your old hat band would be busted if you heard what was said about you.

Ah! but it was wonderful, Charley, and it did please your old friends that the world recognized you. But somehow that didn't seem to repay us; it wasn't what you had done, it wasn't because you paint a horse and a cow and a cowboy better than any man that ever lived; I don't know, it was you, Charley. We want you here if you couldn't whitewash a fence. We are just sorter selfish. I guess. Why, when you left there was actually old "Rounders" cried that you would a bet your last sack of tobacco that didn't have any more sentiment than a wet saddle blanket. Why, even your old horse followed you off with your saddle on, if you had looked back you would a seen him.

But we all know you are getting along fine, You will get along fine anywhere, I bet you hadent been up there three days till you had out your old Pencial and was a drawing something funny about some of their old Punchers. That makes us want to see you more than ever for we know that you will have some new ones for us about some of them Sky Line Riders up there. I bet you Mark Twain and Old Bill Nye, and Whitcomb Riley and a whole bunch of those old Joshers was just a waiting for you to pop in with all the latest ones, What kind of a Bird is Washington and Jefferson? I bet they are regula fellows when you meet em aint they? most big men are. I would like to see the bunch that is gathered around you the first time you tell the one about putting the Limburger Cheese in the old Nestors Whiskers, Dont tell that Charley till you get Lincoln around you, he would love that, I bet you and him kinder throw in together when you get well acquainted, Darn it when I get to thinking about all them Top Hands up there, If I could just hold a Horse wrangling job with em, I wouldnt mind following that wagon myself.

Write me about Bret Harte, and O. Henry, I bet there is a couple of Guys standing guard together, auger awhile with them, and you will get many a laugh.

With that sign language which you "savvy" why you can gab with any of those old "hombres" up there, Tie into that old Napoleon some time and pick a load into him, you ought to get something pretty good from him, if it aint nothing but war, and women.

At first we couldnt understand why they moved you, but we can now. They had every kind of great man up there, but they just didnt have any great Cowboy Artist like you. Shucks! on the luck, there was only one of you and he couldnt use you in both places.

You will run onto my Dad up there Charley, for he was a real Cowhand and bet he is running a wagon, and you will pop into some well kept ranch house over under some cool shady trees and you will be asked to have dinner, and it will be the best one you ever had in your life, Well, when you are a thanking the women folks, You just tell the sweetest looking little old lady that you know her boy back on an outfit you used to rep for, and tell the daughters that you knew their brother, and if you see a cute looking little rascal running around there kiss him for me. Well cant write you any more Charley dam papers all wet, It must be raining in this old bunk house.

Course we are all just a hanging on here as long as we can, I dont know why we hate to go, we know its better there, Maybe its because we havent done anything that will live after we are gone.

from your old friend,

WILL.

Barnstorming Start of Post's Air Career

OKLAHOMA CITY, Aug. 16 (AP).—From a modest farm near Marysville, Okla., Wiley Post rose to become one of the world's greatest fliers. Not satisfied with making the fastest time around the globe, but pushing on to new achievement in the stratosphere.

Post had early ambitions to become an airplane pilot and they were not stopped by an accident in a machine shop several years ago which cost him the sight of an eye.

With Burrell Tibbs and Dorsey Askew as his instructors, he learned to fly and joined them as a parachute jumper in their "flying circuit."

After three years of "barnstorming" he settled down to become the personal pilot of F. C. Hall, wealthy independent oil operator, who later became his backer in the flights that brought Post and the Winnie Mae world fame.

The stocky flier had Harold Gatty for a navigating partner in June and July, 1931, on his first record-breaking flight around the globe. Their time was 207 hours and 51 minutes, less than 10 days.

In 1933 Post set out alone from Floyd Bennett Field, New York, bent on breaking that record without the help of a navigator. Less than nine days later, in just 186 hours and 49½ minutes, he had flown around the earth and landed again at New York.

Post was born at Grand Saline, Texas. The aviation "bug" first bit him in 1919 while he was a rigger's helper in the Oklahoma oil fields.

His original investment in aviation was \$25, which he took from the lean purse of a barnstorming pilot to give him "the works" of an ancient "Jenny."

Became Parachute Jumper. It was five years later before Post flew again, but the virus of the flying "bug" had taken effect. This time he went out as a parachute jumper at \$25 a leap.

He saved enough to learn flying, but in 1926 he tired of flying borrowed machines and went back to the oil fields to get together a stake of his own. He lost his left eye when struck by a steel splinter chipped off a link pin.

Post's flying first attracted national attention in August, 1930, when he won the nonstop air derby from Los Angeles to Chicago. From that time on he was almost constantly in the limelight of aviation, following soon with the round-the-world flight with Gatty, then his solo record-breaker and recently his attempts to reach superspeed in the stratosphere.

Post used his faithful Winnie Mae, the ship that carried him to the heights, in his four unsuccessful attempts to span the continent in the stratosphere.

"Pure Sentiment." His reason for this, he said, was "pure sentiment," and it was with reluctance that he saw her head for retirement recently after the last attempt.

The ship, a high-wing monoplane, was named for Winnie Mae Fain, the daughter of Hall, Post's early financial backer.

On these high altitude flights he used a landing gear fastened in such a manner that it could be detached upon taking off, to reduce the wind resistance. The plane was landed on its "belly," on a small wooden skid.

His primary purpose, Post said, was not to break the existing speed record, but to "prove my theories as to the possibilities of stratosphere flying."

"The Winnie Mae is not a racing plane," he said. "The only special equipment on it is the supercharger and radio. Its normal cruising speed at ordinary altitudes, with landing gear, is 150 miles an hour."

100,000 AT GLENDALE TO PASS CASKET

Only 50,000 Able to Do So Between Sunrise, Hour of Funeral in Tiny Chapel.

Millions Throughout U. S. Pay Their Respects in Varying Ceremonies.

GLENDALE, Cal., Aug. 22 (AP).—The Nation's heavy-hearted farewell to Will Rogers as one of its best beloved men was spoken today.

"It is no exaggeration to say that no man has been so universally appreciated and loved as Will Rogers," said Rev. J. Whitcomb Brougher here in the tiny chapel of the West Kirk o' the Heather.

Screen actor, famed flier, publisher, athlete and statesman were among the few more than 100 able to crowd into the chapel with the bereaved widow and children of the humorist.

One hundred thousand others came earlier to Forest Lawn Memorial Park to pass by the simple bronze casket. But only half that number could do so between sunrise and the funeral hour. The casket was not opened.

Over the Nation, the millions who learned to love the cowboy philosopher's sparkling wit and kindly manner paid their respects in varying ceremony. More than 12,000 theaters were darkened for two minutes. Church chimes sounded. Eulogies were spoken.

One of Very Greatest.

"Measured by any one of a half dozen standards," Rev. Mr. Brougher said, "one of the very greatest men America has ever produced has gone on a little while ahead of us into that life of greater opportunity that Christ has prepared for those who love Him."

After the minister's eulogy, John Boles, actor, sang Rogers' favorite cowboy song, "Old Faithful."

As the services were held, other thousands in Oklahoma attended rites for Wiley Post, the globe-circling flier, who was killed with Rogers one week ago tonight in a plane crash near Point Barrow, Alaska.

The list of guests invited to attend the private rites for Rogers typified his diversified life.

From Film World.

From his motion picture world came such stars as Clark Gable, Eddie Cantor and Billie Burke. Stepin Fetchit, the drawing negro comedian, who appeared with Rogers in some of his pictures, was there.

From the world of aviation, the list drew such names as Mrs. Amelia Earhart Putnam.

"Snowy" Baker, noted Australian polo star, and "Tex" Austin, a former cowboy who now sponsors rodeos, attested other interests.

Flowers were heaped in profusion, from the Lambs Club, New York theatrical group; from the quiet birdmen organizations of New York and Los Angeles; from the Baseball

They Brought Will and Wiley Back to Civilization and to Rest

Associated Press Photos



The airmen who flew the bodies of Will Rogers and Wiley Post from the scene of their crash in Alaska to Seattle, and thence to Los Angeles, are shown in the top photo. Bottom photo is of the "Will Rogers Tree," a little pine on the western shore of Lake Tahoe, Cal., which residents of the region draped in black upon word of the humorist's death. The tree

was dedicated to Rogers two years ago during a Governors' conference there. At the time Rogers drawled, "Well, I guess it will grow up to be a big tree some day." The airmen in the top photo, left to right, are William W. Winston, pilot; J. L. Fleming, junior pilot; T. W. Dowling, radioman; Tom Ward, engineer, and Joe Crosson, who flew the bodies over Alaskan wastes to Seattle.

it was said, and could not bear the ordeal of a last look at the loved features in the midnight hours.

Hastily Drives Away.

But just as dawn was breaking over the Hollywood hills, throwing the first shadows of day into the Wee Kirk o' the Heather, the Rogers family sedan again drove to the chapel and Mary Rogers, head bowed and with tears streaking her face, walked in to pay a solitary final farewell to her father.

After a few seconds she emerged from the chapel into the first rays of the morning sun and attempting to staunch the flow of tears with a small handkerchief, entered the car and was hastily driven from the Memorial Park.

Family Bids Farewell to Will Rogers at Bier

By International News Service.

HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 22.—A grief-stricken widow, two saddened boys and a girl Thursday had said a final private farewell to their husband and father, Will Rogers.

Shortly before midnight a sedan slipped through the gates of the Forest Lawn Memorial Park and made its way to the Wee Kirk o' the Heather.

Mrs. Betty Rogers, the widow, assisted by her sons, Will Jr. and James, stepped from the car and walked into the gold chapel where a dim light played on the simple bronze casket which bore the body of Will Rogers, to the world a humorist and philosopher, to the saddened trio a loving husband and father.

There, with no curious eyes to witness their grief, the trio stood a few feet from the body of the man they loved, attired in his "dress up" suit of blue serge, a plain white shirt and a black bow tie.

After a few seconds the three walked back to their car. Tears were streaming from Mrs. Rogers' eyes, while the eyes of her sons were dimmed by emotion.

Mrs. Rogers did not collapse. She was visibly shaken by grief, but kept a firm control over her emotions.

It was the first time Mrs. Rogers or her sons had looked on the features of the husband and father since he left Hollywood a few weeks ago on the ill-fated vacation trip to Alaska with Wiley Post, who crashed to his death with Rogers on the barren Alaskan tundra.

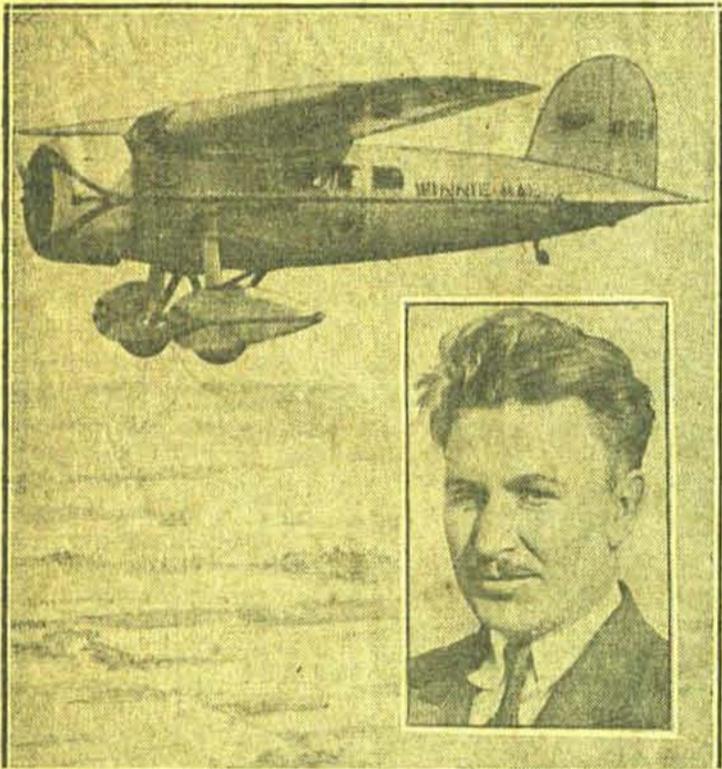
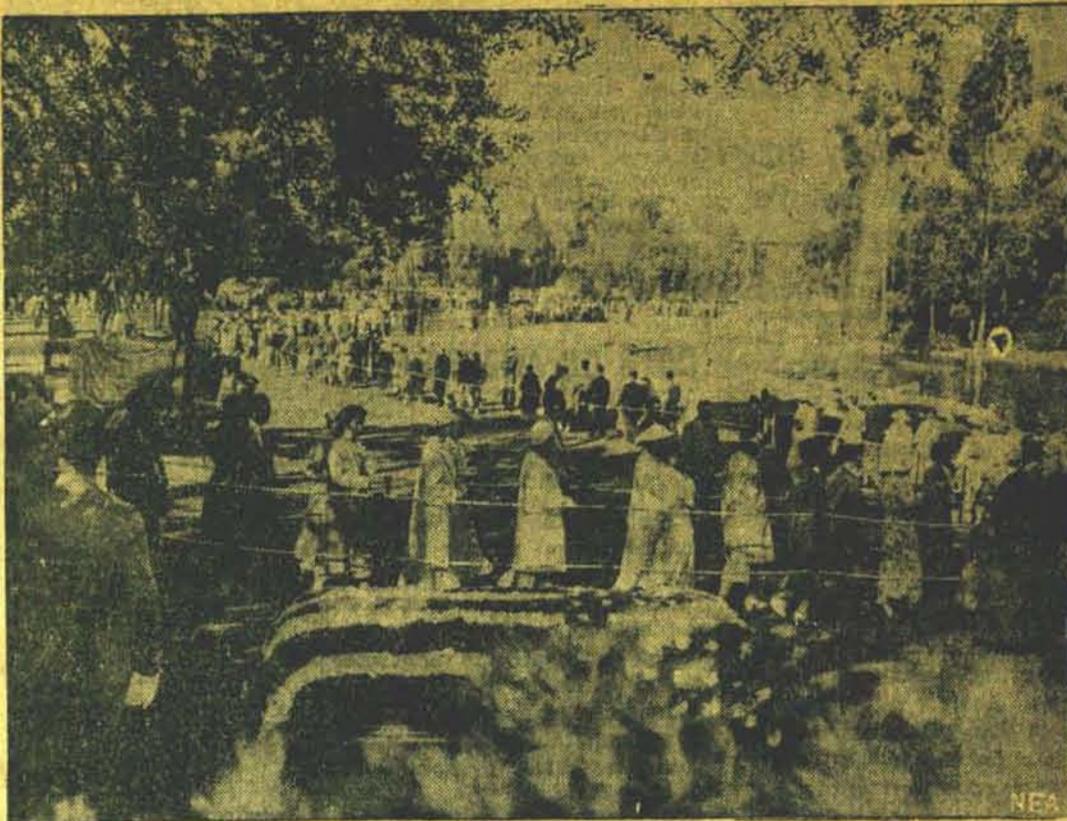
It was a final farewell.

Mary Rogers, daughter of the actor, remained at the Santa Monica ranch home of the family during the midnight visit of her mother and brother to the bier of her father. She was overcome by grief.

100,000 PAY LAST RESPECTS TO BELOVED HUMORIST IN CALIFORNIA



WILEY POST HAD TO FIGHT HIS WAY THROUGH A THROG of hysterically-enthusiastic hero worshipers, to greet his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Post, at Chickasha, Okla., after completing his first globe-girdling flight.



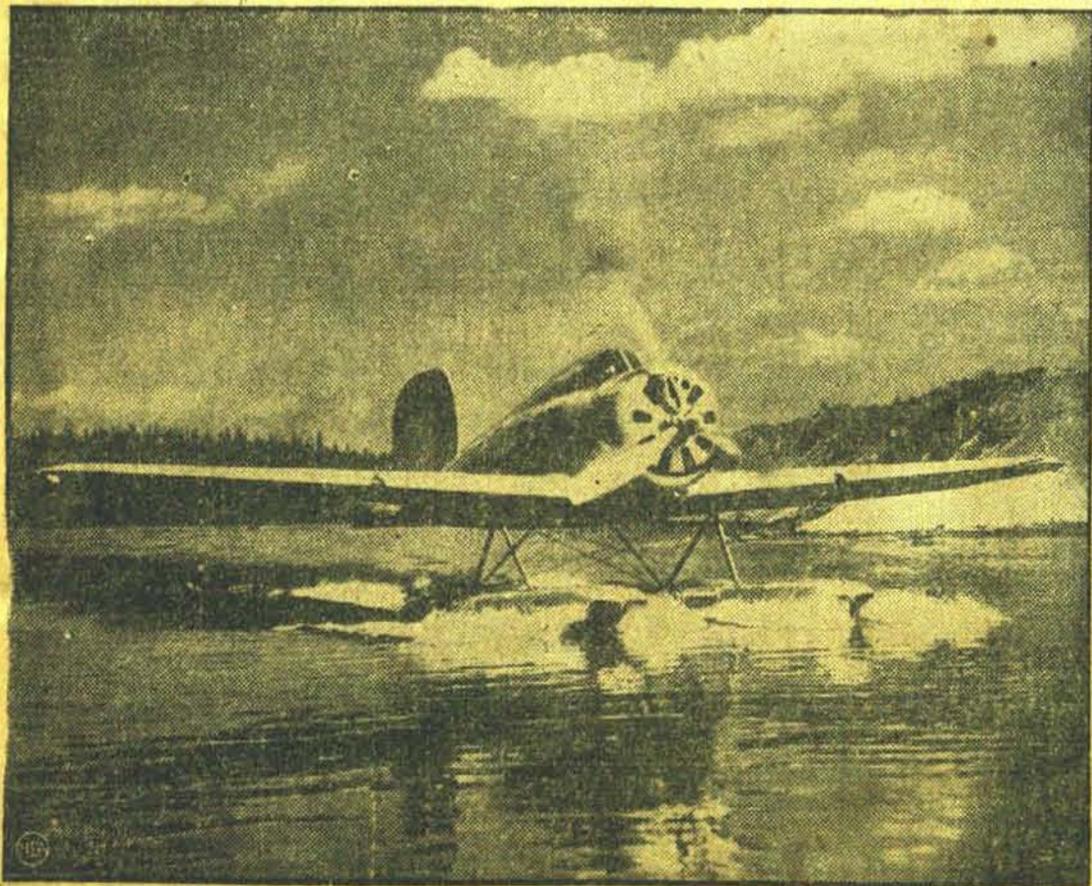
HERE IS THE PLANE, "WINNIE MAE," IN WHICH WILEY POST twice flew around the world, once with Harold Gatty and once as a soloist. He is the only man ever to circle the earth in a plane alone. He is shown (inset) in a closeup.



More than 100,000 persons swarmed into Forest Lawn Memorial Park to pay homage to Will Rogers as his body lay in state for six hours before the funeral services. Photo shows

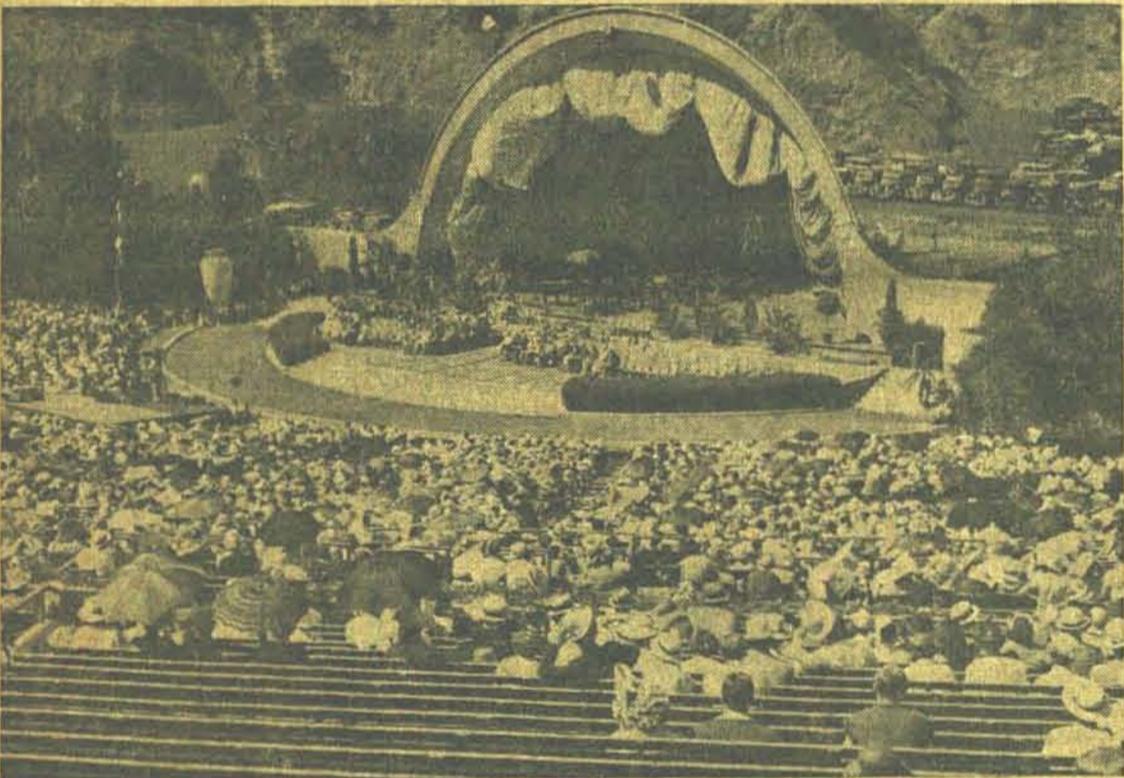
the long line of mourners who filed by the casket in the foreground. Below: Escorted by a military guard, Will Rogers' body is removed from the place where it lay in state to the Wee Kirk o' the Heather chapel for the last rites.

ILL-FATED PLANE AND FAMOUS PAIR BEFORE TAKE-OFF FOR ALASKA



Pointed for adventure but doomed for tragedy, the graceful low-winged monoplane in which Wiley Post and Will Rogers were carried to their death near Point Barrow, Alaska, is shown taking off from Lake Washington at Seattle. At the right, the pair are pictured together for the last time as they watched the skies for favorable weather for the take-off.

Huge Throng Pays Last Tribute to Will Rogers



Forming a line two miles long, more than 100,000 mourners filed by the bier of Will Rogers (top) to pay their last farewell to the man who gave them wisdom, joy and laughter. From all walks of life they

came to pass by the casket, with its covering of an American flag, fashioned of flowers, as it lay in the cool shade of the trees in Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Glendale, Cal. Part of the throng that attended in

—International Illustrated News. Hollywood Bowl is shown (bottom) as it listened to a program of beautiful sincerity. Rupert Hughes, author, delivered the eulogy. Conrad Nagel, actor, read a prose selection, and Lawrence Tibbett sang.



Will Rogers.



The Fatal Plane.



THE FIRST TIME THAT COL. CHARLES A. LINDBERGH and Will Rogers flew together was back in 1927, soon after the Colonel became famous. Later Will and Mrs. Rogers spent several days in the Lindbergh home in New Jersey, where a long-time friendship started.

Miss Stone Describes Will Rogers, the Actor

(This is the third installment of an interview with Dorothy Stone, stage and screen star, on "Will Rogers as I Knew Him." In the last article she described Rogers' all night vigil New Year's Eve during the Los Angeles flood two years ago. Several road embankments had been washed away, and she speaks of his fear and anxiety for his son who had not returned home.)

(Copyright, 1935, by I. N. S.)
NEW YORK, Aug. 21.—"At 4 o'clock in the morning," Miss Stone continued, "young Bill came driving home. He saw the figure of a man on horseback waving a red lantern. The rain was falling so hard he could not recognize the man until he heard a familiar voice shout:

"'Hya there! Stop yo' car!'"

"As young Bill said afterward, there is one voice and one accent that he'd recognize anywhere in the world. He shouted:

"'Dad!'"

"He jerked the car to a stop and leaped out. Then, he saw the yawning hole where the road had been washed away, and he saw the dripping figure of his father—saw the water streaming from his horse. Will put out his hand and grinned:

"'Bill, I'm sho' glad you made it.'"

"Bill Jr. told me the story later as we were sitting in my hotel suite. I can still see how his eyes shone, and how he seemed to thrill at the narration of it. If ever a son worshipped and adored his father, that son was Bill Rogers."

Miss Stone paused for a moment, then began:

"Well, I could go on for ages talking about Will, but I must tell something about the fun we had together in 'Three Cheers.' You know, Daddy broke his leg in an airplane crash, and Will took his place in the show. He did it partly as a favor to Dad, partly to help Mr. Dillingham, the producer, and mainly, I think, because there were over a hundred people in the show who would lose their jobs if he didn't substitute."

Always Overly Generous.

"I know he had a lot of other contracts at the time, but he managed to break all of them up until June 1. He was just so decent about the whole thing, but he was always that way—always overly generous."

"The opening night when the show began again after Daddy's accident I was sitting in my dressing room terribly nervous. I felt all jumpy and was wishing Daddy were there so I could tell him just how miserable I was feeling."

"Suddenly there was a knock and in came Bill with tears streaming down his face."

"'Oh, honey,' he said, 'I wish yo' daddy were here.'"

"He took me in his arms, and I could just see how upset he was. Somehow, it took away all my own fear, and I just patted him and comforted him and began to feel very brave."

"The show that night seemed to go over big. Will was a sensation, and we were never quite as nervous again."

"I've been in show business for quite a while, but he's about the only actor I know who could have almost as large an audience in the wings as he would out front."

Actors His Audience.

"The whole company used to stand and watch him in every performance because he was always changing his jokes. In the middle of a scene, he would say:

"'Now I'll tell you about Hoover—'"

"And he would introduce some brand new joke."

There was one scene where the entire chorus would come out singing "We are the peasants, etc.," and, after they had danced around, the mayor would strut pompously out on the stage and announce:

"'I am the mayor!'"

"The routine at this point would usually be interrupted because Will

would whirl his lariat and rope him from the wings, then jerk him off the stage. The audience never could figure this out, although it always got a laugh, and they did not realize it wasn't supposed to be a part of the show.

"Sometimes Will would get excited and be having so much fun with this stunt that he would steal out behind the chorus girls with his rope and just chase the mayor around the stage. The audience would see a man in shirtsleeves stealthily creeping behind the last row of chorus girls, and most of them thought he was a stagehand."

"I still laugh when I think of the mayor trying to go through his speech—constantly being in mortal fear of Will's rope descending on him."

Kept Show Off Cue.

"Will's antics kept the show off cue, and everybody caught his boyish spirit. No one took his part in tense seriousness, and we all had a lot of fun."

"I'd be in an act with Will, and he'd introduce some new joke that wasn't in the script, and I'd have to follow him. His humor was so exuberant, so boyish, and so natural that this was never hard, and half the time I'd be hearing the joke for the first time along with the audience."

"Occasionally, I used to introduce something new myself, and Will always got a huge kick out of that. It's actually true we used to have so much fun together we'd forget about the audience until bits of applause would suddenly remind us."

"When celebrities came to the show Will would insist upon introducing them while I was on the stage. He knew what a kick I got out of it, and it delighted him to amuse me. Sometimes he would ask me to make the introductions."

"'You do it, honey, you're getting paid,' he would say. Then he would sit on the stage while I made the introductions, and grin and remark to the audience:

"'Isn't she wonderful! I'm teaching her to work.'"

"'Don't you tell her now!'"

Not Odd to Them.

"And, of course, we didn't. When she came home she was absolutely delighted with the whole thing. Will led her all around, showing her each improvement, and anxiously waiting to see how she would like it. He grinned broadly each time she praised anything."

"Among the improvements he made was the heightening of the roof of the living room. He had a life size stuffed calf in the living room, and every day, after dinner, he'd practice roping it for hours. The rope would sometimes hit the ceiling, so he had the roof heightened in order to give him more room in which to swing."

"No one ever thought this after-dinner exercise was odd, and the women would sit talking in the room totally oblivious of Will's rope throwing."

"I remember one time when he and my father were roping after we had all finished dinner. My father at the time was wearing his hair very long in order to fit a character he was going to play in the production, 'So Red the Rose.'"

"They tossed ropes at the calf in silence for a few minutes, and then,

Dorothy Tells About Will's Stuffed Calf

(Editor's Note—This is the second installment of an interview with Dorothy Stone, stage and screen star, on "Will Rogers as I Knew Him." In the first installment Miss Stone reminisced about her childhood memories of the great humorist. She closed by describing how she held little Bill, Will Rogers' eldest son, in her lap when he was a baby. She now continues:)

(Copyright, 1935, by International News Service.)

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—"Well, he isn't little Bill any more," she continued sadly, "he's Will Rogers in his own right. He'll be head of the family now, and no finer person could be head of it. Will's son is marvelous; he's a genuinely real person, absolutely unspoiled, and a real man. In spite of his background and all the advantages which he has enjoyed, he has retained all of his father's simplicity and charm."

"Will just lived for his family, and his greatest ambition was that they should all be happy. He would just do anything for them."

"Sometimes he would be putting on his riding clothes, getting ready to go out, or be in the midst of doing something else, when he would suddenly remember that he had promised to take little Mary to the movies or to play ball with Billy. That was enough, and he would drop whatever he was doing to keep his promise to them."

"His devotion to Aunt Betty was constantly touching, and illustrated by the many small ways in which he tried to please her. Last Easter, while she was away, he had his whole ranch done over for her. He planned and supervised everything and was as excited as a small boy. He would say to us:

"'Don't you tell her now!'"

Not Odd to Them.

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"They tossed ropes at the calf in silence for a few minutes, and then,

while his lariat was still in the air, Will said:

"'Get you'self a haircut, Fred. You sho' look terrible.'"

"Without disturbing his aim, Dad answered:

Look Like Fetlocks.

"'Can't do it, Will. Need it for my part in this play.'"

"'Shucks, Fred, you can wear a wig. And you suttinly ought to get those bushy eyebrows trimmed. Look like fetlocks.'"

"All this time they were studiously lassoing the calf as though it were the most important thing in the world."

"Dad answered:

"'Can't wear a wig. Always looks too wiggish.'"

"'Aw no, Fred, I don't think so. You sho' need to get spruced up.'"

"Watching the two of them working on the much-roped calf, and listening to their dialogue, I suddenly thought that here we were witnessing something that on the stage people would pay almost anything to see. And yet it was an every-day occurrence."

"Will was always lecturing and advising Daddy as though he were his father. And Daddy never failed to listen. The next day, incidentally, he had his hair cut, his bushy eyebrows trimmed and, in general, got all 'spruced up.'"

Miss Stone hesitated for a moment and then went on:

"Yet with all his charm and playfulness, Will was essentially a man's man and nothing better illustrates his inner quality of self-sacrifice and courage than the incident of the flood."

Kept Vigil All Night.

"Two Winters ago, there was a heavy, continuous downpour of rain in the Los Angeles area which caused a swelling of the rivers and flooded a great many sections. The water washed away the embankment of the road by Will's house leaving a deep chasm and making the road impassible and exceedingly dangerous. The occupants of any car that went off the road were almost certain to be killed."

"It was New Year's Eve, and the rain was coming down in torrents. But, carrying a red lantern, Will saddled a horse, and, all night long, he warned motorists of the danger and persuaded them to stop. None of them knew who he was—some thought he was a holdup man—others thought he was just a cranky old farmer—but one look at the road and they were offering fervent thanks for his aid."

"Cold, with the water swishing up to his horse's knees, and the rain soaking through his coat, Will kept guard all night. But worse than the physical sufferings was a terrible fear clutching at his heart. All of his children were out at New Year's parties—and he knew that the other roads were washed away."

(End of second installment.)

(In the third installment of this interview, Miss Stone tells of the highly dramatic meeting of Will Rogers and his son the night of the flood, and she begins the diverting story of her partnership with Will, in "Three Cheers.")

Rogers and Post Receive Tributes From the Clergy

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 24.—In reverent memory of Will Rogers and Wiley Post, ministers over the city last Sunday devoted their sermons to tribute, anecdote and eulogy of the beloved pair who met death last week in an Alaskan air crash.

Among those who spoke of the pair and part of their sermons are: Rev. Arthur H. Wurtele of St. Thomas Episcopal Church—"Because the world needs imagination and laughter, Will Rogers became one of the most beloved and respected Americans in his generation."

Rev. Glenn R. Phillips, president of the Los Angeles Ministerial Association and pastor of the First Methodist Church of Hollywood—"The deaths of Rogers and Post have cast a gloom over the world. Although I did not know Will Rogers, I feel as if I have lost a personal friend."

Rabbi Mayer Winkler of Community Synagog—"In the passing of these two great personalities the whole Nation suffers irreparable loss. Wiley Post wrote for himself a glorious chapter in history of aviation. The name of Will Rogers, America's most beloved and most popular figure, will go down in history as the great philosopher of the age."

Rev. Hugh Walker of the First Presbyterian Church—"We have lost a wonderful man. Mr. Rogers was not an ordained minister, but he was an ordained minister of righteousness, good will and good cheer."

POINTS IN WILL ROGERS' EARLY LIFE

It wasn't a cowboy, but a negro handyman who taught Will to rope.

He went around the world as a young man and his letters from that trip, to be quoted later, are in good English, with none of the grammatical individualism for which he became famous.

He started learning to smoke once, and set the whole prairie on fire with the first match he threw down. That made him quit.

He was in a serious crackup in a plane in Chicago, and kept it a secret from the press, as well as his family.

Will almost died from asphyxiation in a San Francisco hotel room, when he was a young man, because his roommate, who went to bed after Will was already asleep, blew out the gas on retiring.

Jimmy Walker once sent private word to Will Rogers to "lay off" kidding him.

Ziegfeld told Gene Buck to fire Rogers, who had not yet made a hit, and when Buck arrived to see Rogers, the cowboy asked for a raise in pay! A few weeks later he was able to set his own terms.

Will would have been a Broadway hit years before he got into the Follies, if on the night of his debut the Lusitania hadn't been torpedoed.

Will's Farewell to Show Told by Dorothy

This is the fourth and last installment of an interview with Dorothy Stone, stage and screen star, on "Will Rogers as I Knew Him." In the last article she was describing some of the fun she and Will had together in the show "Three Cheers."

(Copyright, 1935, by International News Service.)

NEW YORK, Aug. 22.—"I remember one time," Miss Stone continued, "when the show started Will was nervous and upset—missed his cues—and seemed awfully distraught. When we were off the stage for a moment I asked him what was the matter. He looked ruefully at me and said:

"Why, Dotty, Betty and the children came down to the show to say goodby. They're in my dressing room, but we've lost little Jimmy somewhere, and they've got to catch a train in a few minutes."

"Well, we went out on the stage together in the scene, and, in the middle of the act, Will looked up, and there was little Jimmy all alone in a box, watching everything intently, with his chin cupped in his hands. Will forgot the show, let that lovable broad grin spread over his face, and shouted:

"There you are, young 'un! Come down here! Hurry! You'll miss your train!"

"Then Will grinned sheepishly, turned to the audience, and explained the whole thing. When Jimmy came down, he left the stage, kissed him goodby, then came back and finished the scene.

"It brought down the house. One of Will's most striking features was his generosity," added Miss Stone, smiling reflectively, "every time anyone would send him a token of admiration or affection he would buy me the same thing so I wouldn't feel left out.

