Will Learned About Smart Eskimos, But Didn't Have Heart to Become a Trapper

BY WILL ROGERS.

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.

ERITOR'S NOTE—This article was mailed from Fairbanks, Alaska, the day before the humorist's last flight. One more article, probably the last written work of Will Rogers, remains to be released. It is evident Will planned to continue to Siberia with Wiley Post and had provided special articles to insure against possible delays.

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 United States and international.

They cover about all of Congress that is fit to cover, you see we cover a lot that we shouldent. 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, 3,000 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 couldent 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 Captain 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 thorugh 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 couldent 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 50 below for days to help a friend. We think they punish animals. We punish humans only we dont think so.

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A GIFT of $450 from the late Will Rogers for four Denison Boy Scouts to attend the jamboree at Washington, D. C., was turned into a farflung tour of their own. The scouts are shown in the Hall of Fame at the Capitol as they admire the statue of Sam Houston. They are, left to right, Douglas Johanning, Jack Heimburger, Fred Parrott and Murray Marshall.

OUR WILL: *The Life Story Of Will Rogers* By Scott Cunningham

FIFTEENTH INSTALLMENT.

"Well, prosperity must have hit us," Will Rogers remarked in his Follies monolog in the Fall of 1924, "'cause a lot of prominent men have suddenly got enough money to get in the Follies again."

Al Smith, Barney Baruch, Maryland's Governor Ritchie, Sir Thomas Lipton, baseball's Walter Johnson and Chauncey Depew were a few of the celebrities who saw the show this season.

"They are trying to pass an amendment to keep children from working," Will commented one night as he trick-roped. "Now children don't want to work but they get tired waiting for somebody else to do it."

On the afternoon that the Oklahoman persuaded Chauncey Depew to speak to his Saturday matinee audience, the famous after-dinner veteran pulled a joke on Will the latter repeated for years. "I have been entertaining audiences for 91 years," said Depew, "and have never found it necessary to use a lariat yet."

Will's first book in four years was published in the Fall of 1924 by Albert and Charles Boni: "The Illiterate Digest." "This book should have been long before now on the book shelves of every reader of worth while literature in the English-speaking world," Rogers said in his foreword. "What, you will immediately ask, delayed such an important event? Well, the principal reason is it had not been written."

He wrote his own introduction, in perfect burlesque of those in other works, and praised himself thus, in the third person: "No writer since the days of Remington can give you such a word picture of the West . . . He alone of all our modern writers knows the people of which they write. When he describes a corset you can feel it pinch. If it's a Sunrise he describes, you reach for an Umbrella. His jugglery of correct words and perfect English sentences is magical, and his spelling is almost uncanny."

Makes Coolidge Laugh, Wins Bet

Will first met President Coolidge in the Spring of 1925, when he went to Washington for the newsmen's annual Gridiron dinner. Will made a bet he could make Coolidge laugh the moment they met.

When Nick Longworth made the introduction Will said, "Beg pardon; what was the name?"

Coolidge laughed.

Will had been invited to speak at the dinner, and Coolidge said, "I want to hear you talk tonight."

With his mind on the Gridiron affair, Will said, "I've heard they put on some great stuff."

"Yes," nodded Coolidge, "the singing is good."

When the visit was over and Will had his chance to comment on the President to Longworth, he said, "Why, he was just as agreeable as an insurance agent!"

Longworth smiled and declared, "I never heard him so talkative in his life."

Will's speech before the Gridiron Club was a success and Coolidge enjoyed the jokes on himself as much as anybody.

The following day Will took his first airplane ride with Gen. William Mitchell, famous as the stormy petrel of the Government's aviation service.

On arriving at the field the general directed an assistant to hand his guest a parachute—what Will called a "one-piece suicide suit."

Had Almost to Be Forced Into Plane

Will afterward said he had almost to be forced into the plane. The engines were started, and what happened next we have from him:

"I wouldn't even look over when we started. I don't know whether we ever did start. I might have been on the ground and the engine going for all I know.

"I picked out one cloud up in the air and I was settin' there looking at this one cloud all the time.

"Finally Mitchell hollered back at me and said, 'Washington's home, Mount Vernon.' Lord, it might have been Clara Bow's home in Brooklyn for all I cared. It didn't matter to me. It could have been Al Capone's home in Miami. The Father of our Country had lost all interest for me then; I didn't know anything about it. We were flying around and he banked the plane, twisted around right quick. Now he was going around Washington's monument. Boy, if that monument had had handles on it, he would have lost a customer right there."

In addition to his weekly article, Will started for the McNaught Syndicate another feature this Spring: "The Worst Story I Have Heard Today." It was a daily piece, and was the immediate forebear of his daily wire. He credited the first story repeated by him to the Prince of Wales; subsequent ones to Al Smith, Irvin Cobb, Nick Longworth, Ring Lardner. The feature grew to be popular and appeared in a large number of papers.

The year previous Will had been engaged by Lecture Manager Elbert A. Wickes to do some one-night stands, alone. Several dates had been arranged but they had to be canceled when Will returned to the Follies.

Now the offer of yet another lecture manager, Charles Wagner, interested Rogers.

"I offered him," Wagner told the writer, "sixty thousand dollars for two months. He took it. We started him out with the de Reszke singers, and his first show was at Elmira, New York. Before he went on I never knew anyone quite so nervous.

Wore Serge With 'Mirror Effect'

However, Will pleased not only the Elmira "customers," but the other audiences he faced, night after night, for seven months.

