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PLANE ARRIVES FOR BODIES OF ROGERS, POST

WILL Rogers SAID -

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."

When he was inaugurated as may-

(TURN TO PAGE 2, COLUMN 2.)

San Angelo Picture Impresses Visitors From Fort Worth

BY HAROLD BANKS,
Staff Correspondent.

SAN ANGELO, Aug. 16.—Impressed by both the agricultural and livestock picture unfolded to them on a day's visit here, 43 Fort Worth business men departed for their homes at 7:30 o'clock tonight after a round of sightseeing and business conferences. The Santa Fe train to which their three special Pullmans are attached will reach Fort Worth at 6:20 a. m. tomorrow.

During the day they visited San Angelo's warehouses where more than 766,000 pounds of wool and mohair are stored, made a trip to the West Texas Museum and were conducted on an automobile trip to Lake Nasworthy and around the city.

At noon the trippers, who came here on "know your neighbor" junket sponsored by the Retail Merchants Association, were guests of the Rotary Club. Jack H. Hott, manager of the Fort Worth Chamber of Commerce, and Mark McGee, attorney, spoke.

The Board of City Development and Merchants Board of Trade tendered the trippers a dinner preceding their departure. Judge Marvin H. Brown of the Second Court of Civil Appeals spoke in place of Mayor Jarvis, who was unable to make the trip.

On every hand, the Fort Worth business men were told that strong livestock prices, 24-cent wool and excellent cotton and feed prospects had stimulated all types of business in San Angelo and its trade territory. General retail sales, they learned, were 10 per cent higher than last year. Reports of excellent Autumn trade were seen by the

MONNIG WILL HEAD SHOW BOND DRIVE

Representatives of Civic Groups Unanimously Pick Councilman for Campaign

All Except One Expressing Selves at Meeting Voice Full Support of Issue.

Councilman Monnig will head the campaign committee for the Centennial Stock Show bond issue to be submitted to voters Sept. 3 and will name the members to work with him.

He was unanimously selected at a meeting of representatives of various civic groups in the clubroom of The Star-Telegram building yesterday afternoon.

All who expressed themselves at the meeting voiced the unqualified support of the $687,500 bond issue which will finance — with grants from the PWA and Texas Centennial Commission—a $1,500,000 Centennial Stock Show, except Oliver Shannon, a representative of the North Fort Worth Kiwanis Club.

Want to Discuss Sites.

Shannon declared that the club committee had come to discuss sites for the show and that they were not interested in the bonds unless the location is decided prior to the election. He added that the committee was not speaking for the North Side, but its members were of the opinion that unless the site were settled before election the vote of the North Side would be against the bond issue.

In reply, Monnig stated that he was not personally interested in any site, that the council was not bound in any way, but that when it came to make the selection all sections of the city would be accorded equal opportunity and consideration.

Councilman Martin, another member of the council site committee, said the committee has had 15 sites proposed to it, and that six of them are on the North Side.

Seen at Cross Roads.

"It is practically unthinkable that the voters would vote down any of the bond issues," Martin said. "The bond issues are our salvation. We are at the cross roads and it is a matter of going ahead or going backward.

"The school bonds carried by a vote of two to one and the grant was only 30 per cent. Now we are able to get a grant of 45 per cent from the PWA and another $250,000 from the State."

Monnig expressed the belief that nearly every one who visits the Texas Centennial Exposition in Dallas will come to Fort Worth to see the Frontier Days pageant and stock show.

"Fort Worth hasn't been doing so well the last three years, and it is time for us to do something," Monnig said in expressing the belief that the enlargement of the stock show is urgent.