Revered Her Father.
"Will just revered my father, and during the time when he was convalescing from his broken leg, no one could mention Daddy's name without tears welling up in his eyes. He felt it more deeply than if it had happened to himself.

"Once during the show, we broadcast from Will's dressing room to Daddy's room at the hospital. It was so arranged that Daddy could speak to us, but I had to go on the stage during the time when Daddy was speaking, and I didn't hear him. Will was there, however, and when he later came on the stage, everybody noticed he was upset, and his eyes were moist.

"The closing night in Pittsburgh was one of the most wonderful and yet one of the saddest moments I have ever experienced.

Makes Farewell Speech.
"As the show was almost over, it began to dawn on the audience that this was the closing night. When Will came out for his last scene, the entire audience rose to their feet and applauded for ages. Will stood there looking at his feet in his boyish way and bowing—then, finally, when the audience quieted, he took me by the hand, led me down to the footlights, and made the most beautiful speech to the audience I have ever heard.

"There wasn't a girl in the com-

pany or out front with dry eyes. Then, he put his arms around me and hugged me—and, well, I'll never forget it.

"Then, he turned to the company and made his farewell speech to them. It was the most moving thing I've ever heard in my life, and everybody's face was just streaked with tears running down their makeup—we just couldn't help crying.

"After the show, the entire company, including musicians and stagehands, went down to the train to see Will off. He was going to California, and all the rest of us were going to New York.

"He said goodby at the tracks, got thoroughly hugged and kissed by everybody, then walked ploddingly with his head down toward the train. As he put his foot on the step, he turned and waved, and said, "Goodby, you-all."

"Well, that was just too much, and the whole company broke into a run toward the train. Then, he had to be hugged and kissed all over again, and, finally, when his train pulled out, he stood alone on the rear platform, and we all just feasted our eyes on him and waved frantically.

Could Go on Forever.
"Our own train was almost leaving, and we just flew across the tracks, everybody wiping their tears, in order to make it. I'll always cherish the memory of that closing night."

Miss Stone was visibly moved by the narration, but she continued:

"Last Easter week was the last time I saw Will Rogers. I was playing in Los Angeles in 'As Thousands Cheer,' and he came backstage to see me. Somebody had sent me flowers, and I noticed that as soon as he saw them he seemed upset. I asked him what was wrong.

"Aw, honey," he said mournfully, "ah didn't send you any flowers."

"I couldn't help laughing, but that was Will—always."

This seemed to conclude the interview, and, petting a dog which had wandered into the room, Miss Stone said:

"I could go on forever like 'this . . . I guess . . . but it brings back too much."

Rogers in Early Show Days a Hit but 'Green'

Will Rogers told stories about everybody in the world but stories about Will Rogers were few. One of the best was told more than 20 years ago by Bob Albrit.

Albright, a native of Oklahoma and a friend of Rogers, then was appearing in a vaudeville act at the Majestic Theater on Commerce Street. He since has attained quite a reputation as a singer and vaudeville entertainer and a few years ago, when Rogers was touring England, the humorist devoted his Sunday article to Albright and their meeting there.

The story deals with Rogers' early days in vaudeville. He had just returned to this country from South Africa where he had been appearing with a circus and was booked into the Hammerstein Victoria Theater roof in New York. He was not then doing the monologue that afterward made him famous, but a roping act, and was using in his act a trained horse. The act was a novelty to New York of that day and something of a sensational success. At the end of the first week, the vaudeville bill was changed, as customary, but Rogers' act was held over. The second week, the show was changed but Rogers was not. The third week the same thing occurred and Rogers became worried. He approached one of the performers on the bill.

"What's the matter with my act?" he asked. "Don't they think I'm good enough to go on with the rest of the show?"

Old Performer.
The old performer immediately sensed Rogers was a newcomer and unversed in vaudeville practices. "How long have you been here?" he asked, and when Rogers answered, "Three weeks," he came out with the statement that any time the powers that be held him over for one week, he would strike for a raise in pay.

Rogers pondered the remark for a few days and finally mustered courage to invade the office of Arthur Hammerstein. Hat in hand, he stood on first one foot and then the other, twisting the brim of his hat between his fingers. Hammerstein had been expecting the visit for two weeks; he knew what was coming.

"What's on your mind, Rogers? Out with it," he asked and Will,

still embarrassed, began: "Mr. Hammerstein, the folks up here seem to like my little act and I was wondering if you didn't think I was worth a little more money," and Hammerstein came back with this: "Hell, that's what every vaudeville actor thinks. They all want more money. But what do you think you ought to have, Rogers?" and received the shock of his career when Rogers answered: "Would \$10 a week more be too much?"

Rogers then was getting about \$350 a week. Hammerstein would have felt himself getting off light if he had doubled the price and, of course, Will got his \$10 raise.

Years after, when Rogers had become a frequent visitor in Fort Worth, one of his friends to whom Albright had related the story told him about it and he said it was true in every detail. But he added: "Boy, I have learned better and made 'em pay since."

Another Incident.

Another incident in his career had to do with his entry into talking pictures and he related the circumstances to a group in Fort Worth. Rogers had been touring Europe. Before his departure he had met a former booking agent in New York who asked him if he could not book him for a national tour or get some connections for him by which the agent, then in difficulties, could pick up some commission. While away the agent cabled about Rogers making a talking picture. It was something new; Rogers was having a busy and enjoyable time in Europe. It didn't occur to him there could be anything in it. He didn't bother to answer. Other cables followed, but went unanswered. Rogers returned to this country; did not see his agent friend and had forgotten all about the cables when one day he received this telegram: "Can get \$125,000 for talking picture. Their first offer was \$90,000." Will made the picture, as will be recalled just a single of his stage act, and the agent received a fat fee.

"I would have made it for \$5,000," Rogers said. "In fact, I'd have made it for nothing just for the advertising."

It was his first talking picture and the start of a new career that made Rogers an outstanding moving picture actor of the Nation and the No. 1 box office attraction.

Rogers Once Led Horse Into House of Late Flo Ziegfeld

NEW YORK, Aug. 17 (AP).—How Will Rogers led a horse into a bedroom at the home of his good friend, the late Flo Ziegfeld, and neatly explained to his astonished host the reasonableness of this slight innovation was recalled today.

Mrs. Fred H. Post, wife of a Long Island sportsman and polo player, and an intimate friend of the humorist, told of the episode.

The horse had been the property of the Prince of Wales. Rogers bought the animal from the prince to present to Ziegfeld's daughter, Patricia, who was ill. This was during the prince's last visit to America in 1923.

Rogers and horse arrived at the Ziegfeld home to find Mr. and Mrs. Ziegfeld away. Determined to present the horse to Patricia personally, Rogers led the animal into the house, up the stairs and into Patricia's sick-room.

The Ziegfelds arrived, and were visibly upset to find the horse gazing uneasily at his unusual sur-

roundings. They wanted an explanation. Rogers adroitly gave one.

"This horse," he said, "once belonged to the Prince of Wales. When he's in your house, he's just slumming."

That made it all right with everyone—except the horse.

FORD PLACES ROGERS AMONG WISEST MEN

DETROIT, Aug. 17 (AP).—Henry Ford described Will Rogers as one of the wisest men he ever met, in a telegram today from the Ford Summer home at the Huron Mountain Club in upper Michigan. Rogers and Ford were close friends.

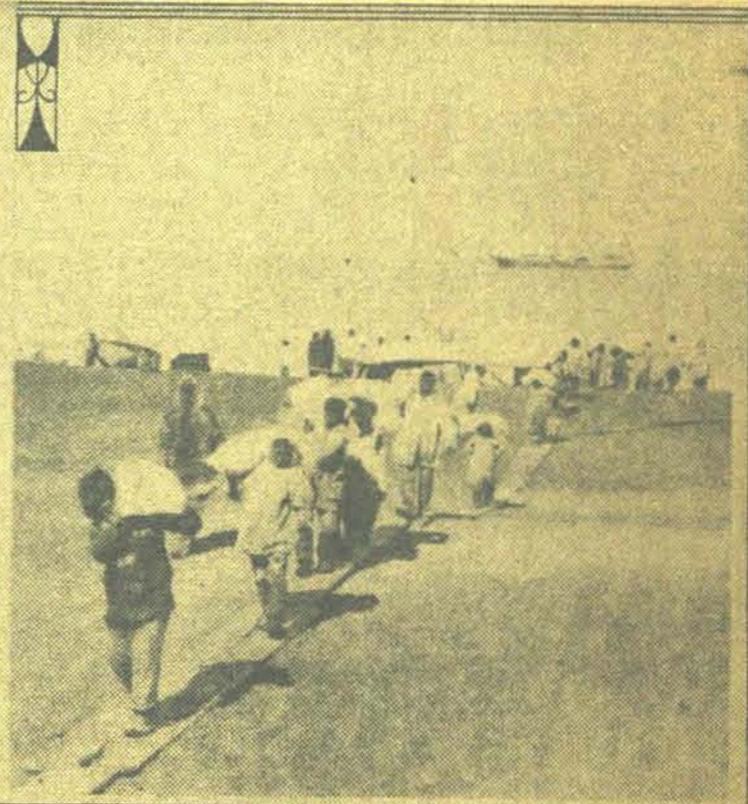
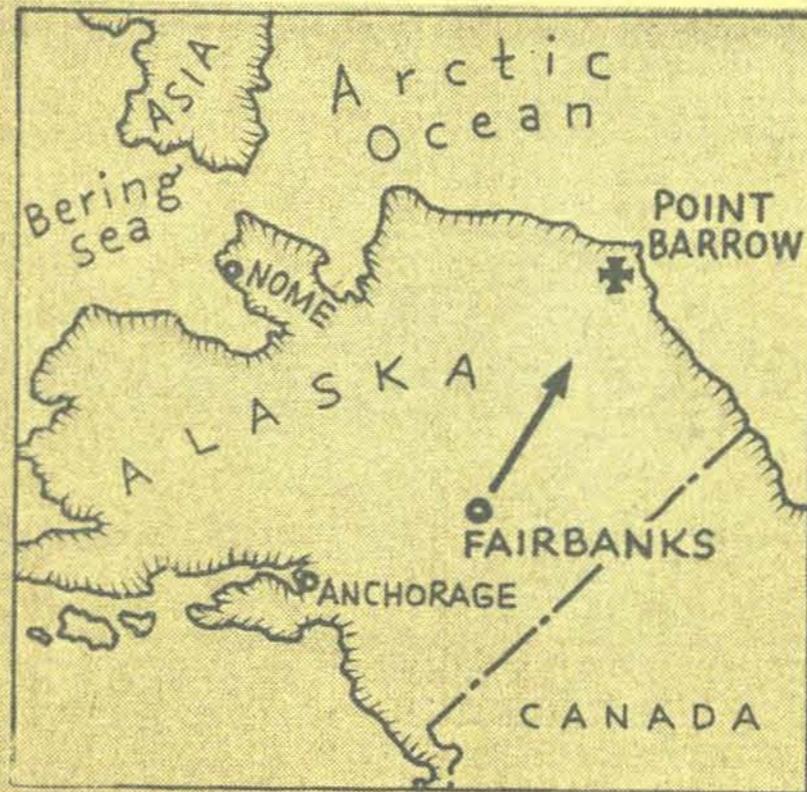
"Will Rogers' death comes to me as a great personal loss," Ford said. "He had seen everything and knew everybody and had always remained himself, so that his opinions were independent and sound. A man like Will Rogers was greatly needed in this country at this time because his humorous common sense pricked a great many bubbles."

Rogers Gave Large Sums for Charity

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 22 (AP).—Amon G. Carter, Fort Worth, Texas, publisher and an intimate friend of Will Rogers for 20 years, disclosed Thursday that the humorist-actor's gifts to two favorite organizations amounted to thousands of dollars.

Carter said he was with Rogers when he made the first of a series of radio broadcasts for an oil company. The comedian, he said, received \$50,000 for seven appearances on the air—and of the sum gave \$25,000 to the American Red Cross and \$25,000 to the Salvation Army.

"In 1930 alone," the publisher recalled, "he raised over \$275,000 for the Red Cross, all of which went for the benefit of humanity, Will paying the expense of the tour, over \$12,000, personally."



Some of the Alaskan country described by Will Rogers in what is probably his last written work is shown here. Will was his usual jovial self when this picture of him was taken backing into Wiley Post's plane at Fairbanks (top left). The map shows the approximate spot where Post and Rogers crashed south of Point Barrow. They were flying from Fairbanks to Point Barrow. A typical Summer scene of Point Barrow, where the bodies of Post and Rogers were taken after the crash, is shown top right. The lower left photo shows a street scene in Barrow during Winter. The Post plane is shown on the lower right as Post took off with Rogers from Seattle for Alaska.

OUR WILL:

BY SCOTT CUNNINGHAM

The
Of

OUR WILL: The Life Story Of Will Rogers

BY SCOTT CUNNINGHAM

FIRST INSTALLMENT.

WILL ROGERS was born Tuesday night, Nov. 4, 1879, in a valley four miles east of Oologah, Indian Territory. He was nine thirty-seconds (or a little more than one-fourth) Cherokee Indian, and Irish and Welsh.

The Rogers surname is of Norman-French derivation. Sometime between 1642 and 1646 members of this family moved from England to Ireland. Will Rogers' great-great-grandfather, Robert Rogers, was born in Ireland, came to western Virginia about 1800 to trade with the Indians, and married the daughter of another Irish adventurer, Thomas Cordery, whose wife was a full-blood Cherokee. Their fourth child, Robert Jr., married a one-eighth Cherokee, and had moved to the Indian Territory in 1839 when the future father of Will Rogers was born, according to Emmet Starr, author of the History of the Cherokee Indians, published by the Warden Company of Oklahoma City in 1921.

Will Rogers' first and biggest hero was his father. "Clem" Rogers had a hard youth, in the rough country of the Cherokee nation, and was "on his own," running a creek-side trading post, at 17. He had only two negro slaves to help him handle his Osage customers when they grew obstreperous. At 20 he married Mary Schrimsher, the future mother of Will Rogers, a quarter Cherokee herself, and took her back to his lonely post.

Then suddenly he was caught up in the Civil War. As a captain in the Confederate army, he led a charge, on foot, in the battle of Cabin Creek, Indian Territory. He had to start from scratch after the South's surrender, and hauled wagon-freight for five years to make the money with which to start as a rancher.

Tough times make tough men. Clem Rogers was serious, and sometimes crabby. He was mighty plain-spoken, too, but he was never regarded as a "bad man," never wore a gun. He was generous, and if a poor family got a present of a hog, or some flour, it probably came from him.

In 1870 Clem Rogers moved to the spot in the Verdigris Valley where Will was later to be born. After two years a two-story log house was erected. Clem was a man of relative wealth and a power in Cherokee politics in 1879, when his wife told him their sixth child was on the way.

Born In Log House On Verdigris River

A. J. Lane, country doctor, brought Will Rogers into the world in that log house on the Verdigris River bank. After Will was born, he had to be fed on a bottle. He was named William Penn Adair Rogers, after a Cherokee leader. His mother wanted him to be a Methodist preacher.

Willie, as the youngster was called, had three sisters and a brother when he was born, but his 15-year-old brother died of typhoid when Willie was still on his bottle. That left him the only boy in a family of girls, a fact that was to have bearing in the shaping of his sensitive but assertive character. The girl's names were Sallie, Maude and May.

To outrage his wife and daughters, Clem Rogers liked to take Willie's bottle away from him and then hear him utter harmless cusswords his father had taught him. "Stop that, Clem Rogers!" the boy's mother would order. "Why, it'd make you sick to hear it!"

What Mrs. Rogers hated most was that her husband usually picked times when there was "company" present to start this act. Women neighbors were always calling on her, for she was popular with them. They liked her funny stories and her dry wit. As in the case of Mark Twain, it was from his mother that Will derived much of his sense of humor.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The material for Scott Cunningham's "OUR WILL" was collected from personal contact with the man, from interviews with his relatives and friends, and from reading practically everything ever written by him or about him. Mr. Cunningham devoted two years almost exclusively to this task, and interviewed at least a hundred of Mr. Rogers' friends and childhood associates.)

Wrought Havoc to Rogers Ranchhouse

She was religious, however, in spite of her levity. Clem's working on Sunday was a thing that always hurt her. Talk as she might, he persisted in it. All she could prevail upon him to do was to "ask the blessing" at the table. To please her Clem would do so, and then, during the meal, swear like a sailor!

Willie outgrew his "cusswords" with the help of his mother. And then he learned to walk. What havoc was wrought in the Rogers ranchhouse when Willie was able to go prowling about!

What he liked best to explore was his sister Sallie's box of cosmetics. Sallie, now 18 and through school, was teaching.

He was too short to reach the box if he stood on the floor, so as he grew strong enough he pulled out a drawer from the bottom of the bureau, and stood on it. He daubed himself with powder until he looked like a baker.

Negro Taught Him How to Twirl Rope

When his mother found him and jerked him away he complained, "But I got to have some put-on-ya'-face. I GOT to." As a man, when he got into the theater, he had access to all the "put-on-ya'-face" he wanted, and never used it.

In rearing Willie and keeping him out of trouble, Mrs. Rogers had the help of a colored cook, Rhoda, and the cook's married daughter, Babe Walker.

Babe's husband, Dan, taught the boy the first he knew about roping. "Naw, now, Willie. That ain't the way to do it. Hold yo' rope thisaway," and he would demonstrate. "Try it ag'n."

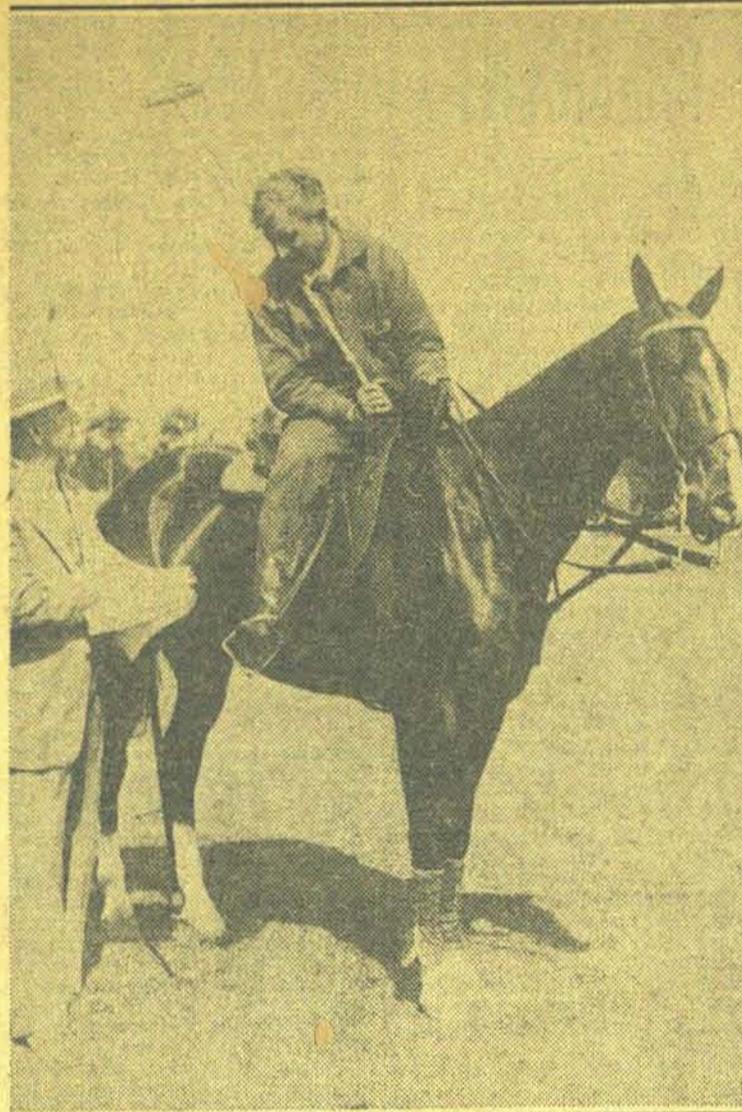
Willie did. He was somewhat proficient when Mrs. Charley Robinson of Talala came one day to see the Rogers' new baby-grand piano. Willie rode into the dining room astride a stick horse, and began to rope at everything he could. First a chair, then a passing sister—

"Willie," threatened his mother, entering, "you put that rope up or I'll take it and wear it out on you!"

Willie, not aware that he would one day make his living by twirling his rope, kept right on at his sport. His mother started for him and he roped her.

"Willie!" "Now will you be good?" Willie is said to have asked her. "You have to promise to be good and not spank me or I won't let you go."

By the age of 5, argue the specialists, a child's character has been pretty thoroughly shaped. But if Willie's character was shaped, his life wasn't, and in 1885 something happened that was to have an effect as long as he lived.



Will Rogers was "born in the saddle." While a very small child he was presented with a pony and a regular cowboy saddle by his father, and from

childhood cow ponies and polo horses were his favorites. This picture shows Will on a polo horse, talking to a scorer, on his ranch grounds in California.

SECOND INSTALLMENT.

In 1885, in his sixth year, something happened to Will Rogers that was to have a lasting effect. He was given his first pony!

Dan Walker, the colored hired hand, permitted Willie to get on his pony and accompany him on rides about the Rogers ranch. He wanted to ride all the time. No one could interest him in studying books yet, and just after his sixth birthday he remarked to his mother:

"If it wasn't for my pony I might grow up to be famous."

Willie practiced at his roping, too, which Dan had started in to teach him. At such times what he was trying to rope was usually an old elm stump not far from the house. Dan, overseeing, would shout, "That ain't th' way! You pick that rope up and lay it down like I told you."

Once Willie threw the rope down in a way to show that he did not care how it landed.

"I'll spank you," threatened Dan. So no wonder Will became expert. He had to be expert or be spanked.

Traded His Pony.

Willie's first pony threw him, and his father sold it to Ed Sunday, but soon bought him another. Ed Sunday had a boy called "Buck" whom Willie would have liked to play with, but Buck and his father lived on the far side of the Verdigris River, and Willie was not permitted to ford the stream yet.

There were plenty of colored children to play with. Negroes were almost as thick on Rab's Creek—the new name of the stream that had flowed by Clem Rogers' old trading post—as blackberries were in the hills nearby. In one family alone there were 11, and there were several such large families in that vicinity. The head of one family was Rab, one of the slaves Clem had owned before the Civil War. That war had not only emancipated the Indians' black servants but had made them citizens of their tribes with the surnames of their last owners. Thus Rab's last name was Rogers.

When Willie rode over on horseback to visit the Rab's Creek colony, he could always look for a horse race between his new pony, Dandy, and Houston Rogers' yellow mount, named Comanche. But Willie always lost.

of a hill that the Rab's Creek inhabitants had to skirt in going to and from Clem Rogers' ranch. One night Willie came along this road in a wagon, with Rab, and saw something white moving about the grave. "What's that?" he gasped.

"Willie," croaked Rab, "it's a ghost!"

It may have been a horse. It may have been a cow. But it might as well have been a ghost, for the speed with which Rab and Willie got away from there.

Clem Rogers' boy was 5 years old when it was decided it was time he went to school. There was none closer than Drungoul, four miles from Chelsea, in the Indian Territory, where Willie's sister Sallie was living. Willie, it was decided, would live with his sister and ride back and forth to school.

His father's parting gift to him now was a new saddle; not just a "bought" saddle, but one that had been "special made," in the style of a regular cowboy saddle, and with "W. P. R." engraved on the side of it.

An Indian School.

The Drungoul School was maintained by the Cherokee Indian nation and only Indian children were allowed to attend. "I only had enough white in me," Will once said, "to make my honesty questioned." A one-room log cabin housed the teacher, Miss McCoy, and all the 20 to 30 pupils, most of whom were full-blood Indians and not strong on learning.

Ray's Arithmetic was used, as well as McGuffey's First, Second and Third Readers. They even had a geography around, but all it was used for, Will afterward said, "was for looking at pictures of the cattle grazing in the Argentine and wolves attacking the sleighs in Russia."

It is to be doubted whether 8-year-old Willie learned as much from his First Reader at Drungoul as he did from his full-blood Indian schoolmates. From them, as from the Rab Creek youngsters, he learned the best ways to sidestep bad luck. Also, he learned a cure for hiccoughs that he never forgot.

(Tomorrow: Will's School Adventures.)

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OUR WILL: *The Life Story* Of Will Rogers By Scott C

THIRD INSTALMENT.

Will Rogers may not have remembered much he had learned from books at Drungoul School, near Chelsea, Indian Territory, when he began his book learning at the age of 8, but he learned from his full-blooded Cherokee schoolmates a sure cure for hiccoughs. It was to swallow the oil of cloves.

He developed an appetite for the Cherokee dish, "connie hennie," which was made of corn meal that had been dampened and allowed to sour.

A superstition he learned from the full blooded youths was that if you hear a fox bark, you must bark back at him or risk bad luck. Also, that evil spirits hover around water.

Vacation time came, and when Will got back to the old home place, he spent much of the time at the home of colored Dan and Babe Walker on top of a nearby hill. There he found playmates without having to go all the 10 miles to Rab's Creek. They were ebony-colored Charlotte, about Will's own age, and Mac, her slightly younger brother.

Charlotte's father had taught Will the first thing he ever learned about roping. Dan also had taught his daughter, and could she rope? "She could catch a goat with a lariat before I could get my loop made," Will said. After roping a nanny goat, Charlotte would milk it, while Will looked on.

If Charlotte had to help her mother, little Mac and Will would play alone. Sometimes they went hunting with a .22 target rifle. Once when they were on such an expedition when consultation revealed that Will and his companion were hungry.

Ate Poisonous Oak Apples

"I tell you," Willie suggested, pointing to some poisonous "oak apples," "let's eat some of them apple things there."

Mac consented and in 15 minutes the boys were so ill they thought they were going to die. They lay down on the ground and suffered in silence till they were strong enough to go home.

With creepy joy Will waited for dusk and the ghost story Babe and her husband had promised to tell him. Sitting on the floor of their house, with back against the wall, he listened many a time to an account that chilled his spine.

Often when the story was finished he was afraid to walk the dark mile to his home, and then Dan would go with him.

Thus the Summer went. Willie had a good time when he was with his family for his Winter vacation, too. How good it was to come home to meals of "conhutchy" and "curd," and home-made sorghum molasses. How he loved "cracklins" and "chitlins" and the hickory-smoked ham out of his father's smoke house! And corn pone made of corn meal, hot water and salt.

"My old daddy always had corn pone at every meal," Will later wrote. "He said it was only high-toned folks that eat light bread. He called it 'wasp nest' and thought it was just for the heathen."

There came a time soon when Will wanted to be home all the time and he gave the Drungoul teacher so much argument that the schoolmarm was probably as happy as he when he realized his wish to quit. However, his mother told him, he would have to enter school somewhere else.

Will Unruly, Is Sent Home

May, Will's youngest sister, was going to the Harrell Institute for Girls at Muskogee, Indian Territory. The school was headed by the Rev. T. F. Brewer, who had a son Will's age. Glad to be supervising his own son's education, and to have at least one boy companion for him, Rev. Mr. Brewer admitted his son Robert and Clem Rogers' son to the Harrell Institute.

Will got along better with his schoolmates than with his teachers.



Here is Will in a new role—that of a skipper of a river steamboat. "Steamboat 'Round the Bend" was Will's last picture. Irving Cobb, the famous humorist, also plays a prominent role.

The school wrote his mother: "Your boy is unruly. He likes to argue with the teacher too much. He will have to change or we shall be obliged to send him home."

If Will thought he was going to get out of going to school he was mistaken. He was soon placed in the Cherokee Seminary at Tahlequah. He won a reputation there for being a great singer, a clog-dancer, and always a cutup.

Colored Slim Rogers of Rab's Creek saw Will when in Tahlequah on a trip for freight, and reported to the boy's mother about him. "Yas'm, he set up on a box and read 'me. Ever time I seen him he was goin' about quiet-like; I never seen him in no deviltry."

Will's Mother Dies in 1890

This news pleased Mary Schrimsher Rogers. She had hoped her boy would be a Methodist preacher, and if he was growing studious he might yet become one. With no church near enough to attend, she was still religious in thought and deed. Not a Christmas passed but she gave generously to the poor. If neighbors were ill, Mrs. Rogers was always the first to get in a buggy and go to see them.

It will be easy, then, to understand how concerned were all who knew her when in May, 1890, she fell ill.

The family physician, Dr. Lane, was in Vinita and could not be reached, so a new doctor was engaged. He diagnosed the case as dysentery, and went to work to lower the fever. He failed. Her pain became so great that only morphine would ease it.

It was more than a week before the favored Dr. Lane arrived.

"You're too late, doctor," the stricken woman told him.

"No," objected the other; "you'll get all right."

It was the evening of the twenty-seventh. The next morning the mother of Will Rogers was dead.

(TOMORROW—Will outsmarts Dr. Woods).

FIFTH INSTALLMENT.

Scarritt Collegiate Institute at Neosho, Mo., was the fifth school Will had attended by the time he was 17. At the end of his second year he felt he had been there long enough, so he returned to his dad's ranch.

At the neighboring Lane ranch he lassoed a turkey one day and accidentally broke its neck. A week or two later he came visiting to the ranch with a package.

"What is it, Willie?" asked Mrs. Lane.

"Silverware," he told her, "to make up for the turkey."

One day Will and Doc Payne were riding home from Oologah together. Will produced a cigar he had bought in town. He was going to see what smoking was like. After lighting it he threw away the match with as much of the veteran's grace as he could command.

The neophyte smoker was going strong when Doc, who had looked back, cried: "Fire!" Will's match had set the prairie ablaze.

A wind spread the flames crackling through the grass. As hastily as they could, Will and Doc obtained wet gunny sacks. Other fighters poured in from all sides to battle this enemy of all cattlemen. No one asked who started it, but Will suffered.

Why Young Will Quit Smoking

All day long they fought, and only after nightfall, when the flames had pushed them six miles, did the firefighters win.

"Well, what would you have done, Will," Doc asked as they rode home, "if we hadn't put it out?"

"I'd been a ridin' yet," said Will. He quit trying to smoke.

Will's next school was Kemper Military Academy at Boonville, Mo., where he had 150 fellow students. Will, now in his eighteenth year, looked handsome in his gray uniform.

"Well, Ed," Will's father told Ed Sunday, "I've got that hard-to-control boy of mine where he ought to be. He's in a military school, and they got a wall around it!"

"I was two years at Kemper," Will later said, "one year in the

guardhouse and the other in the fourth grade. One was about as bad as the other." In reality, he enrolled for what would correspond now to the second year of high school. And here as at other schools he seemed to get a fact into his head in less time than it took others.

He could loaf all through a study period, hurriedly read his lesson as he strode to class, and wind up knowing it as well as any of his more studious classmates.

In the physics class of 10 or 12 boys he had a seat at the side of the room, and almost always was asked question No. 1, as given in the text. So Will troubled himself, when under other pressures, to know the answer only to question No. 1.

He had to take elocution. The gestures and other artificialities he had to learn in that course gave him a life-long dislike of the pompous, oratorical style.

Will liked to play practical jokes. One of his favorites was to catch someone asleep in the upper bunk of a double-deck bed, and tilt the bed until its occupant rolled out—to land on a couch Will would have waiting for him.

Dutiful Firemen Play a Soaking Joke

His greatest triumph was in the creation of a "fire department." Two schoolmates, "Street Car" Johnson and "Hurt" Payne, were his closest aids. One of them had a roll of hose, and the other an alarm clock. Shortly after 10 on some night when everybody was supposed to be in bed and the commandant-in-charge had been seen to leave the dormitory, the alarm clock would ring.

Out from his room came Will in his slicker. "Hurt" and "Street Car" joined him, with their military caps turned backward to make them look like firemen.

Hastily Will connected the hose to a water faucet, and then, throwing wide the door of the intended victim's room and yelling "Fire!" he played a stream of cold water full upon the victim's bed.

His friends would open the closet door, so water could reach the victim's clothing, too. Being dutiful firemen, they never left till everything was thoroughly soaked.

Kemper's president caught Will throwing marbles in a classroom once, and asked stormily, "Mr. Rogers, did you throw that marble?"

Will rose and dramatically said, "I plead guilty, sir."

"Twenty hours of night duty is your punishment." The bullpen!

The charms of Kemper had palled for Will by the Spring of 1898. For one thing there was too much bullpen. "If all my footsteps while marching in the bullpen at Kemper could be laid end to end they would stretch across the American continent," he later said.

Quits School and Heads for Texas

He wrote his sisters for money without explaining what he intended to do with it, and then ran away to Texas. "Kemper Military Academy was not being run in accordance with the standards that I thought befitted a great intellect," Will said later. "I not only left them flat during a dark night, but quit the entire school business for life."

In Texas, Will got some experience at being a cowboy for someone other than his father. He accompanied one trail herd from Higgins, Texas, to Medicine Lodge, Kan., and another from Amarillo, again to Southwestern Kansas. With the money from this last trip Will returned to the Indian Territory and found his father had moved from the ranch to live at Claremore, 12 miles away.

"I'm not going to live in town," decided Will. He built himself a log house on a hill near the old ranch-house, which had been rented. He and a cousin, Spy Trent, "batched" there a year.

Will, now 20, played on the Oologah baseball team, but more importantly he became an inevitable entrant in every roping contest. On the fourth of July, 1899, in Claremore, he won first prize.

What would induce the boy to settle down? Clem Rogers, now a banker at Claremore, tried the experiment of giving his son the old ranch to run. Will worked hard at the Spring and Fall roundups, but when these were over he went off to roping contests. He entered one in St. Louis, another at Oklahoma City, another at Des Moines, Iowa.

Will 'In the Swim' Socially at Claremore

Socially, when at home he was "in the swim." In old files of the Claremore, Okla., Progress, can be seen plenty of paragraphs that read like one in the issue of Aug. 19, 1899, which told of a "tacky party" at Oologah. "An important feature of the evening was the 'cake walk.' The prize, a generous-sized ginger cake, was awarded to Vic Foreman and Willie Rogers.

Will bought a rubber-tired buggy and courted Kate Ellis, daughter of the proprietor of the Oologah Hotel. His friends suspected he was falling in love.

