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FRIDAY, AU

## Rogers-Post Funerals Held As U. S. Bows

50,000 Pass Humorist's  
Bier on Coast While  
17,000 See Oklahoma  
Services for World Flyer

## Stars of Hollywood Pay a Last Tribute

## President Represented; Boles Sings Cowboy's Farewell to His Horse

*The nation participated yesterday in services for Will Rogers and Wiley Post. Details of the observances follow:*

GLENDALE, Calif.—Fifty thousand persons passed Mr. Rogers's bier in Forest Lawn Park between 7 a. m. and noon. Three memorial services were held simultaneously with funeral services in Wee Kirk o' the Heather Chapel. Twenty thousand in Hollywood Bowl heard eulogies by Rupert Hughes and Conrad Nagel. The state observed a moment of silence at 2 p. m. After the services Mr. Rogers was placed in a reception vault to await final burial later in Claremont, Okla.

OKLAHOMA CITY—Seventeen thousand persons attended dual services held for Mr. Post before burial.

NEW YORK—A fleet of twenty-three airplanes massed in flight over the city while services were held.

### City's Flags at Half Staff

By Nunnally Johnson

GLENDALE, Calif., Aug. 22.—At 7 o'clock this morning 20,000 people waited at the entrance of Forest Lawn Memorial Park for the gates to open and permit them to walk down a long roped path past the draped bronze coffin that contained the broken body of Will Rogers.

Covered with an American flag of flowers, red and white carnations and blue cornflowers, the catafalque rested in the shade of a small grove of trees in a broad pleasant meadow.

Between 7 o'clock and noon 50,000 men, women and children made the brief pilgrimage around the bier. There was no disorder, no demonstration whatever. Occasionally some one leaned over the ropes and tossed a small bunch of flowers on the ground. One woman fainted in the heat of a blazing sun. As for the rest, the line moved in awed and respectful silence.

So began a day in which final tribute to the great American character overflowed the limits of Hollywood, a land of make-believe in which it is hard to tell tears from glycerine, to spread over the city in a blanket of genuine grief.