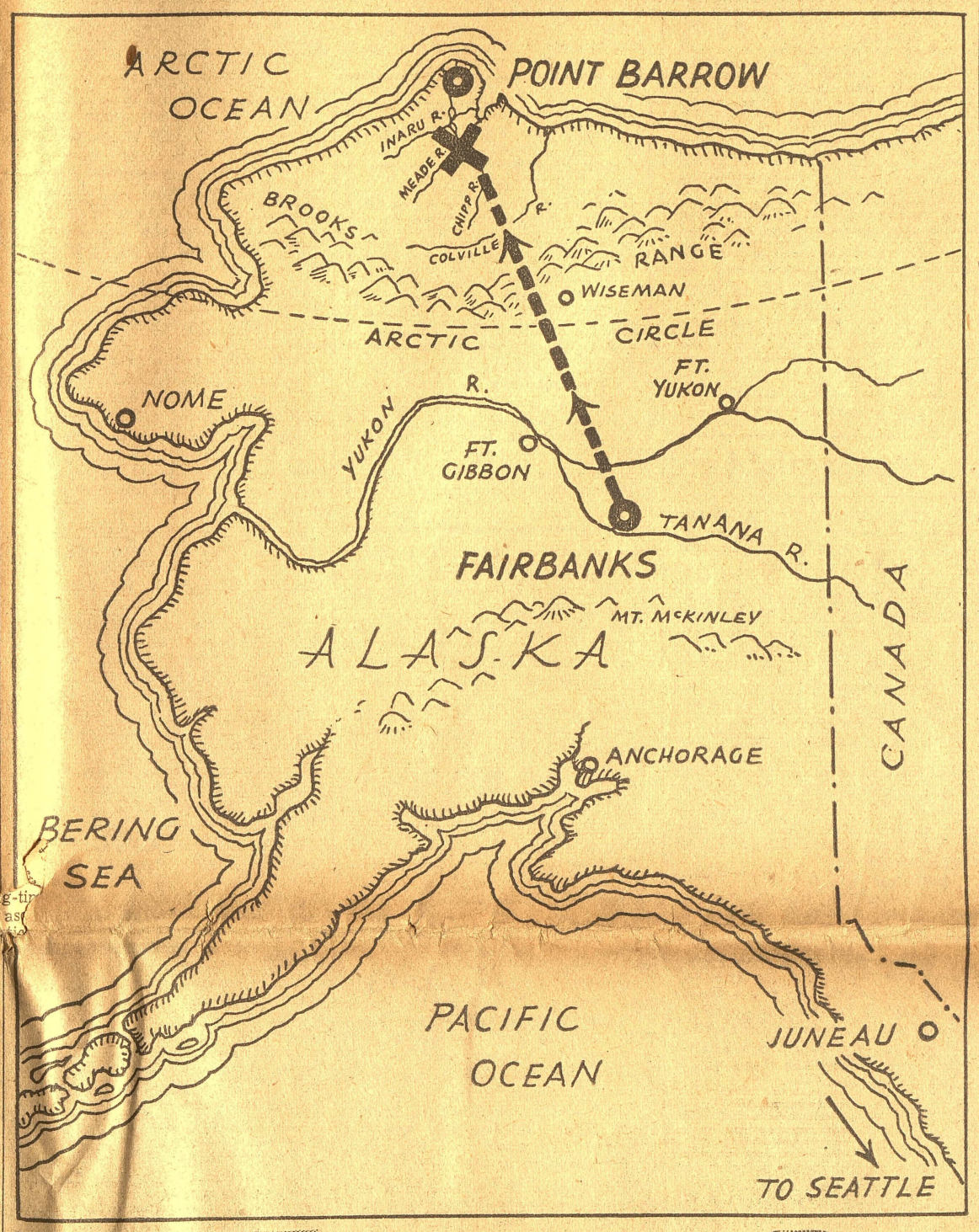
E. O. Gillam, president of the People's Progressive League, said he is for every kind of an improvement and for the Centennial Stock Show.

Hal Ashburn, representing the East Fort Worth Lions Club, stated

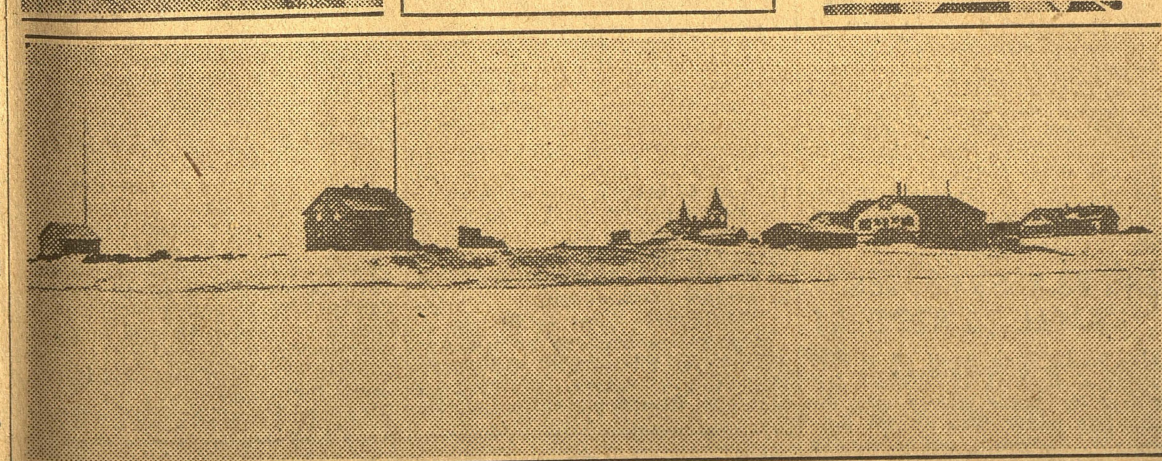
(TURN TO PAGE 2, COLUMN 5.)

Hopkins Agrees to Use Union Labor

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.



RETURN TRIP IMMEDIATELY IS PLANNED

Pilot Joe Crosson to Take Two Famous Victims of Crash to Fairbanks.

Arrangements Made With Lindbergh, Other Airline Officials for Flight Home.

POINT BARROW, Alaska, Aug. 16 (AP).—Pilot Joe Crosson arrived here tonight to transport the bodies of Will Rogers and Wiley Post by plane to Fairbanks en route to the United States. Crosson planned to leave on his return trip to Fairbanks some time tonight.

Rogers, beloved No. 1 comedian of the age, and Post, master aviator, were crushed to death when a shiny, new airplane motor faltered and became an engine of tragedy near here last night.

Both were killed instantly when their red Arctic sky cruiser slipped and fell 50 feet headon into a river bank. The 550 horsepower motor was driven back into the plane's fuselage. It smashed out the lives of the two world famous men instantly.

Plane in Fragments.

Dr. Henry W. Greist, medical missionary, said the rescue party reported "the plane debris was readily removed, as it was torn and broken to fragments by the plunge.

