

Will Rogers'
WEEKLY ARTICLES

Volume 3
The Coolidge Years
1927-1929

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INTRODUCTION

That Will Rogers had an exciting career is well-known. He was a cowboy, a star of wild west shows, a vaudeville performer, a radio and motion picture entertainer, a humorist, and a homespun philosopher who acted as a spokesman for America. In addition to his other “careers,” he also developed talents as a writer, leaving posterity a host of books, magazine articles, and newspaper columns. It is this aspect of Rogers’ career—his writings—that is the concern of this volume.

Herein is presented *Will Rogers’ Weekly Articles: The Coolidge Years, 1927-1929*. This is the third of six volumes of Series IV of the *Writings of Will Rogers*. In the first volume of this series (*Will Rogers’ Weekly Articles: The Harding/Coolidge Years, 1922-1925*), the editors described the genesis of the articles (a weekly syndicated newspaper column) and the procedure for annotations. Little is changed in this third release in the series. The editors have used sparingly endnotes to identify people and to explain events that may not be remembered by today’s readers or by future generations.

As has been the practice with other volumes in the *Writings of Will Rogers*, the editors have presented material just the way Rogers intended. And the editors’ task in preparing the *Weekly Articles* has been made easier because most of Rogers’ original typescript copies of his columns survive. In those instances, the originals have been presented verbatim. In rare cases where the original copy of an article is missing, the editors chose from among the *Los Angeles Times*, the *Tulsa Daily World*, or other reliable newspapers as the source for presentation.

James Smallwood
Steven K. Gragert

WEEKLY ARTICLES — 1927

221 INSIDE DOPE ON LEGISLATURE

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers, and what I hear the legislature pass as I commune with the various localities all over the Municipality of Cuckooland. I had just swung around out of Florida and I want to tell you old Florida is coming along mighty nice. You got to admire those people. They took it on the jaw and never let a squeal out of them. Now they got more Tourists this year than last, and it will always be a great Tourist place. But everybody that goes there is not going to buy a house and live in it. They have too many good Hotels for that.

They only had one thing that I had to advise them on. You know when the entire State was subdivided, why they naturally put up street signs at the corner of every block, most of them away out in the pine woods, or on the edge of a swamp. Well, now you go in there and all you can see is these white looking things up on the top of Posts. Now I don't know if you have ever toured in Ohio, but they have a system, if there has been an Automobile accident and any lives lost they mark the spot where it took place on the highway with a little white Cross. Well, it's a good system, when you come wide open to a turn in the road and you see a white cross or two staring you in the face, you are going to just naturally slow up. (That is if you haven't lived mighty good you are.) These Florida crosses, while not shaped exactly like those, they mean about the same. Any time you see one away out in the middle of the Everglades, you know that it denotes about the same thing as in Ohio. If the man didn't sell the lot he is buried there, and if he did the man that bought it is buried there.

So I advise these various assortment of Luncheon Clubs (as it would give them a legitimate reason for existing), to sneak out in the dark of night and pull up all those evidences of the late lamented past and the Tourists coming in on the trains traveling along the highways would never know that the land had at one time been thought valuable enough to blueprint.

There is not a Blue Print in Florida. Everybody is working for a living. Well, when I left there I come on up and run into an Epidemic of State Legislatures. First I hit the Old Dominion of South Carolina. I was exhibiting my latest brand of Legislative Pills for all Political ills at the Capitol City of Columbia. Columbia houses a fellow named Wright.¹ If you have ever read the Literary Digest (and if you don't I don't want you to number me as your Author) for you get the whole thing in there without having to search through the adds in the newspapers to find the news. Well, Wright

is the fellow that contributes about nine-tenths of those wonderful bright sayings on Topics of the Day. He is the Editor of the Columbia Record. In fact, that Town has about the niftiest Newspapers all of them, that you will find anywhere. Well, he is a little bit of a Runt and you wouldn't think he was big enough to carry a Paragraph, much less write one. But he is a whale.

Well, I was invited to address the Legislature. They was there plotting against the rest of the people. It was the first time I had ever allowed myself to get right down there on the floor and mingle with them.

You see, going around like I am all over the Country and playing and mingling with the best class of people, why I naturally have to be pretty careful just what I do and where I go. But they were on their good behavior, and had already got about all the devilment out of their systems, and when I was there they were just as Gentlemanly bunch of fellows as one would meet. You would almost take them for ordinary every-day citizens. They had just been wrestling with the usual problems that seem to confront the South here lately, namely, Evolution. I don't know what has brought on this doubt here lately in all these States' minds as to just what type their ancestry was. But it sure is the burning question.

Well, I was introduced by the Speaker, the local Nick Longworth, and I felt as big as Charley Dawes standing up there enlightening the lawmakers.² Well in a couple of days more I invaded the secret precincts of Tom Heflin of Alabama.³ And as the Legislature had never been able to learn anything from Tom, why I was asked to address the Alabama Legislature in Joint Session. They were holding night session to keep from paying room rent, so after my discourse to the paying Guests, I went up to the State Capitol and did a Benefit for the Legislature. It took place in the House of representatives. They marched the Senate in to hear it. I thought it was a chain gang as they filed in. But sure enough they were Senators.

Well, they was a great bunch. I delivered a message to them almost as long as Mr. Coolidge's.⁴ Coolidge talked to Congress on Washington. But I talked to Alabama on Cotton, Klu Klux, corn liquor, Bib Graves the Governor, my old friend Bill Brandon, the Ex-Governor (who has a good job now he is Probate Judge).⁵ Washington, they can read about him out of a book, the same books that Mr. Coolidge read about him and got the speech from.

But the things I enlightened them on ain't in history and never will be. Then I hit over in Pat Harrison's country.⁶ Pat is the Al Smith of the Boll-weevil Belt.⁷ He is the Mussolini of Mississippi.⁸ Well their Legislature was not in session but Governor Whitfield, a mighty fine old Gentleman, offered to call a special term if I would consent to speak to them on "Hon-

esty in Politics,” but I didn’t want to burden the State any more than it naturally was.⁹

I think every two years is a little often to have them meet. It just looked like I was playing a Round-Robin of State Capitols for I hit Arkansaw. I went on to Hot Springs. I didnt stop and exhibit in Little Rock, as their Legislature was in session there and no Comedian can compete with it.

There is over a hundred of them studying every minute funny things to use every two years when the show opens. They sent a delegation over to invite me over and offered to send a Airoplane to get me if I would come over and tell them “What’s the matter with Arkansaw.” They had just gone through a siege with the Monkey Problem and had not been able to prove that they did not descend from it.¹⁰ So they were naturally a little upset. Say, that Hot Springs is some resort.