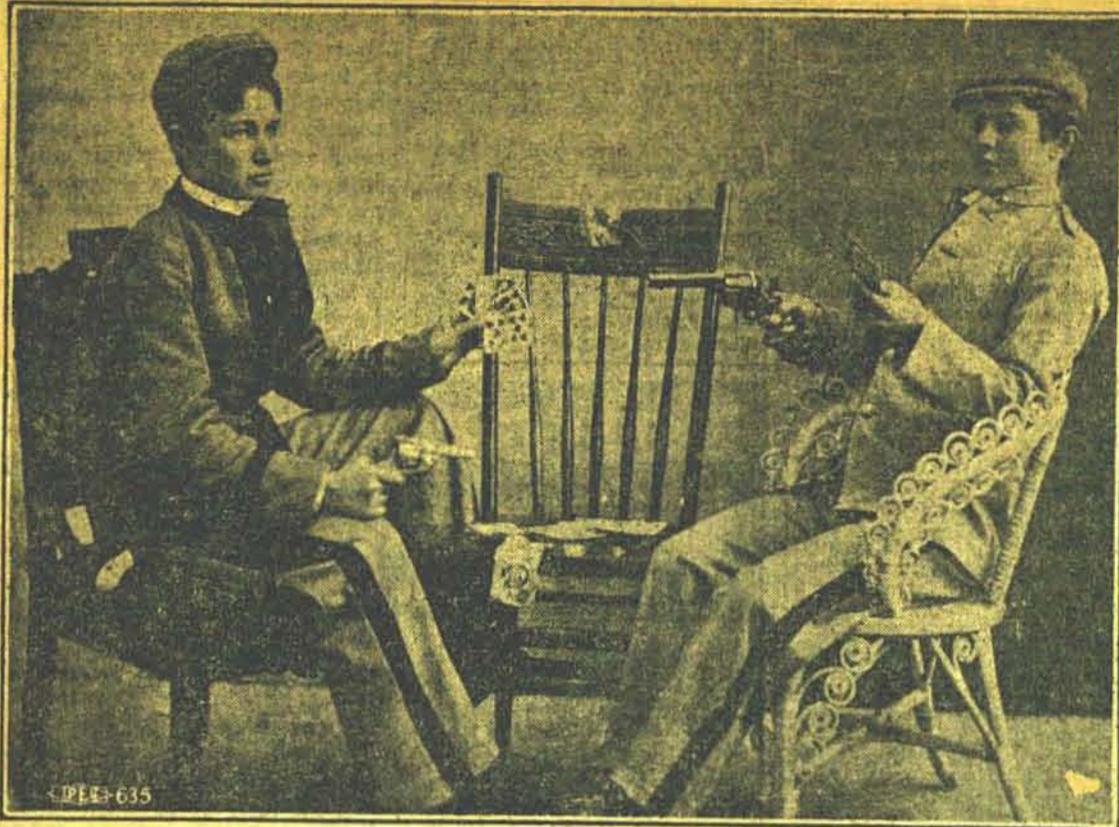
Strangely enough in the light of subsequent events, it was Kate Ellis who introduced Will to Betty Blake, Betty, of Rogers, Ark., was visiting her sister, the wife of Oologah's "depot agent." The introduction occurred at a taffy pull in Oologah about 1900.

Because Will was Kate's "feller," Betty Blake ignored him. He did tricks on his bicycle, and then on horseback, in front of the house where the visitor was staying but to no avail. Betty could not be impressed.

The story of his more successful efforts will come later.

(Tomorrow: Buenos Aires by Way of London.)

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Will Rogers (left), even with rigid discipline, was full of fun, and the rules of Kemper Military Academy at Boonville, Mo., did

not stop him from playing pranks. This one likely would have cost him a reprimand had it been discovered by the commandant. The original of this

picture is the property of L. K. Raney, Oklahoma representative of the Southwestern Railway Journal. It is reproduced by courtesy of the Journal.



"Is it true, Mr. Rockefeller, that everytime you lose at golf the price of gasoline goes up a cent?" was the famous quip made by Will Rogers when he met John D. Rockefeller on the links at Ormond Beach, Fla., a few years ago. When the oil king made a good shot, Will turned the tables and gave Rockefeller a dime.

SIXTH INSTALLMENT.

In May, 1900, Will wrote his friends he was giving a dance. One of the letters, still preserved, reads: "I am going to have a dance at my place Tuesday night, June 5th. Now be sure and come. We'll have good music and I think a good crowd."

A dance platform was put up at the ranch house, and a hightoned dance band brought up from Muskogee.

Will's father was dubious of this way of running a ranch, but said nothing. Clem Rogers had enough to do to look after his bank in Claremore.

After accompanying a shipment of cattle to Kansas City in May, 1901, Will returned by way of Memphis, and startled the home folks by admitting that he (now 21) was behind arrangements for a gigantic roping contest to be given at Memphis that month. He would require 40 cowboys for it.

The Memphis invasion was not financially profitable. Will talked about going to Mexico and took a trip to San Francisco. There he fell into the company of another boy from the country, and was rooming with him. Will went to sleep one night ahead of his roommate, and the latter, on retiring, blew out the gas light.

Will Has Close Call as Pal Blows Out Gas

The smell of gas long after brought rescuers, who found both boys unconscious. After he left the hospital, Will returned to the Indian Territory looking like a ghost and talking in a husky squeak.

Unable yet to impress Betty Blake, Will had continued to be Kate Ellis' "feller." Kate had another suitor, a doctor, whom her parents favored, and when Will brought her home too late one night she was told she could never see the young cowboy again. If this must be the end of his romance, Will decided, he might as well go to Mexico.

"But why Mexico?" asked Dick Paris, a constant chum of Will now. "Why not South America?"

The matter was settled on a day when Clem Rogers came storming into Ed Sunday's store in Oologah and exclaimed: "Do you know what that darn fool boy of mine has done? He has gone and lost \$10,000 for me."

Will, in operating the ranch for his father, had been far more intent upon pleasure than business. Lured by New York, he had taken a trainload of cattle there, at great expense, instead of to Kansas City, the usual market. Will sold the cattle on the ranch that were considered his own, and taking Dick Paris with him, went to New Orleans to seek passage for South America.

"That year's boat to South America had left New Orleans," Will said later, "so we went to New York, being told we would get one from there. We did—by way of London."

London with its "cabbies," its Thames, and its Tower, thrilled them. "But it's not got a 'look in' with New York for speed," Will wrote home. "No electric cars and no street cars at all in the main squeeze of town."

"Hitch a thresher engine to a string of covered wagons and you have an English train—as fast, as comfortable, and as handsome. If you call that prosperity, excuse me!"

They saw King Edward at a distance. "I don't think he recognized us," Will told his friend.

The steamer Danube, on which they left Southampton, deposited them at Buenos Aires May 5, 1902.

"Houses," Will wrote home, "are all built in the Spanish style, with an open court clear to the roof. The street cars, trams and almost everything is on the United States plan."

He had a long visit at Buenos Aires with Mr. Newbrey, the American consul, and told him, "I did intend to buy a ranch down here, till I used up about all my little roll paying dividends to these steamship companies."

Will traveled by rail far into the interior of the Argentine—800 miles—and there Dick, his companion, quit him to return home. Will paid his friend's way, though it left him about penniless.

Will wrote home: "I am trying to learn Spanish and can say six words. Did know seven but forgot one."

This was his cheerfulness at an hour when he was on the point of going broke thousands of miles from home.

Now that the Boer War was over farms were being restocked. Will got a job on a cattle boat headed for South Africa, and shook the dust of the Argentine from his feet on Aug. 5.

Saddle and Bridle Stolen in Africa

On his trip from New Orleans to New York by boat, on the voyage from New York to Southampton, and from Southampton to Buenos Aires, Will had suffered terribly from seasickness. Now he suffered worse than ever.

A cattle boat is a smelly thing. The days dragged. How long, thought Will, is this perfumed luxury jaunt going to take?

Cape Town finally was reached, and then Durban, in Natal. Will thought the Kaffirs in Durban's streets were "as crazy as snakes," but he wasn't there to watch them long. He helped in the drive of the stock from the boat. At Mool River Station, in the mountains, the drive ended, and Will tended his employer's horses till he tired of the job and quit. He then went over into the Orange Free State.

There the devastation of the Boer war was still to be seen. He had his saddle, bridle and other belongings stolen from him on one of the trains. At Ladysmith, on his way back to Durban to get a "travel

permit" which he had neglected to obtain before, he passed scenes of battle—"Where a mob of Englishmen had died fighting," Will wrote, and "a Boer horse was killed, maybe."

Back in Durban he got another job, but he didn't have to go to work at once. In his hotel room he wrote a song which he gave the title, "Any Old Place I Can Hang My Hat Is Home, Sweet Home, to Me." His copy read:

Writes Song on Home, Sweet Home

I've traveled round this world a bit.

I've been from coast to coast,
Had every kind of food to eat,
From beans to quail on toast,
There's not a land discovered yet
But's good enough for me,
So when I'm asked where I live,
I answer, on the I. T.

Chorus,
I ain't got no regular place
That I can call my home,
I can't go back to America,
She's far across the foam,
Walking, there's nothing doing,
Passages ain't free,
So any place I can hang my
panama
Is home, sweet home to me.

There's not a song I haven't sung
From the I. T. to the Zulu
'Twas me that left my happy home
For you-oo-oo.

But I ain't a-going to weep no more,

So goodbye, Dolly Gray,
Just tell them that you saw me
And you heard me sadly say,
—Cho.

Saved up and still with him he had kept the programs of every theater he had been in from New York and London down to a magic lantern show in Zululand. So a few weeks later, when he read the signs advertising a "Wild West Show" in Johannesburg, South Africa, his heart gave a leap. Could he, Will wondered, get a job with that show?

He set out for the show grounds and found the manager.

WILL Rogers SAID -



BEVERLY HILLS, Cal., Feb. 16.—

Wiley Post is leaving here any morning now, on the most hazardous flight, yet the most beneficial to aviation of any since Lindbergh's. He is pioneering a new world. Flying a long course at 35,000 feet has never been attempted. Eight hours on oxygen is new. He drops his landing gear on leaving. He has to come in on (pardon the expression, but it's all he has to land on) his "belly." His propeller spins lower down than the bottom of his plane. He has to stop it and get it exactly crossways before landing, or it will hit first and turn him a somersault.

It's a real scientific flight. If it works everybody will fly up there. It's an old style ship. Five years old. He has flown it around the world twice. So a prayer or at least a good wish for Wiley.

Yours, WILL.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Messages with which Will Rogers delighted readers of The Star-Telegram for years prior to his death are being selected at random and reproduced. This one appeared in the issue of Feb. 16, 1933.

WILL Rogers SAID -



BEVERLY HILLS, Cal., July 9.—

Hurrah for Mr. Rockefeller, 95 years old Monday, one of the very few men that know how to give money away so that every dollar does good. That's more than our Government can do. It's more than anybody can do.

All over the world there is a Rockefeller doctor swatting at a mosquito, or trapping a poisonous fly. I flew the whole east coast of Brazil and they have eliminated mosquitoes. However, I

TURN TO PAGE FOUR

for Will Rogers' regular Sunday article, which he called "Thoughts While Flying." Written in the style that made the humorist world famous, it is one of his best. It describes the beauties of the Northwest and was written before leaving with Wiley Post for Alaska.

do wish he would spread some of that Standard oil (or even Gulf) on some of these home talent mosquitoes. There is no end to that old gentleman's talents, he beat insurance without dying. They must have got discouraged and paid him. He will make the 100 and some to spare.

Editor's Note—Messages, with which Will Rogers delighted readers of The Star-Telegram for years prior to his death, are being selected at random and reproduced. This one appeared in the issue of July 10. Messages, typical of his humor and philosophy, will be reprinted. Readers who recall special ones in which they are interested or which they regard as especially good, are asked to send them in or give the dates to The Star-Telegram.

OUR WILL:

BY SCOTT CUNNINGHAM

The Life Story Of Will Rogers

SEVENTH INSTALLMENT.

One morning in December of 1902, 23-year-old Will Rogers stood amidst the tents of Texas Jack's Wild West Show in Johannesburg, South Africa, looking at Texas Jack himself.

"I'm from the Indian Territory," Will told him, "Can you give me a job?"

"Can you ride and rope?"

"A little," Will said. "But not enough to do it in a show. At least I don't think so."

"Can you do any tricks with a rope?"

"Yes," Will owned. "Fact is, I'm a little stronger on that than I am on the ridin'."

Texas Jack got a rope and told him to "do his stuff." Will thought best to start with an easy one, the "big whirl," which was making the rope spin around him in an ever widening circle. Out his loop went, bigger and bigger.

"You're hired," Jack hastened to tell him.

"Wait a minute," Will urged, and did some more tricks—dozens.

Why Texas Jack Was So Quick to Hire Will

"You're hired," Jack repeated. The wages were four pounds a week, or \$20. Will learned later why the Texan had been so quick to hire him. The showman, too, had known how to do the "big whirl," and had been doing it for the crowds, offering 50 pounds to anyone who could equal him. He hired Will because it was a rule that anyone joining the show could not try for the award.

Will's first work, for weeks, was to ride "brons" in the place of a hand Jack said had been "laid off." Will suspected he had been "laid up" with an injury.

In addition to the bronc-riding Will took part in the "plays"—blood-curdling scenes of cowboys fighting Indians. As an Indian, Will yelled so loudly he scared the customers half to death. He was then cast as a negro, and in this part he cakewalked and sang.

When Christmas came, Will was a guest of Canadian soldiers in a town where the show was stopping. "I sung a lot of coon songs for them," he wrote his sister Sallie, "and they thought I was all right. I know you all had a fine time Christmas. It is certain that I will be with you next year, for Jack said he may sail for America from here . . ."

"I am going to learn things while I am with him that will enable me to make my living in the world without making it by day labor."

The following month he was introduced to do his roping.

"Lad-ees and gentlemen," spieled

Texas Jack, "allow me to introduce the one and only 'Cherokee Kid,' champion lasso thrower of the entire world."

Will, inured to such extravagant statements by Texas Jack, looked to his roping. He lassoed horses passing him; he lassoed their riders. He trick-roped. Twice he finished and twice he was recalled.

Gets Raise of \$5; Ropes Wild Zebra

"You're all right," Jack told him "You get a five-dollar raise."

In that Spring of 1903 Will sent a letter to the youngest children of his sister Sallie. "I am sitting out under the shade of the show tent writing," he wrote, "with all the monkeys and baboons around me. There are lots of wild ones here—the ones we have in the show are very large. Some of them are five feet high when they stand on their hind legs. They ride horses and have races and pull each other off in passing."

"I wish all you children were here for the matinee this evening; it is especially for the children and is always crowded. Next Saturday afternoon Jack gives a medal to the little boy who throws the rope the best . . ."

"Neither these little boys nor their fathers ever saw a lasso. I am their deal; they see me rope in the show and follow me around to show them so they can get the medal. I love to rope, for the children enjoy it so much they clap till their little hands are sore."

Once Will went out riding in South Africa and roped a couple of wild zebras. He was chasing a third down hill when his horse slipped. Will was thrown on his head and was unconscious for many hours.



When Will Rogers appeared in Fort Worth in 1926 he was known as the "Poet Lariat" of the stage. This pose shows Will with his rope and cowboy togs.

As the show traveled by boat along the eastern coast of Africa, stopping first at East London and next at Port Elizabeth, Will was sometimes taking the place of Texas Jack in many parts of the show.

"I'm getting old," the Texan told Will one day. "I like you. You stick with me and you can take the show by yourself, and run it. I'll furnish you the capital."

Amazed by Boomerang Throwers of Australia

The thought of managing a Wild West show thrilled Will and he was tempted to accept. "But I've seen it all," he decided finally, having a touch of homesickness. "If I stayed much longer I might get buried down in the life here and never be able to leave." Anyway, he grinned when he told Jack his decision. "I got a longing for seasickness and I might as well satisfy it."

He did. Aug. 9 found him quitting South Africa on the way to Australia and completing one leg of his return trip home. Rough weather, with the seasickness it spelled for him, attended him to Tasmania

He landed in Sydney, Australia, just in time to see the great Australian Derby. It was a marvelous race; one he never forgot. But Sydney was just a seaport and Will wanted to see the interior.

He headed West into the stock raising country. Kangaroos were as common as rabbits on the prairies at home. He was much impressed by the natives—huge, black, savage creatures; "Woolies," he found them called. Their use of the boomerang amazed him. "Why," he wrote home, "they can shave your hat off going and your head off coming back."

Throughout his months in South Africa Will had been sending money

home. Not to help out anybody, because his people were all well off, but to pay his insurance and to start an account in the bank. Naturally his father was much impressed by this. Clem also received a lot of souvenirs from Will, many of them photographs.

Will had sent so much of his savings home from South Africa that he ran out of money in Australia. He then went to Melbourne and joined the Wirth Brothers' circus. There again his roping "went over," he made money, and was liked.

One day the ringmaster told him, "Will, one of these days I'm going to take you to London and put you on the stage with your rope."

Suspects Stage Stunt to Be 'Hanging Act'

Will looked at his friend a moment without speaking, and then said, "I know. You want to do a hangin' act!"

For months Will traveled with the Wirth tents in Australia and New Zealand. They were in the latter country when Will ran into his first earthquake. He was lying on a cot, reading, when the first tremor came.

"Aw," he complained, thinking some of the boys were playing a joke on him, "will you guys quit shakin' this cot? A feller can't read!"

It was about June, 1904, and Winter in New Zealand when Will quit the circus and started home. When he was at the wharf to catch a small boat that would take him to a point where he could board a San Francisco bound liner, he thought: "Maybe if I hurry aboard this little boat, and get in my bunk before it moves out, I won't be as sick as I always have been on the water."

By way of carrying out the thought he hurried onto the small steamer and clambered quickly into his bunk. He was there but a little while when the old-time seasickness hit him. He suffered for what he thought was an interminable period.

"Well," he finally reflected, "I ain't got long now to be sick this-away. We ought to be to where we're going pretty soon."

Just then two other of the boat's passengers passed Will's bunk. "What's the matter with this boat?" one of them asked the other. "Won't it ever start?"

Will had been seasick before the boat had left the pier.

(Tomorrow—St. Louis and New York.)
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EIGHTH INSTALLMENT.

Will Rogers arrived in San Francisco on the last leg of his round-the-world trip early in 1904, when he was in his twenty-fourth year. The trip had been a great experience, though the last voyage had been made third class.

"I left home as a kid and traveled and worked my way all through Argentina, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand and was three years getting enough money to get home on. But I have never found it necessary to have my American rights protected. Nobody invited me into those countries and I always acted as their guest, not as their Advisor."

This was a later day sally at Americans who go into foreign countries, get into trouble and then ask Uncle Sam to get them out of it.

Will rode freights back to the Indian Territory, found his father in good health, and then hurried to St. Louis and got a job in the Cummings and Mulhall Wild West Show at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904.

Col. Zach Mulhall, who called Will "Injun," hired him as a trick roper for only \$60 a month. Will liked the work, and it was a good thing he did because he didn't get all his wages. Speaking later, Will said: "I missed as many meals during the Fair as I did tricks with the rope (and that's some misses)."

Will Courts Betty at St. Louis Fair

A most important thing happened for Will at the Fair. Betty Blake, of Rogers, Ark., paid the place a visit, and of course Will saw her. From having liked her before he now appeared to adore her.



CHESTER BYERS OF FORT Worth, world's champion trick roper who appeared in Col. Zack Mulhall's show in Madison Square Garden, New York, in 1905 along with Will Rogers and Tom Mix. Rogers and Byers were long time friends, Byers appearing on the stage here when Will performed for the Red Cross drouth benefit.

"Will talked a lot about Betty in those days," says Jim Minnick, Oklahoma stockman, who first knew Will at the St. Louis Fair. "The reason they didn't marry at once was maybe she wasn't sure she wanted him."

Roy Miller, Jim Rider and Will one day rode the Fair's "loop-the-loop." They were all cowboys and used to danger, but Jim, remembering it, says: "Doggone, it sure was scary. We were yelling at first, but when that thing went through itself we quit yelling."

"We got out and Will said, 'Let's go through that thing again.'"

"You-all can but I don't want to," said Roy Miller.

"Let's take him," says Will to me, and we got hold of Roy, one of us at his head, one of us at his feet, and threw him onto that car. He was laying at our feet when we started out." Laughing, Rider said, "He took a ride, all right."

On a night in September, 1904, Colonel Mulhall "shot it out" with one of the boys who worked for him. He was arrested and his show closed by the courts. At this trial the colonel was found guilty and sentenced to three years' imprisonment, but he appealed the case and later the charges were dismissed.

So when Will wasn't visiting the comely Betty Blake at Rogers, Ark., these months, he visited the Mulhall ranch in the Oklahoma Territory. The colonel had been offered \$5,000 to bring a crew of a dozen or so of his best cowboy performers to New York's Madison Square Garden, and Will begged to be included.

Will stayed at the Mulhall home and sang and pounded on the family's piano so much that Mrs. Mulhall told her husband: "Take Will with you so we'll have some peace around here." The colonel consented.

Tom Mix, Chet Byers With Mulhall's Show

Will made a booster trip with the Tulsa, Indian Territory, Chamber of Commerce, and then got back to the territory in time to accompany the Mulhall show to New York in April. He never forgot the statue of Diana, the Huntress, perched atop Madison Square Garden, into which they went. He described her as dressed in a bow and arrow.

In the Mulhall troupe was Lucille Mulhall, the colonel's daughter, celebrated as the world's first and best cowgirl. She could rope so well it made expert cowmen hustle to beat her.

Tom Mix, formerly a bartender in Oklahoma City, and destined for fame like Will, was now a part of the show and learning to be a cowboy. Zack Miller, of the 101 Ranch,

was with it. Others were Jack Royce, the Dakotas' Jackson boys, Chet Byers, and Jim Minnick, some of whose horses were used.

On opening night, before the grand entrance, Colonel Mulhall shouted: "Come on, boys. Let's give 'em a real show, a Mulhall show. Lucile now, baby, rope like you have never roped before." And to Will: "Injun, wake up and get in there!"

The show "clicked." As a part of the 1905 Spring Horse Show it drew thousands to Madison Square Garden.

Will did a lot of clowning at every performance. When the colonel would announce something, Will would mock him.

Colorful Colonel Was Great Spender

"Ladies and gentlemen," the colonel began. Will repeated it standing a little way down the arena. "What's coming will thrill you; you had better hold your seat."

Will repeated this humorously, perhaps changing "seat" to "teeth." "Shut up!" Mulhall would cry. "Shut up!" echoed Will.

About nine of the boys rode bucking horses. Will, though not especially good at it, Jim Minnick relates, did this in addition to his trick roping, which really made a hit.

The cowboys' performance lasted an hour and 10 minutes and always left the crowd wanting more.

"You can have anything the town offers in the way of entertainment," the show's New York manager had told the boys, who he knew would be advertisements for the show in every place they went. But the Colonel wanted his walking advertisement to look well, and Will pained him no end. "Look at that Injun!" the Colonel said. "He won't wear a silk shirt and I have bought him a dozen!"

The Colonel, a colorful character, was a great spender when he had money. The old man had a habit of ordering drinks for everybody in a saloon and handing the bartender a bill of perhaps \$20 to pay a \$5 or \$6 check. Will liked to edge in next to the Colonel when the change returned, then grab it and duck.

Mobbed by Reporters as Ropes Loose Steer

"Well," said Will, once recounting that experience. The Colonel thought that was a great joke, and so did I. In fact, I think it was one of the best jokes I ever pulled. He would laugh and that would make a good fellow out of him with the crowd, and incidentally keep from making a tramp out of me. I was perfectly willing that they could have the drinks as long as I got the change."

Of course Will didn't keep the change if it wasn't due him.

Will hadn't come to New York to make money in the Colonel's show, but to get started on the vaudeville stage. This idea was in his head when a steer, turned out for Lucile Mulhall to rope, jumped the arena fence. Up into the seats the frightened animal clambered, as a path of shrieking men, women and children cleared before him.

Zach Miller remembers the steer running his horns through a bandman's drum. A policeman went after the steer, and Rogers yelled jokingly, "What are you going to do with it when you catch it?"

Will knew the steer would go to



TOM MIX, FILM AND CIRCUS actor, was a bartender in Oklahoma City when he joined Col. Zack Mulhall's show that played in New York's old Madison Square Garden in 1905. Like Will Rogers, Mix was destined for fame in the show world, although it was in the Mulhall show that Mix learned to be a cowboy. He performed along with Rogers, Chester Byers and Jim Minnick.

the back side of the stand, and it did. The young showman hurried around, put his rope on the animal and led it down.

The crowd cheered their protector, and reporters mobbed Will. How long had he been a cowboy? What was his history? He told Tom Mix, in a pause from the question answering, "Why, you'd think I'd done something."

"Maybe you have," observed Mix. Will had already, according to Minnick, received offers to go into vaudeville, but offers of only \$75 a week. Now the price mentioned was \$125, but Will was adamant for more.

The Mulhall show ended its eight-day run, and Will stayed behind in New York. His asking price for a vaudeville engagement was \$250 a week, and after two months of waiting he got it.

He was to appear at Keith's old Union Square Theater on Fourteenth

Adventure Came Early To The Cherokee Kid As Did Wise-Cracking

The following is the second of a series of six stories on the life of Will Rogers, written by Robert Burkhardt. Burkhardt, one-time newspaperman, a scenario writer and novelist, was associated with Rogers for six years.

By **ROBERT BURKHARDT**

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HOLLYWOOD, Cal., Aug. 20.—Will Rogers always said he was born just like all other Oklahoma kids, "bowlegged so I'd fit a horse," and it is a fact that he owned a pony before he could walk.

With the exception of when he was aboard ship on his frequent travels, and in later years when the airplane threatened to supplant a horse as his favorite means of transportation, scarcely a day passed in his long and vigorous life but that he found opportunity to spend some time in the saddle.

Born on his father's big cattle ranch in Indian Territory on Nov. 4, 1879, he always gave Oologah, the nearest village to his father's rolling acres, as his birthplace.

Learned to Rope Early

Before he was old enough for school, he was an expert rider and already had started to "fool around" with the lariat which was later to twirl him to the dizzy heights of world-wide fame and fortune.

At the age of 14, competing against skilled horsemen many years his senior, he made his first public appearance and won a riding contest.

Despite Rogers' deliberate disregard for grammar in his speech and writings, he was a highly educated man who knew much more than "what I read in the papers." His early education was obtained at Neosho, Mo. Later he attended the Kemper Military Academy at Boonville, Mo., and while he won no medals for scholarships, he outshone all his schoolmates as a horseman.

Someone once, for a gag, started the story that Rogers, far from

WRITER WAS CLOSE TO FAMED HUMORIST

Perhaps no other person outside of Will Rogers' family has been as closely associated with the beloved humorist as was Robert Burkhardt.

Burkhardt's articles will include many incidents of Rogers' career with which only Burkhardt is familiar.

In addition to his newspaper work and his writings for Fox Films, where Mr. Rogers was under contract, Burkhardt, in conjunction with his wife, Eve, has authored some 20 popular novels under the pen name of Rob Eden.

being a "hillbilly cowboy," had graduated from Oxford University summa cum laude, and this caused no end of embarrassment to Will.

Denied Oxford Gag

"Nothin' to it." "I always thought Oxford was the name of a shoe till I visited England several years back, and was dragged out to look at the college."

Rogers was proud of the fact that he was part Cherokee Indian, and delighted in puncturing the pretense of snobbishly inclined persons who boasted of their Mayflower ancestry by remarking, "Shucks, that's nothing. My folks was on shore awaitin' for your ancestors with meat axes in their hands."

One of the funniest scenes Rogers ever made in a picture incorporated in "So This Is London," his second talkie, concerned his difficulties in getting a passport because he couldn't produce a birth certificate.

"Can you prove you were born?" asked the passport clerk.

"Well, you're lookin' at me—what do you think?"

"Can you produce any witnesses?" demanded the exasperated official.

"Nope. You see in those days, such things was sorta private. Wasn't nobody there but jes Ma and me."

Told Yarns on Father

Rogers never would say whether this incident, which he wrote into the script himself, actually happened to him when he first started traveling.

"Well, it mighta," he drawled, noncommittally.

To his intimates, Rogers delighted in telling yarns about his father to whom he always referred as "The Chief." The old gentleman laid out Rogers County when Indian Territory became the State of Oklahoma, and the comedian always insisted that his Dad arranged it so that he'd always control the Indian vote.

At 17, Will became a cowpuncher. Restless, and feeling a bit cramped on the vast Oklahoma acreage, he and another youngster bought third class tickets to Argentina to seek their fortunes.

Chaperoned Mules

But the best they could earn as gauchos was \$4 a month and that didn't go very far toward establishing the fortune they were looking for. It wasn't nearly so romantic, either, as the story books had made out. His pal gave up the struggle and shipped aboard a freighter for New Orleans and thence home, leaving Will stranded in Buenos Aires.

Still afflicted with "itchy feet," he wangled a job chaperoning a cargo of mules destined for the British troops who were fighting the Boers.

Will was fired with the idea of shouldering a rifle and doing a bit of soldiering, but the war ended the day after he landed in Capetown. Again stranded, he joined a traveling "wild west" show and speedily became its star under the name of "The Cherokee Kid." His lariat spinning and fancy riding astounded the South Africans. Becoming homesick, Rogers left the show in England and returned to New York and thence to Oklahoma.

Fell Madly In Love

About this time he met Betty Blake and fell madly in love, but she had many other suitors and he was too shy to propose. He joined another "wild west" show in Oklahoma and went tramping through the Southwest. Later, he left the show and went into Deville with his horse and lariat.

"I played only tank towns, and used to ride my horse from place to place because I couldn't afford to ship it by train," Will recalled.

His rope spinning reached near-perfection at this time and a booking agent, seeking novelties for the 1905 horse show at Madison Square Garden, signed Rogers to put on his act in the ring. Always on the lookout for something new, Oscar Hammerstein booked him for Hammerstein's Roof, and he had his first taste of "big time."

With a comfortable salary reasonably assured, Rogers took time off to return West, looked up Betty Blake and after cutting up capers on a bicycle in front of her house for several days to attract her attention, finally became bold enough to lay serious suit for her hand. Much to his surprise she promptly accepted and they were married on Nov. 25, 1908.

"It was the luckiest thing that ever happened to me," he frequently said.

From the day of their marriage, Mrs. Rogers took complete charge of Will and until the day of his departure on his last tragic flight

she supervised his wardrobe and made him the sort of a home he loved—simple almost to the point of barrenness in appointments, but designed for comfort.

Three children were born to the Rogers—Will Jr., recently a student at Stanford University; Mary, who has been playing in stock preparing herself for the stage, and Jimmy, who attends Claremont School in California.

Until very recently, when his children began to strike out in the world on their own, Rogers always kept his family in the background and refused to let them be exploited. Once they had proved their ability to take care of themselves, he proudly sat back and let them go ahead.

"They're not the kinda kids who want to get by on anything I may have done," he often said. "And I won't let anyone exploit them simply because they're my children."

It was for that reason, two years ago, that Mary Rogers, then just 17, sought out David Butler, director, and B. G. Deslyva, Fox producer, when she heard they were casting for a musical and asked for a job. She introduced herself to them as Mary Blake, made a successful screen test and had been put to work before either they or her father discovered her little plot.

Will was inordinately proud of Mary's exploit, but refused to help her with her career. However, he didn't interfere when she went East to dramatic school and was very proud of her success in the few plays she has done as member of various stock companies.

When they picked up Will Rogers' bruised body from the Arctic tundra where it had been catapulted when Wiley Post's plane crashed, rescuers found a smudged clipping gripped in his lifeless hand. It was a picture of his daughter Mary, recently published in a newspaper in Juneau during his visit to the Alaskan capital city.

By **CHARLES B. DRISCOLL**
AUGUST 15, 1939.

NEW YORK, Aug. 15.—Four years ago today—Aug. 15, 1935—Will Rogers was killed when the plane in which he was riding with Wiley Post crashed, a half minute after the takeoff, in Northern Alaska.

If Will were living today he would be nearing his sixtieth birthday. There is every reason to believe that he would be doing the best work of his career. That crash cheated the world of years of entertainment and wise counsel by one of the greatest entertainers and wisest counsellors who ever lived.

Because I knew Will during the last 10 years of his life, and worked with him in a professional capacity, perhaps my readers will forgive me if I attempt to tell a few things about the cowboy humorist today, instead of talking about New York. My acquaintance with Will was altogether in New York.

During almost exactly 10 years I handled, edited, what Will wrote. Editorial reticence still prevails, so far as intimate details of that relationship are concerned. If fate permits me to lay aside the daily column some day, there awaits the job of writing a book of memories and records. Toward that objective, I have always preserved documents, scraps of paper, authenticating evidence. In such a book, if ever I come to write it, I may be able to give more fully the story of Will Rogers. Today, just a glimpse of a few of the interesting sidelights that Will's public might be interested in.

Will had the personal simplicity that is characteristic of most people who genuinely create. Whatever may be said of him by his severest critics, Will did create a style, a form, a mode of interpreting the mind of the soil tiller to the mind of the middle man and ruler, and vice versa.

He was never unaware of his fame. For he was a showman. But he tried to deserve his fame, struggled to measure up to it and to increase it. He never appeared in public without nervousness. But he never appeared without preparation, rehearsal. He had been a vaudevillian long before he became a writer. And a vaudevillian rehearses. All showmen do.

When Will wrote his daily "dispatch," no matter where he was, he always tried to find someone to whom he could read it. He liked to read his gags aloud or to recite them before he put them on paper. It was the same with him when he was appearing in pictures. Those who worked with him have told me that he loved to gather a few of them around and recite what he proposed to say in the scene that was about to be shot. He rarely committed his lines to memory as written by the script writer. He liked to change the wording, to add quips, to put Will into the lines.

You see, he was an originator, but with a strong consciousness of his public always before him. He thought of things to say and to write, but he wanted to see how a hearer or two or three or a dozen would react to his sayings before he uttered them in public.

Amon Carter, Texas publisher and builder, was a perfect audience for Will. He had the Southwestern slant, could appreciate the ranch flavor, and was an admirer. Will wanted you to approve what he said, unless you had some specific criticism, unless you could give an indisputable reason why the public wouldn't like it.

The creative writer or artist always wilts before the dour, forbidding, unsmiling face of the nonman, the contemner. He requires a certain amount of encouragement, of back patting, to keep him going. Because he is saying or doing things which have not been said or done before, he has plenty of qualms of his own. Will made a note, then sought somebody to try it out on.

"What do you think of this?" was one of his favorite expressions. "Here's what I'm goin' to tell 'em. I'm going to say . . ." and he was off.

Of course, after he became famous he had no trouble getting an audience of yessers, no matter what he intended to say. And the criticism never ceased, either, for he was widely published, and there were plenty of people to disagree with what he said or his manner of saying it.

Will Rogers... A Regular Cowboy Might Have Been Great Politician

Humorist Avoided Being Partisan, Although He Was a Democrat

Following is another article in the series being written by Robert Burkhardt on the life of his long-time studio associate, Will Rogers.

By ROBERT BURKHARDT
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HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 23.—Will Rogers might have been one of the greatest political figures in the world, had he chosen to subjugate his sense of humor and become a serious man of affairs.

At various times he was suggested by thousands of people who recognized his qualities beneath his jesting exterior for offices ranging from President of the United States down to city councilman. But these he always laughed off.

Once when the demand that Will campaign for the United States Senate became insistent, he halted the campaign with a vigorous "No."

"There's already too many comedians in Congress," he explained. "Competition would be too keen for me."

A Life-Long Democrat

Although he tried to maintain a semblance of neutrality in politics, and slammed Republicans and Democrats with strict impartiality when he thought they rated it, Rogers was a life-long Democrat.

However, he studiously avoided partisanship and was as often called into consultation by leaders of the G. O. P. as he was by his own organization for campaign advice.

In introducing the late Gov. James Rolph at a movie premiere once, Rogers mentioned that "Jimmy has the Republicans jumping through hoops in this state," and added, "Personally I'm not a member of any organized party—I'm a Democrat."

Contributed to Demos

Rogers contributed liberally, but anonymously, to the campaign coffers of the Democrats, but on numerous occasions he appeared on Republican programs when benefits were being staged to raise funds for that party's war chest.

