

# CHIMES FOR THE WILL ROGERS MEMORIAL

A gentleman from Chicago, was in Claremore Tuesday with a worthy idea, to become a part of the memorial for the late Will Rogers. It impressed several citizens with whom he discussed it very much. He talked to W. E. Sunday, G. D. Davis, Joe Martin, the editor of this paper, and others, and intended to also contact Dr. Bushyhead and other members of the memorial committee, but failed to do so as the doctor was out of the city at that time. He will make these contacts later.

His idea is to add chimes to the tower that will doubtless rear its head above the museum or such other memorial that may be selected by the committee in charge.

Some time ago in Florida the editor of this paper listened with rapt attention and something of awe to the chimes of the memorial Bok tower at Mountain Lake. If our memorial perchance takes the form of a museum, as contemplated at present, then let's have a noble tower above and beautiful chimes in the tower. This most likely would fit in nicely with Mrs. E. B. Lawson's plans, if they are adopted and there are strong indications they will be.

This Chicago visitor represents the 55-year-old firm of J. C. Deagan, Inc., makers of wonderfully sweet toned tower chimes. He suggested, and intends later to suggest to the committee proper, a carillon, or set of tower chimes that would ring out to the entire community daily some of the time honored favorites that never die, which remind us so forcibly of that lovable character in whose memory the memorial is to be erected.

Chances are that if we had never visited Bok tower, we would not be writing this urge to add chimes to the memorial. We were deeply impressed with the fact that each day of the year hundreds of people from all parts of the country visit the tower, erected to honor a publisher, to hear the chimes played at stated intervals during the week. The people got so much enjoyment—and there is the tie-up. It was the delight of Will Rogers' heart to give joy and pleasure to the people—to give them something to take home in their hearts. The chimes at Bok Tower did that to a hardened editor and had they been "singing" from atop the Will Rogers memorial, the effect would have been more effective.

The chimes, of which the Chicagoan spoke, are automatically played, and, under clock control, certain programs can be arranged to be perfectly and automatically played on the carillon. Such programs can be arranged for any hour of the day or night decided upon, depending largely upon the occasion. At Christmas time it would be beautiful carols, at Eastertime, religious music so beloved by many. Then there are patriotic numbers for patriotic occasions. How suitable it would be to play such a program on Armistice day from the Will Rogers' memorial tower! Will would certainly be pleased if something like that were placed here among his home people—something that adds life and pleasure to the memorial that is to be.

Besides automatic playing of musical selections, the carillon would be provided with a device that would boom out the Westminster peal and hour stroke, as a time guide to the town. Every 15 minutes the time marking peal would sound. On the first quarter hour, it sounds four tones, then on the half hour eight bells of the Westminster melody ring out; twelve peals sound forth on the 3rd quarter and on the hour the full Westminster melody booms out, followed by the correct hour stroke.

So as not to disturb light sleepers, the time guide can be set to be silenced through the night.

The Deagan Corporation has about 400 installations of their tower chimes in all parts of the United States and Canada, also in Hawaii and even one in Pretoria, Transvaal, South Africa.

Just as soon as news was flashed about the tragedy, they sent out by cable, telegram and airmail, a request that at the time of burial services for Will all of these chimes speak out simultaneously a simple but impressive memorial program. In a tremendously powerful chain, the 400 carillons, stretching from Quebec, Canada, to Mexico, as one, boomed out to their respective communities a five minute, slow toll, followed by Chopin's Funeral March and that much beloved hymn "Abide With Me." The company received reports from many places everywhere, stating that hundreds of cars and thousands of people gathered in silent tribute to Will, while the chimes rang out their requiems.

Many will agree that chimes will add to the memorial life and animation, two things above all others that symbolized Will Rogers. Let this memorial not be a quiet, cold something, but rather a singing thing. The monument to Mr. Bok is called "the singing Tower," and people travel from the far places to see and hear it sing. Mr. Bok sleeps at its feet.