"The bodies," he said, "were dressed by Charles D. Brower, the 'King of the Arctic,' whom Rogers was flying to see, Sergt. Stanley R. Morgan of the U. S. Army Signal Corps, and myself."

A terrified Eskimo ran 15 miles to point Barrow with the news of the crash of the flying vacationists. Morgan dashed to the scene, discovered the bodies and brought word of the tragedy that shocked the world.

President and pauper alike expressed sorrow, for both men were known over virtually the length and breadth of civilization.

Return Arrangements Made.

Hours after the two-star tragedy became known, relatives in the United States made arrangements with Col. Charles A. Lindbergh and other officials of the Pan-American Airways to have the bodies returned home by airplane.

Dr. Greist said both men apparently had died instantly. Post's watch stopped at 8:20 p. m. (10:20 p. m. Central Standard Time).

"Both men's limbs were broken and both suffered severe head wounds when they were crushed in the wreckage," said Dr. Greist.

Rogers and Post had landed on the river when the Arctic fog had made them uncertain of their bear-

(TURN TO PAGE 2, COLUMN 3.)

Will Jr. Leaves by Air for New York

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 16 (AP).—Will Rogers Jr. left here tonight by airplane for New York to join other members of the Rogers family who were gathering here.

He was toiling as a wiper in the engine room of the oil tanker H. H. Storey early today when the vessel's skipper, Capt. Joseph Fox, heard the report of his father's death, but merely told him the senior Rogers had been injured and suggested he leave for home.

Rogers Smiled at Thought of Death

MRS. ROGERS ON WAY TO HOME IN CALIFORNIA

Tentative Arrangements Made for Oklahoma City Burial Rites for Post.

SKOWHEGAN, Maine, Aug. 16 (AP).—Mrs. Will Rogers, widow of the famous actor, who with Wiley Post, aviator of international fame, was killed in an Alaska air crash, left Lakewood late today for her California home.

Mrs. Rogers was accompanied by her daughter, Mary, 19, a member of the Lakewood Summer Theater Company, whom she came here to visit last Tuesday. Also with her was her sister, Miss Theda Blake.

The first leg of the journey from Lakewood to Waterville, where they were to take a train for New York, was by automobile. It was believed Mrs. Rogers' plans provided for a stop of a few days in New York before she began the transcontinental journey to her Santa Monica home.

Every effort was made to permit their movement without public attention.

Post Will Be Buried Near Little Farm Home.

MAYSVILLE, Okla., Aug. 17 (Monday) (AP).—A shady grove in front of the little farm home of Wiley Post's parents, near Maysville, has been chosen as a fitting place for funeral services for the distinguished aviator, who with Will Rogers crashed to his death in Alaska.

"I think the best place is right here at home," said gray-haired W. F. Post. "We can have the services out in the yard, where it's shady."

His expression came when the flier's widow arrived to learn his parents' wishes on the funeral, late yesterday.

She had hastened to the humble little frame bungalow in the Washita Valley from the home of friends in Ponca City where she had been visiting. Part way by air, part way by motor, she hurried to the Posts to assure them their wishes about funeral plans would go unquestioned.

While funeral services probably will be held here, it seemed likely today the 'round-the-world flier would be buried in Oklahoma City.

If so, this would represent a change in original plans. The elder Post, after conferring with his sobbing wife, murmured: "We may not be here always, and we'd like to know his grave never would go untended."

Young Mrs. Post prepared today to speed to Seattle by airplane to meet the body of her husband. She returned to Oklahoma City last night.

Final funeral plans will take form when she claims the body.

Hardly awake even yet to the shocking reality of Post's death, the proud but unassuming people of his little rural home town gathered in small groups today and spoke of little else.

The Posts were left to sorrow alone on their small farm three miles north of here.

Rogers Likely to Be Buried in California.

CHELSA, Okla., Aug. 16 (AP).—Will Rogers, killed in an airplane crash near Point Barrow, Alaska, probably will be buried in California, is the belief of his sister, Mrs. Tom McSpadden, her daughter, Mrs. Helen McSpadden Eaton said today.

"Mother said that she thought the burial probably would be in California," said Mrs. Eaton. "That was his home, you know, and one of their boys is buried there."

Mrs. McSpadden, the last survivor of the Rogers children, was resting easily tonight after near prostration on receiving the news of Will's death. She had received no word from Mrs. Rogers.

Of the stream of visitors from all over the State who called during the day, only the closest friends of the family were permitted to talk with Mrs. McSpadden, who was confined to her bed.

Grief-stricken citizens of Chelsa discussed the possibility of Rogers' being buried in the family lot at the Chelsa Cemetery, where his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Clem Rogers, are buried.

At Oolagah, near where the Rogers old home is located, H. M. Mynatt, who for 13 years managed the farm for Will, said that Rogers had told him the last time he was there he wanted to be buried at Oolagah.

Somewhat recovering from the first shock, members of the McSpadden family were able to discuss the tragedy.

"We feel that if he had to go it was so much better that it be like it was," said Mrs. Eaton. "It was like he lived his life, dramatic. We just couldn't have imagined Will, as active as he has been, dying a lingering death."