He was a shrewd observer of political trends and was in constant touch with all sections of the country by correspondence and personal contact.

Many people still believe that the humorist once was mayor of Beverly Hills, Calif. He rejoiced in that title for several years and had a world of fun pretending that he was the political boss. However, he never was more than "honorary mayor."

One of the comedian's greatest delights were the national conventions of the two principal political parties and when Democrats and Republicans get together next summer to name their standard bearers for the following four years, there will be a terrific gap in the press ranks with Will's grinning face absent.

Fertile Field for Gags

Rogers found politics a fertile field for his gags, and he worked in many a sly comment on national and world affairs in his pictures.

One of the funniest of his stunts concerned the late Calvin Coolidge, whom Rogers later came to love like a brother and who, in turn, admired the comedian almost as much as any other man he ever met.

Shortly after Mr. Coolidge was nominated for vice president, some of the special writers covering the convention were commenting on



"On the set" . . . Will Rogers studies one of his appealing parts.

his apparent lack of humor. None of them could ever remember having seen him smile. Put thus on his mettle, Rogers offered to bet he could make Coolidge laugh the first time he met him, and was promptly challenged.

When he paraded past Coolidge, he stopped for a moment and his pals were amazed to see the stern-visaged Vermonter suddenly burst into laughter.

"Tell us the gag, Bill," they demanded later.

"Nothin' at all," he said. "I merely said when I was introduced—'sorry, but I didn't catch the name.'"

Polo gave the Oklahoman almost as much pleasure as politics, and even when he was working on a picture, he always could be found after work galloping about the small field at his ranch, swinging a mallet at the white ball, or practicing with some of his friends at the Uplifters Field nearby. He almost always wore an old leather jacket, cowboy boots and slouch hat.

J. A. Wigmore, Cleveland, O., capitalist and polo enthusiast, introduced Rogers to the game some 15 years ago.

Started Polo Craze

Rogers was the original player among Hollywood actors, and through him Hal Roach, Darryl Zanuck, Frank Borzage, Spencer Tracey and many others took up the game until it now is the principal Sunday afternoon sport of the colony.

Not so long ago Rogers met the Mdivani brothers, Prince David and Serge at the polo field, and was introduced to them for the first time.

"Well, boys," he said. "I'm happy to meet you—but don't ask me to marry you."

His greatest extravagance was the purchase of polo ponies, and as he was a hard, swashbuckling player, he wore them out rapidly. As he never would sell a horse once he bought it, the problem of taking care of so many animals became so acute that Mrs. Rogers put her foot down when her husband planned to buy a whole string of Argentina ponies.

Without putting up an argument, Rogers turned up for a big game with two of the worst old plugs he could find. The contrast with the sleek, thoroughbreds was so apparent, that Mrs. Rogers capitulated and begged Will to get himself some decent mounts.

Rogers Picture to Be Shown Aug. 24

Will Rogers' latest released film, "Doubting Thomas," is scheduled to be shown at the Tivoli Theater beginning Aug. 24. It was presented earlier this week at the New Liberty. This is the film in which Billie Burke appears as Rogers' wife. She was stagestruck and took part in an amateur play.

Rogers' latest unreleased picture is one in which he and Irvin S. Cobb appear as rival steamboat captains. Rogers, on his last visit in Fort Worth, said this was one of the best films he ever had made.

"Life Begins at 40" and "The County Chairman" are other Rogers films which have given pleasure to Fort Worth admirers of the cowboy comedian in recent months.

After His Family's Security Was Assured, Cowboy-Philanthropist Dug Deep Into His Pockets for Many Charities

This is the last of a series of six articles on the life of Will Rogers, written by Robert Burkhardt, studio associate of the humorist.

By ROBERT BURKHARDT

(Copyright, 1935, by United Press)

HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 24.—Possession of money meant just two things to Will Rogers—the security of his family and the power to help those less fortunate in the struggle for existence.

Probably no one will ever know the extent of his philanthropies as he was as close-mouthed about his gifts as he was about his family.

Even a lump sum under the heading of "charities" on his income tax report would not approximate the amount he gave as he always was digging into his pockets for tens and twenties and even hundreds at a time to help some friend in need.

When an intimate once protested at the comedian's generosity with a man he regarded as a chiseler, Will grinned.

"Well," he drawled, "he probably needs it worse than I do, anyway."

Rogers probably played more "benefits" than any other performer identified with theatricals.

Last Christmas week, he played at least ten benefits in and around Hollywood, and it can only be guessed how many thousands of dollars his efforts brought in for worthy causes.

Almost invariably, in addition to appearing in person, he'd manage to slip a check for \$100 or \$200 to the chairman before he left, with admonition to "keep it quiet."

Members of the Assistance League—an organization of wives and women relatives of producers, directors and executives to take care of needy cases within the movie industry—were always certain of at least \$100 every time Rogers had luncheon in their cafe near the 20th Century-Fox Western Avenue studio.

He'd conspire against his friends, too, when they lunched at the Assistance League and always was sticking those who could afford it for the check, after first seeing that it was liberally padded.

John Ford, the director, and Irvin S. Cobb, with whom he made his last picture, "Steamboat Round the Bend," were frequent victims of this little gag.

Several years ago when the South was hard hit by floods, Rogers organized a barnstorming tour of four singers, hired Frank Hawks, the famous aviator, and toured the country, raising money for the sufferers.

All in all he turned over \$500,-

He Raised Half a Million For Red Cross And Paid Own Way

Those who were with him, said he seldom told the same stories and gags twice.

On a flying trip to South America, he landed in Nicaragua just after a devastating earthquake in which many were killed and thousands left homeless. He immediately halted his trip to organize relief and personally donated \$50,000 for the immediate needs of the victims.

When working on a picture, Rogers always would find out in advance the number of days allotted for its completion. If, as often happened, the production was finished ahead of schedule he'd get a copy of the payroll from the assistant director and pay the wages of everyone in the company with the exception of featured players, the directors and others on high salary, for the full time.

"Sometimes it's a long time between pictures for these folks," he would explain, "and they need all they can get. I'd hate to think by speedin' up a bit I'd cheated anybody outa their groceries."

When a friend once spoke disparagingly of the community chest and said that most of those receiving help didn't deserve it, Will made a characteristic remark which summed up his whole theory of giving:

"What of it?" he demanded. "They're human, ain't they? An' they gotta eat just the same as you and me."

(The End).



Will Rogers

000 to the Red Cross. It was not generally known, but Rogers paid all expenses out of his own pocket and every cent that was paid for the "concerts" went to help the needy ones. For weeks he made one-night stands, hopping from town to town with his troupe, speaking two and three hours every night in a humorous vein.

Will Rogers... A Regular Guy

Runs Out Of Stories So Quits Job As Writer

Marks Origin of Popular Comments on The Day's News

This is the third of a series of articles on Will Rogers, written by Robert Burkhardt, scenario writer and for six years an associate of the comedian at Fox Studios.

By ROBERT BURKHARDT

(Copyright, 1935, by United Press)

HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 21.—Talents such as those of Will Rogers could not long remain concealed, but it was an accident that actually started him on his way to fame.

It was during a return engagement at Hammerstein's Roof of the vaudeville act of "Will Rogers and Company," which consisted of Will himself, a little show horse named Teddy and Buck McKee, expert horseman.

Rogers and McKee recently got together again after many years when Will was on location making what turned out to be his last picture, "Steamboat Round the Bend." The company was working near Sacramento and Rogers drove over to Roseville, to look up the McKees who now operate a small riding academy.

"It was just 30 years ago," Rogers recalled, "that we started out together at Hammerstein's and kept goin' for five solid years. Only lay-offs we had was on the ocean making our two trips to Europe."

It was McKee, Rogers said, who started him off talking to his audiences.

"He used to make wisecracks to me as I stood in the wings," Buck explained, "and sometimes the first two or three rows of the orchestra would hear them. They always laughed, and I tried to get Bill to talk louder, but he was bashful."

"One day a theater manager, wondering what was going on, stood beside me and he got a lot of laughs, too. 'Why don't you put that out to the audience?' he asked, and Rogers, thinking he meant the roping loop he was throwing out over the audience, explained it was the longest he had, but he'd try it some time."

"That's right," chimed in Rogers. "Finally, I tried an announcement. I had a trick with two ropes that no one seemed to understand, so I told 'em what it was. The first announcement brought down the house—I decided they was kiddin' me, and wouldn't try it again for weeks."

It was Mrs. Rogers who finally urged Will to try talking to his audience. With this moral support, he remarked one night, about the management not allowing cowboys to cuss freely when mugging a roping trick. That was his very first crack and it went over.

With laughter added to his previously "dumb" act, Rogers became a head-liner and bounded up the ladder to fame and fortune. Florenz Ziegfeld signed him for his famous "Follies" and for six years, without a night off, Will changed his stuff at every performance, developing his great technique in finding laughs in the day's news.

"People could stand to see the same legs every night, but they couldn't be expected to listen to the same gags more than once," Rogers explained.

Rogers continued to gravitate from Ziegfeld shows to vaudeville and back again, making several trips abroad and scoring as big a success in London and Paris and Berlin as he did in the larger American cities.

A little more than 20 years ago, V. V. McNitt, president of a newspaper syndicate, invited Bill to dinner after seeing him perform at



As a boy in Kemper Military Academy, Will Rogers (top) showed traces of the humorous smile that later was to bring him to high fame in the theater. The dryly-humorous commentator with the whirling lasso is shown in the lower picture—Will Rogers as he looked in the Follies of 1922.

Devoted always to his family, Will Rogers' wife and children returned that devotion in full measure. At top is the prostrated Mrs. Rogers who was the humorist's constant companion. His two sons, Will Jr., and Jimmie are shown at center, while below is daughter Mary, who inherits stage talent.

The infectious, boyish and genuine smile that made Will Rogers popular not only among audiences of stage, screen and newspapers, but also endeared him to all who knew him as a gentle, kindly and lovable friend. This smile graced not only his stage and screen characters, but his own life.

the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York City, and proposed that the cowboy comedian write a daily anecdote for papers throughout the country.

"Shucks, I can't write," Will responded. But McNitt was insistent and Rogers agreed to try it. Thus was born the feature which grew into the popular "Will Rogers remarks," which for years has appeared daily in the columns of 500 newspapers throughout the country.

It marked Rogers' debut as a writer, and in addition to his newspaper work he turned out several books and scores of magazine articles which solidified his reputation as one of America's greatest humorists.

Rogers' first feature was called, "The Worst Story I've Ever Heard Today," and he dug up some pretty awful ones during the two years he was able to keep it up. Then he cabled from London that he'd run out of stories and would have to quit. McNitt then suggested daily remarks on current news topics, and "Will Rogers Remarks" came into being. He never missed but two times in the many years that followed, once when he was out of touch with the telegraph in Mexico, and the second time when he underwent an operation and was under ether all day.

When Rogers left the stage in 1919 for Hollywood, Florenz Ziegfeld kiddingly warned him to "look out for those movie cuties."

"Heck," Rogers replied, "if your gals couldn't break me down in all these years, what chance has those in Hollywood got?"

The comedian made three silent features, including "Jubilo," "One Glorious Day" and "The Texas Steer," and a number of comedies most famous of which was his

screamingly funny travesty on "The Covered Wagon," which he titled, "Two Wagons—Both Covered." His English humor was rampant in that vehicle, and some of the gags he originated, including the one about the "Escrow Indians" from Los Angeles, are still repeated.

His silent pictures, minus his familiar drawl and inimitable wisecracks were not successful and Rogers returned to the "Follies" in 1922, remaining on Broadway for another seven-year stretch.

With the development of talking pictures, Winfield Sheehan persuaded Will to try the movies a second time, and with considerable skepticism he agreed to make just one picture as a try out. It was Homer Croy's "They Had to See Paris," and immediately established the comedian as one of the biggest box office favorites on the screen.

He signed a contract with Fox Film, but before he could start his second picture, Fred Stone, Will's friend for many years, was badly injured in an airplane crash, breaking both legs. Stone at the time had just opened in "Three Cheers," on Broadway, and it looked like the show would have to close.

Rogers rushed to the rescue, flying to New York and after one day's rehearsal stepped into his old friend's shoes. He sang and danced, two things he'd never done before, and scored one of the biggest successes of his career.

When "Three Cheers" went on the road, Rogers left the troupe and returned to Hollywood to continue his interrupted screen career.

His first book, "Rogerisms," was published in 1919, and in the same year also came "The

Cowboy Philosopher on the Peace Conference," and "The Cowboy Philosopher on Prohibition." The following year he brought out "Rogerisms — What We Laugh At," and then abandoned his literary efforts, except his daily and Sunday newspaper chores, until 1924 when he wrote "The Illiterate Digest," probably his most successful work between covers.

Three years later, when he was dashing all over the world by ship and plane, he wrote "Letters of a Self Made Diplomat to His President," which contained much shrewd comment on world affairs, and "There's Not a Bathing Suit in Russia" which resulted from his first visit to the Soviet Republic.

It was during his dashings about Europe that he appeared at the gates of Buckingham Palace one day, according to the legend. "I'm Will Rogers and I've come to see the king," he said, as the haughty guards fainted all over the place at such audacity.

"Tell the King," Will is supposed to have said, "That when the Prince of Wales comes over in our country not long ago he told me to look up his old man some time, and here I am."

Rogers was admitted and not only had a long talk with King George V but also stayed for lunch with His Majesty and Queen Mary.

Tomorrow — Ambassador of Good Will.

FIFTEENTH INSTALLMENT.
"Well, prosperity must have hit us," Will Rogers remarked in his Follies monolog in the Fall of 1924, "cause a lot of prominent men have suddenly got enough money to get in the Follies again."
Al Smith, Barney Baruch, Maryland's Governor Ritchie, Sir Thomas Lipton, baseball's Walter Johnson and Chauncey Depew were a few of the celebrities who saw the show this season.

"They are trying to pass an amendment to keep children from working," Will commented one night as he trick-roped. "Now children don't want to work but they get tired waiting for somebody else to do it."

On the afternoon that the Oklahoman persuaded Chauncey Depew to speak to his Saturday matinee audience, the famous after-dinner veteran pulled a joke on Will the latter repeated for years. "I have been entertaining audiences for 91 years," said Depew, "and have never found it necessary to use a lariat yet."

Will's first book in four years was published in the Fall of 1924 by Albert and Charles Boni: "The Illiterate Digest." "This book should have been long before now on the book shelves of every reader of worth while literature in the English-speaking world," Rogers said in his foreword. "What, you will immediately ask, delayed such an important event? Well, the principal reason is it had not been written."

He wrote his own introduction, in perfect burlesque of those in other works, and praised himself thus, in the third person: "No writer since the days of Remington can

give you such a word picture of the West. . . . He alone of all our modern writers knows the people of which they write. When he describes a corset you can feel it pinch. If it's a Sunrise he describes, you reach for an Umbrella. His jugglery of correct words and perfect English sentences is magical, and his spelling is almost uncanny."

Makes Coolidge Laugh, Wins Bet

Will first met President Coolidge in the Spring of 1925, when he went to Washington for the newsmen's annual Gridiron dinner. Will made a bet he could make Coolidge laugh the moment they met.

When Nick Longworth made the introduction Will said, "Beg pardon; what was the name?" Coolidge laughed.

Will had been invited to speak at the dinner, and Coolidge said, "I want to hear you talk to-night."

With his mind on the Gridiron affair, Will said, "I've heard they put on some great stuff."

"Yes," nodded Coolidge, "the singing is good."

When the visit was over and Will had his chance to comment on the President to Longworth, he said, "Why, he was just as agreeable as an insurance agent!"

Longworth smiled and declared, "I never heard him so talkative in his life."

Will's speech before the Gridiron Club was a success and Coolidge enjoyed the jokes on himself as much as anybody.

The following day Will took his first airplane ride with Gen. William Mitchell, famous as the stormy petrel of the Government's aviation service.

On arriving at the field the general directed an assistant to hand his guest a parachute—what Will called a "one-piece suicide suit."

Had Almost to Be Forced Into Plane

Will afterward said he had almost to be forced into the plane. The engine vee started, and what happened next we have from him:

"I would at even look over when we started. I don't know whether I ever did start. I might have been on the ground and the engine going for all I know."

"I picked out one cloud up in the air and I was settin' there looking at this one cloud all the time."

Rex Beach Gives Intimate Account of Will Rogers When in His Glory During Last Hours On Earth

Cowboy Gathered Eskimos To His Heart On Trip To Alaska

An intimate account of Will Rogers' crowning success as an "unofficial ambassador" of goodwill and a sketch of his cleverness during his last few hours on earth are given in this article by Rex Beach, written exclusively for The Press. Mr. Beach dined with his old friend and Wiley Post at Juneau, Alaska, in a jolly get-together just a few days before the plane-crash deaths of Mr. Rogers and Mr. Post.

By REX BEACH

FAIRBANKS, Alaska, Aug. 22. The arrival of Will Rogers and Wiley Post last week electrified Alaska as nothing has done in years. On my way from the dock at Juneau to the hotel I learned that the capital itself was breathless and that the interior towns were equally excited.

The man who drove me to town said, "We have been trying for years to get Will Rogers up to this country, and now that he is here we don't know how to treat him. He and Wiley Post stayed over today because of the weather and he made a speech to our Chamber of Commerce. What a man! He talked over our radio, too, and this country is his. In 24 hours he has made every sourdough from Ketchikan to Nome feel like a personal friend. It is the most extraordinary thing I ever saw, and I guess it's because Alaska is starving for affection."

Last Saturday I stood on the bridge here at Fairbanks as Joe Crosson brought his ship out of a rainy sky to the muddy slough below us. Aboard it were the broken bodies of those two sky men and beside me were some of those Alaskan friends the two had made. Every face was stony. There was pain in every pair of eyes. The grief many of those men felt was so sincere that nothing whatever was said. Fairbanks is stunned. This tragedy is still too incredible for belief.

Talked Over Old Times

The Gastineau Hotel was in a dither when I registered there the night I arrived. The lobby was full and the cafe was crowded when I discovered the booth where Will and Wiley were eating dinner with Joe Crosson. Crosson is about as famous up here as Wiley Post, so I was thrilled at meeting two such pilots. Will and I had seen each other a year ago at Dinty Moore's in New York, so there were a hundred personal things to talk about, such as our families and that of Fred Stone. Will had seen Fred's first picture and he told me all about it.

"I knew that old boy would land if he got a good start," Will declared with that enthusiasm he lavished upon all his friends. "That is the advantage a feature player has over a star. If a picture is lousy, the star takes all the blame. The actors supporting him or her are always good."

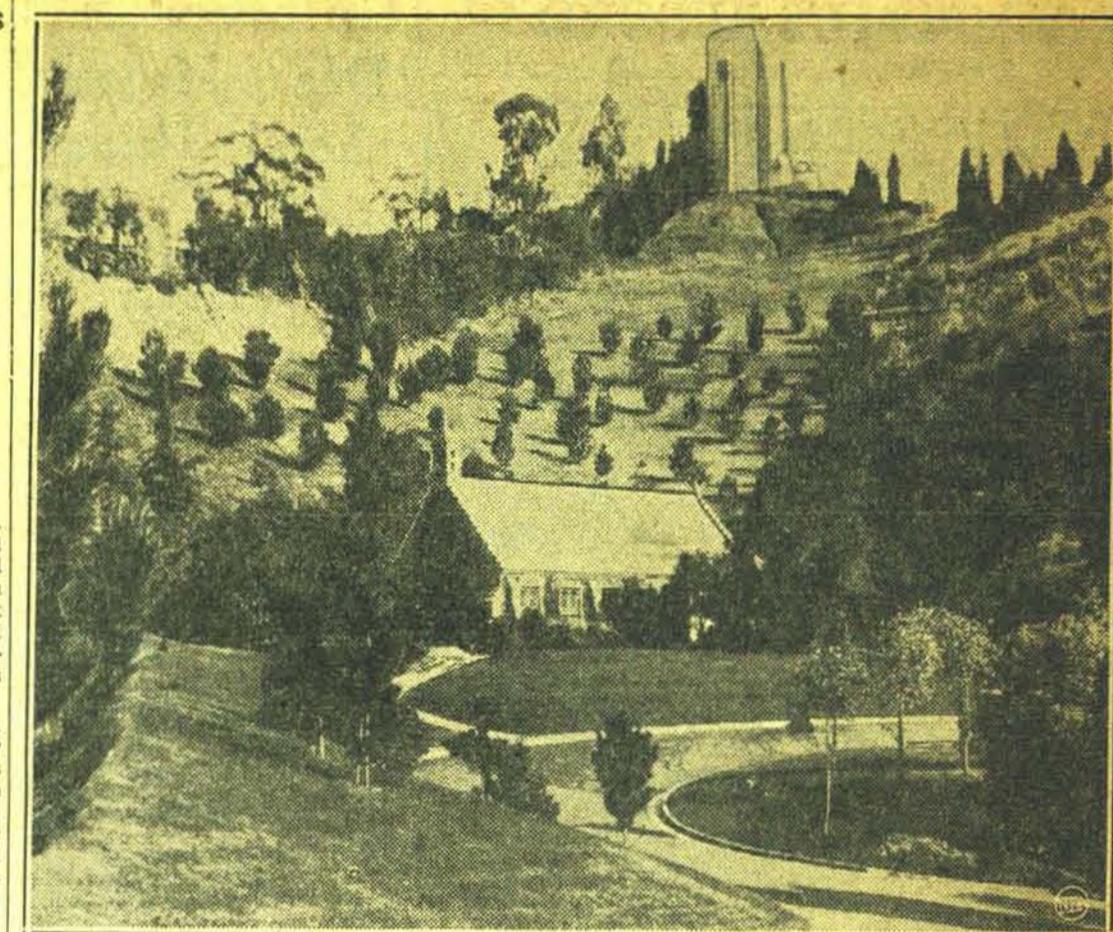
"How come you can take time out to hitch-hike up here?" I asked him.

"I have three pictures ahead and I always wanted to see Alaska. Wiley is crazy about it and wants to live up here."

Jokes About Fishing

Wiley smiled and nodded. "I want to go fishing, too, but Will won't give me a chance."

"Say I've heard nothing but fishing since I got here," said Rogers. "All these boys do is brag about who caught the biggest salmon. Last night an oil man brought one weighing 50 pounds into my room and wanted to put it in bed with me. Yeah, the oil business is so bad that all the executives come here fishing. Wiley's as bad as the rest, and I can't see the use of catching



In this little church, picturesque Wee Kirk o' the Heather, nestling in Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Glendale, Calif., nearest of kin and intimate friends will bid their last farewells to Will Rogers. Following the services, the body of the noted cowboy-comedian temporarily will be laid

in a receiving vault, later to be interred in his native Oklahoma. It was in Wee Kirk o' the Heather that final services were held for Rogers' "discoverer," Flo Ziegfeld, and for Marie Dressler, Lon Chaney, Wallace Reid and other stage and screen celebrities.

salmon when they crawl out of the water to meet you.

"The first handshake I got when I stepped ashore was from a big coho. A coho, they tell me, is a king salmon that's on relief."

"My only chance to wet a line will come if we have to sit down on a lake," said Post, at which Will asserted enthusiastically: "Believe me, we are going to sit down plenty whenever and wherever we feel like it."

In Fine Fettle

The horde of autograph hunters from the ship I had arrived on had now located the two celebrities and soon invaded the cafe. They appealed to me to introduce them, and though Will grumbled good-naturedly, he began to sign the notebooks, envelopes and postcards. To the first he affixed the name of Tom Mix and to another Ben Turpin. Then realizing that his admirers were really thrilled and considered this meeting with him to be the high spot of their tour, he scribbled humorous greetings to them. Neither Wiley nor Crosson would sign at first. They were as shy as school girls.

I have never known Will to be in finer fettle than he was that night. He was never more human, more philosophical, more joyous. He told us about his famous castor oil interview with Mussolini. He discussed politics and the coming election. It was his belief that the Republicans had started their race too soon. As usual, the range of his conversation covered a hundred subjects. One world famous character he was eager to interview was Mustafa Kemal and I got the idea he might try to stop in Turkey on his way home. Any man who could force women to change their styles of dress and habit of hair-dressing, he asserted, must be a great guy.

Talks Wiley to Sleep

He talked long and entertainingly on the progress of aviation in Russia, a subject always uppermost in his mind. He described the Russian craze for parachute jumping and told how he had seen the sky filled with chutes attached to men and women alike.

He talked until Wiley went to sleep with his head on his arms,

and the next morning Will began where he had left off the night before.

At the float Wiley bought an anchor so that he could moor the ship. While he and Crosson were busy studying maps and phoning for the latest weather reports, Will and the rest of us, including the Mayor of Juneau, loaded their personal belongings aboard. Will clowned to the last and the admiring townspeople outside the barrier laughed delightedly. Never had they seen a man like this. When he closed the cabin door and Wiley settled himself into the pilot seat of the big red plane there was a grin upon every face and a cheer as the ship took off.

People Grateful

When it had vanished into the mists down Gastineau Channel, Crosson said: "There's a ship to go anywhere with. With that engine Wiley could lift her out of a frog pond."

During the next week we heard daily of the triumphant trip of that flying pair. Interior Alaska greeted them with hysterical joy. Wiley was looking at a house to buy in Fairbanks and Will asserted he was coming back next winter to hole up for a while with some of the old timers so he could get acquainted with them.

Nobody can understand the genuine gratification this was to the scattered population of this big, harsh frontier country. For a man like Will Rogers, who knew the world and who hobnobbed with the truly great, to express a friendly liking for them warmed every heart in the territory.

Could Not Send Word

Probably Crosson, on his way south with all that remained of his two good friends, felt the loss most keenly of all. With deep feeling he told me of that stunning message that came off the air Friday morning. How Sergt.

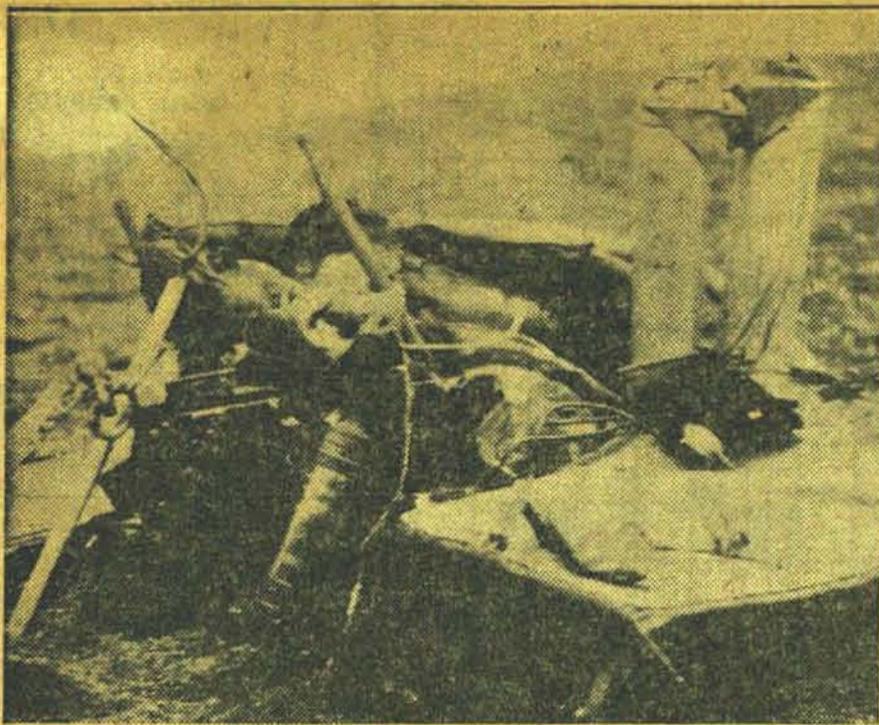
Morgan's wife tried frantically to call the southern stations of the United States Signal Corps and to broadcast to any ships within the range of her husband's station. Her fingers failed and it was not until Sergt. Morgan returned from the scene of the accident that the news got through.

The last take-off from here was much like that from Juneau. The ship was gassed up on the lake outside of town whence it was easier to lift a full load. Will had everybody laughing as usual. Among those who set out to see him off was a newspaper man who had worked with him as a member of the cast of "A Connecticut Yankee." Wiley and Joe studied maps and discussed weather reports, which were not very encouraging. The ceiling here was 8000 feet, but at Sieman it was reported low.

Within a half hour after they took off the report from Point Barrow arrived. It was a low ceiling and no visibility.

"I doubt if they would have delayed anyhow," Crosson said. "The weather up there was bad when they arrived. Point Barrow is hard to find and I told Wiley I had missed it once or twice myself. When he saw those two Eskimo huts he landed and asked his way. Nobody can say precisely what happened then. It may have been an air lock in the gasoline line. More likely, however, the carburetor had frozen up."

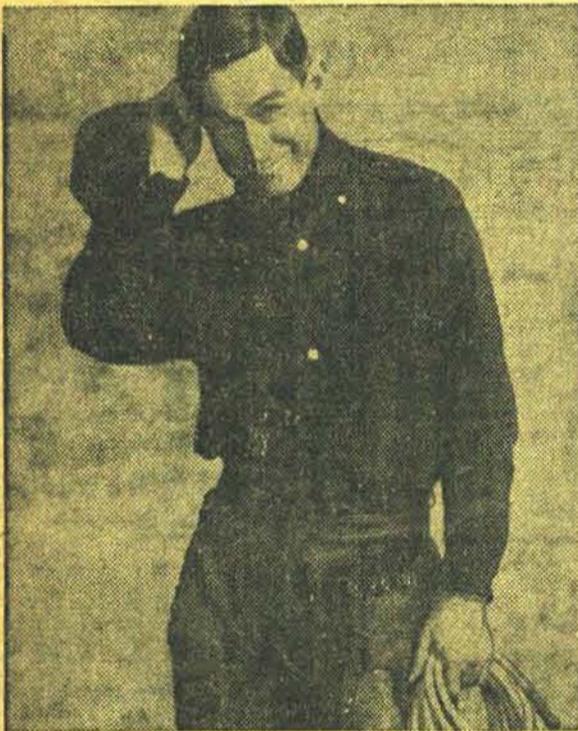
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THIS PICTURE, TAKEN BY CHARLES BROWER, "KING" OF THE ARCTIC, who Will Rogers and Wiley Post were going to visit when they crashed 15 miles from their destination, shows the wreckage after it had been pulled out on the bank of the river on which it fell. Rogers had expressed a wish to talk about Alaska with Brower.



IN THE ARCTIC WASTELANDS, WHERE BUT A FEW WHITES AND Eskimos make a bare living, Will Rogers and Wiley Post met death on an air vacation. Not far away from the crash scene is the ice clad shore on an Arctic river. This picture, taken by Dr. Henry Griest, shows natives in the foreground and the plane wreckage in the background.



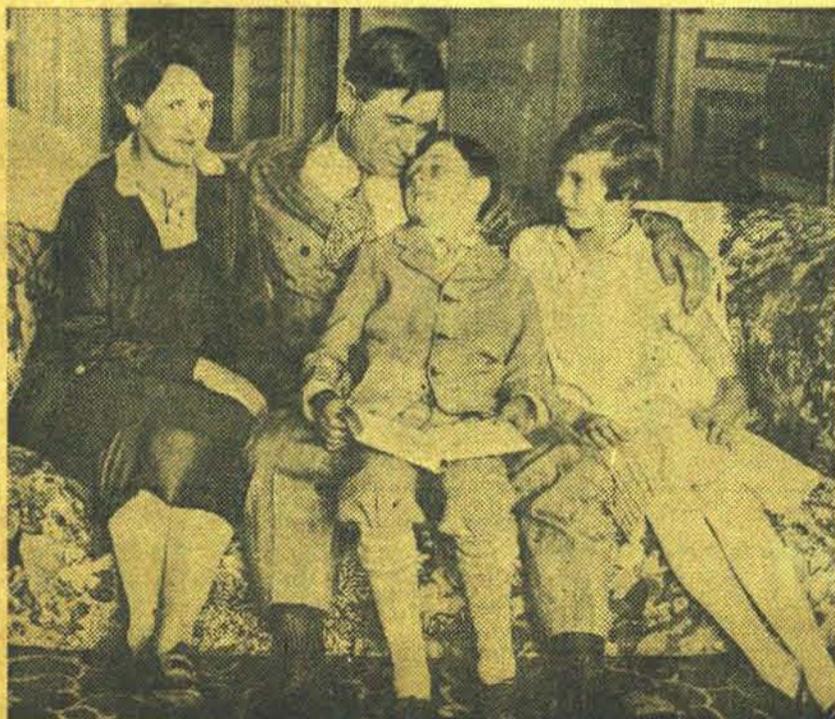
WILL ROGERS AS BROADWAY MET HIM—A gum-chewing, wise-cracking, rope-twirling cowboy. An alert booking agent picked him out of a circus and put him on the old Hammerstein Roof in 1908. Later he became a star for Zeigfeld, who paid him partly in dollar bills to help "down and outers."



THE FIRST TIME THAT COL. CHARLES A. LINDBERGH and Will Rogers flew together was back in 1927, soon after the Colonel became famous. Later Will and Mrs. Rogers spent several days in the Lindbergh home in New Jersey, where a long-time friendship started. Rogers probably was the Nation's Number One air traveler.



MARY ROGERS, ACTRESS daughter of Will Rogers, who was appearing in "Ceiling Zero," featuring a plane crash, in Maine, when her father died.



This photo of the Rogers family circle was made in California about 10 years ago. It shows the famous screen and stage star and writer with Mrs. Rogers and two of their children, James and Mary. James is now a student in Los Angeles and Mary made her stage debut recently.



A frequent visitor here, Fort Worth was one of Rogers' favorite towns. He is shown here with H. L. Mencken, center, Baltimore editor, and Amon G. Carter in 1928, when the editor and Rogers were en route to National Democratic convention.

How A Cowboy Talked

Wit Made Rogers People's Emissary To World at Large

By RUTH REYNOLDS.

THE life of Will Rogers is a perfect contradiction of the proverb "Actions speak louder than words." He made himself known and his influence felt in every land by what he said, not by what he did.

By his words—he called them jokes, and his contemporaries called them philosophy—he made his fame. Nobody appointed Will an ambassador-at-large to wherever he happened to be going; he talked his way into the job by common consent.

In his own country, talking pictures and the radio brought him his greatest following. Now the millions who made his public are recalling the things he said, rather than the things he did.

Strangely enough, he never wanted to talk from the pulpit. His mother's dearest wish was that he might be a Methodist minister. Instead his pulpit proved to be the world.

BORN at Oologah, Indian Territory, Nov. 4, 1879, he was proud of his Indian heritage. Both his father, Clem V., and his mother, Mary (Schrimpsner) Rogers, had Cherokee blood in their veins.

Will always said that most of all he ever learned came out of McGuffey's Fourth Reader. He studied it, he said, for ten years, and knew more about it than McGuffey did.

Affected "Iguerance." To Mask Shrewd Mind.

His parents saw to it that he had a good education at Willow Hasell school, Neosho, Mo., and at Kemper Military Academy at Booneville.

Rogers affected an "iguerance" to mask a shrewd, well-trained mind.

"Anything you can't spell, won't work," he once said, referring to "technocracy." And as he talked his way through life in this fashion, Rogers endeared himself to millions.

It must have been heartbreaking to his mother to learn that her Will apparently wasn't going to make any use of the education his parents took such care to give him.