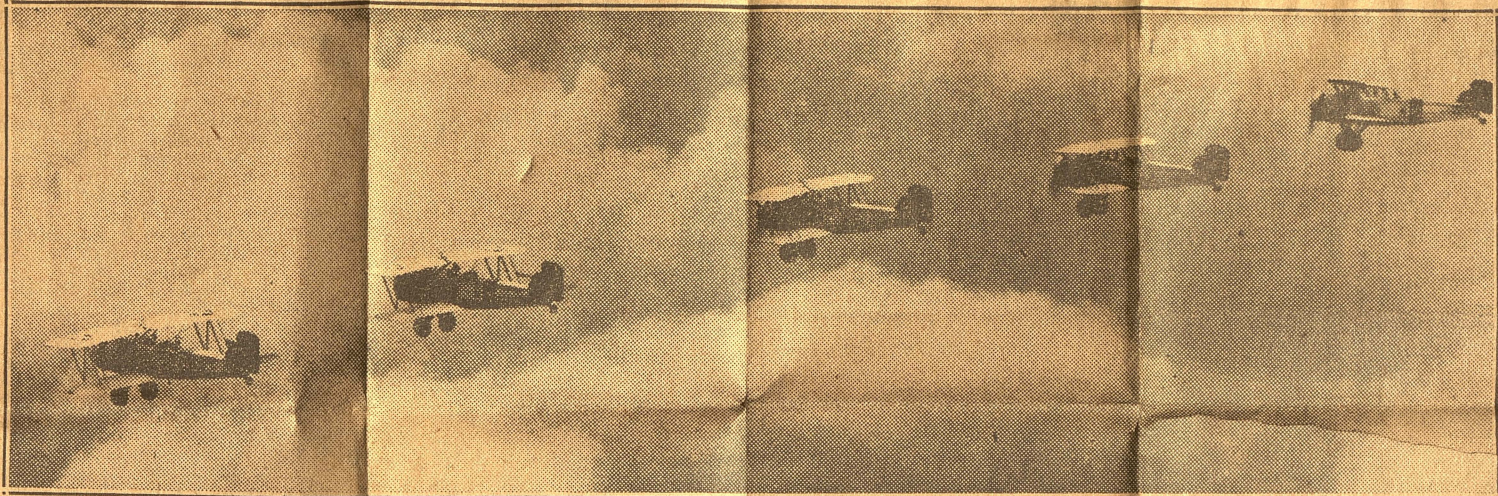
### Three Memorial Services

It is improbable that any private citizen has ever been accorded the honors that marked the day of his funeral here. Flags flew at half staff over government buildings, gas stations, and "bar-b-q" stands. On orders of Governor Frank F. Merriam, the entire state observed a moment of silence at 2 o'clock, when the funeral began. Rogers's own profession and industry, the "movies," closed at 1 o'clock. Three memorial services took place simultaneously with the final services. In the Hollywood Bowl, a natural amphitheater in the hills, 20,000 gathered to listen in silence to eulogies by Rupert Hughes and Conrad Nagel.

From dawn till sundown, an impressive unity of concern covered the city with an almost mystical sense of loss. It had begun last Friday morn-



*New York Flyers' Tribute to Wiley Post, and Scene at His Boyhood Home*



*Five of the twenty-three planes which flew over New York yesterday in a memorial to Post*



*Village folk of Maysville, Okla., Post's home town, waiting outside the tiny Landmark Missionary Baptist Church for a last view of their beloved fellow-townsmen*

Herald Tribune photos—Acme



# Funerals for Rogers and Post Held on Coast and in Oklahoma

(Continued from page one)

ing, when the milkmen of the city spread the news. "Will Rogers was killed in Alaska with Wiley Post."

The word came from the kitchen to breakfast tables even before newspapers were opened. From then until tonight thought of the tragedy has never been long out of mind in Los Angeles and Hollywood.

The coffin was not opened after Mrs. Betty Rogers ordered it closed shortly after her arrival here Wednesday evening. Sealed and covered with its floral banner, it was borne in a motor hearse up the long hill in Forest Lawn at 12:45 o'clock to the cemetery chapel, Wee Kirk o' the Heather, where, at ten minutes after one o'clock, the first of the invited guests, Stepin Fetchit, arrived in a chauffeured car.

## Boles Sings Cowboy Song

The services, of no formal denominational character, for Mr. Rogers professed none, were directed by the wishes of Mrs. Rogers. The Rev. Dr. J. Whitcomb Brouger, Baptist minister, of Portland, Ore., an old friend of the Rogers family, returned to Hollywood to deliver the funeral sermon. One of the songs was selected from the Christian Science hymn book. By Mrs. Rogers's wishes also John Boles sang "Old Faithful," a cowboy's song to his horse, which Will Rogers loved. The 200 guests permitted through the strict police lines about Forest Lawn Memorial Park were friends and associates of the homespun comedian.

Wee Kirk o' the Heather is a chapel nicely designed and calculated for picturesqueness, with modern conveniences, such as loud speaker and arrangements for radio broadcasting, though the latter were not used today. It seats 150, and outside is a patio capable of as many more chairs, all of which were occupied, by card, today.

Around it soon after noon hovered reporters and a battalion of photographers engaged in the inevitable war to circumvent orders against photographing the members of the Rogers family. On rumors that one camera man with twenty-five-inch lenses, powerful enough to take pictures two hundred yards away, had obtained a secret and advantageous position, police manned the hills and heights above the chapel like sentinels alert for the enemy.

Mr. Fetchit sat alone in the chapel for over thirty-five minutes before the other guests began arriving. Louise Dresser, who played Will Rogers's wife in several of his pictures, was one of the earliest to appear. Frank Borzage, who directed Will in his first "talkies"; George Schneiderman, his cameraman, and David Butler, his most recent director, came at the same time.

## Lawn Covered by Flowers

All paused reluctantly for the photographers and posed amid the floral offerings which almost completely covered the lawn, among these being tributes from such sources as the Riding Actors' Association, the St. Louis Cardinals, "world's champions," and Alexander Troyanovsky, Soviet Ambassador in Washington. Some one signed "Omar" had sent a lariat of flowers, there were two flower saddles, one of them startlingly large, and a floral pair of cowboy chaps.