They have a beautiful Hotel there, the Arlington. I had wired ahead, but when I got there and registered the Clerk said there was no rooms. He looked at my name. I looked around the lobby and saw who all was there, and then I told him, My Mother was a Ginsberg. So I got right in.

Now the reason I am announcing this publically, I may hit some other Capitols and I am going to give warning that my Benefit season for State Legislatures has closed. I will however make them a rate. I will inform the Legislatures at say half price. I do this not for the Legislatures’ sake, but I feel that the same time that I take up theirs is keeping them from doing any harm against the people in the way of laws, so I really do it to help out the people. One thing you can always feel assured of in addressing a Legislature Body, that is you certainly are not taking up any of their time. You are not keeping them from anything. So remember, half rates for Lawmakers. This is an ad.

222 **ROGERS FINDS PLENTY OF WONDERS IN TWO STATES**

You know I have been telling you all ever since I come back from Europe that Mussolini is the smartest Guy in the World.¹ That when his people started sightseeing or vacationing up into Switzerland and France he issued a decree that if they didnt have any business up there he would not give them a passport.

Well, I have claimed every night in my “Dissertation” that if Cal had the authority to do that and if he kept Americans at home one summer and made them see their own country that it would be the greatest thing that ever happened in the world to this Country, and incidentally give Europe a

chance to laugh at something else beside us.² Well, every day as I travel over this Country that strikes me as being “what America needs.”

I see my good friend Irving Cobb in this month's *Cosmopolitan* tells you a lot of good straight facts about how we are liked over there.³ And when Cobb and Borah and I are unanimous on anything why it just about makes it practical.⁴ My goodness! Travel around this Country and see some of the things we have to see.

I don't hit a town that don't have something that is unique or unusual. I wrote you the other week about the natural bridge in Virginia. Why if Europe had that, Americans would withstand any insults and ridicule in traveling to get to go and see it. Now I am traveling through a country that there ought to be law passed in Congress that no one was allowed to receive a Passport to leave this country till they had visited New Mexico and Arizona. We got sights in these two states that if Europe had them, they would fence them off and charge admission and get enough to pay off their national debt. They haven't got a single sight over there that nature ever built. Anything that is any good, naturally is in this country. We could take all Europe and push 'em over backwards into the Grand Canyon and there wouldnt be enough of them to dam the thing up.

Why, the Astecs and the Cliff Dwellers, existed and had civilization before the Meades, and the Persians, and the Gauls, (by the way the Gauls are still there) had even taken out their citizenship papers in Rome or Greece. Why yesterday I was to play in Albuquerque, New Mexico, and I drove up to Santa Fe, the Capitol. Why there they have the oldest House, (a Church) built in America. Now I know I am going to have a howl from St. Augustine, Florida. I was there too, and saw their wonderful old places. But they are dating all their time from when Columbus and those gangs from Europe commenced to squat in this country. Why this country out here was established so long ahead of that back there, that they were like a bunch of Tourists visiting a country after these old Pioneers out here had blazed the trail so far ahead of that Columbus bunch that the trail had grown up with Century plants in the meantime.

Why, if Columbus had landed at Galveston and marched inland to Santa Fe, New Mexico he would have been met by the Cliff Dwellers commercial Club, a delegation of modern “Red men of the world,” and the Astecs Rotary. They would have apologised to Columbus for the primitive looks of the old end of town. (What they called Old town.) “We can't get some of our old settlers here to change their ways, they want to live like their great, great, great, grandfathers have lived here before them.” Columbus would have remarked, “Pardon me gentlemen! I didnt discover a Country, I am just over here paying my respects from a young country, to an older one.” Every guy thinks the first time he sees anything, that that is

the first time it ever existed. I will never forget the first time I went to St. Louis. I thought sure I was the first one to find it. But Lord, here it had been reclining there in its own way for generations. Why this Santa Fe is one of the most picturesque places you ever saw. The streets are narrow and very crooked. They claim it was laid out "by a drunken Mexican on a blind 'Burro' on a stormy night." They have the old "Palace of the Governors" there, where all the rulers lived who commanded the vast territory when it was under Mexican and Spanish rule. It's the end of the old Santa Fe trail. Its Capitol houses the most unique Legislature in America, all the proceedings are in two languages, the minute a thing is spoken in English, or what the interpreter mistakes for English, why it is immediately resposken in Spanish, over two thirds of the State Legislators are Spanish. And if you think they don't know Politics you are cuckoo.

The White members there got no more chance than a Farmer looking for relief. And you can't blame the Mexes much. It's their state, and most of them were there first, and if they want to run it a certain way why it's their business. Course a lot of newcomers moving in want to start right in reforming, but I am a great sticker for the old timer, if he wants to run it on the old Spanish plan, why let him do it. We got enough States being run wrong the other way. So let them at least have a novelty anyway. It's a great State in natural resources, it's got just about everything under the ground that was ever piled into one Xmas basket. And the most wonderful thing about it and Arizona, is that it is giving health and years of longer life to thousands and thousands of people with that dreaded thing, consumption. And my what a cheerful lot they are, what a study in grit and nerve.

We sent some great boys to that war, but I tell you we left braver ones at home right out here in these two States, they are facing the enemy every day and licking him. It's wonderful to come from a big prosperous State, and brag on your "population, Bank deposits, and value of crops produced." But when you live in a State that can advertise "that you can save lives" you are just about the greatest States in the Union. You have got to build up and save what prosperous States have wrecked and torn down. So when you healthy, well fed, prosperous ones look out of your drawing room window on the miles and miles of desert waste, and say "My! How can anyone live in this country." You want to remember that it's everything in the world, it's life, it's gold, to millions.

223 WILL ON MEXICAN RELATIONS

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers. I pick up my paper this morning and what stares me in the face but the following headlines, "Going

to break off Diplomatic Relations with Mexico, and lift the arms embargo, and allow arms to be shipped in to any Revolutionists.”

Now get that will you? Here we are sore at Mexico, and because they don't do exactly like we want them to, why we are going and lifting the embargo on all ammunition and guns. We are going to allow, and even encourage, all the bloodshed we can, just because we are having an argument with them, instead of us going down and either licking President Calles, or if we are not, why then quit argueing with them.¹ (Either do one or the two.) But no, we are going to allow Guns to go in and let some Revolutionists get even with President Calles for us. We are going to start the bloodshed all over again down there.