This carillon man from Chicago has left with us a good idea which doubtless will find favor with those who have the plans in charge. His name is P. K. Neuses, step-son of Jim Hamilton, the Bartlesville contractor for whom Hamilton Springs, near that city, were named. We are grateful to him for introducing this subject of a carillon. In our humble opinion, it is a very worthy one. The committee in charge, no doubt, is open to suggestion, as the whole world loved Will and all classes want now to make sacred and everlasting, his memory.



## CLAREMORE DAILY PROGRESS

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CLAREMORE, OKLAHOMA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1935

Citizens agree that the recent repair of the Frisco Third street crossing is not satisfactory. The crossing is too high above the street level. One is liable to get bounced out of the car and injured.

Chief of police, Jim Simpson, has not visited The Progress office for several days.

John Bell is offering rather a complete file of the New York newspapers, giving the eastern angle of the tragic death of Will Rogers and Wiley Post. There are many illustrations suitable for scrap books. The papers are 10 each. If you are interested, better get them while they are available.

The armory will be built east of the M. O. P. tracks, if it is built at all. Maybe this is one improvement that we won't get. Too bad.

Col. Walter E. Downs, president of the Oklahoma Military Academy, is highly pleased with advance enrollment. He has no doubts at all but that every accommodation will be taken this year. The honor rating by the War department, and other things have helped the academy, lifting it to a much higher plane than formerly. There is already an acute need for more barracks room.

We saw a little girl, three years of age, eating a sandwich the other night. When dance music struck up, she laid her dasty morsel down and said to a friend: "Tum on; let's dance." They learn it young in America.

Every city in the country might very properly erect a memorial to Will Rogers, but there is only one place for a shrine and that is Oologah.—Otis Lorton, Tulsa World, Saturday.

Have you heard the news from Pawhuska? Never did see such hair on a pup.

The Progress may re-print several hundred copies of our "Extra" issued the day the news of the Will Rogers-Wiley Post crash was flashed to the world. The demand for these "extras" is steady and great. The latest request comes from The Ford Motor Co., for two sets of files, and we do not have even one. Clippings from The Progress are being placed in Will Rogers scrap books from coast to coast. Bound files of The Progress have already been sent to Mrs. Will Rogers and another set is being prepared for Mrs. Sallie McSpadden at Chelsea. These files were saved day by day, for this purpose.

The Oklahoma Military Academy is as neat as a pin for the opening of school. Much repainting and renovating has been done during the summer months.

Our news editor was suffering from acute indigestion last night. It must have been something he "et." He is better today. Poor "Weelard." He has a peck of trouble and yet is able to smile. He can "take 'em."

One prominent stock buyer of the city has arranged himself a very comfortable seat on the sidewalk in front of his store. But the seat has a hole in it. Why the hole? Can it be for the perspiration to run through in warm weather?

Interest waned in the soft ball league during the last half of the season. It is a fad that may not even be popular next year. Remember miniature golf?

Now that Dyke Robinson is officially confirmed as Claremore's new postmaster, a wealth of rumors are put to rest.

But we might mention in passing that those fish heads on display over the postmaster's desk were not caught by Dyke. His brother, R. B., of Tulsa, caught the fish and gave the heads to Dyke who was never known to wet a line when there is anything else to do on a fishing trip.

Remember, tomorrow is the day that all should go to church. You will be welcome in any house of worship in the city.

WILL IS SURE HE WOULDN'T HAVE  
THE HEART TO BE A TRAPPER

(Editor's Note: This article was mailed from Fairbanks, Alaska, on Aug. 14, the day before the last flight.)

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers, and I tell you these little towns and cities in Alaska have mighty fine little papers. They take all the big news and whittle it down till you can read it and understand it.

You see with some of our big papers they have so much in there about the subject till it gets you confused. These fellows pick out the main facts and hand it to you in concentrated form, but they get in all the main things, both Alaskan, the mainland of the U. S. and international.

They cover about all of Congress that is fit to cover, you see we cover a lot that we shouldnt. An awful lot of small towns have dailys, and good ones, some towns twice a week, and some three times.

They have a splendid radio service for messages out, and also all over this vast country, and brother its vast, and vaster still. A distance of 500 miles is just about a jaunt down to the post office and back. They speak of being over to some town 7 or 8 hundred miles away like you would going to your next door neighbors, and they start down or up these rivers in boats and the trip might be a thousand or 15 hundred miles.