He insisted on fooling about his father's horse and cattle ranch after his graduation from school. There he learned to twirl a lariat and punch cattle. At about the same time young Rogers made his first practical acquaintance with politicians. His father was a member of the convention that drafted

the present Oklahoma State constitution.

In that far gone day when, selling a small herd of his own to obtain money, Will purchased a third class ticket to the Argentine none suspected that he was on his way to becoming America's highest paid and best loved comedian.

Nevertheless, today there must be gauchos down on the pampas who are saying in their native tongue:

"Si, we knew Rogers well. Funny fellow, wasn't he?"

For Will punched cattle with them across the pampas for \$4 a month.

His dry, salty humor tickled the visibilities of common folk all the way from the Argentine to South Africa—for when the Boer War broke out, this self-appointed gaucho worked his way to Cape Town on a cattle boat.

HE arrived the day the war ended. So he took the first civilian job he could get—rider with a Wild West show. He was billed as the Cherokee Kid.

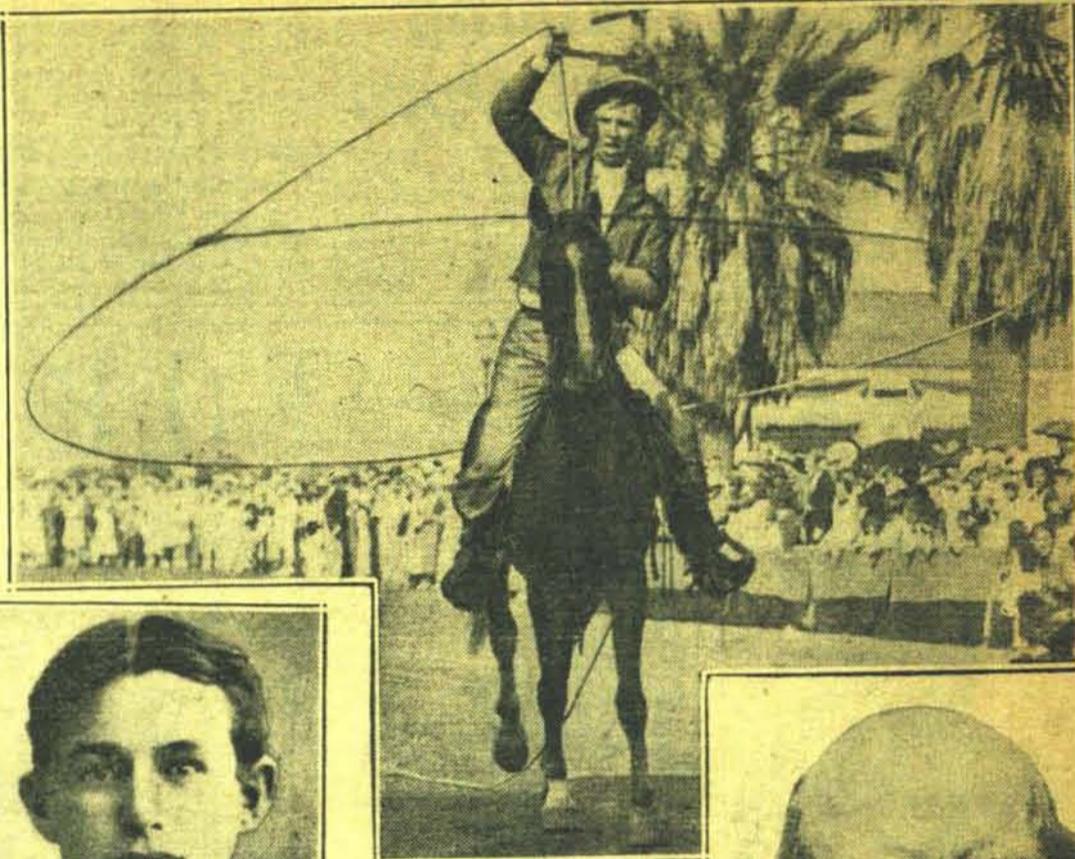
That's the way New York first saw Rogers—a routin', tootin' Wild West cowboy. But they didn't get a chance to sample his jokes, for his act was a silent one, with ropes. Consequently he wasn't much of a hit.

How he broke in as a monologist has been variously told. Will always said that when he was on the stage of the old Union Square Theatre in New York one night his rope refused to work. He felt he had to say something he didn't stop to think what it would be.

"Swinging a rope is all right if your neck isn't in it," said the impromptu comedian.

The crowd roared. From then on it was what Will said — not what he did.

Soon he was up at Hammerstein's Roof at \$150 a week—a fortune for the cowhand, and considerably more than he could have



Although he won fame as a cowboy philosopher, rough and homespun, Will was not the unlettered buffoon he pretended. This picture was made as a cadet at Kemper Military Academy.

It's a far cry from rodeos to disarmament conferences, but Rogers was equally at home in both places. Will's facility of making pointed yet laugh-provoking phrases dimmed the public's eye to his amazing skill as a cowboy. He delighted on occasions like these—a Spanish Day fiesta in 1932—in displaying his art with the lariat.



Even ministerial manner of the late William Jennings Bryan (above) could not withstand Rogers' wit. Wisecracking Will made him laugh, though the joke was at the Great Commoner's expense.

made had he put his formal schooling to practical use.

Six years later he was laying them out in the aisles as a star of the Ziegfeld Follies. Then Samuel Goldwyn offered him a motion picture contract. That was in 1919.

As might have been expected, Rogers proved a failure in silent pictures. His words couldn't be heard. And what he did didn't matter.

By this time Will realized his own value. (This does not change the fact that from the day he found his voice in the Union Square Theatre until the moment of his last wisecrack in Alaska he never took himself seriously.)

Back from California, at failure in silent pictures, Rogers soon had Broadway audiences at the Follies chuckling anew at his sallies.

His comedy material was drawn from a wider sphere now. He made cracks at foreign countries, foreign governments, Washington and Congress.

"Follies" Salary Put Him on Top.

What fun he got out of kidding Congress! And what fun the listeners—including Congressmen got out of hearing Will kid Congress.

His weekly salary at the "Follies" at this time reputed to be larger than that paid to any other player on the spoken stage.

THEN the entire country had a chance to hear the nation's greatest humorist—for the talkies arrived.

Rumor had it—and it was never denied—that much of the script he spoke was Rogers' own. Whenever he had a wisecrack to make in the script he made it. Nor did directors stop his quips, or lay

them on the cutting room floor. Not a chance—for Rogers proved easily the greatest box office attraction among the stars.

His first picture was "They Had to See Paris." He was scheduled to make another immediately but he received word that his friend, Fred Stone, needed him. Stone's leg had been broken in an airplane accident and he needed a star for his show "Three Cheers."

Will jumped in, sans script, sans makeup, sans almost everything but his Rogerian humor. That was enough. He stayed with the show during its run.

Customers went to see the show over and over again—because you could never be sure what Will Rogers would say next. And he seldom said the same thing twice.

He could make a listener chuckle over the depression, grin over the troubles of the world, and laugh till his belly shook over worries which bowed the heads and shoulders of diplomats.

How badly worried people needed the medicine of laughter! Will was the doctor. He gave it to them in large doses.

When the show had run its course the folks in other cities begged to have Will tour with the road show so that they, too, might enjoy at first hand his whimsicalities.

But Will had a job to do—and he went back to Fox Films and made "So This Is London." And then followed the picture version of "Lightnin'."

Now Rogers had as much work as he could pack in. He was willing to take it all on—to leave a fortune for the wife and kids.

IN 1908 he had married Betty Blake, a home town girl from Claremore, Okla. She was his childhood sweetheart. He met her



Rogers and Louise Dresser and they were in 'Lightenin''. This was one of the comedian's early talking successes.



His first big triumph. This shows Will Rogers as he appeared in "The Follies" when he scored a hit on Broadway.

His Way Into History



With as much ease and dexterity as he tossed ropes and rode broncos, the amazing philosopher from Oologah, Okla., stood up and enthralled a group of suave diplomats—the American delegation to the Geneva Disarmament Conference. Enthralled? They almost split their sides laughing at his inimitably funny description of that conference.



When Fred Stone (above) broke a leg, leaving his new show without a star, he sent for Will Rogers. The humorist jumped into the Stone role and stayed through the run of "Three Cheers."

at a candy pull. They didn't have much of a honeymoon. He had to hurry to New York for a vaudeville engagement.

Last Nov. 26 Will and Betty celebrated their twenty-sixth wedding anniversary, counting daughter Mary, an actress, and sons Will Jr. and James, college boys, among their greatest blessings.

Betty was as good a trouper as Will—although she didn't like his gallivanting about in airplanes. But she might as well have talked to the wind, for while Will did almost everything Betty wanted him to do, he just couldn't get over the fascination of man-made wings.

What he leaves his "folks" as he always called them isn't yet known. He was certainly several times a millionaire.

In Sept., 1934, he was listed in

the tax rolls with properties in Los Angeles County grossing an assessed valuation of \$322,920. He carried \$100,000 life insurance, received a large yearly salary, and made money on his radio broadcasts.

For after his first talking picture in Hollywood the movie community took him to its bosom. He moved the folks out there and there he has lived ever since—much of the time bearing the honorary title, Mayor of Beverly Hills. He declined to run for Governor of the State although he was boosted for the job.

He had taken too many verbal cracks at political parties for any of them to risk holding him up to the public as their candidate. But the public thinks some party lost a good bet at that.

Carelessness of Dress Characteristic of Him.

His movie successes included "The Yankee at King Arthur's Court," "Young as You Feel," "Business and Pleasure," "Ambassador Bill," "Down to Earth," "Too Busy to Work," "State Fair," "Doctor Bull," "Mr. Skitch," "David Harum," "Handy Andy," "Judge Priest," "The County



It was in 1913 that the famous Florenz Ziegfeld gave the cowboy a fill-in job as an interlude in the "Follies." In a short time Will chewed gum and talked way to fame and fortune.

Chairman," "Life Begins at Forty," "In Old Kentucky," and "Doubting Thomas."

ONE of Will's characteristics—and one doubts that it was studied for effect—was his carelessness of dress and coiffure. His hair frequently straggled on his forehead. Most of the time he wore high-heeled cowboots, denim and an old sweater. His party dress was blue serge, double-breasted. Long, long ago Betty gave up trying to get him into a tuxedo.

On stage he chewed gum. Off stage he chewed the tips of his eyeglasses. He often said he chewed up eighteen pairs a year.

While he was in the "Follies" important folk took to him, but he never changed from his ordinary, homespun stuff. Whether he was talking to a \$5-a-day extra or the Prince of Wales, a millionaire, a President, or a cowhand, his conversation was never more highfalutin'. And he enjoyed a gabfest whether he got paid for it or not.

"Syntax" Sounded Like Bad News.

Will raised a small fortune by his lectures for drought sufferers in 1930—and he made another fortune by his books, in which neither grammar, spelling nor punctuation had any particular place.

Once an interviewer suggested he took too many liberties with the laws of syntax.

"What's that?" he asked briskly. "Sounds like bad news."

But his grin disarmed his erudite questioner.

Will was always one to make his audience feel at ease, no matter what he said.

For example, there was the day when William Jennings Bryan, that

silver-tongued orator who never made anybody laugh, observed that he was a serious writer while Rogers was humorous. Will, irrepressible, laughed out loud and slapped the Great Commoner on the back: "Maybe we're both mistaken!"

Even Bill Bryan laughed at that. Perhaps one of the reasons his wit—sharp and caustic as it was—was so well liked was that he was never known to do an unkind thing and the kind things he did were legion. His charities were endless but none but he knew all of them. He was the kind of human a lot of folks would like to be.

But he made light of his success with such observations as: "Nothing will bring back distant kinfolks like the news spreading that you got a job."

WHEN he began to appear with regularity on the radio he stepped into a new field of success. He is reputed to have received \$15,000 for eight broadcasts.

Another comedian, depending on extemporaneous thoughts might have been a pain in the neck to broadcasting officials. Rogers was a delight. No one ever knew what he was going to say until he went on the air—in fact he often didn't himself. Then he began to talk and words just came to him.

He made two boners in his radio career—but they were laughed off as were the other things he said—remarks which might have rankled had they not been made by Will Rogers.

Once he arrived late and breathless at a broadcast. He'd been out playing polo—his avocation. He had no idea what he was going to talk about—so he talked about polo until he got his breath.

On another occasion he unintentionally hurt the colored race by speaking of "nigger" spirituals. He was abject in his apologies. They were accepted. Sorely in need of a vacation after his arduous and continued work in the studios, Will and Mrs. Rogers decided to take a vacation trip around the world.

When the Rogers returned to the United States, Will made his American listeners feel almost as friendly toward those foreigners as they had felt toward him.

It will take books to review the things he's said—and never fear, they will be written. For Will

Rogers will go down in America's history as one of her great people.

HE HAD known Wiley Post, the one-eyed flier, for a long time. But he had never made a long trip with him until the pair flew out to New Mexico to look over a ranch. They went on down to Mexico just for luck.

Of course they got to talking—Will always got to talking—of the flight the Soviet fliers were going to make over the North Pole, and the flight the Lindberghs made north to the Orient, and the flight Wiley himself made around the world.

Somehow they got the itch to take that northern route together, Will apologized for himself to his public by calling himself a "hitch-hiker."

Planned Air Trip With Enjoyment.

However, early in August Will was telling reporters he would be a passenger in Wiley's new red monoplane when it took off for Alaska, on a proposed Siberian trip. And the reporters could tell by the gleam in Will's eye and the grin on his leathery, brown face that he was getting a "gosh-dern" kick out of the whole thing.

Will wouldn't have called it "a hell of a kick"—he never said or did or acted in anything a fellow couldn't say in front of the most sedate grandmother or the smallest child.

It wasn't to be a fast flight—in fact it was to be a slow freight affair, for Mrs. Post was going along.

Well, they took off from Seattle on Aug. 7, in the face of a threatening storm. Mrs. Post said she'd join them in the North by boat. They puttered around, flying from outpost to outpost in the Alaskan country.

Will won the folks up there—even as he had won them everywhere else.

And now Will's life story is ended. Thousands—aye, millions—of people mourn him as he would not have them mourn! It gave him pleasure to see smiles—not tears.

Yes, his life story is done, and you can see from it that he actually did very little in this world—except to make folks friendly and happy and glad they'd heard him talk again.



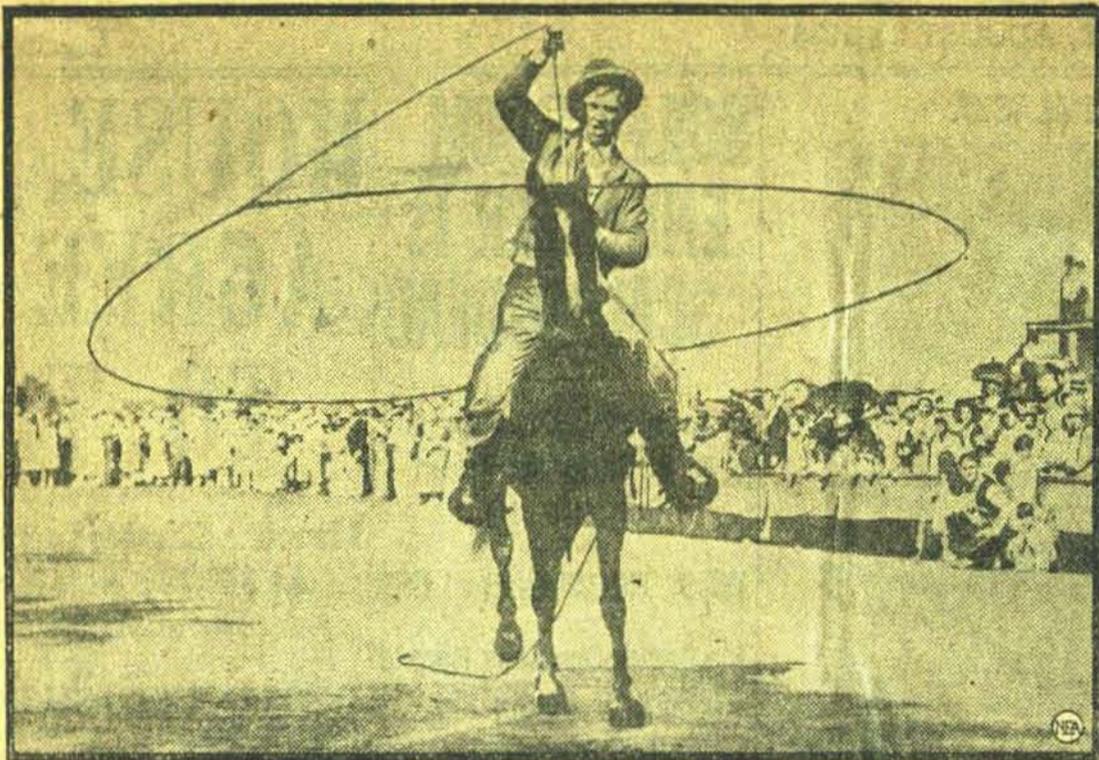
Here is a picture of the Rogers family taken about the time Will had begun his climb to fame as a humorist and philosopher. His wife, Betty, was the perfect mate, saying, "I take care of the children and let Will manage his own affairs." The family (l. to r.), Will Jr., Mrs. Rogers, Will Sr., Mary and James.



Wiley Post (left) and Will Rogers as they started their last adventure along the air trails of the far North.

Will Rogers... A Regular Guy

'I Was Born Bowlegged So I'd Fit On a Horse'



THIS PICTURE OF WILL ROGERS (LEFT) AND AMON G. CARTER was made in Fort Worth in July, 1932. The comedian visited Fort Worth many times during his career, and seldom failed to call up friends between stops of planes on his many trips between Hollywood and the East. He also loved stopping in Fort Worth for a bowl of chili, his favorite food, and corn bread and onions.

THE SCREEN, RADIO AND WRITING STAR IS shown (right) with Fred Stone, his longtime friend of vaudeville days, on Rogers' ranch in California. During Rogers' vaudeville days in New York, the Rogers family and Stone family were next door neighbors in a small town on Long Island.

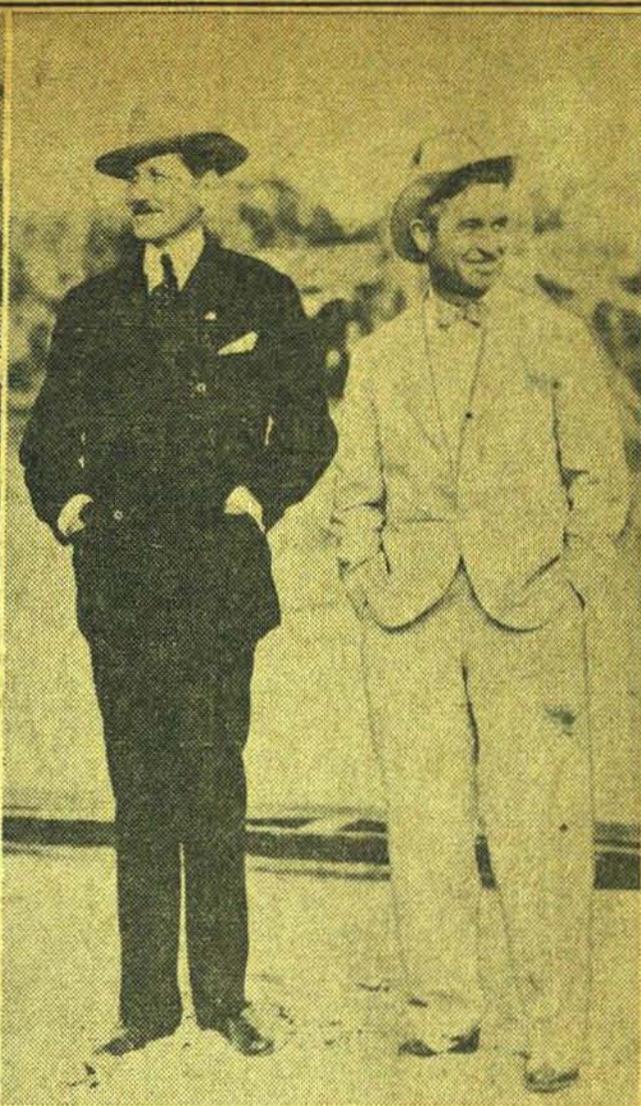


HERE IS ONE OF THE FEW POSED PHOTOGRAPHS EVER MADE of Will Rogers and his wife, who was Betty Blake when he married her in Rogers, Ark. Rogers met his wife while with a show on a tour. They were married Nov. 28, 1908.

WILL ROGERS APPEARED IN MANY MOVIES, ALL OF WHICH attracted millions. He is shown here in the role of "Dr. Bull," the story of a small town doctor. Rogers' most popular role probably was that of a small time politician.



Will Rogers cracked jokes at presidents and mingled with potentates and kings. Yet the simple things of life were what he loved best—for instance, horseshoes. Here the famous comedian is shown in a picture made about 1926, with the ever-present grin on his face, watching while a companion grasps a horseshoe, getting his eyes set for a "ringer."



When two Oklahomans got together, they talked politics. This picture, made in the days when Rogers was urged as America's Ambassador-at-Large, was made when Pat J. Hurley, then Secretary of War, spent a couple of days with Rogers in Santa Monica.



Rogers' favorite sport was polo. He was one of the nation's best players, and rarely passed up an opportunity to see the sport played by others. Here he's shown on one of his favorite mounts in 1930, discussing the game's score with a friend.



Will nearly always took a plane because of the brief time he took away from his movie job for trips. Here, however, the cameraman snapped the comedian as he emerged from a Pullman to pay Fort Worth a visit. The picture was made in 1930.



WHEN THE NOTED COWBOY COMEDIAN FIRST ENTERED THE entertainment field he was known as one of the best lariat tossers in the business. It was as a roper that he began to make use of his cowboy philosophy and wisecracks.



ONE OF THE BEST "BOX OFFICE" ATTRACTIONS IN THE MOVIES, WILL ROGERS IS SHOWN here in pose in one of his pictures with Rochelle Hudson, who also came from Claremore, Okla. Rogers affectionately called the young actress "Ro-shelly." He delighted in giving young players a helping hand.



AN INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH OF WILL ROGERS AND HIS WIFE, ONE OF THE few taken in his lifetime. This one was taken at a Christmas benefit in Los Angeles, Dec. 14, 1934. In the picture, left to right, are Monte Blue, film actor; Mrs. Rogers; Rogers, and Leo Carillo, screen player. Rogers gave generously of his talents for benefits.



DOROTHY STONE, DAUGHTER OF ONE OF ROGERS' CLOSEST friends, Fred Stone, actor, is shown as she rehearsed Will for her father's role in a Broadway show. Fred had been injured in a plane fall and Rogers volunteered to "pinch hit."

His Last Pictures



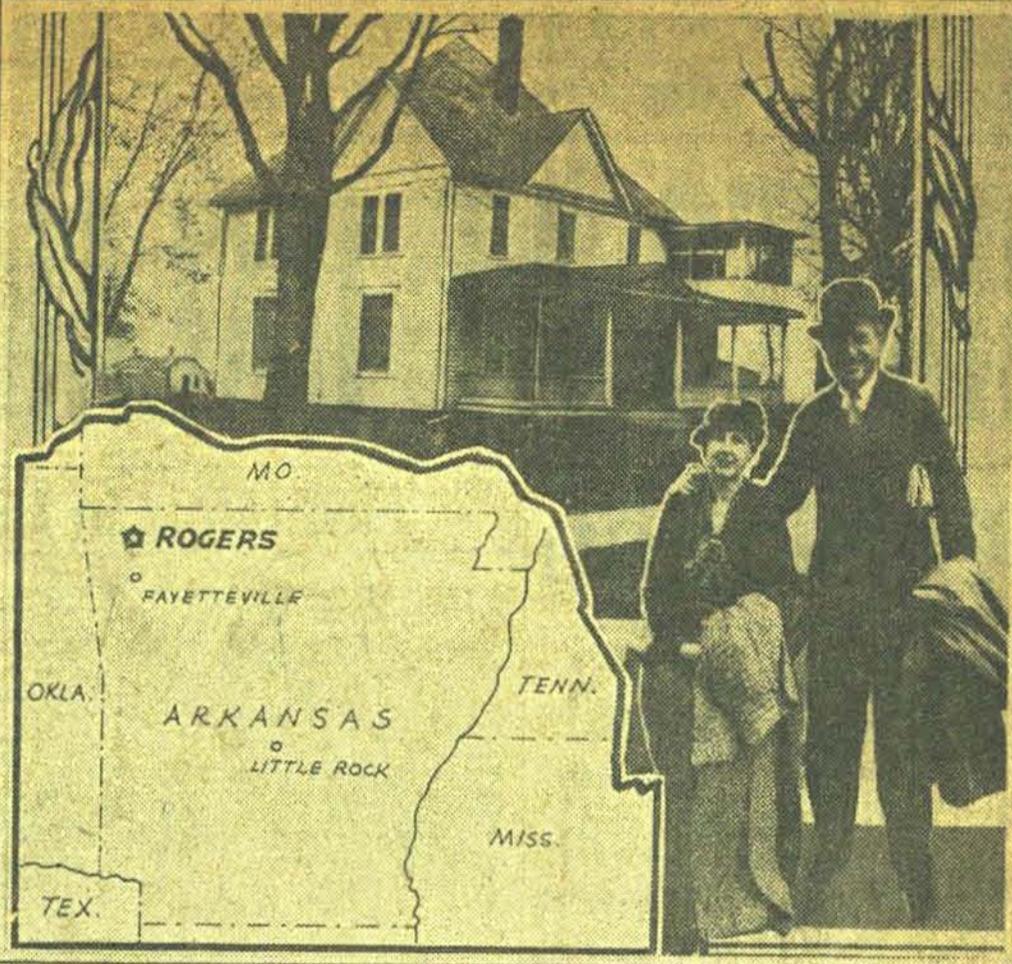
That friendly grin, loved by the entire world, flashed from the cockpit for the last time as the plane left Seattle.



A farewell glimpse of the homespun philosopher in the plane which carried him to his death.



Will Rogers posed for this picture years ago when, as a youth, he was a student at Kemper Military Academy in Boonville, Mo., long before he became the nation's leading humorist.



In this rambling frame house, Rogers—an unknown in the entertainment world in which he later attained world-wide fame, married Betty Blake, a Rogers, Ark., girl, on Nov. 25, 1908. Their home life was one of the notable family lives of the nation. The couple are shown in one of their seldom-posed photographs.



HERE IS A TYPICAL ROGERS MOVIE POSE. HE'S SHOWN HERE with Louise Dresser in a dramatic moment of the screen adaptation of the famous stage play "Lightnin'," which scored such a success on Broadway. Rogers' homely sayings made the picture one of the box office successes of the year.



CRONIES. THAT DESCRIBES FRED STONE, LEFT, and Will Rogers. Their friendship dated back to Rogers' stage show days in New York. As neighbors their children grew up together. Rogers took Stone's role in a play when the latter's injury threatened its success.

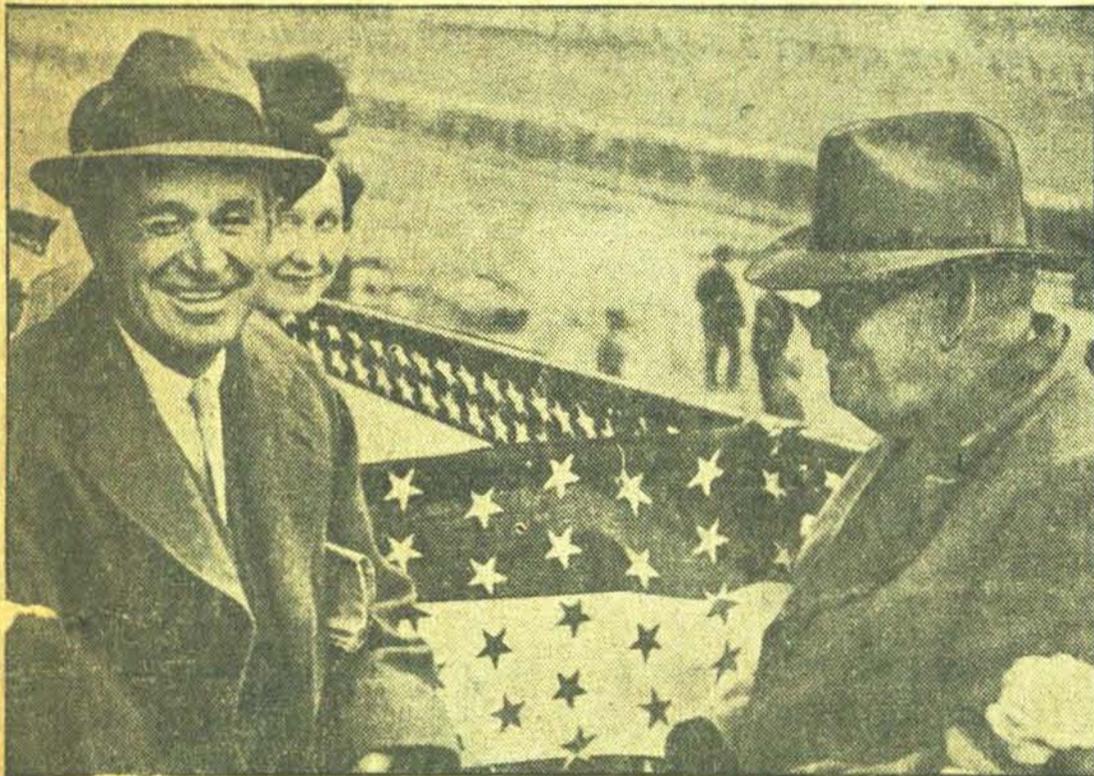


THE OKLAHOMA HUMORIST HAD MANY FRIENDS IN TEXAS, ONE OF WHOM WAS THE LATE W. T. WAGGONER, cattleman and capitalist and founder of Arlington Downs. Rogers often visited with Waggoner on his numerous trips to Fort Worth and to Texas. They are shown here in a characteristic pose.



THE LATE W. T. WAGGONER WAS ONE OF ROGERS' ADMIRERS. The cameraman caught them together on Rogers' drouth relief tour just after Will remarked: "The cowman and oil man have been the hardest hit—and you're both of 'em." Rogers, on his numerous trips to Fort Worth, had made hundreds of friends who mourned his death.

CATTLE AND HORSES WERE DELIGHT OF THESE OLD CRONIES



Will Rogers

W. T. Waggoner

The tragic airplane crash that took the life of Will Rogers yesterday near Point Barrow, Alaska, joined in death two old cronies whose mutual interests were fine cattle and horses. Shown here in one of their last meetings, the

beloved comedian, left, and the late W. T. Waggoner talked things over between races at the Arlington Downs plant built by the late Fort Worth capitalist.



THE MEDICAL MISSION AT POINT BARROW, ALASKA, where the bodies of Wiley Post and Will Rogers were taken by Sergeant Morgan, who discovered them, and Dr. Henry Griest (right), who prepared the bodies for the plane trip back to Seattle. The funeral plane was piloted by Joe Crosson, intimate friend of both men.

WILL Rogers SAID -



HOLLYWOOD, Cal., April 1, 1931.—We are becoming so hardened and used to about any misfortune and bad luck that comes along, that it takes a mighty

big calamity to shock all this country at once, but, Knute, you did it.

Just as you have come from behind all your life and fooled 'em where they thought you didn't have a chance, you did it again. We thought it would take a President or a great public man's death to make a whole Nation, regardless of age, race or creed, shake their heads in real sincere sorrow and say: "Ain't it a shame he is gone." Well, that's what this country did, Knute, for you.

Why, you old bald-headed rascal, you died one of our national heroes. Notre Dame was your address but every gridiron in America was your home.

Yours, WILL.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Messages with which Will Rogers delighted readers of The Star-Telegram for years prior to his death are being selected at random and reproduced. This one appeared in the issue of April 1, 1931, and was requested by Herman Jacobs of Beckville, Texas. Messages typical of his humor and philosophy, will be reprinted. Readers who recall special ones in which they are interested or which they regard as especially good, are asked to send them in or give the dates to The Star-Telegram.

WILL Rogers SAID -



SANTA MONICA, Cal., July 6.—That liberty that we got 159 years ago Thursday was a great thing, but they ought to pass a law

that we could only celebrate it every 100 years, for at the rate of accidents Thursday we won't have enough people to celebrate it every year. And the speeches? Did you ever read them? Never was as much politics indulged in, under the guise of "freedom and liberty."

They was five per cent what George Washington did, and 95 per cent what the speaker intended to do. What this country needs on July the Fourth is not more "liberty or more freedom." It's a Roman candle that only shoots out of one end.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Messages with which Will Rogers delighted readers of The Star-Telegram for years prior to his death are being selected at random and reproduced. This one appeared in the issue of July 6. Messages typical of his humor and philosophy, will be reprinted. Readers who recall special ones in which they are interested or which they regard as especially good, are asked to send them in or give the dates to The Star-Telegram.



WILL ROGERS IS SEEN HERE WITH JOHN D. Rockefeller Sr. at Ormond Beach, Fla., several years ago when Will reversed the tables and gave the multimillionaire a dime. The comedian apparently got a good laugh out of the incident.



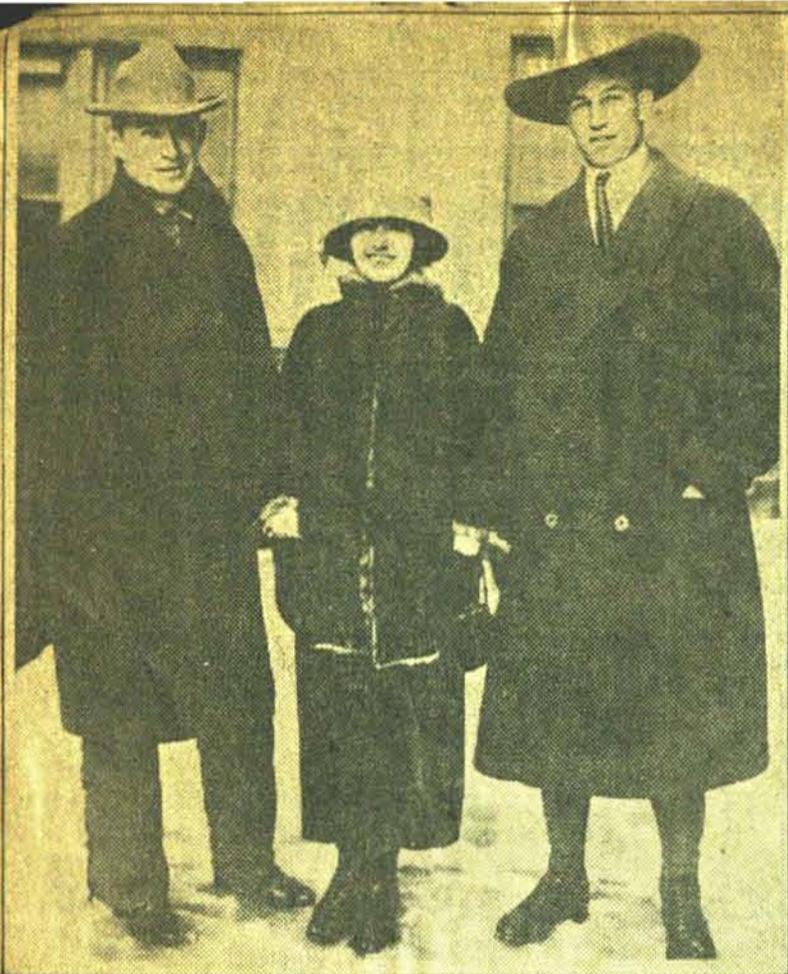
CAPTAIN FRANK HAWKS, THE SPEED FLIER, WAS ONE OF ROGERS' best friends. Hawks was Rogers' pilot on his tour through Southwestern states in 1931 to raise Red Cross funds for drouth relief sufferers. Bundled in heavy clothes and flying boots are Rogers, Captain Hawks (center) and Casey Jones, veteran commercial pilot.