Here we are the Nation that is always hollering for dissarmament, and Peace, and just because we are not smart enough to settle our differences by diplomacy (because we have none) why we are going to make it possible for somebody else to exterminate the faction that we don't like. Suppose they don't like Coolidge down there, and they would allow arms to be shipped into this Country to arm a revolution against our Government that is in Power. Boy, what a howl we would put up! But it's us doing it down their way now, so that's all right. Here is the humatarian Nation of the world fixing so more people can get shot.

Fixing so Mexico can get all the guns they want is just like going to Sing Sing Prison and giving everyone in there a gun. We assisted one side in the Revolution in Nicaragua. We have taken sides in China. Now we are going to help some ambitious Politician gather together a lot of ignorant Peons and go forth to start a new Revolution in Mexico. All because we have to admit ourselves a failure as Diplomats in dealing with them. The people along the Mexico border that deal with Mexico every day, do it and do it without hard feeling or bloodshed.

Last week I appeared at Tuscon, Arizona. That's seventy miles from Nogales. I got a lot of wires asking me if I wouldnt please come down to Nogales. That's the town on the very border, part in Mexico and part in Arizona. Well the next day before going to Phoenix why Banning Vale, one of the owners of the big Empire Ranch, of 275 thousand acres, took me and an old Cowpuncher friend Ed Echols, a great contest Roper, who lived down that way, why we went by the ranch and then on down to Nogales.² Was met by the Mayor and all the town's leading Citizens, and right on over the line with just a wave of the hand into the Old Mexico. There we met a gang from their side, including their Mayor and the Presidente of their State. After seeing the town, all met up in a big hall IN A BREWERY, and had lunch, and good Beer. (Nobody drunk and nobody bootlegging.) Had a few speeches, and a few laughs. I was welcomed by the Presidente. Said if they had known a little sooner they would have put me on a Bull

fight. (I was glad they didn't know sooner.) Well, what I am getting at is not to tell how I was welcomed in Mexico, but the friendly way the people of our side of the line got along with the ones from the Mexico side.

All this arguing between the two Governments meant nothing to them, and here they was having more amounts of business dealings every minute of the day than the government has in a year. I met Bud Parker, a cattle dealer who had brought out over 25 thousand cattle from old Mexico in a year, arranged the duties to both Countries, as there is an import duty by us, and an export duty to pay to Mexico.³ Anything one side of the town did the other was in for. Here they are supposed to be a wild and woolly western town, and their men are able and have common sense enough to know how to deal with each other, and yet the higher up our officials get, the less they seem to know about human nature, or how to deal square with Nations the same as they would with individuals.

Each side down there knew how to GIVE as well as take. The Arizona side didnt send them a note every morning making some complaint. If there was any differences of opinion both sides knew they could get together and talk it over, without having to politely insult each other through Diplomatic correspondence. It looked like a town to me where everybody was tending to their own business instead of somebody else's. There was a colored Regiment stationed there, the 25th Infantry, and even they got along fine with both our side and its Citizens, and the Mexico side. Mexico by an overwhelming vote changed their land laws in 1917. This fellow that's in now didnt pass the law. He is only trying to enforce the Constitution. They give America 50 years to get the oil out from under the land, and then they want to divide the land up with the Natives. Now that don't seem so unreasonable to give you fifty years. We say it's against our laws. Our Laws! What's our laws got to do with Mexico?

Personally I don't think Doheny, and Sinclair, and the Standard and all of those are undergoing any great hardships and starvation.⁴ I doubt if Mexico owes them anything, or owes us anything. We have got out more than we put in. We make drastic laws and stay with 'em. Dident we pass an emigration law to even keep people out of our Country? Well that was all right. It was a good law. It's our Country and we got a right to say who shall come in, but of course it was dissiscrimination. Now can't Mexico pass a land law if it gives you Fifty years warning? I think that is about the longest dispossess notice I ever heard of. When we started Prohibition we confiscated and threw out of business millions and millions of dollars worth of property that had always been in a perfectly legalized business. We didnt give them any fifty years notice did we? And they were our own Citizens. I wish our Mexico relations was in the hands of some common sense old Cowmen, that "savied" human nature, and not a so called Diplomat. Who thinks

he is insulting you in such a diplomatic way that you will never find it out. We don't want a man that knows phrases for a diplomat, we want a man that knows people.

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**WILL ROGERS FINDS
HE CAN'T TALK ABOUT SQUAB**

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers, and what I see as I leap from craig to craig. I hit the old adopted Village of Los Angeles week before last and I was to publically act a fool for the natives at so much a head on a certain night. Now, my friend, Mr. William G. McAdoo, had framed up a dinner for some sort of a benefit, and of all the 365 nights of the year he had to go and have it the very night I am in their midst.¹ Well, he called me up and asked me if I wouldn't come to the dinner and pester the diners vocally. Well, I was about half sore at W. G. for having his dinner at the same time I was making my first official appearance as Mayor in the sister city, because it was him, and the very gang that I thought he would draw at his dinner, that I wanted as paying guests in my Rodeo.² I especially wanted him there as I had garnered quite a little political scandal in my benefit tour of America. He is a favorite out there and I needed all the local help I could get. Then when I found that we were sold out anyway, it didnt make any difference.

Now this Dinner he was at the head of was a \$100 a plate. (And just ordinary plates at that.) Just think of that one hundred bucks a plate, AND NOTHING IN YOUR GLASS. Well, it sounded like night Club prices to me. Well, I had to appear at my own place of disturbance that night, but he made me promise that I would drop by early in the dinner that on account of me not having time enough to eat, I wouldnt have to pay the \$100. Well that offered novel possibilities to be at a \$100 dinner and not have to pay for it. It was a charity to save young boys. I didnt have the hundred to contribute, but I offered to contribute TWO BOYS, and if they could save them I would willingly pay them more than a hundred dollars a head, or a plate, either.³

I am a long time getting at it but here is the joke. Naturally, I had to butt into the meal to speak, as I only had a short time. Mr. McAdoo gave me a lovely introduction and I started in among what looked like very favorable conditions. They all looked like they wanted to sorter laugh. But just as I started, why in comes the Waiters with the meat course. It was what looked to me like Squab. Well, they knew that that was "The Plate," the \$100 Plate. Well, they looked at me, and they looked at the squab, and it looked for a

few seconds like I was going to get the break, and receive the benefit of the doubt, and then the thought of the price hit 'em.

