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LACONIA N. H. EVE. CITIZEN
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THE WHATNOT

Former Mayor Charles E. Carroll was in Manchester last Friday to see some of his friends and talk a little politics.

The Manchester Leader remarks that "Although he retired from public life this year the energetic former mayor of the Lake City has kept in touch with many of his supporters and knows just about everything that is going on in the Republican party."

He told reporters that he was 100 per cent. for Francis P. Murphy for governor and that he strong for the Townsend plan and expects to have the full support of the organization when he runs for mayor next year.

The New Yorker has interesting sidelights on the drive for funds for the Will Rogers Memorial fund as follows:

The Will Rogers Memorial Fund drive wasn't quite over yet when we looked in at the offices of the Memorial Commission last week, so we couldn't find out how much money had been raised. They told us it might be in the neighborhood of a quarter of a million. It was coming from all sorts of people, everywhere: 8,170 New York policemen; 150 Indian students in an Indian agricultural school; a scrub-woman in New York, who contributed a dollar; an unemployed man in Boston, who sent along an I.O.U. for five dollars to be redeemed when he got a job; the mayor of Edmonton, Alberta, who sent a day's salary (\$12.77); a little boy in Wildwood, New Jersey, who sent a nickel. There were several thousand-dollar contributions, one of them by the McNaught Syndicate, which handled Rogers' daily news comment. One New York matron called up her daughter, an art student in London by transatlantic phone, and asked if she would like a contribution to the Rogers fund in her name, as a birthday gift. The daughter said, "Bully", so the lady went to the fund headquarters the next day, with a check for ten dollars. All the money collected is to go direct to the fund, with no deductions for expenses—expenses are underwritten by the aviation industries.

Nobody seems to know exactly how the Memorial Fund idea started. Some say a country editor in North Carolina suggested it to Jesse Jones, the RFC director; Amon G. Carter, publisher of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram was certainly one of the earliest boosters of the plan; and there was a California group headed by Will Hays. They soon got together and formed the Will Rogers Memorial Commission. It was decided some weeks ago to use the money for the benefit of handicapped children, but there has been the usual flux of suggestions from serious thinkers all over the country. A Denver man wanted, in the exact geographical center of the country, a marble group depicting Rogers and Wiley Post in an airplane about to land, with horses waiting for them to ride when they got out. "I know we need children's hospitals, but can't we have this too?" he asked. A planetarium man suggested a planetarium as a memorial, because of a sentence in one of the Rogers syndicated columns: "It wouldn't hurt a man to know about the sun, moon and stars." A man in Brooklyn wanted to use the money to perfect some sort of automobile safety device. A woman in Texas wanted a ranch which would breed every possible sort of animal, bird, and fish, using them as replacement stock for zoos all over the country. A man in Pittsburgh wanted a super-highway from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Somebody else wanted a permanent Rogers amusement, museum and library, in which all his books and newspaper clippings would be on file, and the moving pictures he made

would be shown continuously, in rotation.

Before it had been decided just how to use the money, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker made a radio speech in which he said the Commission wanted "no cold shaft of marble for this friendly, warmhearted man." Well, you can't say things like that, rhetoric of no rhetoric. Captain Rickenbacker received a letter from something called the Memorial Extension Commission, Inc., pointing out that a number of warm-hearted people, including Washington and Lincoln, were commemorated by cold marble shafts, and implying that careless statements like Captain Rickenbacker's were bad for the cold-marble-shaft industry. He wrote them an apology, said that no insult was intended; and they were mollified. The exchange of letters was serious, on both sides.