WILL ROGERS (LEFT) IS SHOWN WITH FRANK Hawks, noted pilot during their Red Cross drouth relief tour in 1931. The comedian, who was killed Thursday in Alaska, played before one of the largest audiences in Fort Worth's history in a benefit performance.



THE FAMOUS OKLAHOMA COMEDIAN SHOWED SPECTATORS AT THE Texas cowboy reunion in Stamford in July this year that he had forgotten none of his tricks of twirling a lariat. The cowboy film comedian started his circus and vaudeville career as a rope twirler, and although he later became famous for his quick wit and "horse sense" philosophy, he still practiced with his lariat, sometimes to Mrs. Rogers' regret.



Rogers, left, shown in 1916 in the early days of his vaudeville career. With him were Helen Cody Allen, grand niece of "Buffalo Bill" Cody, and Lloyd Coleman, cowboy roping champion. Shortly after the picture was made, Rogers appeared in Ziegfeld's "Follies."

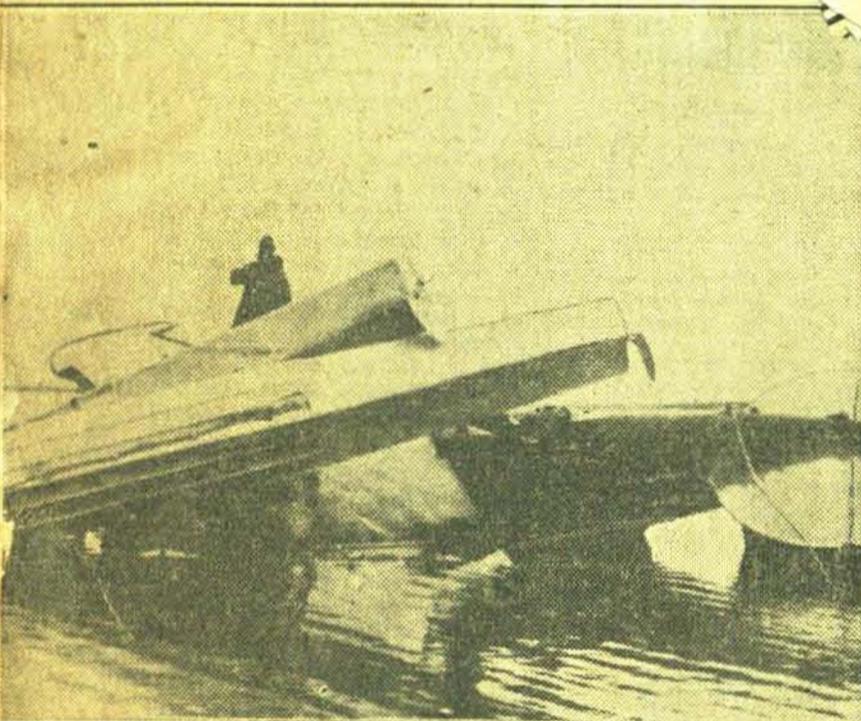


This picture, one of his few in formal dress, was taken when he first went to California after his roping and wise-cracking had won thousands of devotees on the New York stage. He was playing in Hal Roach comedies.



ANCHORAGE, Alaska, Aug. 15 — Well we had a day off Wednesday and nothing to do so we went flying with friends, Joe Crosson, Alaska crack pilot who is a great friend of Wiley's and helped him on his difficulties up here on his record trips, and Joe Barrow, another fine pilot, in a Lockheed Electra.

We scaled Mount McKinley, the highest one on the American continent. Bright sunny day and the most beautiful sight I ever saw. Crosson has landed on a glacier over half way up it and took off. Flew right by hundreds of mountain sheep, flew over moose and bear down in the valley. Now out to visit Matnuska Valley where they sent those 1935 model pioneers.



THIS CLOSEUP VIEW OF THE WRECKAGE IN WHICH THE INTREPID flier and the world-famed humorist met death shows the shattered remains of their single-motored plane. This picture, also taken by Charles Brower, shows how badly the plane was smashed in its fall of about 50 feet.—All Photos Copyrighted by Associated Press.



FORT WORTH—AND TEXAS—WON'T FORGET WILL ROGERS' AID IN RAISING RED Cross drouth relief funds in 1931. With Capt. Frank Hawks piloting him in a Navy "Hell Diver," the comedian clowned before audiences in three Southwestern States and \$221,191 was paid to see him. Hawks, left, is shown here with Rogers as Walter B. Scott, chairman of disaster relief here, presented him with a cup in appreciation of services in the aid of sufferers.



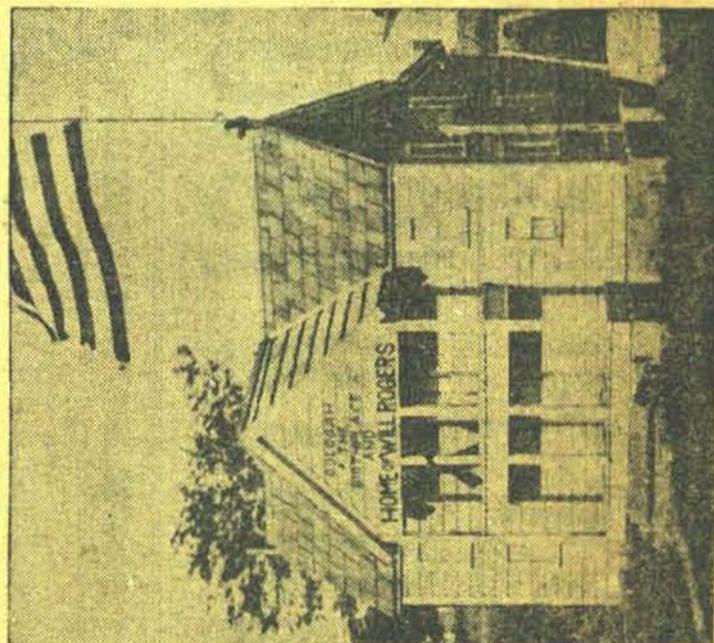
THIS PHOTO WAS MADE ON JAN. 30, 1931, WHEN ROGERS CAME HERE WITH THE Revelers, nationally famous quartet, and presented a benefit show at the Worth Theater, which produced \$18,350 for drouth relief. He is shown here with Captain Hawks, left, and Jimmy Rodgers, right, one of the entertainers on the program, who Rogers described as "a distant son." Fort Worth led the State in the amount paid to see the wisecracking Rogers.



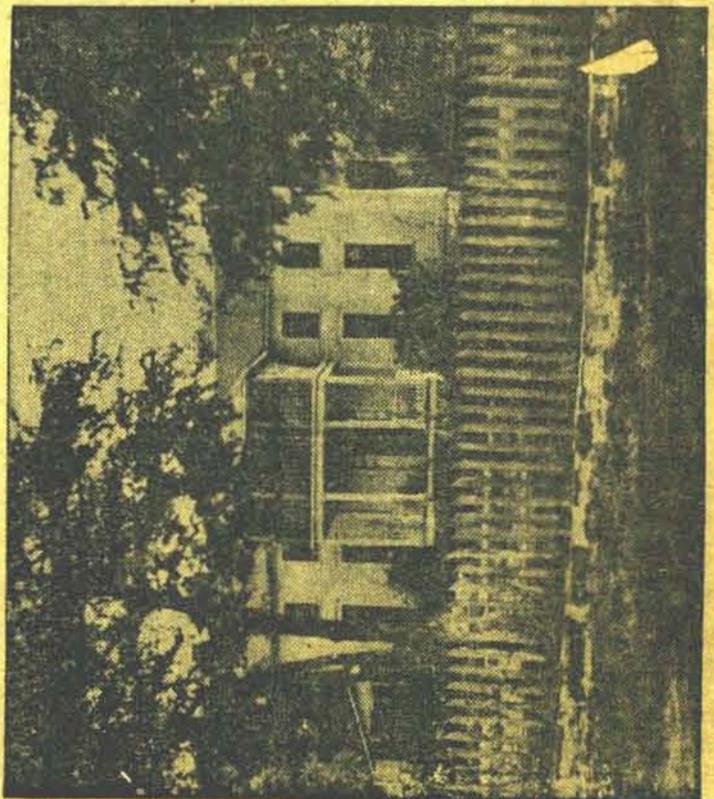
WILL ROGERS, INTERNATIONALLY BELOVED HUMORIST AND STAGE AND screen star who, with Wiley Post, was killed Thursday in Alaska, is shown in a characteristic joshing session with Vice President John Garner. Rogers and Garner were close friends. The humorist invariably "kidded" with high officials upon his visits to Washington.



THE FAMOUS COMEDIAN IS SHOWN WITH FATHER JOHN O'HARA, PRESIDENT of Notre Dame University, at a banquet in South Bend, Ind., in the Spring of 1935 when Rogers was a guest of the Catholic University at the invitation of the faculty and football team. Rogers also was a close friend of the late Knute Rockne, famous coach of Notre Dame.



Oologah, Okla., far up in the northeastern corner of the State, wanted passersby to know that here was where Rogers was born. At the cross roads, a miniature replica of the ranch house has been erected.



At this old home five miles west of Oologah, Indian Territory, Will Rogers was born, Nov. 4, 1879. A. J. Lane, country doctor, brought the baby into the world, the sixth child of Clem and Mary Schrimsher Rogers. His father hauled wagon freight.

Will Rogers Said--

Editor's Note — Messages with which Will Rogers delighted readers of The Star-Telegram for years prior to his death are being selected at random and reproduced.

Suggested by Miss Blondina Edwards, Spearman, Texas:

BEVERLY HILLS, Cal., Aug. 20, 1929. — With the morning papers stating that we had 11,000 miles of lighted airways, a Zeppelin with 60 people going around the world in less time than a Congressman can make a speech, with 20 more or less beautiful air-headed women, who have exchanged their kimonos for helmets and goggles, with our great navy flier, Williams, tuning up to go 350 miles an hour, and me feeding two Fords and a Buick and 25 head of horses, it just looks like I am out of tune with progress.

Yours, WILL.

P. S.: They are aviators but they are still women. They had only been out 60 miles when they all struck and wanted to have it their own way.

Suggested by E. Glenn Haynes, Trickham, Texas:

Santa Monica, April 2, 1933.—Walter Lippman—you all read him—if you didn't, you ought to. He was a Democrat before the deluge to democracy.

But his writings were so fair and impartial that Republicans used to sneak off around behind the house to read 'em. But, being Republicans, they never profited by his sage advice. But now they read him and weep.

Well, he was out to our igloo and broke cornbread and chili with us the other day. He thinks the green lights are with us, and the only thing that can stop us again is prosperity. (There is nothing that sets a nation back so far in civilization as prosperity).

He is proud of all parties uniting during this pilgrimage of back from ga-ga. He thinks that America will not only remain on the gold, but will remain on its feet.

Which is more important.

Yours, WILL.

BEVERLY HILLS, Cal., June 1, 1931.—Poor Texas Guinan and her gang were just unfortunate. She happened to hit France right after the American mayors, so France says: "One show troupe at a time is enough for us." Give Tex credit; she wouldn't have delivered a chamber of commerce speech at the unknown soldier's tomb.

But there is not much sympathy for Tex. Anybody who makes a living off "suckers" should never have to leave this country in a professional capacity.

Yours,
WILL ROGERS.

A Tribute to Will

BY O. O. McINTYRE.

NEW YORK, Aug. 22.—I like to think of Will Rogers as flying on. Certainly no material crackup should halt that blithe spirit. Freed of the cloddish body, he must be ascending new heights, scaling new peaks. This I firmly believe. Consciousness after death is not a mere "something to be hoped for" with me but a conviction—as certain and fixed as the scatter of stars at night.

If Will Rogers were not one of the most talented men of his time, he should have achieved greatness for this simple statement in a world swollen and angrily red with hate: "I never met a man I did not like." Trite, yes—but all truths are trite. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor" is trite.

I have known Will Rogers for



O. O. McINTYRE

20 years, intimately for 10. We met when I was a brash and fresh-every-hour press agent for Flo Ziegfeld and he was the rope twirling, gum chewing comedian star of the Frolic Roof. He called Ziegfeld "Mister Zeegfield" then as he did to Ziegfeld's last lingering days when he looked out for him and later for the interests of his widow and daughter.

Some years later Rogers and I rode herd in the same syndicate outfit. We saw each other usually when he came to town or exchanged telephone insults. I loved and admired him as I have few men. We have bunked at political conventions and sat on the dais together at many stupid banquets in the days when such things were not the terrific bore to me they are today.

I have visited at his many-acred ranch in Beverly and seen the tenderness and devotion that he expressed for his wife, two sons and the especial apple of his eye, his daughter Mary. I never knew him, nor has anyone else, to do a mean or petty thing. His honesty was as nat-

Will Rogers Said:

Editor's Note—Messages with which Will Rogers delighted readers of The Star-Telegram for years prior to his death are being selected at random and reproduced.

Suggested by Miss Helen Richey, 506 South Jennings, Fort Worth:

SANTA MONICA, Cal., Aug. 3.—Well, haven't got much time to do any editorializing today. Today the big world's championship cowboy contest starts, and I am busy setting on the fence blathering with 'em. (Which is about all I can do along cowboy sports line). Some of 'em are right from my home range in Oklahoma, and I think learned to rope on some of my stock. It's like baseball, it's a sport you can attend and know that it's not "in the bag." You can't put a calf or a bucking horse in a bag. It's not like prize fighting or wrestling, where the loser gets a big slice too. Nobody is paid a nickel but the winners. Depression hit everything but horse-back riding, there was never as many people riding, and interested in ranch life, but I must get back to my blathering. "now Crosby can you?"

Yours,
WILL ROGERS.

Suggested by Willie Mae Alexander, 2804 Lee Avenue, Fort Worth:

BEVERLY HILLS, Cal., May 23.—Senator Norris wanted to abolish the electoral college, this is a bad time to try and do away with anything connected with "college." He will have to wait till the lowbrows get in. Well he is not a man to get discouraged, he was years trying to get them to abolish the lame duck session. When you get down to common sense and level headedness and answerable to nobody but his own conscience, you just about got the definition of that quiet fighting old Senator.

Yours,
WILL ROGERS.

Will Has Kind Words for Rex Beach and W. C. Fields and Other Friends

ENJOYED ALASKA VISIT

I LEARNED what little I know about mining, which is practically nothing, from that picture we made. Rex supervised the picture, and he made 'em make all the details as to the actual mining scenes, exactly correct, "Sluice Boxes" and "panning" the gold. Then Rex wrote all the tub-titties, and they were "Wows."

I went to the barber and got a hair cut right in the middle of the picture and like to spoiled it, I didn't know what I was doing, (and here I was going in one door with long hair, and coming out with a hair cut). They all like to had a fit. I think yet it was the best picture I ever made, for I hadn't learned to try to act. There aint nothing worse than an actor when we act. I have always had a great respect and friendship for Rex and Mrs. Beach. Rex is an unusual man, outside all this writing. He is an authority on a lot of things. He has a lovely home near Sebring, Florida, and went to work and cleared a lot of swamp lake land and started raising celery on a real scientific principle. He ships it to New York and its a real boni tide going concern.

Now he has got some Florida dirt, or something that is the very mineral that every person, or plant needs to make it grow. Who ever heard of feeding people "Fertilizer," but that's what it is. It makes grass grow, people grow, chickens lay, cows give milk. Its all developed under (Continued on Page 4.)

OUR WILL: The life story of Will Rogers starts today on Page 4. It is written by Scott Cunningham, who collected his material by personal contact with the man, and by interviews with Rogers' friends. The writer devoted two years to the task.

THE last photo made of the famous fliers before they took off on their fatal flight from Point Barrow. It was made at Juneau, Alaska. They are (left to right), Wiley Post, Rex Beach, Joe Crosson and Will Rogers. It was Crosson who flew the bodies of Post and Rogers back to Seattle.



I was playing that Summer in the Follies, and they got the "Nutt" idea that I could play the part. We made it while I was working in the show. It was made at the old Ft. Lee Studios, in New Jersey just across the river from New York City. They used to make an awful lot of pictures there. It was made for Mr. Sam Goldwyn, who has all these years remained the famous producer. With producers coming and going, and changing, he has held his own right at the top. He was my first picture boss, and we have remained friends all these years, a rare combination.

BY WILL ROGERS

WELL, all I know is just what I hear when I talk to somebody, and as I generally do all the talking, why I don't hear much, but I started out on this trip with the idea that I was going to do some listening.

As I told you in a daily dispatch awhile back, Rex Beach hit Juneau just before we took off. Rex seemed to know everybody there, and all over Alaska. That "Spollers" I expect is one of the finest novels ever written about this or any country.

He hasn't been up here in years. He has always maintained some mining claims up around Nome, but it's fishing and hunting where his heart lies. He had no more than hit Juneau there a few weeks ago when the very next day he was out in what they call "Strip" fishing for what I think they call "Jack Salmon." Then a little later he will start bear hunting, and he sure knows this country.

He came to Nome in about 1901, that was when she was really "Hot." You see the '98'ers were for Dawson and the Klondike District, a thousand and more miles from Nome. Then the Nome strike took it away from the old Klondike District.

Rex and his wife Greta, (that's Mrs. Fred Stone's sister) they were responsible for me in the movies. They was making a great Alaskan picture, and the character was "Laughing Bill Hyde." It was one of his famous short stories, by that same name.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article, sent by air mail from Juneau, Alaska, on Aug. 10, was received after his fatal crash. Three more, mailed from Juneau the day before the fall, remain to be released. They were prepared in anticipation of a flight to Siberia.

WILL ROGERS, IRONICALLY, ENTITLED HIS SUNDAY ARTICLE THOUGHTS WHILE FLYING

BY WILL ROGERS

EDITOR'S NOTE.—WILL ROGERS, the beloved humorist, who met his death with Wiley Post in an airplane crash in Alaska Thursday, wrote this story just before hopping off for the North Country. Ironically, he called this one "Thoughts While Flying," taking a line from his close friend, O. O. McIntyre.

ODD MCINTYRE is always writing "Thoughts While Strolling." Well suppose you are not a "Stroller." I am what you call a mighty poor "Stroller." The feet are bad and the legs are worse, so I take mine out in ridings. So with all due apologies to Odd this is "Thoughts While Flying."

Away here a week or so back I went out to the flying field at midnight in Los Angeles to catch the plane for Seattle. You see day or night means nothing to em now. With the courses all lighted they run schedules in the night time the same as in the day. Bill, that's the first born, and his Mother were with me, and I was off on a little sight seeing trip with Wiley Post. When my wife knew it was Wiley, it didnt matter where it was we was going and she was mighty fine about it.

Well she is about everything. You can't live with a comedian long without being mighty forgiving. The same field a couple of years or more ago she had seen me off to

Vancouver to catch a boat to go to the Japanese Manchurian War, and then fly around the world and meet her in Geneva, Switzerland, at one of those Disarmament Conferences where I used to always go for my amusement. Then around South America on 21 thousand miles jaunt one time, and by the way she is no mean aviation enthusiast herself. She will make all the short trips with you. In fact she was flying the next night after I left on this trip clear back to New York and to Maine to see our Mary.

But this has nothing to do with "Air Strolling" as I havent started strolling yet. Pretty night, nice stars, I dropped off in Frisco to tend to some business early the next morning and caught a plane out of there at eleven the next morning, and then to Seattle at five in the afternoon. Thats a pretty trip. The pilots in the big Boeing just scraped Mt. Shasta. Snow all over the old ant hill. We flew right up and over what I think they call the Redwood Highway. Lots of pretty little towns nestled back in little valleys and canyons. First stop out of Sacramento was

We saw old Captain Petersons big old boat in there, he comes in and trades generally for the month of August. I think he has quite a few trading posts established in the island. They are pretty strict about who they let come in to trade. Its got to be an established firm. I know they are over on the Canadian side and I think its almost the same with us.

For instance in Canada anywhere, the great Hudson Bay Trading Co., an organization that almost founded Canada (and a lot of the U. S. before the Revolution, they been going 250 years) well they dont allow any Hudson Bay trader to take a dog team, or boat, or any conveyance and go out and trade for furs. Or any trader, its against the law.

THEY HAVE TO LET the Indians or Esquimos bring em in and trade at the posts for em. Canada has a great system of dealing with their native population away up in the Far North. You look on a map and all the country that is north of the real mainland of Canada, all those tremendous islands and gulfs up there, a white man is not allowed to fish, hunt or trap, in. Its entirely for the support of the Indians that live up there. We never had thought of that.

And say, the old Injun and the Esquimo is a mighty smart trader up there so they told me. Time means nothing to him in the way of an argument. It dont take him long in some sort of a telegraphic way to find out what sort of wild animal the women have chosen as that seasons show piece (its got to be just a show piece, for old House Cat will keep you as warm as a silver fox). Well these old boys suspicion mighty quick what the buyers are sorter secretly eyeing.



WILL ROGERS

PAYS TRIBUTE TO WIFE

Medford, Oregon, where a few days before some ambitious reporter had sent out a Dispatch that he had seen Wiley Post and I flying over there, when we were at that time crossing Arizona. So this time he is liable to report that I arrived there by horse and buggy.

Say there is some Mountians over that route. South of Medford, north of Medford, thats the town where they raise fine pears. I was forced down there on my previous flight to Vancouver and they kept telling me about them, but said they never did offer me any, they just kept telling how great they was. Well sir when I returned from around the World, they sent me practically all they raised in the Valley that year I think. Everytime a box would come it would be more pears, and better pears, (if possible).

We looked down and saw a big forest fire in the Mountains. Pilots said it had been burning for days. Lots of great timber going to waste. Beautiful country northern Cal. and Oregon and Washington, everything green, rivers galore. Into Portland, Ore., a

beautiful air field on an Island, and a beautiful located city. Asked for Tex Rankin, a flyer that had hauled me over that Country in the early days. He was a fine flyer, and is yet, which means that he is good. If "You are a fine flyer" means a lot more than saying "You was a fine flyer." Girl stewardess come along somewhere in the story here with a fine lunch. It had more dainty little sandwiches, and knick nacks than I had ever seen in any lunch in my life, it was arranged lovely. They say it was made up at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco.

Then into the Puget Sound Country, beautiful Bays, and Islands. Tacoma, who had the first slogan that I can ever remember, it was when I played there in vaudeville about 1908, "Watch Tacoma Grow." I have never watched it much since, but it did. Seattle? Thats a whole story in itself. The Gateway to Alaska, to the Orient, to Canada. Have to tell you about that and seeing the big bombing plane they was just finishing for the Army. Biggest in the World.

Yes sir a plane is a great place to see anything, only the wings are right under where you want to look and you cant see anything. Did really see Mt. Shasta. They couldnt hide it under the wings.

(Copyright, 1935, McNaught Syndicate.)

BY WILL ROGERS.

WELL, ALL I KNOW is just what I read in the papers, and I tell you these little towns and cities in Alaska have mighty fine little papers. They take all the big news and whittle it down till you can read it and understand it.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This article was mailed from Fairbanks, Alaska, the day before the humorist's last flight. One more article, probably the last written work of Will Rogers, remains to be released. It is evident Will planned to continue to Siberia with Wiley Post and had provided special articles to insure against possible delays.

You see with some of our big papers they have so much in there about the subject till it gets you confused. These fellows pick out the main facts and hand it to you in concentrated form, but they get in all the main things, both Alaskan, the main-

land of the United States and international.

They cover about all of Congress that is fit to cover, you see we cover a lot that we shouldent. An awful lot of small towns have dailys, and good ones, some towns twice a week, and some three times.

They have a splendid radio service for messages out, and also all over this vast country, and brother its vast, and vaster still. A distance of 500 miles is just about a jaunt down to the post office and back. They speak of being over to some town 7 or 8 hundred miles away like you would going to your next door neighbors, and they start down or up these rivers in boats and the trip might be a thousand or 15 hundred miles.

THAT YUKON that you have read so much about that is formed away in the Yukon Territory of Canada, we flew down it from the head, and it winds and twists till it comes out away down near San Marchiel, in the Behring Sea, 3,000 miles away. It was interesting to be flying where the trip took you over where the head of one river went to the Artic Ocean, and a few miles over a divide the waters of the other would be headed for the Pacific

That happened coming out of Hershel Island in the Artic, we couldnt land there on account of the ice in the water, but we circled it a time or so.

There is only a half dozen houses, but its a noted place, its where the old whalers, the real old sailing boats, used to land and spend the Winter. They would come up from America or the various Scandinavian countries in one Summer, get in there and Winter and then that would give them an early start the next Summer when the ice went out. Then they would hunt all that Summer which was about three months, then back into Hershel for the second Winter and then out with the whalebone the next Summer.



William Penn Adair Rogers . . . schoolboy friends called him "Rabbit" . . . but the American people learned to call him their own pet Jester.

Fred Stone Pays High Tribute to Old Friend

Rogers Had Brilliant Mind But Softest Heart in World, Noted Actor Says.

(Editor's Note—The following appreciation of Will Rogers was written by his old friend, Fred Stone, noted stage and screen actor, for the Associated Press.)

HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 17 (AP).—Sometimes into a man's life comes a stranger and a friendship forms that lasts out the span of their lives.

To the stage door of the Knickerbocker Theater—in 1906—came a shy, nervous young man. I was sitting outside the stage entrance, resting after a hard rehearsal. I heard this man say to the doorman, "Is Fred Stone in there? I want to see him."



Fred Stone

"I'm Fred Stone," I said. And he answered, "I'm Will Rogers!"

For the rest of our lives it was "Bill" and "Fred."

He came to inquire for an Indian boy I had hired to teach me roping for a stunt in my new show, The Indian, Black Chambers, was from his own home town—Claremore, Okla. I explained I had sent Chambers back to Oklahoma because of ill health.

"I'm a roper," said Bill. "What are you doing? Learning trick roping?"

I explained I wanted to do a dance in the rope while spinning it. "Oh, shucks!" said Bill. "I'll teach you all the ropin' you want to know."

Friendship Starts.

"Come on in," I said. And we went into the theater. I saw some real roping then, and right there our friendship started. Will was in vaudeville. He had a little pony—"Teddy"—with him, and a man who rode for him to rope. Gosh, I loved that act!

People have tried to steal that act time and time again, but they didn't have Bill's grin, his humorous prattle, his personality.

Bill was a psychologist. A real one. Learned it by meeting and knowing people all over the world. People in that world knew him as a humorist. He had a brilliant mind but the softest heart in the world. Did you ever realize that, back of every humorous remark, was the truth? He did lots of good by speaking the truth, and it didn't offend because, no matter how that truth struck home, it was always said in such a humorous way that you laughed with him, but no one failed to be benefited.

A few weeks after I met Bill he took me to see his pretty wife. She was sweet and genuine too, just like Bill.

Bill brought her out to see us. Babies were born to each of our families, and as they grew up Bill took a house across the street from us in Amityville, Long Island. What grand days those were. With great pride I watched Bill grow in the profession until he stood alone as the greatest "one-man show" the world has ever known. I've heard him on one of his concert tours talk three hours without stopping and then say to his audience, who clamored for more, "Aw, go home. We're going to turn the lights out now."

Seven years ago this month, when I was just Bill's age now, I "cracked" up in my plane. It's history now how he flew to New York and offered to take my place so the show could go on. I remember now how he walked into my room at the hospital and grinned at me with tears running down his face.

Bill was a great philosopher. He loved life and laughter. Both are eternal. He lives in the hearts of those who knew him, heard him, saw him or read what he wrote.

Loving him, missing him, we give him to the ages.

Editor's Note: Messages with which Will Rogers delighted readers for The Star-Telegram for years prior to his death are being selected at random and reproduced.

Suggested by W. A. Daniel, Dublin, Texas:

SANTA MONICA, Cal., Nov. 30, 1933.—Today would be an awful good day to not get in bad with either side on this gold. What I mean by that is not to mention it at all. I have always heard the old expression, "Where there is a lot of smoke there must be fire." Well, I don't believe that holds good, for there is certainly a terrible lot of gold arguments, where there is not an ounce of gold. Now the above don't offend either side does it? Or does it offend both sides?
Yours,
WILL.

Suggested by Mrs. D. L. Adair, Gorman, Texas:

SAN ANTONIO, Oct. 6.—I been flying, train riding, automobile and horseback and buggy riding over Texas for 33 years and I've never seen a tenth of it. If it had been Europe, 80 wars would have been fought over it. There is single ranches here bigger than France. Counties bigger than England. Saddle horse pastures big as Alsace Lorraine. The lakes of Switzerland would be buffalo wallows in Texas. It's located between Mexico and the U. S. to keep Mexico from annexing the United States.

It's so far to town that the cowboys who started in to vote for "Teddy" arrived in time to register for "Franklin." Its "Vatican" is the town of Uvalde, it's pope is John Nance Garner. Its sole industry is international politics. It's so big that no one Governor can handle it. They have to have a man and his wife. It's the only State where a Republican has to have a passport to enter.
Yours,
WILL.

P. S.—They would use California for a telephone booth down here.

Suggested by Mrs. W. L. Hurst, 2612 Azle Avenue:

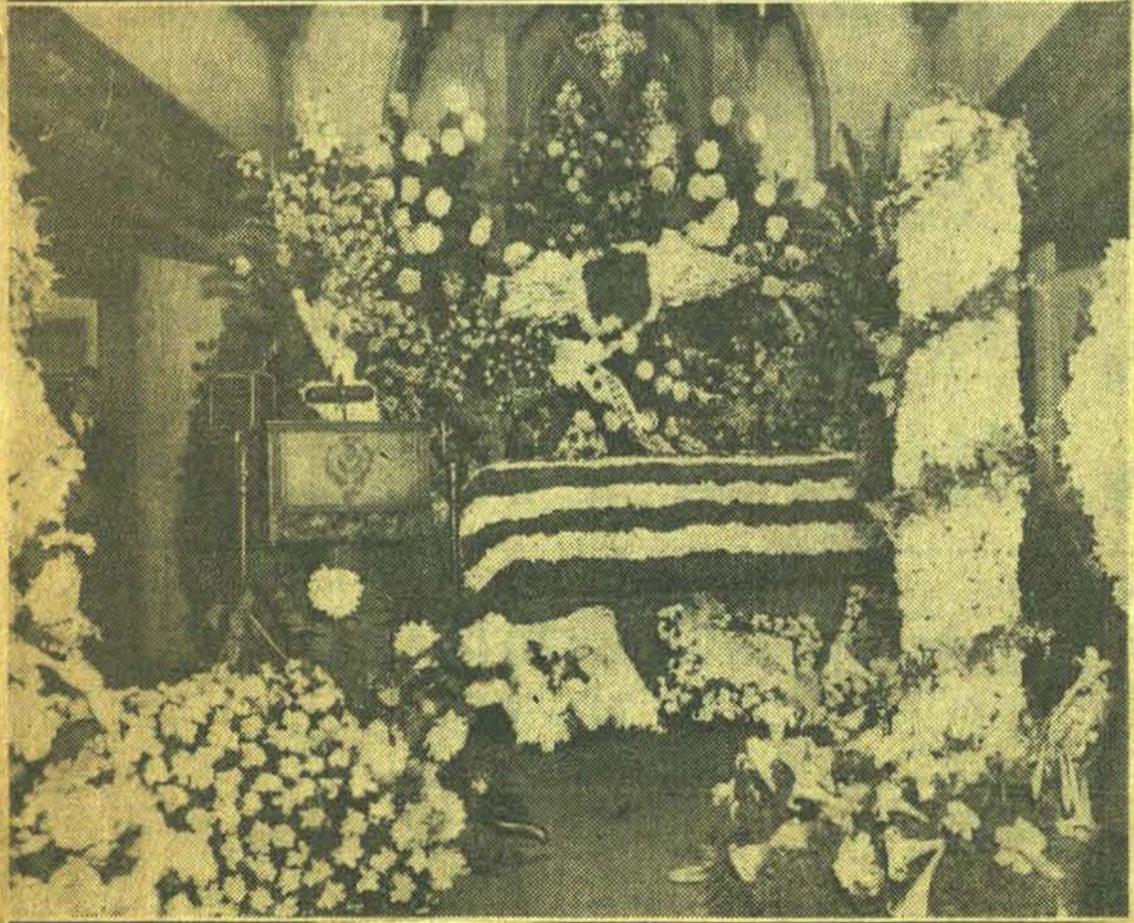
BEVERLY HILLS, Dec. 31.—Well, the old year is leaving us flat, plenty flat. But in reality it's been our most successful year—it's took some of the conceit out of us. We had enjoyed special blessings over other nations, and we couldn't see why they shouldn't be permanent. We was a mighty cocky nation. We originated mass production, and mass produced everybody out of a job with our boasted labor-saving machinery. It saved labor, the very thing we are now appropriating money to get a job for. They forgot that machinery don't eat, rent houses, or buy clothes. We had begun to believe that the height of civilization was a good road, bathtub, radio and automobile. I don't think Hoover, the Republicans, or even Russia is responsible for this. I think the Lord just looked us over and decided to set us back where we belonged.
Yours,
WILL.

Suggested by Ray Lasater, Aledo, Texas:

BEVERLY HILLS, Cal., March 8. "I am glad it was me instead of you, Mr. President." I hope they use that. No tombstone in America could carry a finer tribute. His courage, his fighting spirit, were great. But most of all his devotion to his family during his battle for life endeared Mayor Cermak to his adopted country.

On another train returning home forever goes Tom Walsh to Montana, whose epitaph might read: "Fairness lost a friend, crookedness lost an enemy." But it's only the inspiration of those who die that make those who live realize what constitutes a useful life.
Yours,
WILL ROGERS.

Rogers' Flower-Banked Casket



Will Rogers' Last Report From Esquimo Land,

BY WILL ROGERS.

WELL all I know is just what I run onto awhile back when I was messing around up in Alaska. That's a most interesting country.

I was mentioning to you one time about being in the fine museum in Juneau, the Capitol of Alaska. There is a little Russian man in there, he was born in Alaska, before it was sold to us, "Father * * * * " (some Russian name) Well he has made a great study of Alaskan customs, relics,

languages, its history and everything, and if ever a fellow fit in a museum its him in this one.

It has some marvelous works of art by the Indians and Esquimos. Those Esquimos are really a mighty high class bunch of folks, and plum proud. They wont mess at all with the Indians, and not much with the whites. They think they are superior to the whites, and it dont take much to tell that they have hinder got it on us.

WHAT they can do with the skin of some old wile animal! The women folks kinder work it down some with their teeth. Some of the older womens teeth are all wore down just gnawing on various skins to get em sowed.