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Young Bill Seen As Counterpart Of Noted Father

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, Cal. Aug. 16 (AP).—The Will Rogers heritage today fell squarely upon the shoulders of young Bill Rogers.

Stanford University friends of the humorist's son expressed conviction young Bill will prove to be a living counterpart of his father. He was graduated from here in June.

The same wide and infectious grin, penchant for witticisms and talen for histrionics, but not the same name—these, friends of the youth recalled, will mark him heir to the Rogers tradition.

Young Bill—he wouldn't use the name Will becausee he refused to trade on his father's fame—came here as a freshman in 1931 sporting a 10-gallon cowboy hat. He won the respect and friendship of many students, although shy and not given to ostentation.

He soon evidenced marked talent in dramatics and participated in several college vaudeville skits. Later he turned his efforts to debating and forensic directors said he possessed unusual skill in phrasing epigrams and picking loopholes in opponents' arguments.

For a time he edited the short-lived Stanford News, devoted to candid comments on campus affairs. His trenchant criticism and terse observations were subjects of many campus "bull sessions."

As a senior, he was captain of the Stanford polo team and displayed rare ability in the sport, according to colleagues.

Like his late father, he loved to travel and travel fast.

Rogers Said

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

or of Beverley Hills, Cal., in 1926, Rogers told his well wishers:

"I won't promise an honest administration, but I'll promise to split 50-50 with you. And if we can't make expenses that way, we'll start a tabernacle. I'll do the preaching and we'll get Ben Turpin to run the radio station. Then you can be sure there won't be any scandal."

That was at a time when Aimee Semple McPherson, Los Angeles evangelist, was vividly in the news.

On current events, Rogers commented freely. Some of these choice wisecracks were:

"They all say the Government can't do anything toward running any business, but they break their necks to see that it don't try."

"Your own country always looks like they are the only one doing the wrong thing. This thing called money has got the whole mess of 'em buffaloed. Money, horse racing and women are three things the boys just can't figure out."

"Our Constitution protects aliens, drunks and United States Senators. There ought to be one day a year (just one) when there is an open season on Senators."

If anyone called Rogers by his real name—William Penn Adair Rogers—that person was likely to be receiving point of a series of sharply barbed tongue lashings.

Some of the sage's most brilliant quips were written while he was on one of his air jaunts. He never took a train, boat or an automobile if he could secure an airplane for the journey.

A few years ago his lifetime friend. Fred Stone, broke a leg and Rogers volunteered his services—without remuneration—that was Rogers. He knew the show would close unless someone could take Stone's place and he also knew that his friend needed the money.

He stepped into the breach and was a tremendous hit.

Perhaps Rogers' only pets were his horses—mostly polo ponies. He had a large polo field on his ranch lying between Hollywood and Santa Monica.

One time an inquiring reporter asked Rogers if he ever read any fiction and the reply was: "Yes, the newspapers."

Rogers seemed to always have a current issue of a newspaper in his hand and it was from these, mainly, with his broad knowledge of world-wide affairs, that he based his daily and other writings.

At the time of his death Rogers was correspondent for several hundred newspapers and magazines.

LONG ILLNESS PROVES FATAL TO RESIDENT

Mrs. Nellie Houx Scott, 49, of 2731 Avenue E, died at 8:55 o'clock last night at her home after a long illness. She is survived by her husband, W. L. Scott, postal service employe; a son, William L. Scott Jr., and a brother, Frank Houx, Gordon, Texas.

Mrs. Scott was a member of the Polytechnic Methodist Church, where services will be conducted at 4 p. m. today with Rev. I. D. Hightower, officiating. She also was a member of the Order of Eastern Star, Woodman Circle, and Polytechnic Parent-Teacher Association.

Mrs. Scott's father was Dr. Isaac F. Houx, West Texas pioneer who practiced medicine in Palo Pinto County for 40 years prior to his death.

Burial will be in Rose Hill Burial Park.

Scoutmaster to Speak.

D. H. B. Todd, scoutmaster, will be the principal speaker at the all-scout program of the Rotary Club at today's luncheon at the Hotel Texas. Todd will speak on "Boys, Yesterday and Tomorrow." Clyde Penry will be the program chairman.

PLANE ARRIVES FOR 2 BODIES

Pilot Joe Crosson Will Fly Rogers, Post Back to Fairbanks on Way Home.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

ings on a 500-mile flight from Fairbanks to Point Barrow.

Eskimo Points Way.

The Eskimo pointed out the way. A few second after the takeoff the plane's engine spluttered. The ship dropped into the river, striking first on its right wing and then nosing into the bank headon.

"The Eskimo said he ran to the water's edge and called, but there

LOG OF POST-ROGERS FATEFUL AIR JOURNEY.

Aug. 7—Flew from Seattle, Wash., to Juneau, Alaska.

Aug. 9—Hopped 475 miles to Dawson, Yukon Territory.

Aug. 10—Went on 300 miles north to Aklavik, Y. T.

Aug. 12—Arrived at Fairbanks for plane overhaul.

Aug. 14—Visited Matanuska Colony via transport plane.

Aug. 15—Hopped for Barrow, 500 miles distant, but sat down on Harding Lake, 50 miles from Fairbanks, in heavy fog. Later resumed flight, alighting at Eskimo camp 15 miles south of Barrow, asking directions. Crashed on takeoff at 5 p. m., Pacific Standard Time.

was no answer," said Dr. Greist.