Then came more of the stars: Eddie Cantor, his large eyes as sober and earnest as they can be; Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy and Harry Carey, the "Old Timer." Mary Pickford, in white, permitted pictures, as did Charlie Chaplin. Walt Disney wove into the line of expensive limousines driving a Ford runabout. Then came Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Jack Warner, Joe E. Brown, Snowy Baker, Will's polo companion; Carryl Zanuck, Ray Griffith, Irvin S. Cobb, Will Hays and James Gleason.

## Tarrant Represents President

Damp and unhappy in their old-fashioned stiff collars and finely pressed clothes, a group of four Indians from Oklahoma came in a dilapidated car, but with the cards given to none but friends of Will Rogers. In full dress came Read Admiral W. P. Tarrant, as the representative of President Roosevelt, with his aids. Fred and Mrs. Stone with their daughters, Dorothy, Carol and Paula, the oldest and dearest of the Rogers friends, were weeping when they arrived. Another guest was Postmaster General James A. Farley.

Excepting the front row, the little

chapel was completely filled when a police motorcycle siren served as a signal that Mrs. Rogers and her children, Will jr., Mary and James, had entered the gates of the park with other members of Will Rogers's family: Mrs. Thomas McSpadden, his only sister, and her daughter, Paula; James Blake, a nephew; Ethel Lane, D. W. Quisenberry, and Bruce Quisenberry, all cousins.

The police guard closed around the photographers. Another detachment made a quadruple line, two lines facing the path, two facing out to repel photographers, and under this cover the Rogers family made their way into the rear of the church.

Mrs. Rogers was supported by Amon G. Carter, Texas newspaper publisher, and young Will Rogers. Through a black veil her eyes were wet and her face drawn. Mary Rogers, the young girl who is aiming to follow in her father's profession, was weeping. Behind them came those relatives who had arrived from Oklahoma for the services, red-faced country men and women, wiry and keen eyed and awed and solemn, glancing worriedly at the sleek limousines and the more urbane members of the acting profession.

## Rogers Letter Read

The service began immediately with a reading of the Scripture by Dr. Brouger. After a selection by a quartet, Dr. Brouger delivered an address which was interrupted several times by his own emotions. They were words that stirred and moved his hearers. But more dramatic than anything he could say, he confessed simply, was a letter which he read, a letter written by Will Rogers to a friend who was dead. Five years ago there was published a collection of paintings by Charles M. Russell, the cowboy painter. And Mrs. Russell besought Will Rogers to write an introduction to it. He wrote it in the form of a letter to his old friend, Charlie Russell, and it was this letter that Dr. Brouger quoted.

It was a letter almost of nostalgia. "I guess you'll be able to sit around now and chin with Mark Twain and James Whitcomb Riley and lots of them old joshers," he wrote, and wistfully assumed that heaven was the range, with a chuck wagon and good food at nightfall. He explained how his old friend might be able to find his father and mother, and concluded, "and if you see a little fellow running around, kiss him for me." That was the child whom the Rogers lost as a baby.

At the end of the service, when the guests had all departed, the police leaped again to form their line against the photographers. The reporters stood at the rear of the church, near the loudspeakers which had brought the service to them. For some minutes there had been silence on it. Then they became aware of sobs. They glanced at the horn. The sobs grew louder. Inside, it was evident, Mrs. Rogers had stopped at the altar for a last look at the coffin. Beside her was the microphone. There was a moment or two of anguish, and then some one switched off the loudspeaker. When Mrs. Rogers came out of the church a moment later she was composed.

The body was laid away in a reception vault at Forest Lawn. In the course of time, when Mrs. Rogers so decides, it will be removed to Claremore, Okla.

## Arlington Burial Denied To Rogers, as Precedent

## Snell, Leading Way in Blocking Proposal, 'Embarrassed'

WASHINGTON, Aug. 22 (UP).—Representative Bertrand H. Snell, of New York, Republican House Leader, led the way today in blocking authorization of a proposed Arlington National Cemetery burial for Will Rogers, although he said he was "hurt and embarrassed" to do so.

"I was a friend of Will Rogers," he said, "but so far as I can find, such a thing has never been done before. If we make an exception now there will be other requests later as other great men die. The soil of Arlington is hallowed ground reserved exclusively for those who have served in the nation's armed forces."

Democrats and Republicans applauded.