Well, I saw in a glance I had lost the decision. You can't combat the fangs of hunger. I kinder thought at first it was just because it was me speaking that they turned to their tools and set in to operate on them squabs. But I tell you I don't believe it was anything against me, or my poor attention-holding abilities at all. I don't believe that night with those Democrats paying \$100 for that poor little pitiful Bird of a pigeon. I don't believe Mussolini or Bernard Shaw could a held 'em.⁴ In fact, I don't believe President Coolidge doing a double two-man talking act with Borah could have kept those Los Angelono's away from that Grub Stake that night.⁵ They was after food and not facts. And you can't blame 'em I tell you. At that price that little feathered beast would have taken apart and apportioned out Pro Rato about as follows, \$10 a leg and a squab ain't what you would designate as a centipede, about two legs generally lets him out, that's if he is a normal pigeon. And as for beef on a squab's legs, they are not what you would encase in flesh-colored stockings and parade around. Well at ten a leg that's \$20 smackers just for squab's legs. Then the wings will weigh out about the same, so that accounts for another \$20, and a squab hasent got what you would call an awful wing spread at that. Then the body and contents which is at least half the squab, why we will give it say \$50. Now, if you happen to draw one that has been reducing, why that little fowl is running you into a terrible lot of Jack. That brings the grand total up to ninety dollars and the only other place we can place the surplus \$10 is either on the neck or the Tail.

Now there has been whole families brought up on the neck of a Chicken. That is where they are allowed to manhandle it. If they keep you strictly to knife and fork rules you can't get much out of it. But I have never heard of children at even the second or third table subsisting entirely on Squab neck. Now the tail for about one bite offers to some people a mighty choice morsel. It's easier to handle; it requires practically no acrobatics with either knife or fork, so I think the only fair way to do about this last \$10 that's left is to give the neck a shade the best of it. It's longer and comes first. So let's be fair and give the neck \$6 and the tail \$4. Now I may be a half dollar or so off on that either way, but no more than that. So now that it is shown to you with Squab's tail running at four Slugs a bite, here was people gnawing into real collateral.

What I am getting at is you always learn something. I know now why they call 'em "After Dinner Speeches." That's because they can't be made during a meal. I thought you could talk anytime, but you can't. You got to get 'em full first. In fact the best way to do is to get 'em so full that they have to stay and listen. They can't get out.

Did you ever hear 200 knives and forks dissecting an equal number of Squabs on hard surface plates all at the same time? You see a Squab is elusive and there is plenty of stabs made at him that reach nothing only the sounding-board of the plate.

I certainly want to thank Mr. McAdoo, as hungry as I know he was. (For who ever saw a Democrat that wasent?) Why, he was polite enough to let his lay till I had entirely give up the Ghost and gone over to my gathering in the Theatre, where they had nothing to eat but their programmes. He, as I say, was awful nice and very sympathetic, and there was two more there who I want to give credit to, Elinor Glynn, and Morris Guest.⁶ They both realized what I had to compete with and Miss Glynn was trying to listen above the din and roar of *Near Silverwear* pouncing on *Near Dresden China*. As I say, her and Mr. McAdoo sit there trying to hear, and Morris didnt bother me at all. He had perhaps had the same thing happen to him, and he was considerate. He took this squab up in his fingers, so he wouldnt bother me at all. He was listening and laughing and eating all together. So I found out one thing. There is only one speech any speech maker in the World can make to a hungry audience and be heard, and that is "Dinner's ready, Come and get it, or we will throw it out!"

225 WILL ROGERS SAYS RENO'S WORTH SEEING EVEN TO HAPPILY MARRIED

All I know is what I read in the papers or what I see with my own eyes as I gumshoe my way around Merry old "Cuckooland." I tell you folks you don't know what a country we have got till you start prowling around it. Personally I like the small places and sparsely populated states. A place looks better before it gets houses on it than it does afterwards. I hit Nevada the other day. I was billed to play Reno, and say she sure is a pretty little town! It's a regular Oasis right there in the heart of the Sage Brush Country, got beautiful homes and cottages and I am telling you it's worth staying there a while to get rid of a lot of husbands that I know.

I had both eyes all cocked to get a peek at the "Divorcees." I was like the little dames from the East when they first visited Hollywood and are all eyes for the Movie Stars. Well I was all set to get a peek at the "Liberty hunters." You know I didnt know it, and I bet you didnt either (and that's why I have to do all this traveling around and finding out things for you and all you have to do is to stay at home and just learn what it has taken me so much bother to find out for you.) Well, there is just as many men come to Reno for divorces as there is Women. So you see Women are not the only things that are dissatisfied with their mates. Some women are failures just

as well as men. And you see when some woman comes there to uncouple from the "Old grouch" and don't particularly have her mind made up about the next matrimonial accident why you see with all these men there on the same mission, why she may pick up something worth while right there. The two sexes are just asetting right there ready to console each other, and a lot of times you can get just as good or maybe better than you are throwing away right there in Reno. You see you got time to write back and investigate each ether's financial status.

While I was there, they had just cut the time down from having to stay there six months to three. I was there the day they passed that law and I think it was a good one. Three months is long enough for anyone to be without a husband or a wife. Then they were getting lots of opposition. Other towns are making a play for their business, and they had to offer some extra inducement, so they put the three months clause in. Course that makes you go to work a little faster out there if you are looking for a new one. But six months was really too long, that gives you long enough to find each other out, out there before you could get married and naturally killed off lots of them. You can fool each other about three months. But six, you got to be an actress to do it.

But it's just a nice little city and outside of Divorces they got a River running through it and a little Zoo in a pretty park with two Buffalo, a male and a female and two elk, male and female. In fact pairs of several kind of animals and birds and reptiles. It looks like they mated 'em off that way just to show the "Industry" what can be accomplished if they had been born a reptile or animal instead of practically human. It looked to me like an ad against their own business there in Reno, but I guess they know best. Lawyers meet the trains and line up and holler out the same as Porters do down South at depots for Hotels. They got Lawyers there that can get you loose from an octopus. They can point out houses where some of the most famous husbands in the world were tied a can to. Lots of them buy these cottages and live in them till their probation is over and then maybe sell them to some other "Irresponsible" or lots of them, they tell me, keep their houses there and then use them when they come back on the next case. Some women have as many as four and five "notches" on the same house, showing they had "Got their Man."

I went over to Carson City, that's the Capitol, and the day I was there was the anniversary of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight.¹ Just 30 years ago that day, two of the men with me had seen it. I saw the place right near the Capitol where they pitched the ring and also Corbett's training ranch and Fitz's. I made two speeches to the Legislature. One to the Senate and the other to the house, I advised them but I doubt if they take it. These Legislatures are about hopeless. Had lunch with the Governor, an old Cow-

puncher, a Real two-fisted fighting “Hombre.”² He don’t need anybody on his staff but some nurses to pick up the wounded. It’s a very historic old place is Carson City. Mark Twain run a newspaper there a long time, and I saw the house he lived in.³

Then we went over to Virginia City. That’s the great old mining town that he worked in and wrote so much about. They have his office and printing press just as he left it. It sure must a been a live old place in those days. It sure does ooze with tradition and romance. It’s the heart of the “Comstock Lode” where two hundred million dollars in Gold was taken out. You ought to see that country, Hot Springs, beautiful scenery, fine hospitable people, fine stock farms, fine race horses. Women waiting to sign up again. I tell you Nevada has got everything.