"Alarmed, he turned and ran the 15 miles to Barrow and informed Sergeant Morgan."

"The Eskimo was three hours runing the 15 miles to Barrow over the rough tundra, with many small lake to encircle and many streams to cross.

Post's watch stopped at 8:20, probably when his arm dropped into the water after death.

Starts in Whale Boat.

"The native runner," Dr. Griest went on, "mumbled in his dialect of a red plane 'blowing up' close to his little camp."

"Sergeant Morgan immediately set out in a whale boat for the scene, but darkness and ice made progress slow.

"By the time he and a companion had arrived, natives had taken the body of Rogers out of the wreckage and salvaged the personal effects they could find.

"Under Morgan's direction, ropes then had to be secured to the wreckage to pull it apart to free the body of Post, which was jammed under the wreckage.

"Both wings had been broken loose from the fuselage and the motor driven back into the cabin by the crash.

"The bodies of the two men and their effects were placed in a skin boat and towed back here."

At the same time it became known in Los Angeles that the multi-millionaire humorist and the famous globe trotter were using a plane made up of second hand parts and operating under a restricted government license.

At the Burbank, Cal., plant where the ship was assembled under Post's direction it was said that although the craft had a new 550-horsepower motor, it was not considered a new type of ship.

Real Aims Not Known.

Aviation men said the fuselage was taken from a plane that had ground-looped and damaged its wings. The wings of the Post plane, they said, were taken from a speed ship.

The real aims of the flight and Rogers' actual part in it still were not definitely known here tonight.

At Oklahoma City, Harry Frederickson, an oil man and close friend of Post, declared the pair "were on a leisurely flight around the world."

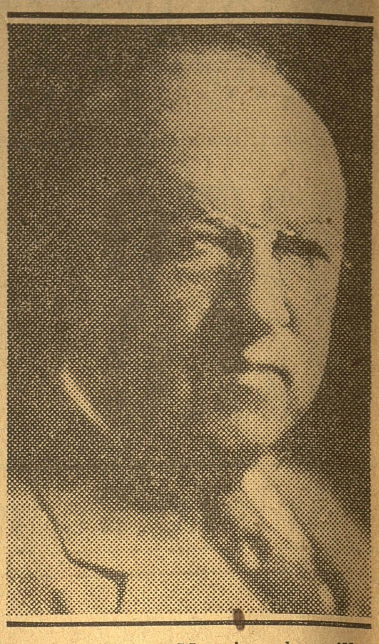
He said Rogers financed the aerial vacation, adding that he talked with Post just before he flew north.

From the first, the venture was highly charged with secrecy. At Los Angeles the belief prevailed that Post was en route to Siberia and Moscow to blaze a new air trail to the Soviet capital for United States aviation interests. Post denied this. He said he was going to "hunt tigers" in Siberia and described the jaunt as a mere pleasure trip.

Might Have Gone to Siberia.

Rogers was believed at Los Angeles to be planning to accompany Post only to Alaska, returning by boat. At Seattle, however, W. W

Heads Campaign



Councilman Monnig, who will head the campaign for the Centennial Stock Show bond issue to be submitted to voters in the election Sept. 3.

Conner, Pacific Coast vice president of the National Aeronautic Association, said today the humorist intended all along to go at least as far as Siberia.

Post and Rogers left Fairbanks yesterday morning for the flight to Point Barrow, which was to be their last.

Fifty miles out of Fairbanks the treacherous Northern fog bore down on them and Post "sat down" on Harding Lake for a few hours.

Resuming the northward journey, they encountered still more fog. It was there that Post, uncertain of his bearings, landed on the surface of the river.

But for a surprising last minute decision, Post's attractive wife might also have been in the death plane. She had planned to fly with Post and Rogers.

The day the flight started from Renton airport, south of Seattle, Aug. 7, Mrs. Post told reporters she had changed her mind. She said the trip might be "too strenuous," adding:

"I wanted Wiley to be more comfortable. Besides, there are other reasons."

Rumors spread that the famous flier and his wife were quarreling. Mrs. Post stamped her foot in anger. "Baloney!" she said.

Today, at Ponca City, Okla., with relatives, she was prostrated with grief. She had flown there quietly two days ago for an operation.

The unrelenting Arctic, grave of other such noted fliers as Carl Ben Eielson and Frank Dorbandt, played a leading part in this new tragedy.

Rogers and Post had left Fairbanks in the face of poor flying conditions.

The stop at Harding Lake enabled them to await the lifting of fog there. Then they encountered it again as they streaked farther on toward the pole.

They sighted the Eskimo camp southwest of here, an area described by Andrew Bahr, famous reindeer driver, as one of the most desolate places in the world.

Obtaining directions, they set out on the little hop to Barrow. Here Rogers wanted to visit Charles Brower, better known as "the King of the Arctic." Brower has lived in the Arctic 51 years. He is a trader and operates a whaling station near by.

The tragedy occurred during the height of the short Arctic Summer. Barrow is more than 300 miles inside the Arctic Circle, at the end of Alaska's northernmost point. Even yet Barrow's "harbor" in the Arctic Ocean roadstead is open only at intervals to shipping and the Coast Guard cutter Northland is held in the ice pack off Wainwright, 75 miles southwest of here, after her annual visit here.