That Yukon that you have read so much about that is formed away in the Yukon Territory of Canada, we flew down it from the head, and it winds and twists till it comes out away down near San Marchiel, in the Behring Sea, three thousand miles away. It was interesting to be flying where the trip took you over where the head of one river went to the Artic Ocean, and a few miles

over a divide the waters of the other would be headed for the Pacific.

That happened coming out of Hershel Island in the Artic, we couldnt land there on account of the ice in the water, but we circled it a time or so.

There is only a half dozen houses, but its a noted place, its where the old whalers, the real old sailing boats used to land and spend the winter. They would come up from America or the various Scandinavian countries in one summer, get in there and winter and then that would give them an early start the next summer when the ice went out. Then they would hunt all that summer which was about three months, then back into Hershel for the second winter and then out with the whalebone the next summer.

We saw old Capt. Petersons big old boat in there, he comes in and trades generally for the month of August. I think he has quite a few trading posts established in the island. They are pretty strict about who they let come in to trade. Its got to be an established firm. I know they are over on the Canadian side and I think its almost the same with us.

For instance in Canada anywhere, the great Hudson Bay Trading Co., an organization that almost founded Canada, (and a lot of the U. S. before the Revolution, they been going 250 years) well they dont allow any Hudson Bay trader to take a dog team or boat or any conveyance and go out and trade for furs. Or any trader, its against the law.

They have to let the Indians or Esquimos bring em in and trade at the posts for em. Canada has a great system of dealing with their native population away up in the far North. You look on a map and all the country that is north of the real mainland of Canada, all those tremendous islands and gulfs up there, a white man is not allowed to fish, hunt or trap, in. Its entirely for the support of the Indians that live up there. We never had thought of that.

And say, the old Injun and the Esquimo is a mighty smart trader up there so they told me. Time means nothing to him in the way of an argument. It dont take him long in some sort of a telegraphic way to find out what sort of wild animal the women have chosen as that seasons show piece, (its got to be just a show piece, for old House Cat will keep you as warm as a silver fox). Well these old boys suspicion mighty quick what the buyers are sorter secretly eyeing.

Well thats one thing I dont believe I could ever be, (One thing I havent got the nerve to stand the gaff and go through the great physical hardships) but that trapping animals I cant quite go that, although I know it has to be done.

On the other hand I expect I do things every day that a trapper couldnt do, so we all about equal up in the long run. Each thinks the other is "pretty hard." The hospitality and generosity of a trapper, or a man that lives away out, would put us to absolute shame.

Here we pass folks every day, every hour, that we could help, but dont go to the trouble of doing it, when we can well afford the time or money, but we dont do it. They would mush through the winter fifty below for days to help a friend. We think they punish animals. We punish humans only we dont think so.

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Are Spending Vacation  
In Missouri

Tom Sellers, employee of the local express company, accompanied by his family, is spending two weeks' vacation visiting relatives and friends in Springfield and St. Louis, Mo. Dewey Ruggles, manager, is handling Sellers' work, in addition to his own.

Is Visiting In Miami  
And Salina

Mrs. Cherry Hancher, efficient waitress at Decker's cafe, left Friday afternoon to spend her vacation in Miami and Salina. Mrs. Morgan Dowell is substituting for her at the cafe.

Jimmy Gates and Mrs. Clara Alford are spending several days visiting points in Missouri on business. They went to place the latter's son in school.

Wm. A. Brimm arrived this week from Ft. Wayne, Wyo., to spend an extended furlough in the home of his aunt, Mrs. Mary Shadley. He underwent a serious operation July 15th.

Maurice Parrott, of Parrott Chevrolet, made a business trip to Tulsa, Friday afternoon.

Phone your news to No. 3.

Teachers Enjoy Picnic  
At Lake Claremore

The following grade teachers in the Claremore schools the coming school year enjoyed a picnic at Lake Claremore, Friday evening: Misses Opal Talley, Evalyn Walker, Cooleela Faulkner, Dorothy Lowery, Muriel Lipe, Alta Odom, Lola Lipe and Mrs. Sallie McGinnis, Mrs. H. Tom Brown and Misses Cora Parsley and Margaret Foster of the high school department.