You know Mark Twain’s famous remark when he first walked into Virginia City after tramping over a hundred miles from another town where he had been offered a job here, so he came, he dragged himself in, threw his bed pack on the Newspaper office floor, started in to scratch himself and said: “I want to announce publically to this Newspaper and to Virginia City THAT I AM LOUSY!” Beat that for an entrance remark of his into a new Country. He was made right there.

226 WILL ROGERS HOLDS CHINA SHOULD SEND OUT MISSIONARIES—NOT US

Suppose you were a native of a country and history absolutely proved that this country of yours had the oldest civilization in the world, that half the things the rest of the world was practicing under the heading of progress had been originated by your ancestors; that you and your people had lived for hundreds and hundreds of years pretty much the same as you are living today, and you were satisfied with that way of living, that it had existed so long showed that the system must have some merit.

Suppose you had gone along and never bothered anybody else, owned the biggest country, manipulated it in such an economical way that you raised and fed without outside aid a population of more than 450 million people, after having so arranged your needs and desires so that you didn’t have to ask a favor, a crumb, or a stitch from anyone, and you still had time for your arts and sciences, and practiced and believed a religion according to the dictates of your heart and what you know had been good for your country, not for years but for centuries.

Suppose you had been taught for generations that material things commerce and money and luxury were not the things for you to look forward to, but the thing that counted was the character of the life you had lived

and its value to your family and friends. Suppose in your family life you had always been taught to stick together, no matter how old, to keep the family ties, to worship and honor your parents and ancestors; not be turned out to go your own way the minute you are of age, but to be always kept at home, remain in the surroundings in which you had been born, and be happy and contented; not forever trying to push your way to what you think is up and trying to crowd someone else out; not leave your parents and go out and make what you might think was a success, but which in reality was a sacrifice to your parents in love and affection. Think of the elimination of heartaches to parents if they knew the families would always be together! The land is tended as it has been by your same families for generations.

Now, you say, how is a fellow going to progress? Happiness and contentment is progress. In fact, that's all progress is. If you are hurrying and worried to death you ain't progressing. How much better does an automobile seat feel to you than a buggy seat, if you had never seen the auto seat?

China can't get rich like a few in other places and on the other hand they haven't got that fear of poverty that is such a common fear in other countries. Now, as I say, suppose you belonged to a people that looked at things in that light, didn't bother nobody and didn't want to be bothered. And then let a lot of little nations that haven't existed long enough to have taken out their citizenship papers in a Country like yours let them come along, call you "Heathen" and take over the best ports in your country! How did they take 'em over? Why, by England wanting to smuggle in Opium, China knew it was bad and legislated against it, and captures all the supply of it. That brought on war and England appropriated the Island of Hong Kong. That was the first Christian act done to the Heathen. Had another dispute over a flag incident and that gave excuse for not only England but France and all the rest of them dipping in and grabbing off a little more.

And they submitted. Why? Because they are not a military power. Now we are having disarmament conferences to persuade nations to disarm. Then they pick on the only big one that is disarmed. Why didn't England tell us we couldn't pass a Prohibition law? It would have been the same as them telling China they couldn't prohibit opium.

England made 'em mad enough, but when we started in with our missionaries, that was the last straw. Imagine, with all of our crime and all of our immorality in the papers, and our small amount of attendance in our churches. Imagine their reaction to us going over there and telling them how they should live. Here we are, a nation that no one person in it ever did any job a month that he wasn't trying to get out of it and into something else. About as much contentment and repose as a fresh caged hyena. Then we go to tell some calm, contented people how to live.

Why don't we go out here and tell everybody they got to smoke cigarettes and do the "Black Bottom." Lots of us don't like those things because we have never tried 'em and we don't care to. That's China. They have never tried our so-called progress, they like their way; it may not be the best way, but it's their way. Here is the difference between China and these other countries like us and France and England—China knows that their government will be existing, that they will be living the same 1,000 years from now as they are today. There is not a person in Europe or America that knows or even has any idea what us or our children or our nation will be twenty-five years from now. Then we call them "heathens."

Why, they forgot more about living than we will ever know. I suppose Aimee McPherson's new religion will be sending missionaries over to teach them how to live.¹ She will be showing Confucius up next. To us, progress is to work our way up to a 6-cylinder Buick, have a dinner jacket, belong to six luncheon clubs, and wear knee breeches on Sunday. Then go out and tell the world how the standard of living has raised. And start in telling the whole world, "We are the only one with the right idea."

We and England are going to get a kick in the pants some day if we don't come home and start tending to our own business and let other people live as they want to.

What degree of egotism is it that makes a nation or a religious organization think theirs is the very thing for the Chinese or the Zulus? Why, we can't even Christianize our Legislators! If the churches want to do something worth while with their missionaries, bring them home and put them to work among poor renters or "share crop" workers in the cotton or wheat belt. Some of them have a dozen children and never had \$20 in the family in their lives. Let 'em work among them, and help 'em and teach 'em. This country is NOT prosperous. We got poor people in this country, only they are not the kind that asks for anything, and they are not on the streets where you can see 'em.

Never mind reading bank deposits. We got a million poor people that live in the country that never saw a bank. The rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer. That's what we better regulate instead of Nicaragua, Tacna-Arica, Mexico and China.²

Never mind trying to take the Chinaman's chopsticks away from him and try to learn him to eat with a fork. He always has a piece of land, and he can raise something. Why can he raise more on it than you can? Because he has got more sense. Must have, or he couldn't raise more.

What we ought to do is import some Chinese missionaries from over there to come and show us, not how to be saved but how to raise something every year on our land. We just got the missionary business turned around. We are the ones that need converting more than they do.

227 WILL ROGERS SAYS WE'RE YOKELS IF WE DON'T BOOST AIR TRAFFIC

Well, all I know is just what I read, in the papers and what I see as I soar over these old United States. I tell you folks you don't know what you miss by not trying to do some of your travel by plane. Course it's hard to do sometimes for after inventing them we thought we was through with them, and it's hard to get hold of one, and when you do the cost is almost prohibitive. For the government gives those that do try to do something for commercial aviation no subsidy like the governments do in Europe. Over there they figure the more they can get people to use air travel and the more they become accustomed to its possibilities why the more it gets all of them interested in it. If we were told tomorrow that the future and the safety of our country depended on football and athletics, why everybody the whole country over would be out practicing and all excited about it. But what any sane person absolutely knows that the success of the next war is in the air, why they just drag along and think somebody is kidding 'em.