The Northland radioed that her arrival time at Barrow is "very indefinite because conditions are unfavorable."

"Only feasible method of quick removal of bodies is by airplane," the Northland advised.

At Fairbanks, planes of the Pacific Alaska Airways were reported in readiness to come to Barrow to fly the bodies out if desired.

Behind the fliers when their dash to the top of Alaska ended in the shallow Arctic stream, lay miles upon miles of barren, treeless tundra traversed by the Colville River and its few and winding tributaries.

Barrow itself is a tiny spot on the end of Point Barrow. It is inhabited by about a dozen white persons and several hundred natives.

The visit to Alaska was the jovial philosopher-comedian's first. Post is well known here. Everywhere crowds flocked to cheer them and to shake their hands.

Roger would flash the grin known 'round the world.

"Me and Wiley," he said once, "are just a couple of Oklahoma boys trying to get along."

In a transport plane they flew over the Government's Matanuska Valley colonization project yesterday. Rogers had said he wanted to organize a polo team there.

Both were proud of Oklahoma and visited there often—Rogers his beloved Claremore and Post Maysville, near where his parents live.

It was the first extended flight for Post's new red, low-winged monoplane. Aside from a Southwestern hunting trip on which Rogers accompanied him, Mrs. Post went along, too.

Alaska first saw Post in the Summer of 1931, when he and Harold Gatty made their record-breaking (at that time) flight around the world, and crossed Alaska. They made the flight from New York to New York in 8 days, 15 hours and 51 minutes.

Two years later, however, Post, flying solo, bettered the time by nearly a day, and Alaska again saw him as he streaked across the territory, although he had a minor crash at Flat. His time around the world was 7 days, 18 hours, 49½ minutes.

Post, the fatalist, walked away from several minor accidents in his years as a flier. Rogers had suffered only one superficial injury in a plane. That was in 1928 when landing gear buckled at Las Vegas, Nev. Rogers was scratched. Aviation authorities estimated he had flown 1,000,000 miles as a passenger.

Advised Not to Go.

Pilot Crosson, who had advised Post and Rogers against making the Point Barrow flight because of bad weather, faced reports of "not too good" weather for his own flight today. He was accompanied by Robert Gleason, chief Pan-American Airways Radio man here.

Post and Rogers took off in the face of a report that there was a dense fog along the route and the thermometer registered 45 degrees.

Friends quoted Post as saying "I think we might as well go anyway." Rogers, they said, agreed, declaring "there's lots of lakes we can land on."

Rogers' humorous "wise cracks" about Alaska and Alaskans struck at every point. They were picked up and told over and over by the natives.

At Juneau he said:

"I'd like to go to Nome to lasso a reindeer. Wiley wants to go fishing."

"I've got to congratulate you Alaskans. "In Alaska, you've got 30,000 whites and 65 airplanes."

Invited to go strip fishing (fighting a salmon with a line alone, after using a rod and line to hook it): "What's that, something like poker? who strips? The fish or the fishermen?"

He was told the Territorial Senate was composed of eight Democrats and the House 16 Democrats and one Republican.

"I'll get Farley to work on that other guy," he replied.

F. C. Hall, Oklahoma City oil operator who financed Post's two globe-circling flights, offered his private plane and pilot Roy Hunt today to carry Mrs. Post and Mrs. Rogers to Alaska to escort the bodies home.

MONNIG WILL BE DRIVE HEAD

Representatives of Civic Groups Pick Councilman for Stock Show Campaign

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

a bigger and better stock show is absolutely necessary.

Councilman Brown urged the meeting to organize at once to put the stock show issue over, and Dr. W. G. Phillips, president of the Riverside Civic League, added it would be a calamity for the stock show issue not to carry.

Robert K. Hanger called for a demonstration of civic leadership to put the stock show bond issue over, declaring that Fort Worth will have no part in the Centennial unless it carries.

Among others at the meeting were Ed H. Winton, G. C. Cole, A. S. Billingsley, H. C. Vandervoort, Dave Tandy, J. M. Estes, Marvin D. Evans, Jess Johnston, Mike Murray, Larry Sisk, J. H. Brillhart, Ernest Allen, Gordon Boswell, J. B. Thomas, H. B. Friedman, E. C. Tays, Galen McKinney, H. D. Young, Louis Cohen, Melvin M. Faulk Jr., L. J. Baker, Dyke Cullum, G. P. Schmal, H. D. Withers, H. T. McGown, Homer Covey, V. E. Goodman, Fred Brasted and E. J. Hosey

Front Pages Blazon Crash News to World

By Associated Press.

News of the crash that took the lives of Will Rogers and Wiley Post was blazoned yesterday on many front pages throughout the world.

Reaction in foreign capitals follows:

London—All afternoon papers carried banner lines on the tragedy in Alaska. It was the greatest display of interest in British journals since Hitler announced the rearmament of Germany. One newspaper referred to Rogers as "the funniest man in America and the world's wisest fool."

Paris—Air Minister Denain presented condolences to the United States embassy on behalf of French aviation.

Moscow—News of the accident, arriving early in the evening, came as a "profound shock" to official Russian quarters. An official spokesman said the country had been looking forward to the arrival of Rogers and Post "with the greatest interest."

