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ROGERS FUNERAL WILL BE HELD IN LOS ANGELES

\$3,000,000 For Centennial

SERVICES FOR VICTIM OF ALASKAN AERIAL TRAGEDY SET FOR NEXT THURSDAY

Widow Says Body to Be Placed in Vault; May Be Removed Later to Oklahoma for Final Resting Place; Family Met in New York by Jesse Jones; Will Leave by Train Today for the West Coast.

NEW YORK, Aug. 17 (AP).—Funeral services for Will Rogers, world beloved humorist who died in an Alaskan airplane crash with Wiley Post, were set tonight for 2 p. m. next Thursday in Los Angeles.

The widow, Mrs. Rogers, announced through Jesse Jones, chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in Washington, a family friend, that his body would be placed temporarily in a vault at Forestlawn Cemetery.

Later the body probably will be taken back to Oklahoma for its final resting place in Rogers' native soil.

Jones, who hurried to New York today to meet Mrs. Rogers on her arrival here from Maine en route to California, said the family would leave New York by train tomorrow afternoon for the coast.

Will Jr. Flies East.

With the grief-stricken widow tonight was her daughter, Mary, and her sister, Miss Theda Blake, who accompanied her from Maine. Will Jr. was en route East by airplane to join them. James, the other son, met his mother in Stamford, Conn., this morning.

The group will be met in Kansas City by Mrs. Thomas McSpadden, sister-in-law of Mrs. Rogers, who will accompany the party on to the coast.

Jones said he would return to Washington after the party's departure. He took over the task of arranging details for Mrs. Rogers upon his arrival.

Mrs. Rogers was secluded with her children and sister in a Park Avenue Hotel and was unable to see any but the closest family friends.

The decision to hold the services in Los Angeles instead of Oklahoma was reached when Mrs. Rogers expressed the feeling she was unequal to another long trip from the coast back to Oklahoma after a transcontinental journey from Maine.

Every effort to shield Mrs. Rogers from crowds will be taken on the westward trip, Jones said. It was Mrs. Rogers' wish to be left in seclusion.

Mrs. Rogers, Mary and Miss Blake left the train that brought them from Maine at Stamford early this morning.

They were met by James, who held his mother in a long embrace, and Dorothy Stone, daughter of Fred Stone, long-time friend of Rogers. They motored on into New York to escape a crowd which had gathered at Grand Central Terminal despite the early hour of the train's scheduled arrival.

Will Rogers Jr. Arrives At Newark Airport.

NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 17 (AP).—William Rogers Jr., son of the late comedian, arrived at Newark Airport at 9:07 p. m., Eastern Standard

(TURN TO PAGE 2, COLUMN 7.)

Murky Skies Impede Flight of Plane With Bodies of Rogers and Post

Big Pan-American Ship Is Ready at Fairbanks as Crosson Arrives.

(Copyright, 1935, by Associated Press.) FAIRBANKS, Alaska, Aug. 17.

Weeping skies and lowering murk impeded the flight of Joe Crosson out of Alaska with the bodies of Will Rogers and Wiley Post today.

Ace pilot of the far North, Crosson brought the bodies of the cowboy philosopher and "round-the-world flier here from Point Barrow in his pontoon equipped monoplane, landing at 7:35 a. m. (12:35 p. m. Eastern Standard Time).

A big Pan-American Airways plane stood ready at the airport to drone on toward the United States with the noted crash victims, but rain and a low ceiling intervened.


The government forecaster called it "nasty flying weather."

The plane prepared to leave at 6 a. m. (11 a. m. Eastern Standard time) tomorrow with the bodies for Los Angeles by way of White Horse, Y. T.; Prince George, B. C., and Seattle.

Crosson, apparently unwearied by his last acts of devotion to his friends, planned to fly through rain dripping from lowering clouds along the coast range. The plane was expected to reach Seattle about 12 hours later.

For 4½ hours Crosson battled through murky Arctic skies this

(TURN TO PAGE 2, COLUMN 6.)



WILL Rogers SAID -

BEVERLY HILLS, Cal., July 9.—Hurrah for Mr. Rockefeller, 96 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 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 difficulty. They must have got discouraged and paid him. He will make the 100 and some to spare.

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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.

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.

WEEK'S WORK IN CONGRESS IS FORESEEN

Weary Conferees Drive on in Overtime Session and Plan Meeting for Today.

