

Will Rogers Said—

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. These were suggested by readers.

Vernon, July 7, 1932.

No papers away out here on the prairie where I am, so I don't know what has happened. By golly, to people away out on farms and ranches, where people make a living off what you are supposed to make it off of, why it don't make much difference what happens. The "market could have closed strong" or closed forever, and it wouldn't matter to a big bunch of Americans.

It sure is a lot prettier sight to look at thousands of white faced cattle than thousands of bald faced delegates in one corral howling like mad, and milling for nothing.

They brand the cattle so you can tell 'em, and have to put bandages on the degelates, so there's not much difference after all.

Yours—Will Rogers.

Muleshoe, Texas, July 8, 1932.

Down here at the Mashed O, my old friends, the Halsells Ranch, branding thousands of calves. I been roping at 'em all day and they just look around and say, "Go on, comedian, and do your stuff on the stage but don't try a real cowboy racket." I'll catch one of the little rascals yet if I have to bribe him. Say, I been so interested in real things I just quit reading the papers. What is Congress doing and why did Aimee's husband establish his good name? A rancher just rode out to the roundup and said the Happy Warrior had decided to leave the war and be happy again. Did you know that hogs went up \$2 a hundred while the two conventions were in session? Make your own joke.

Yours, Will Rogers.

Muleshoe, July 10, 1932.

Well, sir, don't you think things are looking better? They are among the stock raisers and farmers. I have always maintained that the Republicans this Summer before election would, with all their influence and money power, create an amateur prosperity enough to make folks think things were on the upgrade and not to change horses. You know it's going to take much to make us think we are doing fine. No breast, or white meat. Just the wing and the old back will taste like a banquet to us now. I think, too, just promising the people some beer made everybody feel better, even if they know they will die of old age before they get it.

Yours, Will Rogers.

This one was suggested by J. A. Walker of Rising Star:

BEVERLY HILLS, Cal., Oct. 6.—

For days I have heard on the radio

these baseball announcers say, "I will now give you the picture, World's Series, Washington versus N. Y. at Washington, N. Y. at bat, ninth inning." Well they got me doing it. I will now give you the picture, it's the U. S. versus Depression. The score is three to two in favor of Depression, its the last half of the ninth inning. U. S. at bat, two men are out, and the bases are loaded.

Unemployment is on third, NRA is on second, Farm Relief on first, and Roosevelt at bat. He has already had two hits during the game. There is three balls and two strikes on the batter. Depression's team has gathered around its pitcher. The batter is all confident. He rubs his hands in dirt, he smiles, here it comes, bang. It's a hit, it's a hit. Unemployment crosses the plate. NRA comes home with the winning run. Boy Oh Boy, what a game.

Yours,

Will Rogers.

Suggested by L. M. Freeman of Midland:

BEVERLY HILLS, Cal., May 14.

One hundred and twenty million people lost a baby. One hundred and twenty million people cry one minute and swear vengeance the next. A father who never did a thing that didn't make us proud of him. A mother who, only the wife of a hero, has proven one herself. At home or abroad they have always been a credit to their country. They have never fallen down. Is their country going to be a credit to them? Will it make him still proud that he did it for them? Or in his loneliness will it allow a thought to creep into his mind that it might have been different if he had flown the ocean under somebody's colors with a real obligation to law and order? America goes further into debt, and the debt is to the Lindbers. Yours,

WILL.

(Clipped from the Tulsa World, May 30, 1931.)

Maybe this one will help the President's side in the "holding company" battle:

"Beverly Hills, Cal., May 29, 1931. A couple of years ago no business seemed to be up to date unless it had its 'holding company.' The title 'holding' seemed like you had something. So the suckers went for it, but now the stockholders find out that all they were holding was the bag.

"So that's what's the matter with your Wall Street. You can't go out now when your business ain't going so good and merge with something else that's doing worse and form a 'holding company' and issue more stock. What you've got nowadays you've got to 'hold' yourself. The buyers are looking in the bag now before they hold it.

Yours,

"WILL."

Beverly Hills, Cal., Jan. 4, 1933. Hello, mister, was you ever asked to make a New Year prediction? "Say, I never been asked to eat on New Year." Have you ever been appointed on a commission? "No, nor in jail either." Do you read prominent men's predictions? "No, I never read fiction." Have you a job? "No, I am on a diet." What does the new year hold in store for you? "What new year? Have they got another one?" Do you think the world leaders can get us out of this? "They might, ignorance got us in." What do you think of technocracy? "Nothing you can't spell will ever work." What about the debts? "Well, I hear England paid ninety million, but it's only hearsay as far as the unemployed is concerned." Do you think we will get out of this depression just because we got out of all the others? "Lots of folks drown that's been in the water before." What will give the unemployed employment? "If somebody will throw a monkeywrench into the machinery." Won't light wines and beer be a big aid to the poor? "They will if they give 'em away." Won't '33 see a change for the better? "I don't think so, we haven't suffered enough. The Lord is repaying us for our foolishness during prosperous days. He is not quite ready to let us out of the dog house yet." I will haul you down the road if you like. "What's down the road? I have been to both ends. One place is as good as another." Well, good luck to you. "Yes, that's what my Congressman said."

Yours,

WILL ROGERS.

NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 24, 1929.

I have been in Washington on inauguration day; Claremore on Fourth of July; Dearborn on Edison's day, but to have been in New York on "Wailing day" when Wall Street took that tail spin, you had to stand in line to get a window to jump out of. And speculators were selling space for bodies in the East River. If England is supposed by international treaty to protect the wailing wall, they will have to come here to do it. The wall runs from the Battery to the Bronx.

You know there is nothing that hollers as quick and as loud as a gambler, they even blame it on Hoover's fedora hat. Now they know what the farmer has been up against for 8 years. Yours,

WILL ROGERS.

ELEVEN BOOKIES FINED IN SAN ANTONIO DRIVE

SAN ANTONIO, Aug. 23.—Eleven race bookies Friday had been fined total costs of \$17.50 each in San Antonio's war on gambling.

Officers seized a teletype machine during the raids.

Sheriff Albert West Jr., who led the raids, said he was co-operating with Governor Allred.