## Will Spend Winter Visiting Her Sons

Mrs. Lewis Wagoner will leave in a few days, going first to Owasso and then to Newport Beach, Calif., to spend the winter visiting her sons. She will return after a several months' visit to make her future home in Tulsa, county. Saturday morning, Mrs. Wagoner visited the Progress office to renew her subscription, also to make arrangements for the Daily to be sent to her son, Emmett, in Costa Mesa, California.

O. B. Milligan, who was head contractor of the new post office building just completed, left Tuesday, for Neodesha, Kan., where he has the contract for another post office building.

FIRST ANNUAL  
TERRAPIN  
DERBYCLAREMORE MUNICIPAL BASEBALL  
PARKTUESDAY, SEPT. 10TH  
8 P. M.

Sponsored by Junior Chamber of Commerce



# OUR WILL:

THE LIFE STORY OF WILL ROGERS

By SCOTT CUNNINGHAM

## Eleventh Installment "I SEE IN THE AUDIENCE"

As early as 1916, when he was a star in the Ziegfeld Follies, Will Rogers' salary was a thousand dollars a week.

"He had," Gene Buck says, "an uncanny sense for negotiating engagements. He never signed a contract." Gene Buck was the Ziegfeld lieutenant most frequently trusted to make deals with talent.

Will in those years never thought he was earning enough. "Every time I made a deal for a season's work," he remembered later, "my wife and I would sit down and figure out what all we would have by the end of the season. Well, at the end of the season we had the figures but we couldn't find the money."

Nevertheless, he saved. He owned a home at Amityville, Long Island, near Fred Stone, whom he would rout out of bed of a morning for a session of rope-throwing. In addition to William Vann and Mary Amelia, neither of whom was in



WILL ROGERS

school yet, he now had another son, James Blake.

In the Follies he was a tremendous hit. Before a new show he never rehearsed with the cast, and he once announced on an opening night, "Mr. Ziegfeld is my best audience!"

His act was short, but the producer did not mind. Only, Will made it appear, Ziegfeld did not want him to cut down on the roping in the seven minutes he was out front. "He told me the other day," Will informed his audience, "I was getting to be too much of a socialist—all talk and no work." That night there was no roping.

Very early Rogers succeeded in making a forum of the Follies audience. He would spot personages in the orchestra seats—Lady Astor, Secretary McAdoo, Clarence Darrow, or whoever it might be—and talk back and forth with them, or he would ask them to come to the stage. Sometimes he would rope his quarry and lead him up.

A record was kept of what he said the night he first performed before President Wilson. "It was just at the time we were having our little set-to with Mexico and we were at the height of our note-exchanging career with Germany and Austria," Will said in telling how in a theatre in Baltimore he sweated back-stage till time to "go on." His fellow actors had literally to push him out on the stage.

Ill at ease and chewing his gum, Will admitted, "I am kinder nervous here tonight." The honesty of it made the audience laugh. "I wouldn't be nervous, but this is really my second presidential appearance. The first time was when Bryan spoke in our town once and I was to follow and do my little rope act."

Here Will was relieved to see the President laugh. "As I say, I was to follow him," the cowboy continued, "but he spoke so long that it was dark when he finished, they couldn't see my rope."

Again the President laughed but as yet there had been no direct reference to Mr. Wilson or anything he was doing. The President then had General Pershing in Mexico trying to capture Villa, and Will dared to comment, "I see where they have captured Villa. Yes, they got him in the morning editions and the afternoon ones let him get away."

Everybody in the house looked at the President to see how he was going to take it. He started laughing. "Due to him being a good fellow and a real example, I had that night the most successful night I ever had on the stage," Will wrote later on.

This was at a time when President Wilson was criticized for military unpreparedness. "There is some talk," Will said, "of getting a Mexican gun if we can borrow one."

"The one we have now they are using to train our army with at Plattsburg."

"If we go to war we will just about have to go to the trouble of getting another gun."

Will was 37 when the United States entered the World War. He could serve his country best by making people laugh in these trying times.