Ten Major Bills Yet Await Final Approval; Early on Tax Measure Is Likely.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17 (AP).—Congressional leaders tonight gauged the remaining Administration program and found it so exhaustive that guesses on adjournment expanded to embrace another full week of activity.

Weary Senate and House conferees drove in an overtime session tonight, and arranged a Sunday meeting, in an effort to reach an agreement on the \$250,000,000 tax bill. Some held hope for early success.

In this light, it was the Guffey coal stabilization bill which moved up to first place as the measure holding the key to a sine die adjournment. Leaders contended the tax bill, once out of conference, would go through like greased lightning, as would banking and several others.

Considerable opposition was heard in Senate circles to the projected "little NRA" for the bituminous coal industry, particularly because of its price-fixing feature. One leader said today, however, that if it passed the House it would most likely get through the other branch. Several Republican Senators have left the city, not to return before adjournment, which may prove a factor in its favor.

Bills Are Listed.

While a definite program for winding up the eight-month session awaited a White House conference tomorrow night, a survey today showed at least 10 major bills yet to receive final approval.

They were taxes, banking, utility holding company dissolution, liquor control, Guffey bill, rivers and harbors, TVA amendments, gold clause suits ban, a final deficiency bill.

(TURN TO PAGE 2, COLUMN 1.)

Joins 'Dear Friend, Rogers,' in Death

CLEVELAND, Aug. 17 (AP).—A taxicab driver who left a note expressing his desire to join in death "our dear friend, Mr. Rogers," shot and killed himself as he sat in his cab in front of a downtown theater today.

Bailey Ozier, a pedestrian, said he heard the shot, ran to the cab and asked the driver, Jack Berman, 24, "why did you do that?"

He said Berman said "I'm disgusted" and waved to two newsboys and slumped into the seat, muttering, "Good-by, kids."

A note found in Berman's pocket said in part, "Any of the oldtimers will tell you that at one time I was also a humorist and a lot of people used to call me a great guy. . . . The reason I am performing this little act is because I am thoroughly disgusted with the world, so I am joining our dear friend, Mr. Rogers. He was a good guy, too."

Lad Slain in Play by Step-Brother

SAN ANGELO, Aug. 17 (AP).—Roderick Chaney, 12, was shot and instantly killed here today by a step-brother, William David Hicks, 14, while the two were playing "cowboy." The shooting occurred on a farm near here where W. C. Chaney, father and step-father of the boys, is employed.

The Hicks boy, whose father, O. B. Hicks, lives at Cleburne, said that he pointed a pistol at his step-brother and told him, "here's the way to shoot 'em, how to beat 'em to the draw." The gun went off.

Funeral services will be held at the Mullen Cemetery Sunday afternoon.

SLAYING CLEWS ELUDE POLICE

By International News Service.

CHICAGO, Aug. 17.—The murder of Kenneth A. Morrison, Chicago park official, remained a deep mystery today as all police theories concerning the killing were shattered.

Police are now swinging to the theory that Morrison might have been killed by gamblers. They also were working on the possibility that Morrison, as auditor of the Park Board, had uncovered a shortage in some employee's accounts and had been killed to prevent his exposing the shortage.

Morrison was found murdered Thursday, propped up in the back seat of his automobile with a cigaret butt shoved in his mouth. His pockets apparently had been searched but his money had not been taken. Two men were seen fleeing from the car.

Two robbery suspects, one of them carrying a .32 caliber revolver, the same caliber weapon used to kill Morrison, were freed of suspicion in the murder when ballistic experts reported positively that the three bullets that killed Morrison had not been fired from the weapon round on the robbery suspects. There was no other evidence linking the suspects to the murder.

Mrs. Madge Watson, 29, comely brunet friend of Morrison and former employe of the Park Board where Morrison was an executive, was questioned by police yesterday and then released. She said that Morrison had helped her obtain a job but denied she had ever carried on a love affair with him. Morrison's wife also assured police that she was convinced there was no other woman in Morrison's life. Mrs. Watson's husband, Kenneth, and Philip Benson, a friend of Mrs. Watson's, also were questioned and released when they could throw no light on the killing.

Longview Negro Hidden From Mob

LONGVIEW, Aug. 17.—A negro, whom officers said had been identified as the attempted attacker of a white woman, was taken from the Gregg County jail by officers here today and spirited away when rumors of mob action were heard.