We laugh our heads off at some old joke about seeing people living down in Arkansas that never rode on a train in their lives. Why haven't they been on one? It's because they haven't seen them. But here is the whole of America bigger Rubes than they are, for all of you have seen planes, see 'em every day and read every day of the wonderful trips and feats they do but the furthestest they can get you off the ground is on some summer roof garden, and you won't venture up there till the Orchestra is playing. Every time a man is killed in the air every paper in the country carries it, and six and eight can be run over a crossing in an auto by a train, and there won't be a paper outside their own country have a word about it. It's so common it's just not news.

A couple of weeks ago I had to cover pretty much the whole state of Montana and it's some state, third in size. I found a fine flyer with his own plane and just kept him with me all week and we flew everywhere. Would stay all night in the town I had just played, get a good night's rest, take my time about getting out in the morning, have a nice breakfast and then we could leave just whenever we wanted to. Didn't have to have Mr. Northern Pacific make up your mind for you.

Fly over the beautiful mountain tops, and in two or three hours catch up with the train that had left the night before, see it struggling along up some old crooked grade and through tunnels, and we would just sail right on. You know how the country Yokels rush to go on top of Woolworth's Tower in New York to get the view.¹ Well, every minute you are in a plane you are getting just that kind of view only better for you are not standing looking at the same thing all the time. Then when we get to the town, fly

around over it and you get more of an idea of it than you could get in a week from driving around. Then when the Committee come and want to take me for a drive to see their town I tell them all about it, the whole lay out of it, and I don't have to take a chance of going with them and being run over or into.

Major Norton, who flew me to Des Moines from Ft. Riley, Kansas in a little over two hours, has flew since 1912, and no accident.² He was telling me of two flyers in the army, been going back and forth all over the country for years was sent back east from Kelly Field at San Antonio, and they had to make the trip on the train, and they neither one would go till they had taken out insurance. The thing I like about it is you don't have to tip the Porter.

There was an Indian walking through an exhibition of western paintings and wasent paying much attention to any of them till he come to one showing "Custer's Last Fight."³ He stopped at that. One of the committee in charge of the exhibit asked him if he liked paintings. He said, "No." "But you seem to be admiring that picture there," replied the committee woman. "Yes, he good; only picture ever saw white man paint where Indian getting the best of it."

Well I saw the very spot and all of the spot where the Indian got the best of it. I flew all over the Custer battlefield, landed on it and then drove over it. But the driving didnt give you any idea of it. It was from above where you could see where he split his regiment sending Reno with three companies, another with two, and him taking five.⁴ From the air we could readily see why one would not see what the other was doing. We could also look miles away down the "Big Horn" where General Terry was coming with a detachment to join him but arrived too late.⁵ All of this we could see from practically one place over the very field where he fell. Just one Aeroplane and no part of the whole thing would have happened. Everybody would have known where everybody else was. He had no idea there was that many Indians there, and Reno not eight miles away didnt know Custer had been killed till the next day, as he was fighting skirmishes with other bands all this time.

You musent miss going there. It's a very impressive and historic sight. White grave stones mark where each man was found. Although their actual bodies are not buried there, they have been taken to Eastern National Cemeteries. It's right at the Crow Agency. When we come down with the plane not a quarter of a mile from the very spot where Custer fell, the Indians and the town people drove out and rode out horseback from the little Agency Town. Over half were full blooded Indians. It kinder gives me a kick, being a part "Injun" and mighty proud of it. Here it looked like was one place they wasent able to drive 'em out from, even in 50 years since it

happened. Course it wasent the Crows that was in that fight, it was the Sioux and the Cheyennes mostly. It does look like after flying over as much of it as I have lately and seeing the millions of acres that we don't use anyway, as I say it does look like America was big enough that they could have staked off say at least a fourth or a fifth of it and give it to 'em for all time to come. Then I wouldnt have seen Custer's battleground and hundreds of other graves in all those lonely old western forts. They would a never bothered a soul if we had just split the Country even 80-20 with them. Custer marched a many a day into their territory to match that fight with them. The Indians give me a pair of Beaded Gloves before I flew on away to Sheridan, Wyoming, and I am mighty proud of those Gloves.

Now the moral of this is to treat the Indians better, and I have shown you what one Aeroplane would have prevented. WELL MORE PLANES THAN ANY OTHER NATION WILL DO THE SAME IN THE NEXT WAR. LET'S NOT STAND AND LOOK AT ANOTHER CUSTER BATTLEFIELD AND WISH WE HAD HAD A PLANE THERE IN TIME. Get enough of them to see the other fellow coming into your Country, and HE WILL NEVER COME IN, and YOU WILL NEVER HAVE TO USE 'EM.

228 **ROGERS CHALLENGES THE WORLD TO BIG DEBATE**

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers. We just can't get any news now for reading about somebody debating. When one man can't draw a crowd alone he goes in and gets somebody to debate with him and in that way it offers the public what is familiarly called a "double Bill," and they think they are getting something at a bargain. Borah started it as he does about everything there is started in America.¹ I don't know what we would do if it wasent for him and Jim Reed in that Senate.² They are the only ones we never know what they are going to do. Our others we know just what they will do; it's whatever the party tells 'em or how the votes are leaning that's the way they will act. But Borah and Jim don't care any more about a voter back home than the City does for a Farmer.

Well, Borah debated against Nicholas Murray Butler.³ They debated "whether something ought to be said about Prohibition in the Republican Platform in 1928." They didnt debate whether it would be good or bad for the Country. That never entered either of their heads. They just debated whether it would be good for the Republicans. It was a question of "Will it get votes for us if we put in an Anti-Prohibition plank, or will it get us more votes if we say nothing?" Even the Boston Club that promoted it and run it like a Rotary Luncheon, looking for all the advertising they could get out

of it, didnt even suggest that they debate on "What was good for the Country." It was always "What is good for the Republicans."

Borah thinks we better let the thing alone and Nicholas thinks they better put in the next Republican contract that the Prohibition amendment ought to be changed. Now all due regards to Nicholas Murray Butler. He deserves a lot of credit. He has taken a College that didnt amount to much, right in the heart of New York City, (a place where you would think would be the very last place to get anybody interested in education) and he has built it up just by making rich men think that by leaving something to the school it would help the rest of America forget how some of them got the money. He was the first fellow that thought of the idea of calling it a "Monument" to the donor.