When the humorist heard from Wagner, "Have you booked for Carnegie Hall, New York, for Sunday night, April 11," Will telegraphed, "Don't take a chance on New York. We have been doing pretty good and we better let good enough alone."

But Wagner had his way. When Rogers strode onto the stage it was not in a dress suit. He wore the old blue serge suit with "the mirror effect in the seat."

"It was a Rogers house, and applauded uproariously," Wagner says. Will talked about Florida real estate, saying the emblem of the State was the all-day sucker. To the flapper, who was going in for short skirts then, Will offered this counsel: "Don't follow fashion any further than you're physically able."

The cowboy had a request from George Horace Lorimer, editor of the Saturday Evening Post, to go to Europe and do another "Innocence Abroad."

Will wrote an article ("My Rope and Gum for a Democratic Issue") to get his hand in, and sailed from New York for Southampton on May 1, 1926, the day his first piece for the Post appeared. A general strike was on in England when Will arrived, accompanied by his older son.

'Hello, Oldtimer,' Greeting to Wales

In his London hotel room Will was called to the phone by his son one day. "Dad, it is the equerry to the Prince of Wales calling." Will talked and it turned out the prince wanted to see him.

Will found the prince at York House. "Hello, old-timer," the cowboy said in greeting. "How are you falling these days?"

"All over the place," replied the prince, In the casual conversation that followed the prince commented on the visit of Will's son.

"He's my interpreter," Rogers explained. "—In English."

The following Sunday, at the urging of his "interpreter," Will made his second airplane flight. It was from London to Paris, in a huge French air liner.

"When that big thing commenced leaving the ground and getting up in the air," Will wrote home, "no Britisher ever craved London any more than I did . . .

"You would just start to try to enjoy a wonderful old castle and fields down below when something or somebody would take what air there was under us out and it would settle straight down like an elevator. Then we would find some nice concrete air roads and be sailiing along fine . . .

"You would come to a place where somebody didn't vote road bonds and you would hit another bunch of ruts . . .

"All at once I looked down and there was an airplane field. Paris!"

By train Will and his son went to Rome, where the cowboy got an appointment to meet Mussolini the following Friday. Then as now Il Duce was the "big man of Europe," and the interview Will had with him is significant in the light of present-day events.

(Tomorrow—Viva la Mexico.)

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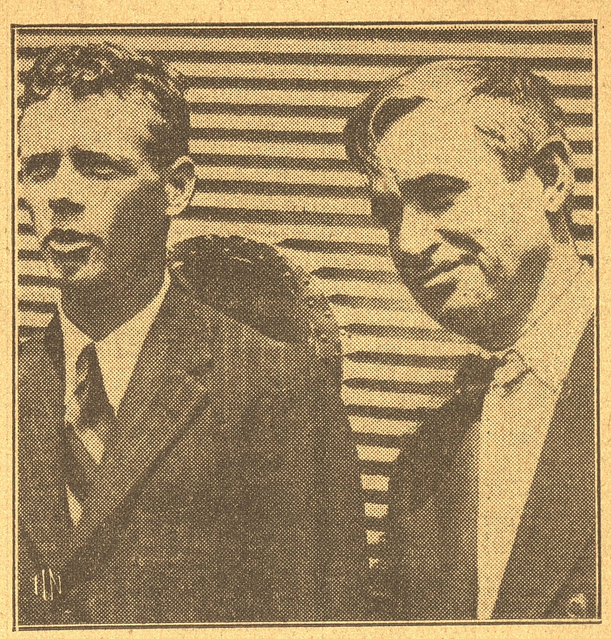
THIS pose of Will Rogers is familiar to attendants of every large airport between Los Angeles and New York. It shows the humorist in a meditative mood over a cup of coffee at the Kansas City airport while on one of his numerous jaunts. Although Will says he was jittery when he took his first plane ride with General Mitchell in Washington years ago, he soon became the Nation's No. 1 air passenger.



THE FIRST TIME THAT COL. CHARLES A. LINDBERGH and Will Rogers flew together was back in 1927, soon after the Colonel became famous. Later Will and Mrs. Rogers spent several days in the Lindbergh home in New Jersey, where a long-time friendship started.

SMUTTY IS TOUGH CAT BUT HAS TENDER HEART

BOSTON, Sept. 7.—Even the battle-scarred fur of Smutty, most feared cat in his neighborhood, hides a warm, kindly heart.

Stalking pigeons, one of his favorite sports, Smutty found an injured young starling. Forgetting his appetite for fowl, Smutty carefully carried the bird down the fire escape three flights to the office of his owner, Walter R. Gould.

Gould took the bird back to its nest, but Smutty was a persevering guardian and returned it to the office. Gould gave in and provided a box-nest.

For four weeks the neighbors have watched Smutty care for the bird, wondering when his cruel nature, as exhibited in fights with cats, dogs and other opponents, would assert itself. They still wonder. For now the bird is on the mend an will soon be flying normally.

Gould once offered to match his 10-pound scrapper against and feline in the city, to benefit the emergency drive. The S. P. C. A. prevented any such charity.

15,000 AUTOMAKERS VACATION TOGETHER

FRANKFURT, Sept. 7.—Almost all the employes and workers of one of the largest German automobile plants, the Adam Opel works at Ruesselsheim, which is affiliated with General Motors Corporation of the United States, are taking a mass vacation for a fortnight.

Twelve river boats were chartered by the company to take 15,000 Opel workers on a trip on the Rhine.

The company claims that individual vacations stretching over long period of time interfere much with the work of the