The negro was apprehended here early today after an all night chase with bloodhounds. The woman identified him as the man who Friday afternoon jerked her from the door of her home near here after he had asked for a match, officers said.

Sale of Portrait of Post May Prevent Artist's Eviction

NEW YORK, Aug. 17 (AP).—Sale of a portrait of Wiley Post—believed to be the last painting made of the famous aviator—may keep the artist, J. J. Muller, from being evicted from his studio for non-payment of \$200 back rent.

Several persons, learning the financially embarrassed artist possessed the picture, made telephonic inquiries today to the studio, situated within a block of the National Academy of Design, where several of Muller's works have been exhibited.

Others, more interested in obtaining the portrait, went in person tonight to the modest studio, which Muller and his wife, Rose, must vacate by Wednesday unless they can raise the rent. The artist is three and a half months in arrears and the landlord has served notice.

The portrait of the aviator here is the second done by Muller. In 1933, when Post completed his round-the-world flight, the artist did a life-sized oil painting of him and presented it to the flier's family. Then he did a portrait drawing for himself, which the birdman autographed for Muller.

Muller, 59, is a native of Budapest and studied in the Munich Royal Academy. He came to this country 11 years ago. Since then his works have been exhibited in the National Academy of Design and in the Brooklyn Museum of Art.

Congress Spurred By Missouri Riots

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17 (AP).—Foreclosure riots in Missouri spurred Congress today toward consideration in the Frazier-Lemke bill to replace the farm mortgage moratorium held unconstitutional last May.

"That's just the beginning," warned Representative Lemke, North Dakota. "Unless Congress acts before adjournment, there will be disturbances that this country has never experienced."

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and whenever we put 2,000,000 families into misery, trouble must be expected, much as we regret it."

The bill, approved by Senate and House Judiciary Committees as meeting Supreme Court objections to the former law, will be taken up Monday by the Senate. Senator Borah, Idaho, and others expressed confidence it would meet speedy approval.

CRIME CURBED BY 'BUM'S RUSH'

NEW YORK, Aug. 17 (AP).—A growing wave of terrorism in the city's parks appeared tonight to have been curbed by a wholesale police roundup of bench warmers.

Aroused by a vicious attack on a young Queens preacher in Central Park early Tuesday morning, the police high command sent out a dragnet that brought in 561 park loiterers within 48 hours.

Many of the prisoners were innocent down-and-outers, but more than 100 were found to have police records.

The large scale "bum's rush" followed a series of brutal assaults which left two women dead from stab wounds and numerous other victims maimed by holdup men.

The situation became so serious that only the most stout-hearted citizens dared venture into the parks after dark. Instead of finding a cool breath of air in the hot Summer night they were apt to find themselves being throttled by a pair of footpads, springing out of the shadows.

Most of the loiterers rounded up were charged with vagrancy or disorderly conduct.

Ten men were sentenced to 10 days in jail each today on charges of violating a seldom invoked ordinance making it a misdemeanor to be in the parks after midnight without a permit.

Incensed by the police drive, members of the Hobo College of America tonight announced plans for a protest demonstration to be held in Union Square next Wednesday.

Give Last Warning To Dallas Bookies

DALLAS, Aug. 17 (AP).—Police Chief Robert L. Jones said today plain-clothes men would call on Dallas bookmakers and warn them "for the last time" to shut down or be raided.

The police chief made the announcement after a conference with Ranger Captain Tom Hickman, who has been gathering information on bookmaking here for Governor Allred.

"Players will be arrested, as well as the bookies," Jones said. "We are going to give just one warning and then begin every effort to close these places. If raids fail, we will use injunctions, and may act against property owners who rent to bookies, as well as against the telephone and telegraph companies."

Tribute Is Paid to Brilliant Mind and Soft Heart of Will

(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."

"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



Fred Stone

Fred Stone Pays High Tribute to Old Friend

Rogers Had Brilliant Mind But Softest Heart in World, Noted Actor Says.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

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.

Murky Skies Impede Flight With Bodies of Rogers, Post

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

morning to bring the bodies 500 miles over the Arctic tundra to Fairbanks from Point Barrow, where Rogers and Post crashed to death in their vacation plane Thursday.