Well sir, it's just surprising the men that he has sandbagged out of Jack. He is a business man if there ever was one, and a mighty nice fellow with it. I bet he could take the Democratic Party and make it pay. And here is the remarkable thing about Butler with Columbia. He has done all this without a Football Team. If he had had a Red Grange to help him out in his enrollment why he would maby have got some Native New Yorkers interested and entered in the School.⁴

But Borah, while he is not the promoter like Butler, he knows more politics. While Butler is thinking who he is going to knock over the head for a new Stadium or a swimming pool why Borah's mind is not on education. It's on Politics, and that's the fartherest you can get from education. Borah knows the sentiment of this Country better than any man in it, while Butler knows where conscience is hurting the most. If Borah tells you this country is dry you go out and pawn your last golf stick and bet that it is dry.

Now, Wayne B. Wheeler the Corporation Lawyer, that works for one of the biggest concerns in America (their output last year was over 13 million dollars just spent on trucks hauling the evidence in).⁵ You see they have to have a pretty good Lawyer, this Anti Saloon League does. You say right away what does a League that is just organized to do good need a Lawyer for? Well it does seem strange that they need one. Churches don't engage Lawyers. But these people have to have one for fear some of their men might go in and get evidence out of some wealthy and influential home. That would bring on a suit, and maby damages against the League. So you got to know just who you are raiding. You see wealthy men are all supposed to have had their Booze for years and years. But any poor fellow that is caught just got his yesterday.

Well Wayne and Darrow had them a debate.⁶ Now you know what chance Wheeler had with Mr. Darrow. A debate like that would be like Tom Heflin debating with Theodore Roosevelt, if he were alive today.⁷ Darrow has made a Monkey out of everybody he has ever come in contact with. He

had the whole State of Tennessee hanging by their heels and throwing Co-canuts. And in this debate with Wheeler it hadent gone over about second drink time till Darrow had Wheeler under the table and hollering for Bromo Seltzer and Acrobatic Spirits of Pheunomonina.

Lord, you better lay off that fellow Darrow on anything, especially Evolution. I challenge Billy Sunday to a debate on the Problem "Are people harder to fool now than they used to be?"⁸ We both been at it so long. I think they are. They are not getting wiser; it's just that they are getting more cautious. But that Darrow! I wouldnt meet him on the subject of evolution. Why, we wouldnt be over the first part and into the rebuttal of the debate till he would have me jumping up on the back of a chair picking fleas off myself. There is no telling where this debating will lead to.

I really started it four years ago when I debated a Preacher friend of mine, Dr. James Whitcomb Brougner of the First and Last Baptist church of Los Angeles, on the subject, "Resolved that Cowboys have been more beneficial to humanity than Preachers."⁹ He had the Cowboy side, and of course he won. If I had had any facts to work on I could have beat him. So you see you don't have to limit these Debates to just prohibition. Farmers Relief would be a good one with Mr. Coolidge on one end and mortgaged-riddled Farmer on the other. (Just use the first farmer you find.) Or the new divorce law in Reno. I would like to hear Peggy Joice on one end of the following subject, "Resolved that one's as bad as another if not worse."¹⁰

"Shouldnt the Chinese be run out of China so that Commerce and Missionaries can have full sway?" That's a big problem now. "Who, when, and why, is Nicaragua?"

These are just a few of the million of problems that could be settled across a table and water pitcher. Well, I just want you all to know that I am open to meet anybody, on anything, single handed or in pairs. Any man or woman my weight, 180 pounds at three o'clock on the afternoon of the debacle. Anything from League of Nations to Moral Turpitude, or "Is Ford going to make new Model or cut the price on the old one?"¹¹ I'll debate, Winner take all. Have an audience full at real prices. It's the receipts I am interested in, not the Subject. So come on, you debaters!

229 A LITTLE MURDER TRIAL HELPS A LOT

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers. Things have been awful slack in the newspaper reading business for the last few weeks. But they are picking up now. This Ruth Snyder case is bringing Literature back.¹ Do you know that reading had fallen off over 60% after Daddy

canned Peaches and the Judge canned the whole tribe of them?² There just wasent nothing in the papers. China's war got everybody het up for a couple of days, but when we saw we didnt have enough Marines to send to make it interesting, why the interest in that soon died out. The big war spoiled people for just ordinary wars. You can't get them much excited over a half a dozen little wars running all over the Country like Nicaragua, Mexico, and China. You have to concentrate and put all your wars together and try and make one good one out of it.

The American people that are reading nowadays can't keep their minds on three wars at once. We got to have fewer and bigger wars or they will mean nothing to the old public. Why, Bringing up Father and Boob McNutt will outread all the "Nankings" and "Yangstes" you can put in the papers.³

Of course, Sapiro and Henry Ford looked like an Extra Edition there for awhile, but they crabbed it making a Serial out of it instead of just an ordinary feature.⁴ Mr. Coolidge unintentionally cast a reflection on Sectary Hoover, that grabbed a first column for a day, and then the President issued another one saying that "Mr. Hoover was so good he was going to keep him right where he was and not promote him at all."⁵

One of my constituents out in Beverley Hills made what looked like was going to amount to something there by breaking into our Jail. But the minute we found out he was in there we threw him out, and that killed that. When we want anybody in my Jail we will put 'em in there. We don't want anybody coming there voluntarily and breaking in without even an invitation. We pride ourselves on the exclusiveness of our jail. We have fixed it up till it's really fit for a Chicago Bandit. That's one thing I told the Boys when I left, "Don't let just anybody get in this Jail. That's what gets Jails a bad name. If you will watch your Guest list you can build up a reputation that will make your Jail different, and that's why we have to throw out certain ones that break in. The minute everybody find out that it is a moving picture or a Stage Actor Jail, you are going to have more than you can accommodate. Not that they don't make just as good prisoners as anyone else. But it's the crowd that hears about them being in there and that brings a certain riff-raff.

Now, take Real Estate men. I told the Chief when I left to under no circumstances let in a real estate man, that if he broke in and we found it out to throw him out, map and all. We got to protect our other prisoners. We are trying to build it up on Bankers and politicians and Oil men, so that's why we don't have room for anybody else.

But as I say about the news, there just hardly hasent been anything. Babe Ruth has got to the point where he gets a headline if he even fouls a ball.⁶ They are keeping track of his fouls this year and they think they will

break his record of 59 home runs. Tunney wants a Million dollars for his next fight.⁷ That didnt get a headline but it got a laugh.