"South American countries are coming into the war," he observed. "Let them come in. This is no private war. Since the United States

has started in the war-loan business, Venezuela wants to cancel three revolutions to get in."

Winfield Sheehan had charge of raising money for the Red Cross among theatrical people, and Will came in one day to donate a thousand dollars in cash and ten percent of his salary for as long as the war lasted. In addition, Will gave his services to the benefit shows put on to raise money. He was the oftenest seen of all the stars who took part in these shows, and one person's comment at the time was: "He sets up laughter so hearty the purses open of themselves."

In Washington, D. C., in the fall of 1918 the Oklahoman joked before President Wilson again.

"You know," he drawled, "Germany couldn't understand how we could get men over there and get them trained so quick. They didn't know that in our manual there's nothing about retreating. And when you only have to teach an army to go ONE way you can do it in half the time."

This quip made such a hit with Wilson that World War President quoted it often thereafter, and referred to its author as "one of our American humorists." "And his remarks," declared the President, "are not only humorous but illuminating."

"Until now," Rogers observed, "I have only been ordinary rope thrower." Now he was a humorist, so dubbed by the President.

For a long time after the war there were so many returned soldiers at the shows that Rogers told jokes directly to them. "I see where they are going to muster all you boys out," he said, "as soon as they investigate the morals of your homes."

"If they had divided up all the money they spent on parades for you boys, you wouldn't have to be looking for a job."

In 1919 Harper & Bros. brought out "Rogerisms—The Cowboy Philosopher on Prohibition," Will's first books. The first of these contained his famous quip, "It says in the Peace Covenant 'There is to be no more wars.' And then there is a paragraph further down telling you where to get your ammunition in case there was one."

Will was making many friends. There were the folks in the Follies all of whom had learned to love him: W. C. Fields, Eddie Cantor, Frank Tinney, Ann Pennington, and others. He was once writing about knees and mentioned Ann Pennington's, adding: "I was in the Follies with them for years."

Outside his own show, his favorite of all friends was Fred Stone. Neighbors on Long Island, they participated with another Follies star, Frank Tinney, in a Wild West act put on in an open arena at Freeport, L. I., to raise money for an actors' club.

Their act opened as planned with Tinney riding out, unsaddling his horse, and going to bed cowboy-style. Then Stone, dressed as a below-the-border villain, snaked up, stole Tinney's horse, and "shot" Tinney dead in his get-away. What followed demonstrated Will's flair for humorous stage business.

It was intended that Rogers should race after the killer and a manageable horse had been provided for him. However, he found this horse unsaddled and was forced to ride out on one hard to control. Will roped Stone but couldn't stop his horse in time to keep Stone from getting his nose bloody in the unplanned upset. Will and he quit the arena without finishing with the "cowboy funeral" which was to have been given Tinney.

Will and Stone watched Tinney remain in the arena as they were followed on by a bunch of cyclists. They watched him continue to lie in the arena "lifeless," a growing source of embarrassment to Will, who had left him there.

Finally, "I'm going out and give that funeral!" Will said.

As soon as Tinney lay across Will's saddle, all limp, Will locked him in a vise-like grip with one arm. With the other he applied a paddle to the portion of Tinney's anatomy most in evidence.

It was the first cowboy funeral ever conducted with the corpse yelling.

(Tomorrow: The Speaker's Table)

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## Marriage License

Marriage licenses issued in Rogers county are now being recorded in volumn 15. The last entry was made on August 30th in fourteen, which contains the records of 646 licenses issued since March 1st, 1934.

The following marriage license were issued this week.

Cecil Wiley Foster, 22, Claremore, to Miss Mary Parks, 19, Claremore, married by Rev. L. C. Robbins, pastor Baptist church.

Boyd Finnell, 24, Vinita, to Mrs. Dorothy Fryer, 25, Vinita, married by Rev. Robbins.

Perry McFalls, 21, Claremore, to Miss Berta Lee Burns, 21, Claremore, negroes, married by Rev. H. C. Rainey.