Dublin—Ireland recalled that Will Rogers gave a performance in 1926 to raise funds for the relatives of 50 persons who perished in a Limerick County theater fire.

Oslo — Newspapers revered Rogers' memory by publishing the words he wrote in the golden book at Copenhagen's town hall last Summer after an airplane visit to Norway's high mountains: "Denmark is beautiful, but I can't forgive the Danes who stole Greenland from my Norwegian friends."

Buenos Aires—Late editions of the afternoon newspapers carried front page headlines and two or three pages of biographical material on Rogers, who visited the Argentine in 1932. Rogers was called "the champion of Yankee humor" and Post "America's caballero of the air."

Rio de Janeiro—Newspapers recalled that Rogers passed a half hour here during his airplane trip through South America three years ago. Said O Globo: "The disaster in Alaska deprives America of two of the highest expressions of her civilization."

Lima—The American colony was deeply moved by the tragedy. El Comercio printed photographs of the victims on page one.

San Juan, Puerto Rico—Governor Blanton D. Winship cabled Mrs. Rogers the island's sympathy, saying the people mourned the loss of a "beloved entertainer and benefactor." Rogers gave a benefit performance here in 1932 for hurricane sufferers.

Sorrow Over Crash Death of Will Rogers Knows No Rank or Color Line in Ft. Worth

Sorrow over the death of Will Rogers knew no rank or color line in Fort Worth yesterday. The man on the street grew sober as he spoke of it. Newsboys cried the stark and tragic headlines with a note of grief in their voices.

Intimates of the great humorist-philosopher who had grown to know him on his many visits here shared their grief with yardmen and cooks who felt that they knew him, too. That, in the opinion of Will Rogers' closest friends, was the secret of his greatness.

He had the capacity for making everybody in the world feel that he was their own personal advocate. Not a great figure to be admired from a distance, but a sincere, honest person who could be a friend to the President and his chauffeur at the same time.

Those who had never seen the man felt the loss of his personality almost as keenly as those who had been his intimates. His sane and homely observations, couched in friendly good humor, had been a sort of balance wheel for a troubled nation.

Close friends who spoke haltingly of their grief yesterday managed, by the very diversity of their observations, to sum up the greatness of Will Rogers. Comments from some of them follow:

BARNEY HOLLAND, oil man and brother-in-law of Capt. Frank Hawks, speed flier who took Rogers on his Southwestern drouth relief tour in 1931: "Will Rogers was the most sincerely friendly man I ever knew. For him there was no such thing as class distinction, no such thing as creed or position. I came to know him personally and called him a friend. The remarkable thing is that every man and woman in the country felt that he was their friend, too. Still more remarkable

(TURN TO PAGE 2, COLUMN 7.)

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."

Comment

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

is that he was their friend. Everybody's."

DR. WEBB WALKER: "We'll never live to see anyone take Will Rogers' place. They just don't happen twice in a generation. His horse sense was worth more to the country than anything that could have happened. The Nation will miss him more than it would miss any other two public figures alive today."

C. R. SMITH, president of American Airlines: "Will Rogers and Wiley Post both were pioneers in aviation. Will was the best friend aviation ever had. I feel quite sure that he was so sincere that he wouldn't want his death to disturb the progress of this great industry. We who are engaged in aviation have had a warm feeling of love and respect for him ever since the day after Knute Rockne's death. For no other reason but to prove his faith in aviation, he made a trip by air the next day."

W. E. CONNELL, chairman of the board of First National Bank: "I feel as keenly grieved over the death of Will Rogers as though he were a member of my own family. There isn't a man, woman or child in the country who won't feel the same way about him."

SAM R. SAYERS, attorney: "Will Rogers' high ideals and moral code of living raised the standards of every one with whom he came in contact. No more companionable man ever lived. He loved his friends. He was devoted to the public which raised him to the pinnacle of fame and made him his fortune. But his outstanding devotion was to his wife and family. The United States has lost its most beloved citizen."

REV. S. H. FOWLER, secretary of the Colored Y. M. C. A., who was master of ceremonies the night Will Rogers gave his drouth benefit program at Mount Gilead Baptist Church: "We have had a special feeling for Will Rogers ever since he entertained for the colored people when he was raising funds for drouth relief. We regarded him as a patriotic citizen, truly democratic in his views, interested in all people alike, regardless of race or color or previous condition. Our race certainly mourns with others at his passing."

SHERIFF CARL SMITH, who was with Will Rogers at the Democratic Convention in Houston in 1928, at the World Series in New York in 1925, at the Dempsey-Tunney fight in Chicago and on many other occasions: "Will Rogers was interested in everything that was going on in the world, chiefly, I think, because he had such a capacity for friendship that he was interested in every person in the world."

MONROE ODOM, newsboy who sold Rogers his morning and evenings papers when the great humorist stopped at the Fort Worth Club: "That's the saddest headline I ever sold papers with. He was the greatest guy ever lived."

Rogers had countless other friends in Fort Worth. His favorite cowboy, Chester Byers, lives here but heard the news of Rogers' death at Sidney, Iowa, yesterday. Rogers matched roping tricks with Byers, world's champion trick and fancy roper, when they appeared on the stage of the Worth Theater here for the drouth benefit.

All the Rodeo performers who live here knew him well—Bob Calen, Rube Roberts, Buck and Tad Lucas.

