

SUNDAY, MAY 10, 1931.

Publishers' Dinner Was One of Best

BY WILL ROGERS

Well all I know is just what I read in the Papers, or what I see as I prowl hither and thither, mostly thither. Was in Washington about ten days ago, and saw quite a few of the Boys that was still staying there that wasn't up for re-election this year. You can tell the ones that are going to run. They have to rush home and start fixing things up. But the ones that are set for a year or so more they can kinder lay around and sorter mix with the Lobbyists, and have a good time without getting blamed for it.

Was up to New York and spoke for the Newspaper Publishers Association, that's a Gang that gathers in from all over the Country once a year, and belong to an Association to help better each others conditions. But we did have a fine dinner.

You know even the food at Dinners are getting better, they don't cook the Chicken at these banquets in the afternoon like they used too. We had tender Squab. Its mighty rare for a banquet to get tender Squab. This was at the Pennsylvania Hotel. Its the eating house for that line. I want to tell you that Mr. Atterbury has done a mighty good job with his Hotel.

Amon G. Carter from Fort Worth, Owner of the Star Telegram, was the Toast Master and he made a mighty good one too. He always was a good talker. But this was the first time they had ever had to asked him to talk, and they couldent have picked a better one. He knew the Newspapers and he knew the shape they were in, and he knew the shape the Guests were in, and he just shaped his remarks accordingly.

Pretty near every big Publisher in America was there, they had just had a Convention, but like most conventions they had done nothing but "Resolve." If you take "Resolve" out of Conventions you are just about naked.

At this Convention there was some little animosity against the advertising on the radio, that is it had been a direct confliction with Newspaper advertising, and didn't have the investment and pay the taxes that the papers are compelled too. So they naturally took that phase up, and come right down to it there is no reason why they should give the radio programmes all the free advertising.

It should be paid for the same as a Theater does. But some of them spoke of the Investments they had, and what right did some other things have to come in and destroy the worth of their investments. Well they was kinder forgetting when the Prohibition amendment come in and put all the Brewery's and Distillery's out of business with no recourse to the courts or any claim. Even if you are in favor of the Amendment, it was legitimate up to then, and if it was voted they should have had some claim. So some of these yells kinder made you think what those fellows had to stand for.

But its all a lot of "Hoey." The radio won't put the Papers out of Business. We got to have something besides toothpaste, so we will always read the papers, besides if it wasn't for the Peanut Vendor Song there wouldn't be any radio.

Good papers will always last, and Tabloids will continue to do a big business for those that cant read. But have learned to know every Character in America by their Picture alone. They have to read little papers in New York and big Cities, they cant unfold a big paper, they havent got room. They like pictures of their favorite murderers just like some others like their Movie Stars. Its getting so a murderer to draw well in the papers must be good looking. Its getting so there is no use of an ugly man committing a crime, no one will look at him. He just cant get in the papers.

Charley Schwab was the principal Speaker at the dinner. He had a prepared speech to deliver on "Business Management," but after he saw the shape the crowd was in he switched and told jokes instead, and he told good jokes too. He said some of them were old, but they were sure new to me, and the way he tells em, they sound new anyhow.

Did you ever hear the one he told about the Cow? Well, he owns a fine farm up near Bethlehem, Pa., a little city in Judea, and he raises fine stock. Every rich man has some mild form of insanity and being a Farmer is Charley's. He has his own fair up there so he takes all the prizes. Somebody give him a cow, and he asked if it was a fine Cow? They said no just a cow. "Is it a milk Cow?" The old farmer that was giving her to him said, "I don't know if she's got any milk or not, but she is a good old soul, and if she's got any she certainly will give it to you."

Then he went on to tell that he (Schwab) was a good old soul, and if he had had anything they wanted he would give it to em. He sure did clean up with the Gang. You can easily see how he gets work out of his men, he has a great personality, and is terribly likable.

Carnegie gave some of his old time Steel mill friends some fine Christmas present one time, most of them works of art. One old fellow that had risen from foreman and retired, he gave a large statue. The old fellow called Schwab up. "Charley, the old man (meaning Carnegie) sent me a rock Woman, what will I do with her?"

He says he is an Optimist even now, and that we are not to bad off. Well maby we aint. This hunger may only be an illusion. Met at the Dinner this fellow Roy Howard, of Scripps Howard, that buys all the Newspapers. They bought the New York World, and combined it with the Evening Telegram. Well he and Scripps are mighty keen Birds. I also met Scripps. He has whiskers, and that with Roy's full dress evening cape, makes a mighty hard combination to beat. They are young, full of progress, and good credit, and it looks like the only way to keep from selling your paper to em is to just disband it. Howard took me to his fine office. He asked me what I would have. I told him Chop Suey. Its furnished like a joss house. He is growing a Queue, and signs his name with two pens at once like Chop sticks.

The Boys were really mighty sober at the dinner, another and mighty good indication of hard times. Some of em just had to get what little they could from the others breath. Some small town Editors had to just act soused in order to impress. But it was a fine affair; one of the best I ever attended, made so by Schwab and Carter and a good audience.

(Copyright, 1931, by McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)