R. O. Garner, 36, Pryor, to Miss Gladys Kilgore, 35, Pryor, married by Rev. Robbins.

W. A. Burton, Jr., Tulsa, Miss Ruth Bird, 24, Tulsa, married by Rev. James Miller, pastor Christian church.

**DR. J. B. MERRICK**  
Dentist

Over Claremore Bakery  
In Office

TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS AND SATURDAYS  
Quality Work. Moderate Prices.



# TRIBUTES TO WILL ROGERS

## A TRIBUTE TO WILL ROGERS

America's idol has died  
 But he did not live in vain,  
 We revere him with so much pride,  
 He is adored with acclaim!  
 He amused us, he always tried,  
 His character brings him FAME!  
 His attributes can't be denied,  
 The plain life was his aim!  
 Friendly to all, no one would shun,  
 He caused much laughter and mirth,  
 He was kindly to ev'ryone,  
 We now realize his WORTH!!!  
 Sleep on, dear Will, eternal rest  
 Brings FAME and GLORY to you!  
 Your character was the finest—  
**THE NOBLEST WE EVER KNEW**  
 Charles F. Hutwelker,  
 703 East 43rd Street  
 Brooklyn, New York.

## A TRIBUTE TO WILL ROGERS

In reverence do we sadly bow  
 Before dear Will Roger's grave,  
 We surely think of the many times  
 The true happiness he gave!  
 Was never selfish in any way—  
 This proved his HUMANITY!  
 In the future we shall always pray  
 For him and his MEMORY!  
 His manners and speech were very plain,  
 He was happy ev'ry day!  
 Everyone to him was the same,  
 He believed in just fair play!  
 The beggar man, pauper, prince or king  
 He did graciously receive,  
 Of his fairness we shall always sing,  
 His actions did not deceive!  
 Ever kindly to his pals and friends  
 Of every RACE and CREED!  
 Their grand recollection never ends,  
 He was a TRUE FRIEND indeed!  
 Rest, dear Will, in your eternal sleep,  
 The dear Angels protect you!  
 The dear Lord always your soul will keep,  
**THESE JUST REWARDS ARE YOUR DUE!**  
 Charles F. Hutwelker  
 703 East 43rd Street  
 Brooklyn, New York.

## WILL ROGERS

Will Rogers meant to all of us  
 Something very near and dear,  
 And so he'd look so serious,  
 You'll look out then for sure—  
 For he'd crack the next on you—  
 That's Will—  
 For now his happy smiling face  
 We cannot see again—  
 But what we have, will count  
 The most in eternity—

Besides his charming self—  
 You know—it's his personality—  
 That remains with us and keeps us all aglow,  
 Like a setting sun—shines  
 Through the rain,  
 That's Will!  
 Ethel L. Sturges,  
 Catoosa, Okla.

## A POEM

Two great men passed away  
 To whom we think of each day  
 Will Rogers, Wiley Post  
 Were killed on the arctic coast.

To think of them it makes us sad  
 All we can say, that it's just too bad,  
 These two men were killed at Point Barrow  
 We are having meetings now every where.

These two men were killed together  
 They are gone now forever  
 These two men are known just the same  
 They were killed in an airplane.

Over all foreign countries these  
 Two men did roam  
 And the only consoling thought is  
 That Heaven is their Home.  
 Howard Maupin  
 Chelsea, Okla.

Aug. 26, 1935

Claremore Progress,  
 Claremore, Okla.  
 Gentlemen:

May I suggest that instead of a cold brown or marble memorial being erected to the memory of "Bill" Rogers that a foundation fund be collected from all interested people who would contribute to it.

The interest alone would be used to send boys and girls 12 to 19 years old from every state in the United States to Washington and to the historical cities of the east where the foundation of America was planned and fought for.

If the funds were sufficient, a pilgrimage of "good will" could be made to Europe to deserving, loyal Americans.

A foundation would be a permanent institution, not to be destroyed easily by the elements; no relic hunters could chip away the stone or metal.

The patriotic trip would inspire loyalty to the U. S. and an appreciation of all Americans which no "forgotten" metal or stone memorial can inspire.

Hope this idea meets the need of a memorial lasting and American.

