

# Air Commuter

Great Folks You Meet in  
These New Plane Pullmans

BY WILL ROGERS

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers or what I see here and there. Well it just looks like I have been commuting. You know what that word commuting is? Well its a word that I learned in New York City many years ago when I lived out on Long Island, and I had to run and catch a train. If you spend a lifetime running and catching trains to get out into what is humorously called the Country, why then you are a "Commuter."

Well even little towns have what they call "Commuters," but they dont know it. Its folks that work in the county seat and live out in the Country and either come in in a buss or a car, and they do their job in the county seat all day, then get home the best way they can in the evening.

Well, in New York they are called "Commuters," and there is millions of em, even maby billions, for its a year of big figures. Well, this "Commuting" can take in a lot of territory, and what I am trying to get at is that I have been in the last few weeks "Commuting" from Coast to Coast. I would grab the "5:15" and hike for California and then get the early morning "8:20" back to New York. So I been leaping from Pacific to Atlantic and vis versa for some distance.

Now I might just as well stayed one place. There is an awful lot of this running around that is overestimated. You dont see much more where you are going than where you come from.

But they got these airplane sleepers running now, and its kinder like a pullman. They sleep 12 people. The bottom birth is about six inches from the floor and the top one is a little higher than the ordinary bed, but they are long, plenty long. Not so wide, but wide enough to turn over in. You just drop off to sleep and you land at towns to get gas and mail, and you dont wake up at all. Even when I got off to Fort Worth, Texas, in the morning and on account of not hearing Amon Carter talking, I didnt wake up (he was away). But they have a stewardess on there and she wakes you up.

John D. Rockefeller's son-in-law, a Mr. Milton (I am sure it was Milton, maby it was Minoton, but I still think it was Milton), well he is the nicest fellow you ever saw. I mean he is the son-in-law of young John D. If I remember right back during the wedding I think he was a young lawyer, and his wife got in some little minor traffic jam and he defended her (What in the world was her name? Was it Aggie?) I hollered in at my wife just now to ask her if she didnt remember it, but she was about half asleep and I might just as well hollered at the bell hop.

Well I cant think of it, anyhow this late at night. I know the last name was Rockefeller, and I know it wasent Minnie. Well anyhow he defended her in this case, and to keep from paying him she married him. You know young John D. Rockefeller always brought those children up to not spend anything they could get out of spending. As luck would have it this girl hit a bargain, for this young Barrister was a fine young man, and its been a very happy marriage. Well what I am getting at, he was in the birth across from me. He had been out to California.

One of the nicest fellows we had out there in California was this same fellows brother-in-law. I think his name was Nelson Rockefeller. He was on a tour with some bankers, and he made a big hit with everybody. No better than Milton, but this Nelson is a Rockefeller, and of course he carried a lot of authority. Anyhow he was a fine kid no matter what his name was.

This plane thing has got to be a great place to meet everybody. It saves you a lot of time for a lot of reasons. I got home to California and they told me "Your picture dont start till next Monday." Well then I am off again. Mrs. Rogers is back in New York with our Mary so back I hike and I do a little show seeing. I round one show that was running backwards, and they figured it a big novelty, but, my Lord, we been running Rogers Pictures backwards for years. We draw straws whether to run em backwards or forwards, then audiences have wondered and speculated which way they were run.

This one announced on their program that it was run backwards, but ours dont. We just let em guess, but it dont make much difference nowadays, for audiences are so smart that you can start in the middle and go both ways and they will still have you out guessed at the finish.

Anyhow this was a fine show and mighty well done. But about one a season is all I want to see for figuring em out forward is hard enough, much less guessing em backwards. But there is some good shows in N. Y. Better than in years.

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## Time to Marry

This is an ideal time for a man to marry.

Never before, since the dawn of History, have there been such wonderful bargans in wives!

Wives who can share and appreciate a man's financial responsibilities. Wives who will put their shoulders to the wheel and help make the money go 'round.

Wives who help bring home the bacon, drive the car, manage the budget and keep the home running on all cylinders, and still have time to be trim, curled, charming and kissable.

The day has passed when a man thought he had found a "bargain" if he got a wife who could make a pie and keep the buttons on his shirts. Also, when a wife was merely a lot of excess baggage for a man to carry through life.

Almost any man can find a wife, today, who is an asset instead of a liability.

Of course, if a man PREFERS an expensive luxury or a drawing-room ornament, he can find plenty of charming girls who will cheerfully fill the bill. There are still plenty of women, with a hangover from the "prosperity" decade who are looking for a Santa Claus or a meal ticket. There is still the type of girl who wants a husband who will keep her as a pet and carry her through life in a limousine. The world will always be full of gold-diggers and molluscs.

But if any young man wants a genuine bargain in a wife, he will find the market as full of them as the shop-counters of bargains, after Christmas.

No, this is not propoganda—and I'm not trying to start a matrimonial agency. It is just my hunch! The struggles of the last five years have brought out all the finest traits in women. They have learned to understand and sympathize with men. They have learned what it is to work in an office, a shop or a kitchen all day, and then lie awake half the night worrying about the bills. They have stopped whining for luxuries and sighing for square-cut diamonds, and begun looking for jobs and cheaper cuts.

What is a "bargain-wife?" YOU ought to know! Any wife is a bargain, who makes a man's life easier, his burdens lighter and helps him to keep up his spirits and to "carry on," whether she holds down a job, runs his home or helps him in his professional career. It all depends on which kind of bargain a man WANTS.