Guy Waggoner, long a close friend of the Nation's idol, heard the news of his death over the radio in his mountain home in Colorado yesterday. He put through a long distance call immediately to friends here who might know more details of the catastrophe.

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.

WILEY POST DIED AS HE WISHED TO DIE

OKLAHOMA CITY, Aug. 16 (AP).—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 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 dident 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 hadent 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 [illegible] 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 cant write any Introduction, thats 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 couldent 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 ruther 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 dont 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 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 mayby 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 knaow 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 wouldent 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 couldent understand why they moved you, but we can now. They had every kind of great man up there, but they just dident have any great Cowboy Artist like you. Shucks! on the luck, there was only one of you and he couldent 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, Mayby its because we havent done anything that will live after we are gone.

from your old friend.
WILL.

Flier Describes Country in Which Post, Rogers Killed

RODEO HUSKIES

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 looked like a smooth, green meadow 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 skiis.

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.

CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT, POST'S BROTHER SAYS

OKLAHOMA CITY, Aug. 16 (AP).—Gordon Post, one year younger brother of Wiley, displayed the typical Post silence today when he read a news dispatch of the world flier's death.

He read the story in utter silence, gazed at a wall, lit a cigaret with a steady hand, and said, barely audibly:

"I can hardly believe it."

"Wiley never would even talk about the possibility of crashing."

He turned to his wife, also speechless, and said: "I wonder if anybody has told the folks?" Someone had.

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 ropes 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.

their regret that military regulations compel his retirement. It was due more to his efforts that to any other factor that the camp was built and the division reorganized as a single war machine, officers declared.

While the sun beat down this afternoon on soldiers and onlookers, there was no halt to the two-hour program. There were no prostrations from heat, and staff officers, including Hulen, asserted the division is in the best shape in its history.

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Cuticura Soap

No need to worry about skin irritations when you use for daily toilet purposes the same pure, soothing soap that you use for baby's tender skin. Containing the delicate Cuticura medication, **Cuticura Soap** protects sensitive skins and helps to keep them in a clear condition.

Price 25c. Sold at all druggists.

A Great American.

TWO MEN who had gained fame, each in his separate field, both natives of Oklahoma and warm friends, lost their lives when their plane crashed in the isolated region of northern Alaska Friday. Wiley Post, around-the-world flier, was one of the most skilled and noted pilots of the Nation; Will Rogers its first ranking moving picture actor, humorist and entertainer.

The death of Rogers is a national loss. He was something far greater than a popular moving picture actor, a great humorist or a great entertainer. He was a great American. No man in the United States knew more people over the world than Will Rogers and none over the world was better known than he. No man in the entertainment field, in public, semi-public or private life, had obtained such a hold on the affections of a people or held that hold for so long a time.

The public enjoyed Will Rogers' clean, wholesome pictures; they got a smile or a laugh from his humorous daily dispatches syndicated to more than 600 papers, and they delighted in his entertainments. But they loved him for reasons apart from his ability in such endeavors and from the pleasure he gave them. They loved him for himself, because they realized that Rogers was true and genuine; that in him there was no hypocrisy, no pretense, no sham; that in his private and his public life he exemplified the finest traits of husband, father and citizen; and that Rogers himself was a great lover of all humanity.

Behind Will Rogers' jabs at the great and the near-great there was never an intention to sting or to wound, and in all his comments upon public questions along with the humor there was a bit of philosophy, a wealth of sound common sense and a desire to promote a spirit of harmony and good will. The last message he ever wrote for the newspapers, that filed shortly before his death, was an effort to straighten out the difficulties of the Alaskan colonists and to prevent hasty judgment on that experiment.

Rogers loved the world and everybody in it; he saw good in every human being; he hated no one and in all his acquaintance, greater perhaps than that of any other person in the world, it is doubtful if there was a single person he even so much as disliked. Those who had known him intimately never heard him speak an unkind word of any individual, but they heard him many times excuse the frailties of public men and plead for better understanding of public problems.

Born on an Oklahoma ranch, a cowboy in his youth, Will Rogers remained a cowboy at heart until his death. Fame, wealth, association with the leaders of the world, public adulation of a degree seldom accorded a public or private citizen, changed him not at all. He lived a simple life; he loved the simple things of life. He never forgot a friend. He possessed a keen, alert mind, rare insight, sound judgment, abundant common sense; at heart he was a big, courageous, lovable, adventurous boy. He extracted a great deal from life because no man of his generation gave more; no man did more good; but all of the good that Will Rogers did will never be known, for Will let no one know of his personal service to others, the financial aid he had given to old friends or acquaintances, or his contributions to organized or individual charity. His friends had but a glimpse of these things. They knew, perhaps, of an instance or two; but, knowing these and his great, charitable heart, they know such benefactions were many and the amounts large.

A great character, a great influence for good, truly an ambassador of good will, has been removed from American life.

IT has been suggested that the best way to regulate speed in traffic is to take the accelerator from beneath the foot and put it on the dashboard where the other occupant of the front seat could reach it. Why not a party line to the back seat driver, also?

THERE is a national inventory taking place. The articles which may be pointed to with pride and those which are to be viewed with alarm must be stacked in two heaps so the audience may see when the spellbinder reads the list.