Yours truly,  
 Richard P. Paulick  
 Fruitvale Station  
 Oakland, Calif. Bx. 164

## WILL ROGERS

He laughed and the world laughed with him,  
 The universe was his home,  
 His loving heart claimed all men kin,  
 Tho he was unique—alone.

He spoke and his people took heed,  
 To his counsel or slightest jest,  
 For he gave to man in word and deed,  
 All that was brightest and best.

Chieftain was he of a royal tribe—  
 The ancient, glorious seers,  
 A quaint philosopher, actor and

guide,  
 One born in a hundred years.

There'll be many a bust in the Hall of Fame,  
 And many a legend, still;  
 But the simplest story and the best loved name,  
 Will be that of our kinsman, Will.

The blood of the Redman—America's son,  
 Flowed wild in his loyal breast,  
 And the call of the trail in the light of the sun,  
 Lured him far from his native nest.

In the wake of a day that was never dim,  
 He made his last earthly flight,  
 To the throne of God that was awaiting him,  
 Onward and upward, out of sight.

But he has a throne in our Nation dear,  
 Envious, tho he is gone.  
 His kingly deeds with their loving cheer,  
 Shall, forever and ever, live on.  
 George Baldwin,  
 Dennison, Texas.

## DO NOT GRIEVE OVER ROGERS AND POST

(There Is No Death)

They are not dead, the ones you mourn,  
 In to higher life their souls are born,  
 They have only passed to a better sphere  
 To continue work they have started here.

Higher and higher these spirits go  
 To realms beyond we do not know  
 Until we have walked the pathway true  
 That leads to the gate we must pass through.

Here and there along this way  
 Some dear one loiters until that day  
 The chosen one they left on earth  
 Has come to know its spiritual birth.

Together they journey hand in hand.  
 Not two but one in that angel band.  
 Why do you weep when they pass above,  
 From sorrows of earth to a home of love.

They are not dead  
 But there is a separation between  
 the soul and body  
 The body goes back to mother earth  
 who gave it,  
 And the spirit goes back to God  
 who gave  
 And takes up its duties there.  
 There is no death.  
 Mrs. M. O. Gabbert  
 Claremore, Okla.

## TO WILL ROGERS AND WILEY POST

Two souls there were who stood without  
 The pearly gates on high.  
 And one wore the kindest smile;  
 The other had lost an eye.

First tell me something of yourselves;  
 The kind of lives you've led,  
 Before I let you pass the gates,  
 Good old St. Peter said.

"Well" drawled the one with the kindly smile,  
 "I've lent some a helping hand."  
 "There was no malice in my heart,  
 For I loved my fellow man."

The other one said that he knew no fear  
 As he flew o'er sea and land;  
 Believing that his time to go  
 Was only in God's hand.

"And I never groaned at fate" said he  
 Pointing to the patch he wore.  
 "Enough! Enough! St. Peter cried,  
 "You need not tell me more."

The pearly gates flew open wide;  
 "Wiley" and "Will" passed in,  
 The two adventurers of the air  
 Had reached their journey's end.  
 A. Gibbons  
 (Copyright applied for)

## Many Requests For The Progress

FOX FILM CORPORATION  
 STUDIO  
 Hollywood, California  
 September 4th, 1935

Circulation Manager,  
 Claremore Progress,  
 Claremore, Oklahoma.

Dear Sir:  
 Enclosed please find my check for \$2.00 for which I wish you would mail me as soon as possible all copies of The Progress following the tragic death of Will Rogers which contain any biographical matter.

At that time I wrote a rather sketchy series of stories on Will for the United Press, and I am anxious to supplement my files with more accurate information, particularly information regarding his early life, his years in Oklahoma, etc.

If the amount sent is not sufficient to cover the cost, please send me a statement and I will promptly remit by return mail.

Thanking you for your cooperation -

Sincerely,  
 Robert Burkhardt  
 6625 Moore Drive  
 Los Angeles, Calif.

Claremore Progress  
 Claremore, Okla.

Dear Editor:  
 I thank you very much for the recognition you gave my Tribute to the late Will Rogers. Also thank you for the copy of "Claremore Daily Progress" in which the poem occurred.

Gratefully yours,  
 Ida Mingus Clay