Radio Man Robert Gleason flew with him on the 1,000-mile round trip. Most of the Fairbanks populace witnessed the somber spectacle of their arrival. Crosson alighted gently on the Chena River. Between lines of sorrowing Alaskans, the linen-swathed bodies were borne to an undertaking establishment.

Physicians said Rogers had a severe cut on his forehead. The chest was crushed.

Post's legs, right wrist and upper left arm were broken. Abrasions also were found.

Their faces, however, were not appreciably marred.

Their crash from a height of 50 to 60 feet above a small Arctic stream, 15 miles south of Barrow, was more definitely ascribed to engine trouble today, as had been reported by a native who saw their scarlet monoplane fall.

The weather at Barrow at the time was overcast, but there was a 1,000-foot ceiling and 10 miles of visibility, the government weather bureau here said it had learned.

From New York, Col. Charles A. Lindbergh came into the plans to take the bodies south.

Acting for the grief-stricken widows, Colonel Lindbergh last night sent a message authorizing Dr. Henry W. Greist, Presbyterian medical missionary at Barrow to turn the bodies over to Crosson. Previously, Greist and Charles Brower, trader for more than half a century at the settlement, had prepared them for the first phase of the sorrowful Odyssey.

Rex Beach, the author, close friend of both men, was in the sorrowing throng which greeted in silence the famous pair of aerial cronies they had cheered only a few hours before they crashed Thursday night into the bank of an icy stream.

The quiet spoken Beach recalled the joyous evening he spent with Rogers and Post last week at Juneau.

Rogers Talked Eagerly.

Beach said Rogers talked eagerly of possibly flying on to Siberia and even to Greenland and Iceland before returning to the United States.

In a letter to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Laine of San Angelo, Texas, Mrs. Post disclosed she had planned to accompany Rogers and her husband but had been talked out of it.

Both Rogers and Post had "kidded" her out of going along, saying the Arctic tundra was "no place for a lady." Mrs. Post rested at Ponca City, Okla., today. Tomorrow she will join Post's parents at their farm home near Maysville, Okla., there to await the body. Post will be buried in Oklahoma City.

A forlorn little group of mourners—the dozen white settlers, a frightened gathering of Eskimos—stood silently by at Point Barrow for a last farewell to the strangers killed on a trip to see them.

Bodies Placed in Plane.

They shuffled about, talking in whispers, as the bodies were laid carefully in Crosson's plane.

Supervising preparations for the departure was Dr. Henry W. Greist, surgeon at the tiny Presbyterian mission hospital at Point Barrow, who gave up a vacation this Summer to fight an epidemic of influenza among the Eskimos.

Charles D. Brower, called "the king of the Arctic," and the man Rogers especially wanted to see at Point Barrow, helped prepare the bodies for the journey home.

Dr. Greist said Eskimos made short work of the fragments of the wreckage of Post's monoplane at the crash scene. Only the torn tundra, the missionary-physician said, will long be left to mark the tragic place. The Eskimos will put the parts to their own uses.

The first eye-witness description of the crash was given today in a message from Staff Sergt. Stanley Morgan, in charge of the Army's Point Barrow radio station.

From an Eskimo who ran and walked 15 miles to gasp out his story, Sergeant Morgan obtained his dramatic account. The native said the plane settled down on a small river near an Eskimo camp.

"Two men climbed out, one wearing 'rag on sore eye' and other big man with boots," the native

said. They asked the direction to Point Barrow.

Directions Were Given.

"Directions given, men then climbed back into plane and taxied off to far side of river for takeoff into wind," Morgan said.

"After short run plane slowly lifted from water to height about 50 feet banking slight to right when evidently motor stalled, planned slipped off on right wing and nosed down into water, turning completely over and native claimed dull explosion occurred and most of right wing dropped off and a film of gasoline and oil soon covered the water.

The sergeant and a rescue party rushed to the spot in a small motor boat.

"The plane was but a huge mass of twisted and broken wood and metal.

"The natives had managed to extricate the body of Rogers, who apparently had been well back in the cabin and more or less protected by the baggage," Morgan added, but the "engine had been forced well back into the cabin pinning the body of Post.

"With some little difficulty we managed to tear the plane apart and eventually released the body of Post. Both then were wrapped in eiderdown sleeping bags found in the wreckage, and carefully placed in the boat."

Alaskans—who knew Post from previous flights and who had learned to love Rogers on the flying cronies' happy-go-lucky visit—were shocked almost beyond belief.

