

The death of Will 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 real philosopher and 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 affection of a people or held that 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 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 Will Rogers was true and genuine; that in him there was no hypocrisy, no pretense, no sham; that in his private and public life he exemplified the finest traits of husband, father and citizen and that Will Rogers himself was a great lover of all humanity.

Behind Will Rogers' jokes 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 and a wealth of sound common sense and a desire to promote a spirit of harmony and good will. The last message the newspapers received, 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.

Will 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 time 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 who did not know what the word fear meant.

He extracted a great deal from life because no man of his generation gave more. No man did more good, but all the good that Will Rogers did will never be known for Will let none know of his personal service to others. Of the financial aid he had given to old friends or acquaintances or his contributions to organized or individual charity. In 1930 alone he raised for the Red Cross over \$275,000.00, all of which went for the benefit of humanity, Will paying the expenses (over ^{12000.00} 2,000.00) personally. 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 knew 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 is difficult to realize he is gone. It is tough to lose him. May his ashes rest in peace. God bless his heart.