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DEDICATED TO WILL ROGERS  
THE WORLD'S GREATEST HUMORIST

MORTON R. HARRISON, MGR.



## RADeUM WATER BATHS in Connection

CLAREMORE OKLA. U.S.A.

Mr. Amon G. Carter,  
Ft. Worth Star Telegram,  
Ft. Worth, Texas.

Dear Mr. Carter:

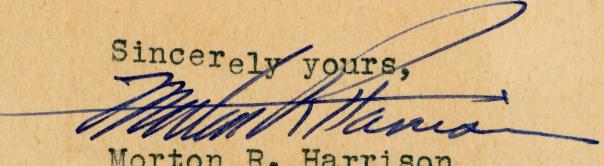
Several weeks ago I wrote you with reference to the division of the Will Rogers Memorial Fund, and you replied that this could not be done until the various States made a final return on their funds collected.

I am enclosing herewith a newspaper clipping taken from the Tulsa World a few days ago and I am informed that this same line of reasoning is bobbing up all over the country, therefore I again make inquire as to when, in your opinion, the final meeting can be held in order to properly dispose of the fund thus far collected.

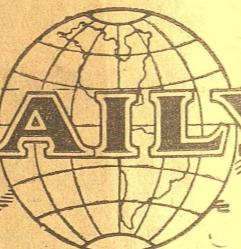
As Chairman of Oklahoma, I would like to attend this meeting and am sure you will give this matter your attention and advise.

Thanking you in advance and with the very kindest of personal wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

  
Morton R. Harrison

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OKLAHOMA'S  
GREATEST  
NEWSPAPER

## EXONERATION BY CITY CO. FOR CHIEF

### *Memorial To Rogers Just Talk*

A Year Saturday Since His  
Death With No Action  
on Many Plans

By LAVERE ANDERSON  
*Of The World Staff.*

CHELSEA, Aug. 10.—One year ago next Saturday the world was startled by the tragic news flash from an isolated Alaskan post that Will Rogers and Wiley Post, on an aerial vacation, had crashed to instant death.

Men and women of many races and creeds bowed their heads in sorrow, then rousing from the stunned lethargy produced by the first knowledge of the catastrophe, began plans for memorials that would perpetuate for all time the memory of Oklahoma's two honored dead.

That was 12 months ago. To date the memorials have taken little concrete form. Hundreds of thousands of words have been written, additional millions spoken, and a nationwide campaign conducted to raise funds for the proposed memorials.

Throughout Oklahoma there is disappointment that the widely-proclaimed movement to honor his memory is apparently exhausting itself in nothing more substantial than "pretty" words.

IMPROPTU interviews with business men, farmers, housewives and even youngsters on the streets indicate that the folks who knew Rogers best entertain small hope now, a year after his death, that any adequate memorial will be erected to his memory.

"How much money has been raised?" they ask, in bewilderment. "There have been pieces in the papers, and donation boxes in all the stores and movie houses over the land. But has anyone given any money and if they have, how much? Why doesn't someone publish the

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amount? Why doesn't someone really do something along a memorial line?"

From all appearances, say these puzzled friends of the late comedian, it's a round-robin affair. People won't contribute money until they know what form the memorial will take. And those in charge of memorial plans can't formulate anything definite until they know how much money will be available.

From such a set-up, there appears little likelihood that anything will ever be done, is the consensus.

\* \* \*

"IT'LL peter out in talk," one horny-handed toiler of the soil expressed it.

What they would really like to see done, these men and women who knew Rogers from the time he was "so high," is simple. So simple that they're afraid of the idea because of that very fact. It isn't spectacular, their plan. It wouldn't even cost much money. It is, they feel, too easy.

Their plan involves the purchase by the state of Oklahoma of the Oologah birthplace of Rogers—a rambling, two-story white house, very much today as it was on the morning of Rogers' birth, and the farm property on which it stands.

With this as a nucleus, state-owned and open to the public for visits, a real memorial would be in process of completion, they say.

Comes then the second part of their plan, a plan which—say those closest to the Rogers kin—would undoubtedly meet the approval of "Will's" family. It, too, is very simple. It consists in bringing Rogers' body back to the Oologah farm and placing it in the soil he loved.

Will Rogers wanted to be buried in Oklahoma. His sister, Mrs. Tom McSpadden, is authority for that fact.

\* \* \*

FROM reliable sources, The World has learned that Rogers had spoken of death to Jim Minnick of Norman, a long time friend. Once asked by Minnick where he would prefer to be buried, Rogers said:

"In Oklahoma. And up on a high hill, where folks who want to visit my grave can't just drive by in an automobile but will have to get out and walk up."

There is, incidentally, a high hill back to the Oologah ranch house. A hill on which Oologah and Chelsea folk have considered placing some sort of beacon light or memorial of their own, in the event that Rogers' body is not ultimately buried there.

With the Rogers' holdings in Oklahoma so shortly to be sold, many Oklahomans have clung to the illusion that Mrs. Rogers, widow of the man whose homespun wit and human kindness made him loved the world over, will purchase the old homestead and give it to the state.

BUT THAT theory, it is pointed out, doesn't reckon with the fact that Mrs. Rogers' estate has been deeply cut by state and federal taxes of numerous kinds and that such a gift might constitute a very real problem for her.

And so, disappointed, but not bitter, the men and women who were boys and girls when Rogers was a boy and who remember him now not for the celebrity he eventually became, but because he was their "Will," observe in resigned sorrow the anniversary of his death.

"Some day, the state or the nation will take over the old Oologah site," they say. "We won't live to see it, nor our children. But maybe our grandchildren will know the day when the government will spend thousands of dollars buying the old home and restoring it the way it is right now."

In that day, one pilgrimage will take those who desire to honor Rogers to both his birthplace and his final resting place. In that day, the Oologah home will constitute a national shrine. But in that day the old friends, the relatives, the loved ones of "Will," will be gone. It will be only a newer generation, to whom "Will" is but history and legend, who will profit.

"And why?" ask those who are alive today but who won't be then. "Why must it be so long in coming?"