Messages of Sympathy.

While messages of sympathy poured in from many parts of the world, Mrs. Rogers made arrangements to leave New York by plane for the West Coast. In the East with her were Jimmy Rogers and his sister, May, 19. Will Jr., flew from Los Angeles to join them.

At Claremore, Okla.—"the hometown of Will Rogers"—it was announced a memorial service would be held and that every place of business would close for the occasion. Many similar services were planned elsewhere.

Financial associates of the great humorist and friends of Post disclosed the wide gap in the finances of the two close friends.

Rogers, left an estate unofficially estimated at between \$2,500,000 and \$6,000,000. Post had little beyond his plane. Rogers, it was disclosed, was meeting the expenses of their flight.

Pan-American Pilot Leaves for Seattle.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Aug. 17 (AP).—S. E. Robbins, Pan-American Airways pilot, left here by plane at 11 a. m. today for Seattle where he expected to meet a plane carrying the bodies of Will Rogers and Wiley Post from Alaska.

Robbins is believed to have been selected to pilot one of the planes that will take the bodies of the famed Americans home.

Funeral Plans

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

Time, today, and left immediately for New York to join his mother and sister. The United airliner which brought him from Chicago on the last leg of his trip from the West Coast was an hour and 49 minutes late.

The plane was delayed by bad weather and rose at times to an altitude of 12,000 feet. Young Rogers was apparently so tired from lack of sleep since he received news yesterday of his father's death that he slept most of the way.

Alice Severance, air line hostess, said she offered him the usual air line dinner of salad, sandwiches and coffee, but he declined, saying he would eat in New York.

He did not awaken, once his eyes were closed, even when the plane zoomed high above clouds to avoid the bumpy air.

At the airport the youth was hustled into a private air line car and hurried to New York. He had nothing to say.

'TEXAN' INJURED

COLORADO SPRINGS, Aug. 17 (AP).—A man police believe may be Don Clark of Waco, Texas, was found unconscious from head injuries in a railroad underpass here today.

Rogers' Romance Never Dimmed by Cloud in 28 Years

HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 17 (AP).—Will Rogers and Betty Blake were married at Rogers, Ark., Nov. 22, 1908, and there never was a cloud on their romance. Comparatively few people remain married in Hollywood 28 years, but there never was a doubt the Rogers marriage would endure.

Rogers often told of what he called his "courting."

"Rubber tires were just coming in then," he said.

"I wore out a set trying to get Betty to say 'Yes.'"

There are three children—Will Jr., Stanford University student; Mary, an actress of much promise who played in motion pictures under the name of Mary Howard and has been appearing on the stage in Maine this Summer; and Jimmy, who was graduated this Spring at the Webb School of California.

It was typical of Rogers that when Mary wished to try her luck in pictures, he told her to go ahead but not to count on his help. As self-reliant as her father, she went ahead and got a place on her own.

Rogers joked at times about his popular family, saying the family polo team was broken up when Mary "went society," and Mrs. Rogers remained "old fashioned" by refusing to bob her hair, but he never permitted any reference to his life at home to get in the newspapers if he could prevent it.

Only a few days before he went on his last flight, he was asked by a friend from New England to come to dinner "and bring Mrs. Rogers."

"Can't do it," he said. "She's going East to see Mary back in that dam Yankee country you come from."

HOLLYWOOD IS HIT BY TRAGEDY

Sorrowful Thoughts Turn North as the Body of Ce- lebrity Heads Homeward.

HOLLYWOOD, Cal., Aug. 17 (AP). Hollywood turned sorrowing 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.

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.

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.

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.

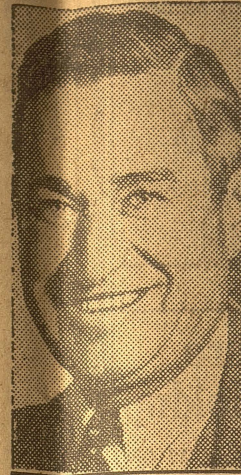
ODD MCINTYRE is always writing "Thoughts While Strolling." Well suppose you are not a "Stroller." I am what you call a mighty poor "Stroller." The feet are bad and the legs are worse, so I take mine out in riding. So with all due apologies to Odd this is "Thoughts While Flying."

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



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 Mountains 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.

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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 Allbright.

Allbright, 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 Allbright 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 Allbright 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.