A doctor up there told me that the Esquimos sow anything or stitch it up just like the doctors do a wound. Lots of their Winter stuff have the fur inside. They can spread fish nets under the ice, Now how could you spread a fish net under the ice.

They got wooden boxes that are absolutely solid, that is they take one piece and when they get to the corner of the box they cut it, but not entirely in too, but so it will make a square bend, then sow the corners to keep it solid. And they have a water tight box, not a nail, and its absolutely one piece of board and not cut in two at all. Marvelous things cut from rocks, like hatchets and fish line sinkers and in fact anything you need.

Fish seems to be their Specialty, in fact its got to be, for thats about all they got to eat, and thats what they feed the dogs on too. They have to catch a lot of fish for a team of dogs, which is five, or seven. Course seal meat, and white whales, which is something bigger than a porpoise but white.

You know I found out up there that these Esquimos have one of the most regulated lives there is. That is, almost to a day of the various months or seasons, they will go from the hunting or trapping of one animal to the other.

WHITE FOX takes up just so many days, perhaps a couple of months, but there is almost a certain time that they will stop and move to another place to take up another game. Muskrat, then white seals, then their seal and fishing for their supply of dog food.

They all come in and hold a celebration on Xmas, then by New Years they are out again, and hold one at one of the native places.

Then the polo bear season occupes so much of their time. He is pretty hard to get, He is worth real money to em.

Oh yes, then they got the caribou to hunt, There is literally thousands of caribou all over Alaska and the Yukon, and Northwest territories. They say they pass in great herds like the old timers say the buffalo used to do. I kinder thought they was always kinder stringing us about those buffalo, but these folks say the caribou do that right now.

I want to tell you the great story some time of the big drive of 3 thousand reindeer from away over in the very northwest tip of our country of Alaska, clear along the very banks of the Arctic Ocean for 2 thousand miles to the place where I stayed a couple of days at Ahlavit, the very mouth of the McKensie River. They was five years getting them there, its the greatest story in animal driving I ever heard. The Canadian government had bought them from the Loman Brothers the big reindeer men of Alaska.

ITS A great country, is Alaska and the Canadian Northwest, where you have to live off the country, hunt, trap, kill and live. Four mails a year into that place, two and a half months when its not frozen in.

Its just a hundred and fifty miles from Hershel Island out in the Artic, (where we went too) and its the place where all the old whalers of the old days used to come in and freeze in and stay for the Winter.

A whale used to net em about 18 or 20 thousand dollars, when whalebone was selling, but the minute the women started reducing, and trying to get some sort of shape with a rubber corset, the old whalers were pretty near put out of business. The blubber and oil had to make up for the old whalebone corset stays.

Polo bear hides are not worth anything now they say. Furs have been pretty cheap but there is no depression up here and never was. Ground only thaws out one foot in the Summer and from that on down its froze plum on down.

An Esquimo dog from the time he is just a half sized pup is never untied. He is always tied with a chain, and he dont bark at all, he howls. They call all Esquimos "Huskys." I always thought it was the dogs that were called "Huskys" but its the Esquimos themselves.

That's enough northern knowledge for one lesson, especially when some of it maby aint so.

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'The Abbys Should Sell Out'--Rogers

Reflecting After Seattle-Alaska Flight, "Prettiest Trip in World," Will Says, "This Abyssinian Thing Should Be Outright Sale, Not a Fight."

BY WILL ROGERS.

Well, all I know is just what I see hither and thither, and just a few little knick knacks here and there. I was telling you, I think, about taking off in Seattle. Well, she took off like a bird, with an awful short run and with about 260 gallons of gas. Seattle is awful pretty from the air (well, from anywhere) but with a sea plane that takes off from the water you are nearer the city and not so high as you would be if flying over it in a land plane.

Then you start above those channels, and islands and lakes, and then out and up the coast. If there is a prettier trip in the world than from Seattle to Alaska by what they call the Inland Passage, I never saw it.

WILL PAYS TRIBUTE TO LOVELY OLD VICTORIA.

Victoria, over on the left, the place that is the most English of any place outside England and even more English than 90 per cent of England. Beautiful gardens, beautiful flowers, a lovely, dignified old city. Its England.

The whole of Vancouver Island is pretty, then all along up the Coast. Big timber coming right down to the waters edge. I dont know where they would ever get any shortage of timber.

We had pretty weather for about the first 300 miles, then it begin to kinder close in. We had expected to stop in Ketchikan, our first city in Alaska, but Wiley I guess figured that if he stopped there we would get closed in and wouldnt get any further up the coast.

So he flew low over the very pretty little city right along the water's edge, with the high mountains to the back of it. They have the largest salmon canning plants in the world there. Its a great fishing center.

Did you ever pay much attention to a map of Alaska? Well, there is some astonishing things about it. Now we have a long narrow strip of land that I dont think is but 30 miles air line back from the ocean to the top of the ridge of mountains, and then comes Canada. We cut Canada off from the ocean for five or six hundred miles.

I dont know just how that come about; well, I do, too, you see we bought it from Russian in 1868 (I think it was). Seward was Secretary of State, and he bought it from the Russians and the Ambassador at that time from there here was a Count Von . . . Somebody or other.

Editor's Note—This article and two others were mailed from Fairbanks, Alaska, on Aug. 14, the day before Will Rogers' fatal crash with Wiley Post. The others will appear soon.



They have autograph seekers, even in Alaska. Will Rogers is shown in Juneau giving his autograph to an unidentified girl. Others in the picture are, (left to right), Wiley Post, Rex Beach, Mayor Isadore Goldstein (back to picture); Joe Crosson, the famous flier who brought the bodies of Rogers and Post back to the United States.

There is a big picture of it in the wonderful museum in Juneau, and it shows the signing of the Bill of Sale. We paid \$7,200,000 (seven million two hundred thousand dollars), the two hundred thousand extra was the Count's commission, I guess.

Then in that same museum they have a picture of the check that we paid. Think of that seven million dollars and the thing is almost as big as the United States. At that time they called it "Seward Follies."

NATIONS SHOULD SELL LAND, NOT FIGHT OVER IT.

Kinder like it is now, we never know when we are doing well till away later. I guess its the best bargain we ever made. I never could see why Nations dont sell each other land like they ought too instead of having them go to war to get it.

I dont think we are as civilized as we used to be back in those days. Now there was some land off away from Russias main body, and they sold it. Lots of Nations have land that is worth more to other Nations than it is to them. Well, the first thing you know you are in a war and get it taken away from you for nothing.

This Abyssinian thing should be an outright sale for a big sum of money. Save the war and let them be paying the Abbys for years and years, but the proudness of it makes 'em hang on to it. England has 10 times more land than she can ever populate.

We ought to buy Northern Mexico and pay 'em enough money for it to keep 'em for years. Like to get ahold of some of Western Canada, but I doubt if they would want to join up with us, even at any price.

Here is an astonishing thing I bet you didnt know. I met a very fine writer, an Englishman, up here, a Mr. Sullivan, that wrote a book I think its called "The Trail of Destiny." Its all about the building of the Great Canadian Pacific Railroad, along in the eightys. Well do you know he told me that Canada had to build that Road to keep the Province of British Columbia from going with the United States. There was only a few thousand people west of the Rockies in Canada and they was so far away from the rest of their Country that they wanted to join us. But I guess they changed their minds by now.

But to get back to early principles that I was on awhile ago. I still dont know how Russia or anybody else ever got England (or Canada rather) cut off from the sea like that. England is kinder crazy about her seas and oceans, and when you let her get 30 miles away and then dont let her to it, its almost a miracle.

This may make you look at your maps and see just how Alaska lays. The Klondike is in Canada and not in the U. S. Well, thats enough Geography for new.

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Will Rogers Said—

Editor's Note—Messages with which Will Rogers delighted readers of The Star-Telegram for years prior to his death are being selected at random and reproduced. These were suggested by readers.

Vernon, July 7, 1932.

No papers away out here on the prairie where I am, so I don't know what has happened. By golly, to people away out on farms and ranches, where people make a living off what you are supposed to make it off of, why it don't make much difference what happens. The "market could have closed strong" or closed forever, and it wouldn't matter to a big bunch of Americans.

It sure is a lot prettier sight to look at thousands of white faced cattlen than thousands of bald faced delegates in one corral howling like mad, and gnawing for nothing.

They brand the cattle so you can tell 'em, and have to put bandages on the degelates, so there's not much difference after all.

Yours—Will Rogers.

Muleshoe, Texas, July 8, 1932.

Down here at the Mashed O, my old friends, the Halsells Ranch, branding thousands of calves. I been roping at 'em all day and they just look around and say, "Go on, comedian, and do your stuff on the stage but don't try a real cowboy racket." I'll catch one of the little rascals yet if I have to bribe him. Say, I been so interested in real things I just quit reading the papers. What is Congress doing and why did Almee's husband establish his good name? A rancher just rode out to the roundup and said the Happy Warrior had decided to leave the war and be happy again. Did you know that hogs went up \$2 a hundred while the two conventions were in session? Make your own joke.

Yours, Will Rogers.

Muleshoe, July 10, 1932.

Well, sir, don't you think things are looking better? They are among the stock raisers and farmers. I have always maintained that the Republicans this Summer before election would, with all their influence and money power, create an amateur prosperity enough to make folks think things were on the upgrade and not to change horses. You know it's going to take much to make us think we are doing fine. No breast, or white meat. Just the wing and the old back will taste like a banquet to us now. I think, too, just promising the people some beer made everybody feel better, even if they know they will die of old age before they get it.

Yours, Will Rogers.

This one was suggested by J. A. Walker of Rising Star.

BEVERLY HILLS, Cal., Oct. 6.—

For days I have heard on the radio these baseball announcers say, "I will now give you the picture, World's Series, Washington versus N. Y. at Washington, N. Y. at bat, ninth inning." Well they got me doing it. I will now give you the picture, it's the U. S. versus Depression. The score is three to two in favor of Depression, its the last half of the ninth inning. U. S. at bat, two men are out, and the bases are loaded.

Unemployment is on third, NRA is on second, Farm Relief on first, and Roosevelt at bat. He has already had two hits during the game. There is three balls and two strikes on the batter. Depression's team has gathered around its pitcher. The batter is all confident. He rubs his hands in dirt, he smiles, here it comes, bang. It's a hit, it's a hit. Unemployment crosses the plate. NRA comes home with the winning run. Boy Oh Boy, what a game.

Yours,

Will Rogers.

Suggested by L. M. Freeman of Midland:

BEVERLY HILLS, Cal., May 14.

One hundred and twenty million people lost a baby. One hundred and twenty million people cry one minute and swear vengeance the next. A father who never did a thing that didn't make us proud of him. A mother who, only the wife of a hero, has proven one herself. At home or abroad they have always been a credit to their country. They have never fallen down. Is their country going to be a credit to them? Will it make him still proud that he did it for them? Or in his loneliness will it allow a thought to creep into his mind that it might have been different if he had flown the ocean under somebody's colors with a real obligation to law and order? America goes further into debt, and the debt is to the Lindbers. Yours,

WILL.

(Clipped from the Tulsa World, May 30, 1931.)

Maybe this one will help the President's side in the "holding company" battle:

"Beverly Hills, Cal., May 29, 1931. A couple of years ago no business seemed to be up to date unless it had its 'holding company.' The title 'holding' seemed like you had something. So the suckers went for it, but now the stockholders find out that all they were holding was the bag.

"So that's what's the matter with your Wall Street. You can't go out now when your business ain't going so good and merge with something else that's doing worse and form a 'holding company' and issue more stock. What you've got nowadays you've got to 'hold' yourself. The buyers are looking in the bag now before they hold it.

Yours, "WILL."

Beverly Hills, Cal., Jan. 4, 1933.

Hello, mister, was you ever asked to make a New Year prediction? "Say, I never been asked to eat on New Year." Have you ever been appointed on a commission? "No, nor in jail either." Do you read prominent men's predictions? "No, I never read fiction." Have you a job? "No, I am on a diet." What does the new year hold in store for you? "What new year? Have they got another one?" Do you think the world leaders can get us out of this? "They might, ignorance got us in." What do you think of technocracy? "Nothing you can't spell will ever work." What about the debts? "Well, I hear England paid ninety million, but it's only hearsay as far as the unemployed is concerned." Do you think we will get out of this depression just because we got out of all the others? "Lots of folks drown that's been in the water before." What will give the unemployed employment? "If somebody will throw a monkeywrench into the machinery." Won't light wines and beer be a big aid to the poor? "They will if they give 'em away." Won't '33 see a change for the better? "I don't think so, we haven't suffered enough. The Lord is repaying us for our foolishness during prosperous days. He is not quite ready to let us out of the dog house yet." I will haul you down the road if you like. "What's down the road? I have been to both ends. One place is as good as another." Well, good luck to you. "Yes, that's what my Congressman said."

Yours,

WILL ROGERS.

NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 24, 1929.

I have been in Washington on inauguration day; Claremore on Fourth of July; Dearborn on Edison's day, but to have been in New York on "Walling day" when Wall Street took that tail spin, you had to stand in line to get a window to jump out of. And speculators were selling space for bodies in the East River. If England is supposed by international treaty to protect the walling wall, they will have to come here to do it. The wall runs from the Battery to the Bronx.

You know there is nothing that hollers as quick and as loud as a gambler, they even blame it on Hoover's fedora hat. Now they know what the farmer has been up against for 8 years. Yours,

WILL ROGERS.

BEVERLY HILLS, Cal., Nov. 21. All I know is just what I read in want ads. I see where they say Wall Street is coming back. Yep, coming back for more. They figure people about had time to save up another little dab. That's one good thing about the rascals though. They always give you warning when they are coming. There ought to be some way figured out just what it takes to support that whole gang (in the manner in which they are accustomed) then charge everybody in the U. S. so much and deduct it from their salary. That would eliminate all speculation, and everybody would know where they stood.

Yours,

WILL ROGERS.

LOS ANGELES, Oct. 31, 1929.—

Sure must be a great consolation to the poor people who lost their stock in the late crash, to know that it has fallen in the hands of Mr. Rockefeller, who will take care of it and see that it has a good home and never be allowed to wander unprotected again. There is one rule that works in every calamity, be it pestilence, war or famine, the rich get richer and the poor get poorer. The poor even help arrange it. But it's just as Mr. Brisbane and I have been constantly telling you, "Don't gamble." Take all your savings and buy some good stock, and hold it till it goes up. Then sell it. If it don't go up don't buy it.

Yours,

WILL ROGERS.

Will Was Cheerful, Wiley Was Nervous

Editor's Note—This article was mailed from Seattle just before Will Rogers and Wiley Post took off for Alaska.

BY WILL ROGERS.

Well, all I know is just what little I see behind this old Lockheed's wings. It's a Sirius wings, Lockheed body, three-bladed pitch propeller, big Wasp engine. Wiley calls it "Aroro-Borelaus." I call it "Post Toasty."

It's a beautiful morning in Seattle, Wash. Wiley and Mrs. Post have been here a few days getting the ship from wheels to pontoons. I have had a mighty pleasant and lovely 24 hours here. Everybody terrible nice and accommodating. fine hotel, lots and lots of tourists coming in and out. Some that have been to Alaska, some that are going, some that have been to the Yellowstone, some that are going. Seattle is a great travel corner. Mrs. Post and Wiley and I drive out to the field. It's a combination land and water airport, called the

Great Lakes Airway, right on beautiful Lake Washington. Thats the lake that turns out those champion rowing college teams.

Mrs. Post decided at the last minute to go up to Alaska a few days later by boat, so it's only Wiley and I that are taking off. Ship looks mighty pretty. Its a bright red with a few trimming of white stripes. The pontoons are awful big looking things but Wiley says "None too big." Wiley is kinder of a Calvin Coolidge on answers; none of em are going to be bother to you with being too long. Mrs. Post asks me to take good care of Wiley. I said, "Of course you mean in the air, after we get on the ground he is able to look after himself."

There was an extra single seat ahead of a double seat. Wiley took it out, and there is left a world of space, as there is this comfortable double seat, it could be possible to be a six-passenger job. He has got a rubber boat and a canoe paddle, some life vests, or protectors. Oh yes and his gun case. I dont know what kind it is, I dont hunt or shoot; its a long looking thing. I expect there is a Springfield Rifle in there. Oh yes, and his fishing rod and 80 reels. Oh yes, and two or three coils of rope (and they are not mine). They are to tie the ship up and pull it up to the banks. That will be my job to get out first and tie the rope and then vault ashore and haul it in. I will have to have a card from the "Long-shoremans Union."

What no camera? No thats what we are going on this trip for, to get away from cameras, then too I dont know nothing about em, and cant work em. We may see some fine sights but you can always lie about a thing better than you can prove it. Then you always have to explain that "This picture dont near do the scene justice."

Oh yes and some sleeping bags. Wiley got them; said they was great to sleep in. I never was in one of em. You zip em up around you after you get in em some way. I always have trouble with those zip-pers, so I can see myself walking around in one of those things all day. Lot of dogs here at the field. Dogs and autograph hunters always find out where anything is going on.

There aint any unemployed in this Country. Thats what the so-called idle are doing, is getting autographs, and say they are working 24 hours a day. Fellow comes up and says, "I see all your pictures" and I ask him which ones, and he cant name a one. Woman brings a little 5-year-old girl up and says, "Tillie wants to meet you, she reads

Will said: "Photographers seem to know we don't know where we are going ourselves, and they don't insist on us telling 'em. Wiley is getting nervous."

all your little articles in the papers and enjoys em." Tillie says, "Who is he Ma?"

Girl newspaper photographer, very efficient and pleasant,

in fact all of em are. They seem to know we dont know where we are going ourselves and they dont insist on us telling em. Well they bout got the gas in; Wiley is getting nervous. I want to get this off and leave it before having to send it back from Alaska. I am anxious to get going too. I think we are going to have a great trip, see lots of Country that not too many have seen. But you cant tell. You could go to the northernmost part of Hudson Bay, and expect there would be a pack of folks there in Fords having a picnic, or maby some holding company stockholders sending telegrams to Roosevelt.



By I. N. S.

His ready and sometimes barbed wit, directed at the mighty more often than the lowly, won for Will Rogers a place in the hearts of the American public. Sharp as the famous Rogers wisecracks sometimes were, they never were offensive.

Some of his best gems were recalled today.

In 1932, Rogers met a Filipino government clerk and "promised" freedom to the islands, adding:

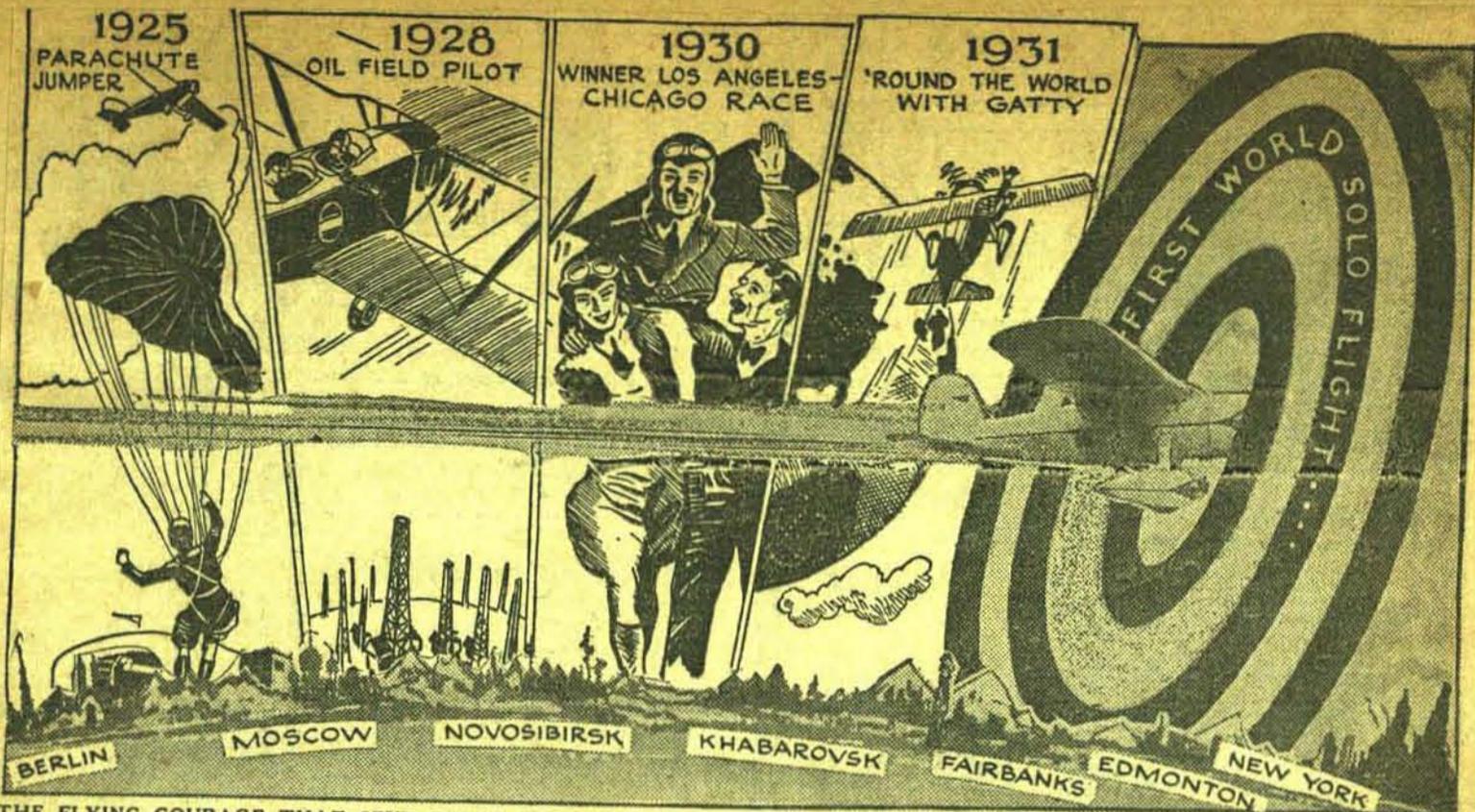
"What do you want independence for? You'll get off as bad as we

are then. We've got independence and look at us. You've got to have a sense of humor to have independence nowadays."

At the time, the comedian was recruiting a "joke commission" as a new arm of the Government.

During the general strike in San Francisco last year, Rogers went there from Los Angeles and told Mayor Rossi:

"No, I haven't come to settle the strike—not much! Los Angeles sent me up here to cheer it on and swipe your industries."



THE FLYING COURAGE THAT SENT WILEY POST AND HIS PLANE THROUGH TO SUCCESS IN THE FIRST SOLO FLIGHT around the world was born when the Oklahoman turned parachute jumper and embarked on a thrilling career in the air. Soon he was flying planes over the oil country and later tested his prowess as a speed flier. Then came the epochal flight with Harold Gatty around the world, and his own solo, eclipsing all previous air exploits.

WILL ROGERS'



Pontoon-equipped plane



THE PLANE WHICH CRACKED UP WITH POST and Rogers near Point Barrow, Alaska, is shown at the top. It was equipped with pontoons. Below, the humorist and the flier are shown examining a propeller of Post's new plane before the start of the ill-fated Alaskan tour last week.



HERE IS A CLOSEUP OF THE FAMOUS AVIATOR, minus the eye-patch. Although he was born in Grand Saline, Texas, he spent most of his early flying days in Oklahoma. His wife, also, was a native Texan. Post set many air records and was the first to attempt to fly for long distances through the stratosphere.

ROGERS WAS 'JUST FOLKS' TO FILM COLONY

The first chapter in this Life Story of Will Rogers, published in The Sunday News, outlined his exciting rise from a cowpuncher in Indian Territory to an undisputed position as the world's most famous and most beloved wit.

It described his adventurous youth, during which he combed the world for romance and thrills. Africa, Australia, South America, Europe, he saw them all, relying on his ability with a lasso to earn a living.

His rise to fame on the stage and later in Hollywood was outlined, from the terrible moment when his lasso got tangled and he was forced to talk to entertain his audience to recent days when he yielded to no one as a talkie attraction.

The instant, when Will found he could talk to a crowd of people and keep them amused, was the turning point in his life. From a \$50 a week lariat trickster, he became in no time a great star.

The dominant trait in his fine character, the first installment told News readers, was his unyielding simplicity and lack of ostentation, though he moved, in the last part of his life, with the great of the world. Kings and multi-millionaires were the same to him as the home folks in Oklahoma.

By ROGER DAKIN.

Nobody in Hollywood was ever jealous of Will Rogers! Film-folk will tell you that's a miracle. It wasn't. For who could be jealous of homely Will?

The top-notch talkie comedian of his day, the highest salaried star in the game, he moved through Hollywood's temperament and tantrums like the real, healthy, honest, normal man he was. Just folks!

He was never upstage for a minute. He never stood on his rights as a star. He was never known to do an unkind thing, and the kind things he did would take a book in telling.

Extras Were His Friends.

He spent half the time on the lot talking with \$5 to \$10 a week extras. He liked to gab and they liked to listen. And was he happy when one of the extras proved to be an ex-cowboy from Oklahoma!

How they would chew the rag for hours, talking over the folks in Rogers' native neck of the woods, while production men tore their hair.

Will always looked like a cowboy himself, in costume or out. His face had been tanned by the sun. His blue eyes were awake. Eyes as keen as an eagle's, and as kindly as a father confessor's. He wore his brown graying hair rumpled, partly hanging over his forehead. Truth to tell, he looked as though he had just finished trimming his hair himself.

Wore Old Sweater.

He'd stroll on the Fox Studio lot looking more like a fellow from a ranch than an actor. Denim, high-heeled cow boots and an old sweater was his usual costume.

When he went to an affair (and the Prince of Wales himself could be there) Rogers rigged himself in a blue serge double-breasted suit. Hollywood called it the Will Rogers uniform. He never wore a tuxedo, even when toastmaster at a banquet.

Conspicuous as his ranch hand outfit made him, before you saw him, you could hear him. He was an incessant talker and loved to gab. Occasionally a long word stopped him. But only until he could think of the wrong pronun-



Will Rogers and Ann Shirley in "Steamboat Round the Bend," one of the last talkies made by him and which has not yet been released.



As Rogers played his role in "State Fair."

ciation. He loved to pretend he was "igerant."

"What you can't spell won't work," he used to wisecrack.

There was nothing ritzy about him. He would talk to friends and strangers alike. Often they were just a try-out audience. Days later the witticisms Rogers tossed off in casual conversation would appear in one of his articles or speeches on the radio.

Though he often refused to be interviewed or to pose for publicity purposes, he didn't make an art or career of avoiding both. He was no Garbo, either in looks or in spirit.

Chewed Gum or Spectacles.

He would talk to newspaper men and they could interview him by merely not stating they wanted an interview. He would talk and talk and answer any question put to him as part of the conversation. His answers were honest. He didn't try to say the correct things in the correct way, as most actors and actresses do.

But he would not, under any circumstances, talk to a female fan magazine writer. Not even when he was off guard.

While he talked he chewed. Chewing gum was part of his act, but he seldom had a piece handy. He'd chew on rubber bands, or the tips of his spectacles. He claimed he ate eighteen pairs of spectacles that way every two years.

Rogers had the only reserved table in the large Fox commissary. He drank two cups of coffee with every meal, regardless of what he ate. He always picked up the checks of all who sat at his table

with him. This was another opportunity to try out gags. The people at the table would read their conversation in next day's papers.

Scorned Dressing Room.

But while he had reserved table in the commissary, Will scorned a luxurious dressing room. His studio prepared a "grand place" for him to occupy. A sanded garden decorated with cactus plants surrounded an adobe hut dressed up with an electric kitchen and a living room filled with western and Indian trophies. Rogers looked in, said it was "swell" and never went back until Former President and Mrs. Coolidge came to call. He ushered them into the house, saying: "they had to set somewheres didn't they?"

Added Some Gags.

Rogers would ride about the Fox Studio in his big car. The shelf of the car always contained stacks of letters, fan mail. Rogers generally carried a portable typewriter in the car. He'd park in front of his flossy bungalow, but wouldn't enter, preferring to sit on the car's running board to do his writing.

It was generally believed he wrote the lines he spoke in his flickers. This was not true. He tried to learn the lines written for him, but when he found it difficult to remember the author's words he would transcribe their meaning into his own lingo.

He did like to add his own gags now and then. After reading a speech four or five times, which is necessary for a take, it was natural for him to add a comment.

When the lunch hour approached, Rogers, after a take, would holler: "Lunchie." This was the signal for all to stop work for Rogers was going to the commissary. He generally made it a rule to quit acting at about 5:30 P. M. There were no arguments about this. It came to be expected of him.

Actors and the crew liked to work with him. He did not care where he stood before the camera. In two of his pictures the last lines were spoken by other actors, each obscure in the profession. Few stars permit pictures to close with the last word going to unknowns.

There was not an ounce of affectation in the whole 180 pounds of the man. This story is told of his modesty.

Riding with Mrs. Rogers after dinner one evening, it was suggested they go to a movie. The star had not seen his last picture so they drove to a theatre where it was showing, parked the automobile, and entered the lobby. Then Rogers found he had no money in his pocket.

Never Sued Or Was Sued.

"Let's go home," he said. It never occurred to Will that he could enter any theatre in the United States with no more credentials than his well known face.

As Rogers turned out one successful picture after another, there was never any friction with his employers. He never called in a lawyer to make his motion picture deals for him. He would go in and settle things himself. He claimed he was never in a lawsuit; that he never sued or was sued.

His first talkie was "They had to see Paris" in 1929. Although he had a contract to make another picture immediately, he postponed work on that production to help out his friend Fred Stone on Broadway.

After the long, successful run of "Three Cheers," the show in which Rogers starred for Stone, who was laid up as the result of an airplane accident, Rogers made "So This Is London," and "Happy Days," both late in 1930.

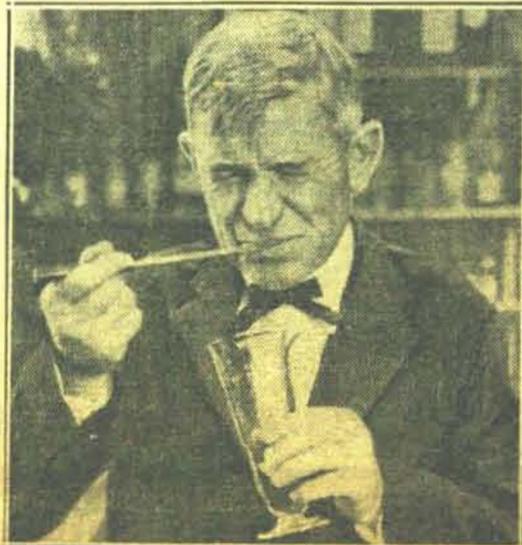
Called Claremore Home.

In the sticks, where producers measure the profit-making possibilities of a star, Rogers speedily became the greatest box-office attraction of them all.

Thereafter his successes came year after year, including "The Yankee at King Arthur's Court," "Young as You Feel," "Business and Pleasure," "Ambassador Bill," "Down to Earth," "Too Busy to Work," "State Fair," "Doctor Bull," "Mr. Skitch," "David Harum," "Handy Andy," "Judge Priest,"

Before Final Fadeout

The beloved humorist, Will Rogers, as film fans knew him in one of his talkie successes, "Handy Andy." Hollywood regarded Rogers as one of the country's greatest box office attractions.



"The County Chairman," "Life Begins at Forty," "In Old Kentuck," and his last, completed just before he made the fatal flight with Post, "Doubting Thomas."

Although picture making kept him in Hollywood most of the years—he made his home in Beverly Hills, a suburb, and had a ranch at Santa Monica—Rogers never lost his great love for Claremore, Oklahoma, the "big town" a few miles from his birthplace, Oologah.

His legal residence was at Claremore, and so was his spiritual home. Through Claremore and the home folks Will kept in touch with the frontiersman tradition, the clipped, axiomatic philosophy of the pioneers from which he drew his own dry, salty humour.

But he loved California, even when he spanked it. He wisecracked: "Give California two months rain in the year, and nothing can stop us but lack of adjectives."

Again: "You know I am in the movies, and so far as I can learn I am about the only fellow who ever came out of them with his original wife."

Defended Hollywood's Morals.

But he was the first to defend Hollywood's morals and decry wild talk about the film colony's night life.

"You hear a lot of talk about what a terrible place it is, but the only night life a fellow gets there is when they build a cafe or cabaret set for a picture."

He wasn't fond of gay night life. He worked for Flo Ziegfeld in the "Midnight Frolic." Will was never in a night club again.

Rogers fun was the clean sport of daylight. And one of the most amusing days he ever spent was the time they inducted him into office as honorary Mayor of Beverly Hills. But that gets Will into politics, a swell story in itself.

(Other pictures, pp. 1 and 18)

Read tomorrow's paper for the story of Will Rogers in politics. Although thousands laughed at the late comedian, he might easily have been a serious figure in public life. But he took the serious offers of public office lightly. The third installment of Will Rogers' life story will tell of his career as America's "Unofficial Ambassador At Large."

THE HUMAN ROLES THAT REVEALED WILL ROGERS' GENIUS



The Will Rogers that you've perhaps forgotten . . . in the Pathe picture "Fruits of Faith" before the talkies.

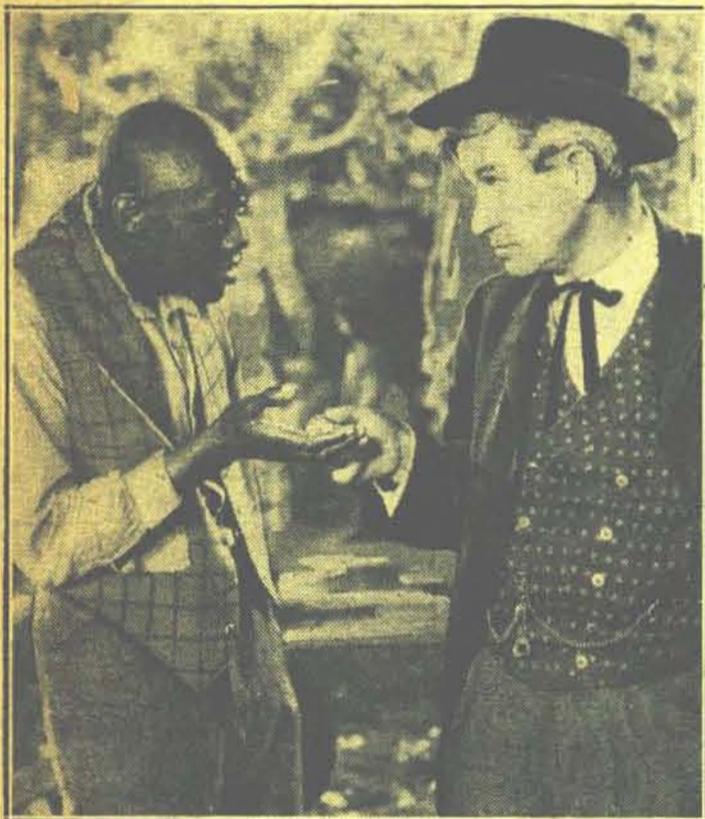


A touch of humor in "The Ropin' Fool," an early picture in which he still depended upon his rope. This was before his work in the talkies built him into a national screen attraction.



An unbeatable combination . . . Will Rogers and Mark Twain. America's beloved humorist is shown here in "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court," the picture that brought gales of laughter from both children and adults.

—See Page 12 for Life Story of Will Rogers.



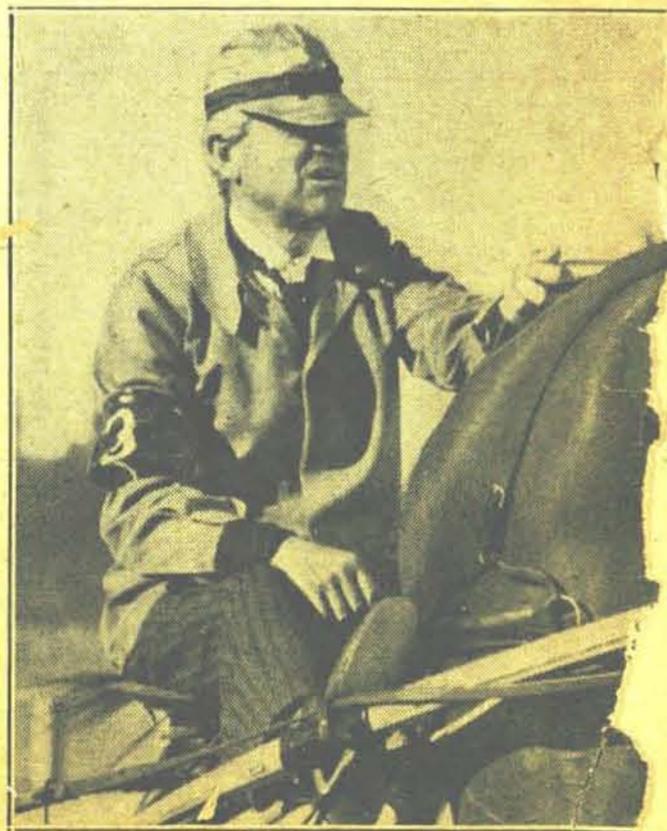
The Oklahoma drawl of Will Rogers added pungency to his witticisms. It was never so pronounced as in "The County Chairman," in which he's shown in scene with Stepin Fetchit.



A moment of tenderness in "One Glorious Day," an early Will Rogers picture with Lila Lee. Even in moments such as this his whimsical character was not submerged.



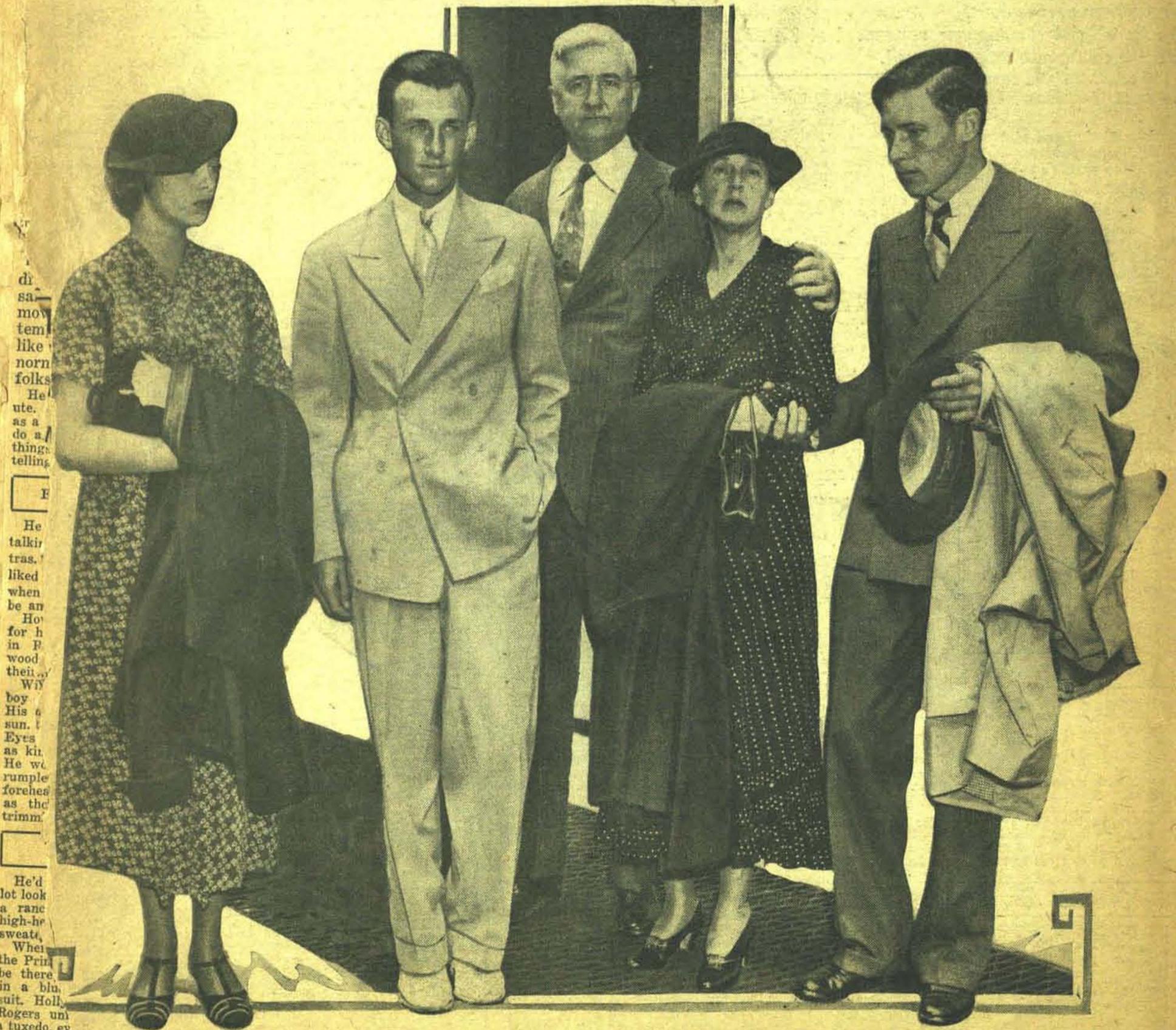
In "Judge Priest," the story of the lovable old Kentucky jurist, Will Rogers' humor, his whimsy and human characterization blossomed to the fullest. Irvin Cobb might have had him in mind when the stories were written.



His humor, his understanding of human nature sectional. He proved this in "David Harum," the lovable old New York lawyer.

FUNERAL PLANE SPEEDS TO U.S.

—Story on Page 3



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Con. **ALL ROGERS' FAMILY LEAVES TO MEET BODY.**—While the
outfit. **ALL** of Wiley Post and Will Rogers were being flown from Alaska to
him, yodies yesterday, the family of America's most beloved humorist was
an insectle gab. Oct
stopped him
could think of

(NEWS photo)
leaving Pennsylvania Station to meet Rogers' body in California. L. to
r.: Mary Rogers, Jimmy Rogers, Jesse Jones, R. F. C. head; Mrs.
Will Rogers, stoically hiding her grief, and Will Rogers Jr.
—Story on Page 3; Other pictures on Page 13; Life Story of Will Rogers on Page 12.

POST, ROGERS NEARING HOME

(By Associated Press)

White Horse, Yukon Territory, Aug. 18. — Winging over the wilds of northwest Canada, the funeral plane bearing the bodies of Will Rogers and Wiley Post on their last sorrowful flight was nearing the United States tonight.

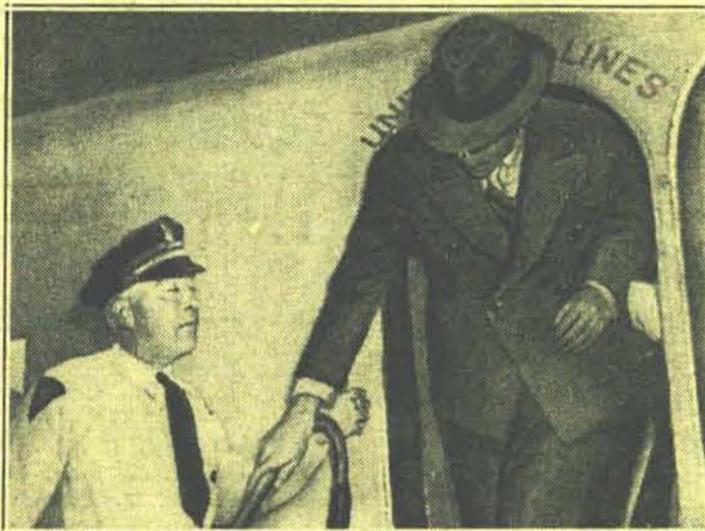
Covering the 500 lonely miles between Fairbanks, Alaska, and White Horse in 3 hours and 35 minutes, Pilot Joe Crossen, ace Alaskan flier, paused here only 15 minutes for re-fueling, then leaped on southward at 11:55 A. M. P.S.T. (3:55 P. M. New York time).

Crossen, who yesterday brought the bodies to Fairbanks from Point Barrow, expects to stop next at Prince George, B. C., 600 miles from here, and expressed the intention of completing the 2,000 mile run to Seattle sometime tonight.

At 6 P. M. New York time, a radio message from the plane said it was over the Tuya river country of Northern British Columbia, more than a third of the way between Whitehorse and Prince George.

A co-pilot and a radio operator accompanied Crossen to aid him on

Will Jr.—Air Traveler



(NEWS photo)

Although his father died in air tragedy, Will Rogers Jr. has not forsaken plane travel. Here he is arriving at Newark Airport to join his mother in sad journey west that began yesterday.



(By Paramount News; from A.P.)

At Juneau, Alaska, in one of the last photos taken of them, Wiley Post (in cockpit) and Will Rogers prepare to hop off in the plane that carried them to death.

the 2,000-mile dash to Seattle, much of the route being over mountainous and broken country.

A twin-motored land plane was chosen for the hazardous trip. Crossen had used a pontooned ship for bringing the bodies over the desolate 500-mile stretch from Point Barrow to Fairbanks.

During the night the bodies were

(Continued on page 4, col. 1)

Begin the Life Story of Will Rogers, cowboy friend of Kings and Presidents, on page 12.

Her Life Threatened



Threat to Kill Thelma Todd Nabs N. Y. Man

It wasn't a gag or a hoax or a publicity stunt, that extortion plot which threatened the life of Thelma Todd, vamping Venus of the films. Special agents of the Department of Justice's Bureau of Investigation, after a search of several months, yesterday arrested an Astoria building superintendent as the mysterious letter writer who has been demanding \$20,000 from the shapely blonde movie star.

The note said:

"Pay \$10,000 to Abe Lyman in New York by March 5 and live. If not, our San Francisco boys will lay you out. This is no joke."

The signature was a crudely sketched ace of hearts.

Demand Is Raised.

he persuade Miss Todd to pay the money, the disposition of which was to be outlined later. Other—Lyman, who once was engaged to the actress, thought it must have been a gag perpetrated by some of his friends, but within a few days he began to receive a series of letters demanding that

wise, the writer insisted, "her life isn't worth a penny."

Letters and postals, all of them postmarked Long Island City, Queens, continued to be received by the actress and the amount was raised to \$20,000. The Department

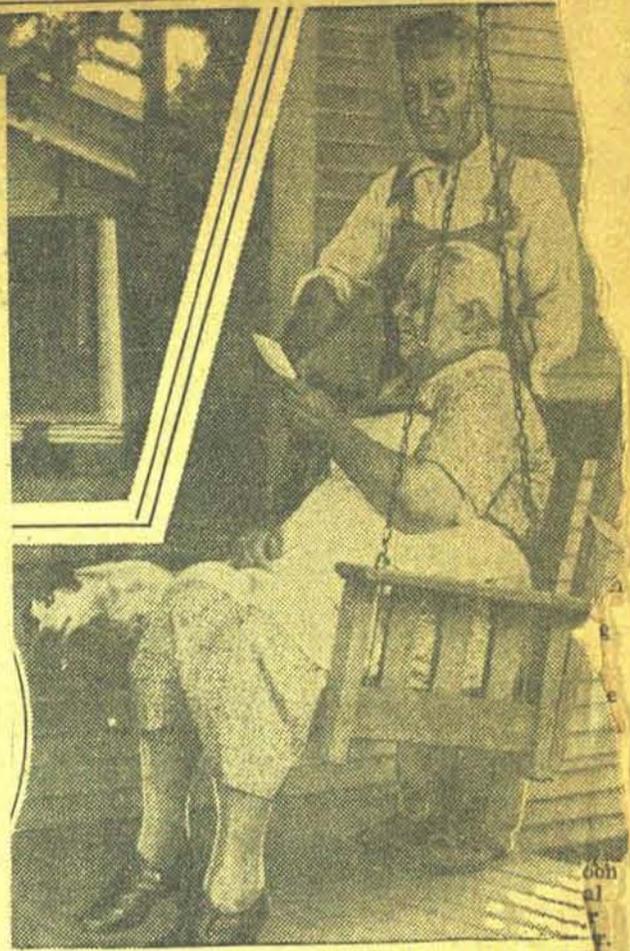


Abe Lyman.

Named in threat notes.

of Justice agreed with the author that it was no joke.

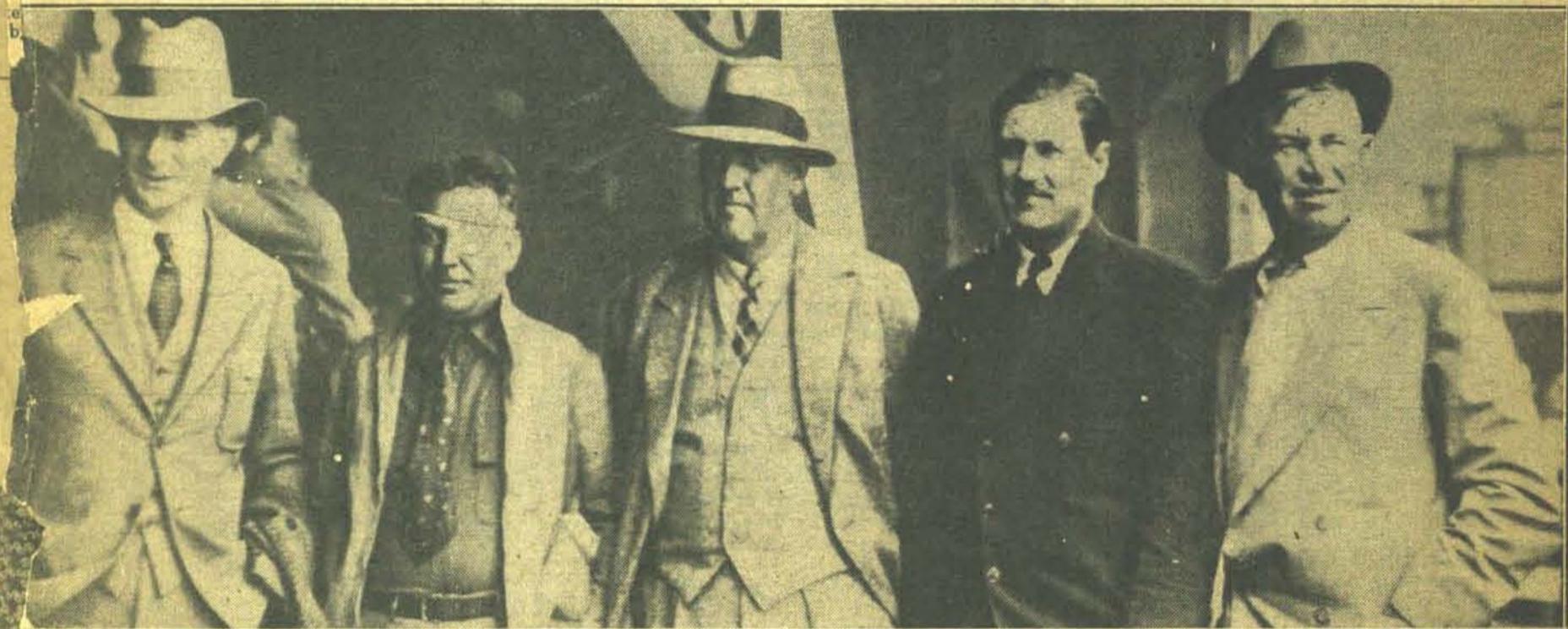
The last two letters were sent last week, one to Loew's, Inc., repeating the threat against Miss Todd's life, and the other to Lyman, instructing him to send a telegram to 24-28 37th Ave.



IER, IS SHOWN AS A BOY (LEFT). WITH HIM
nell of Dallas. The Post family home is shown abo
7. Post, Wiley's parents, on the porch of their home
the news of Wiley's famous record smashing solo fl
t of his early flying days in Oklahoma, where he o
phere tests.

MRS. ROGERS FLIES TO WILL'S FUNERAL

—Story on Page 3



(Copyright by Wide World)

Their last picture. Before leaving Juneau, Alaska, on flight that ended in death near Point Barrow, Will Rogers and Wiley Post, face camera. L. to r., Mayor Goldstein of Juneau; Post, Rex Beach, author; Joe Crosson, pilot, who brought bodies to Fairbanks yesterday; and Rogers.



(Associated Press Wirephoto)

The widow of Wiley Post is shown in exclusive Wirephoto leaving plane at Oklahoma City, Okla., to enter automobile and speed to the Maysville home of the great flier's parents. "Why couldn't I have been with him?" she cried.



Embrace of sorrow. Mrs. Rogers is met by son, Jimmy, at Stamford, Conn., where the widow, California-bound for funeral, left train to avoid Grand Central crowds.



(NEWS photos by Wally; © 1935 by News Syndicate Co., Inc.) Mrs. Rogers leaves Stamford in auto for Newark to board plane. Bodies of victims are due at Seattle tomorrow.

Visit Chateau Frontenac and old Quebec Special Round Trip and Week-end Package CANADIAN PACIFIC, 545 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y. For your summer vacation! Laurentian Mt. - For your summer vacation! Expensive! Reached overnight. Write Laurentian Mt. - For your summer vacation!

1879 : Will Rogers : 1935

MEMORIAL



French Institution Fights Edison Threat to Halt 'Breakdown' Service.

RATE DISPUTE INVOLVED

Public Service Commission Is Asked to Intervene to Avert Emergency Tie-Up.

The French Hospital, 320 West Thirtieth Street, appealed yesterday to the Public Service Commission for protection against a threatened discontinuance of its emergency "breakdown" electric service by the New York Edison Company. Lucian Jouvaud, president of the institution, notified the commission that the company had served notice

ling slitted gray eye, and a twisted whimsical smile and a shock of the most twisted and unruly hair that ever was, I reckon.

And I suppose in time the colors of that picture will fade a little and its outlines will lose their sharpness and I'll be saying to myself: "Was it Will that said that, that day, and if it was Will, just how did he say it, and why? And who else was there besides the two of us?"

The pictures of those we loved who are gone have a way of blurring. I've lived long enough to know that. But this also I know—that so long as I have any mind left to think with I shall treasure the shredded recollection of our associations, and especially those last associations when he was "Cap'n John" and I, poor fumbling amateur, was his rival, "Cap'n Eli," in "Steamboat 'Round the Bend."

Trouper Without Temperament.

When Sol Wurtzel, down at Fox's Western Avenue studios in Holly-

wood by Irene Rich, actress, on the night of the deaths of Rogers and Wiley Post become known, as part of a radio tribute to the humorist.

Addressed to the late Charles M. Russell, cowboy artist, the letter expressed Rogers's wonderment at man's fear of death, unless for the reason that "we haven't done anything that will live after we are gone."

It was penned to serve as a foreword to "Trails Plowed Under," written and illustrated by Russell and published by Doubleday, Doran & Co. The artist, an old friend of Rogers, died in the interval between his final work on the manuscript and the time Rogers was asked to do the preface.

The Message to Russell.

The communication read:

The Old World
1926

Hello Charley old hand, How are you?

I just thought I would drop you a line and tell you how things are working on the old world

TO HOLD LAST RITES FOR ROGERS TODAY

Family, Public and Beverly Hills Will Honor Humorist in 3 Separate Services.

SILENCE IN LOS ANGELES

5,000 Are Expected to Attend a Mass Ceremony in the Hollywood Bowl.

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES. LOS ANGELES, Aug. 21.—The memory of Will Rogers will be honored here with three services tomorrow. Private rites for members of the family and intimate friends will be held at 2 P. M. at Wee Kirk o' the Heather in Glendale. Simultaneously, a sorrowful public will pay its tribute at public services in the Hollywood Bowl, while the humorist's fellow citizens in Beverly Hills will attend at the Presbyterian Community church.

Beginning at 7 o'clock tomorrow morning the body will lie in state in Forest Lawn Memorial Park. A platoon of forty military pilots and planes from March Field, Riverbank, Calif., with eight officers, will guard about the plain bronze casket. Outside and inside the cemetery 400 policemen and sheriff's deputies will hold the spectators in check. At noon the gates of the cemetery will be locked in preparation for the burial rites.

Los Angeles and her sister communities will solemnize the funeral. The courts will observe a period of silence, theatres will darken their screens, film studios will stop operations and flags will fly at half-staff.

A previously announced broadcast of the Forest Lawn rites over two national hookups has been cancelled, it was announced today. Instead, both the Columbia and National systems will observe complete silence from 2 until 2:30 P. M.

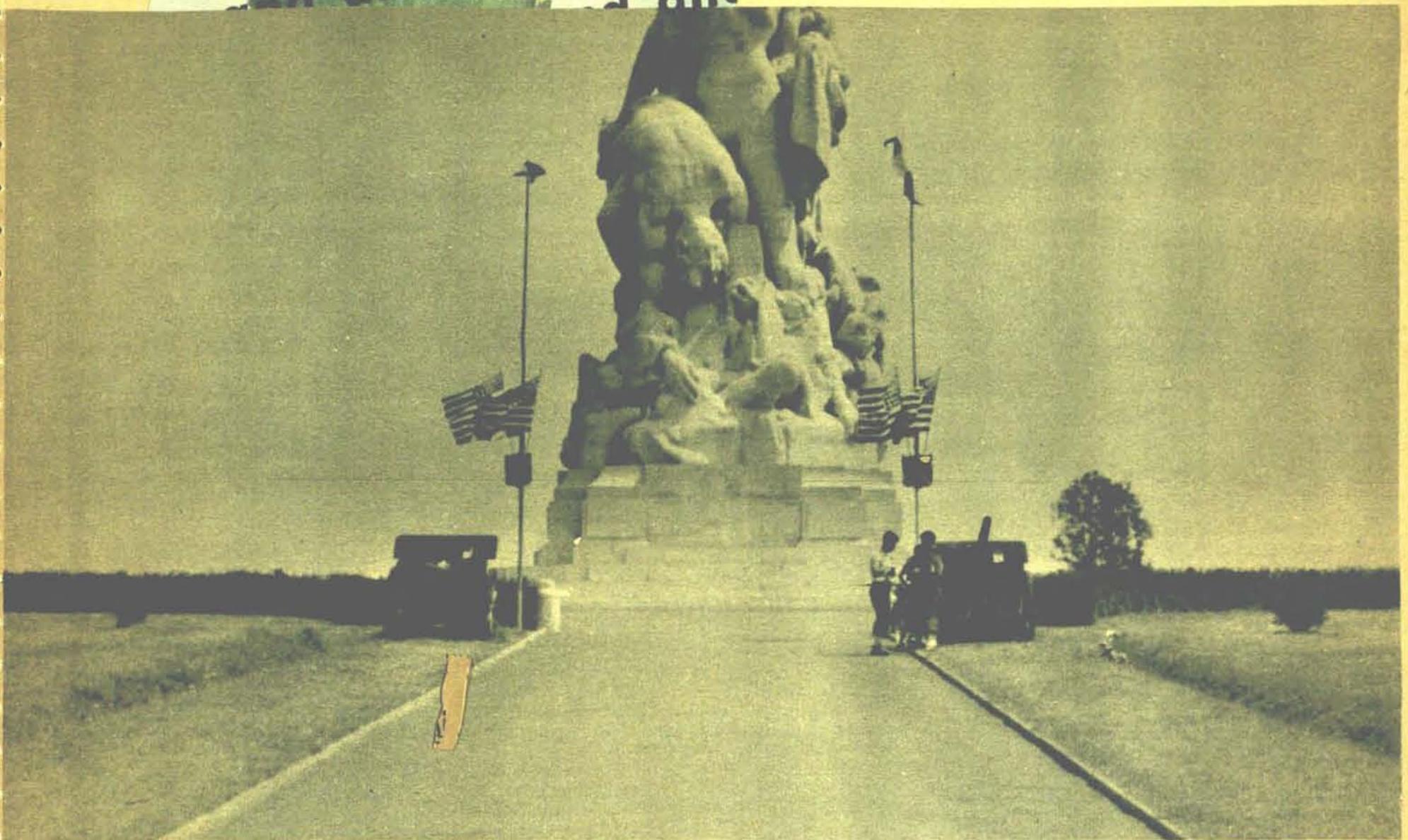
The private services in Glendale will be brief and simple, in accordance with the wishes of Mrs. Rogers and her children, who arrived today from the East. A male quartet will sing several of the humorist's favorite songs. John Boles, film actor and singer, will sing "Old Faithful" as the mourners gather around the coffin. The Rev. J. Whitcomb Brougher, associate pastor of the Glendale First Baptist Church and a lifelong friend of Rogers, will deliver the funeral oration.

The services will be completed within thirty minutes, after which the body will be placed in a vault pending completion of plans for its removal to Claremore, Okla.

President Roosevelt will be represented by Rear Admiral William T. Tarrant, commandant of the Eleventh Naval District, and his aide,

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The forgotten monument. Presented to France as a memorial of the first Battle of the Marne, this monument stands today almost unnoticed near Meaux, where the French stopped the German drive on Paris. American soldiers did not fight at the first Battle of the Marne, which took place Sept. 6-9, 1914; and it is supposed that the French people regard as incongruous the American flags and inscriptions about the memorial. The great stone structure is typically a monument of hate. France is represented as an embattled mother, clutching in one hand a broken sword and supporting with the other two of her wounded sons. At her feet are two women and little children. Four million Americans, mostly school children, contributed funds for the monument, which was unveiled Sept. 11, 1932. The statue was designed by Frederick MacMonnies, creator of New York's Civic Virtue, and built by his pupil, Edmond Quattrocchi. The site was selected by Thomas Hastings, who designed the New York Public Library. Today thousands of motorists using the Paris-Rheims road pass the memorial —without stopping.



It's Mrs. Roosevelt! Hundreds of curious oldsters and youngsters who crowded the sidewalks around the Winnetka, Ill., home of Secretary of the Interior Harold I. Ick

What Memories

Good Old Days—When Acting
Was Profession, Not Accident

BY WILL ROGERS

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers, or what I see from here to hither. About 10 days ago, Mrs. Rogers and I were going into New York (by train as the weather had me riding the rods about that time for several days). It was late Sunday afternoon. We was coming from Washington, D. C. I was going to broadcast from there that Sunday evening. You see you got to kinder let em know a little in advance where you will be on these broadcasting Sundays so they can sorter make arrangements.

We hadent been in N. Y. in a good while. We had nothing to do but broadcast at 7.30, and that gave us the evening to ourselves. We got into our hotel about six thirty. Dident intend to go and eat till after the windjamming. Got to the studio, which was a real theater, with an audience of three floors of people, and a big orchestra sitting on the stage.

Well I hadent any more than walked in the place till I was booked for a benefit performance, there was some kind of a combined charity broadcast by both companies, Columbia and National, for the musicians. It was to be around eleven, so I told em I would be glad to be there. Well then I come from my broadcasting and I hear of another show. Its a big benefit for the Actors Fund, a fine charity ably sponsored for all these years by the beloved Daniel Frohman. Well I was tickled to death to go there. Here I havent been in town over 30 minutes and book myself two shows. You never get so old that somebody dont want you at a benefit, and they have always got audiences too. I do know that N. Y. people are the most liberal and they always fill a house for a good cause.

You see, Sunday nights are the benefit nights on account of the actors being idle, and they can get the theaters for the show. First actor I met was Charles Winninger, who has become immortal as Uncle Andy of Ziegfeld's "Show Boat" on stage and air. I was with Blanche Ring in a musical show called "The Wall Street Girl" 20 years ago when he and Blanche got married.

Well then out of the theater and met an old rowpuncher friend, Charley Aldrich, who used to ride bucking horses in the stage show "The Roundup" with Macklyn Arbuckle starring. Then we went to an Italian Restaurant where we used to go and get the best food in the World. "Leones," met the fine old Mother and the four sons. You eat so much you cant do much but a short benefit afterwards.

Who should we run onto but Lillian Shaw, the stages best character singer. Played in vaudeville with her for years, and she was a star in my first musical show, one called "The Girl Rangers" at the Auditorium in Chicago. That was in 1907. Wow, 28 years ago! Lillian looked great. John Bunny the first movie comedian, was in that show. The chorus girls were all mounted on horses (that is 12 of them were). Reine Davis was the star. It was a beautiful show, but too expensive. Then who comes over to the table but Roscoe Turner, and we had to cross and recross India, Persia, Mesopotamia, as I had flown that route too.

Where do you think the Actors Fund Benefit was held? At the old Amsterdam Theater, the one I had spent 10 years playing with the Follies in under the showman who will never be replaced, Flo Ziegfeld. Oh, what sentiment! What memories! Some of the same stagehands were there. Gee, if I had just have had as good a jokes as I used to have in those days! Saw Blanche Ring there. She did look great. And Elsie Janis. What a marvel, sing, dance, and imitate like no other human in America, and throw the rope better than me!

The grand dramatic actress, Charlotte Walker. All these people I am mentioning we have no one like them. There is no training ground. Where in America is there even a tenth grade Elsie Janis, a Blanche Ring, a Charley Winninger who could do anything ever done on a stage, every musical instrument, a dandy acrobat. No girl can sing those Jewish character songs like Lillian Shaw. And Charlotte Walker in the "Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Saw Heyward Brown backstage, as fat, jolly and amiable as ever. He must have thought of what those old days were.

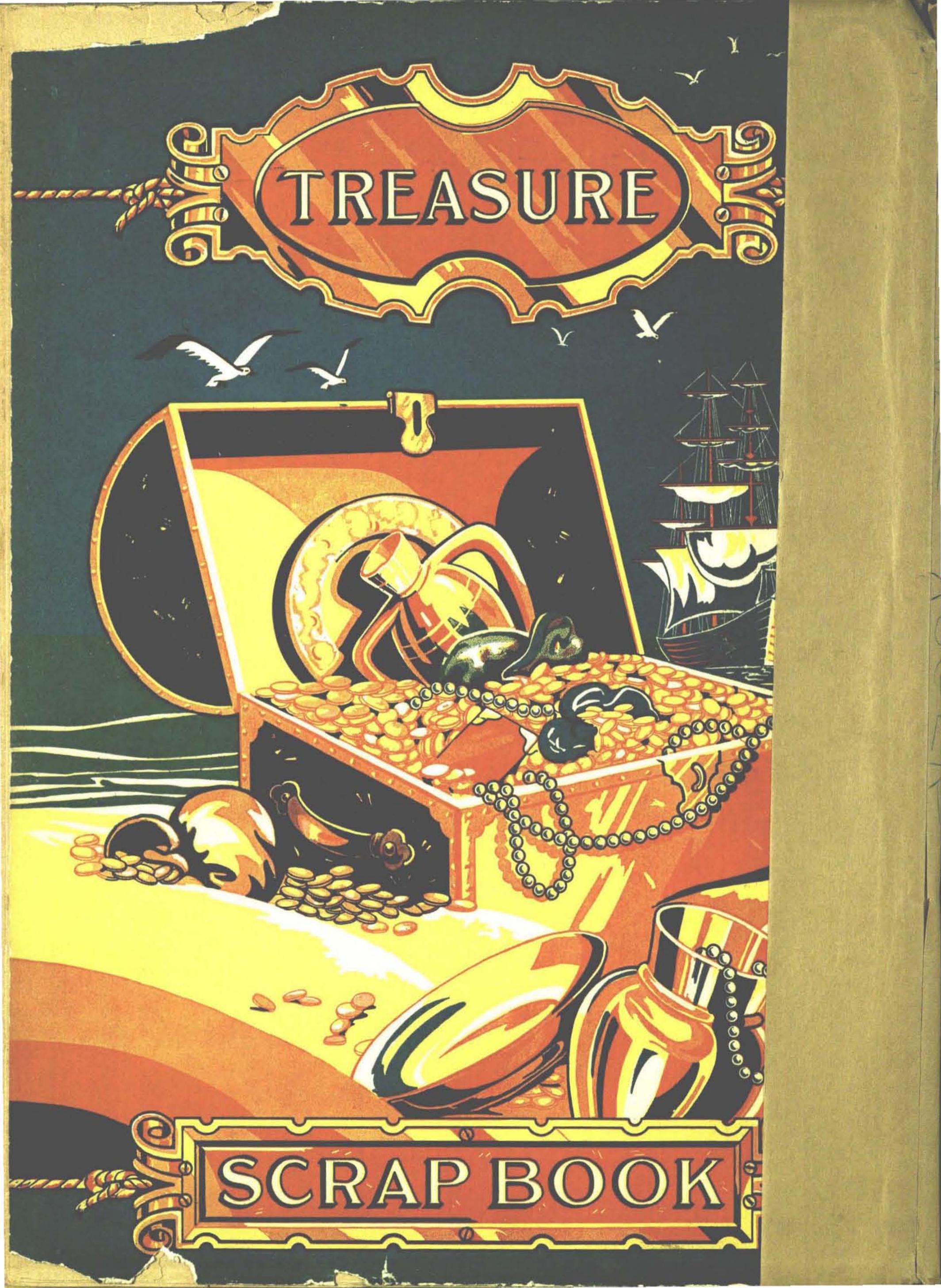
Then over to the broadcasting benefit. But as we walked out of the stage door of that old Amsterdam Theater to a taxicab, we both had tears in our eyes. No Amsterdam Theater, no Flo Ziegfeld. I would never have been as lucky. For no other manager in the world would have let me go my own way and do as I saw fit. At the broadcasting was dear old Graham McNamee, who started it, and looks like he will finish it, even if it lasts a hundred years.

And who do I hear is there of us oldtimers but Miss Geraldine Farrar. We worked for a year on the same movie lot for Sam Goldwyn in 1919. She was always a remarkable woman, the most pleasant, the most considerate, and the hardest working I ever saw in pictures. Now who can sing like her today?

Then we went up to see our dear friends the Fred Stone Family. Betty says "They will be in bed." I says, "the Stones are show people, they couldnt sleep before midnight." Fred has gone to Hollywood on a fine movie contract, and he will make a hit for he can do anything. Where on the American stage, radio or screen, is there someone to compare with what he meant to the theater? They dont develop people like that any more. They have no place to develop em.

Well as we were driving home mighty late for the Rogerses, Betty said, as we talked of each we had met that night, "Isn't it a shame that not on our whole amusement fields have any of these a successor." Everyone of them today can walk on a stage and show that when they learned their trade it was a profession and not an accident.

People who have spent a lifetime perfecting the art of entertaining people, then to have the whole stage profession snatched from under them, and ship your entertainment to you in a can. Brave hearted people are theatrical people.



TREASURE

SCRAP BOOK