So when this Ruth Snyder decided a couple of years ago to have a Corset fitted personally with the aid of a “he-fitter,” why she was really laying the cornerstone of what was later to be known as the lifesaver of the entire Newspaper business. It was certainly one of the most timely murders that has clogged up the breakfast table in years. You see it come at a time when there was absolutely no opposition. The “Blubbet Squad” had no other case to work on, so they all could concentrate on this one. Peggy Joice covered it, looking not only for news but for a likely opponent in her next matrimonial combat.⁸ Ruth had time to have some clothes made between the murder and the trial. Long Island hadent had a husband killed by a wife in such a long time that it looked like it was a lost art.

The beauty about killing a husband on Long Island is that you draw a better class of people at the trial. It’s far enough away from New York that you don’t get that ordinary bunch of court hangers-on. A Murder trial out there draws what used to be known in the old days as “carriage trade.” In other words they come in Limouzines. It’s a pleasure to be sentenced to hang if you can get the right kind of audience to be present at the verdict. Then Ruth bringing this Corset Architect in is going to add an awful lot to the case. Everybody will wonder if he has his samples, and lots of women will want to see what a Corset looks like. He and Ruth seem to kinder fall out over who should have credit for the idea. They love each other so they each want to be generous and give the other the credit.

But it sure does feel like old times to a constant reader to get the papers back to normal and know just what to look for every morning. Then the Pictures, they have been not hardly up to the “Peaches Piano Leg Standard,” but the Photographers are doing their best with what material they have.

I predict a great newspaper future for this case, and believe that the interest will hold, and whatever happens to Ruth and Corsets, the newspapers will always owe them a debt of gratitude and incidentally some dividends. I know I want to thank them, for I was just on the verge of having to read “Elmer Gantry” when this murder come along.⁹

230 LET’S GIVE A DIME TO THE FLOOD VICTIMS

All I know is just what I read in the papers. And what I am akicking about is that I haven’t read enough in the papers about something that ought to have had more in the papers about than it has had. That is this Flood.¹

Your Earthquake (Pardon me, fire) in Frisco, or the Tidal Wave in Miami or the Tornados in the middle west didnt start to wreck the amount of damage that this flood has. The Red Cross asked for five million. Why, that won't start to do any good. There is a million people that have lost by it. That would only be five dollars a head. Five dollars ain't much good to you, even if the water's just up to your ankles.

Five million dollars won't start to give all these people any kind of relief. There is 120 million people in America. We will say there are 10 million children that are too little physically to give, and then there is another 10 million that are physically large enough, but conscientiously too small to give. So that still leaves us 100 million. Now five million for the sufferers is only a nickle apiece for One Hundred million to give. Now, I think we ought to spread this to about a quarter each (25 cents). Or if everybody can't spare a quarter why 20 cents would give them 20 million.

Now, if we sorter feel they didnt get hardly wet enough for a couple of thin dimes per head, why let's kinder spread our generosity a little anyway and give a dime each and that will give them ten million. That's about ten dollars a head for the ones that suffered loss. Now you will hear lots of people say, "What do they do with all this money? Here people are giving millions!"

Well now, take for instance ten dollars a head in case my suggestion is acted on and everyone of the 100 million will give 10 cents. That will give the sufferers \$10 a head. Now I know that is a pretty lump sum to go and squander on a fellow that hasn't lost anything but his house and barn and stock and all his seed that he has planted already. It is liable to bring on an era of squandering. But you take it as a rule and most people are mighty good when they know there is real need.

'Course, the Florida thing kinder hurt collections for National calamities.² The minute a community would gather up something and start to send it they would get word from the authorities down there that "they wasent hurt a bit; that they didnt need a thing." Well, you couldent blame them from trying to hide it as bad as they could and make it as small as possible. But in doing so they didnt realize the harm they were doing to the collections of future calamities. It was like the old "Wolf! Wolf!" Gag. Then when he did come nobody come.

I tell you about the best way to judge these calamities is to trust the judgment of the Red Cross. They are a wonderful body of people, above all politics, and they are not out to protect the place just because the catastrophe might hurt the Tourist trade. They generally know the real needs of the people. That is the real needs of the poor people. So when they say they want so much money that is a very low and conservative sum. So it's a good idea to at least double the quota you are called on for.

I don't really believe that 80 or 90 per cent of the people realize just what flood disaster means, and what type of people it is that lost most by this particular horror. An Earthquake, a Fire, a Tornado, or anything like that is over in a few minutes. You know what you lost and you know what you got left. But look at this particular flood we have been reading of it for over 6 weeks. The water was up and over part of them and then it would go down a little and then would come along a larger one and then this last, the biggest and highest that the entire Mississippi valley has ever had. If your house burns out in the country you can run over to some one else's and stay, but with this when yours go your neighbor's go too. One person in the country is as bad hit as the next. Your stock is either washed away or marooned on a piece of land with no food. A fire, they can get to your town or place from other places to lend you help, but water, when the bridges are all under, one place can't get to the other to help till they make temporary boats and rafts. Then the worst thing is their crops had lots of them been planted, and those that hadent had already plowed for seeding. Where are they going to get the money to re-seed and plow again? How are they going to rebuild their fences? All stock that hasn't drowned will just have to run loose, for there will be no fences or barns to put them in.

The poorest class of people in this country is the renter farmer, or the ones that tends the little patch of ground on shares. He is in debt from one crop to the other to the store keeper, or the little local bank. He never has a dollar that he can call his own. City people don't realize the poverty of poor country folks. They can talk all they want about country people being out in the air and in the open, but I want to tell you as a diet and nothing to go with it, I don't think there is a Scientist living that can show any more "Callories" in a few whiffs of Country air over air anywhere on Hestor Street or the Bowery.

And as for the number of children, say the poor in the city would be accused of race suicide if they was stacked up alongside of the poor white family down in the bottom on a cotton farm. The poor man in the city hasent got any dog to feed. Why this first five millions wouldent even feed the dogs that have been caught in this flood. That's one thing the poor country fellow will always have, his pack of dogs, and no man can be condemned for owning a dog. In fact you admire him, 'cause as long he's got a dog he's got a friend, and the poorer he gets the better friend he has. Then when you talk about poor people that have been hit by this flood, look at the thousands and thousands of negroes that never did have much, but now it's washed away. You don't want to forget that water is just as high up on them as it is if they were white. The Lord so constituted everybody that no matter what color you are you require about the same amount of nourishment.

What gets my Goat is hearing constantly, "Why don't those people move out of there? There are floods every year." How are they going to move? Who is going to move 'em? Where are they going to move to, and what are they going to do when they move there? Why don't you move? Maybe you could do better some place else. That's the trouble with us. It's why don't everybody do something but us. Wait till a calamity hits where you are, and then they can ask, "Why don't you move?"

Fifty million wouldnt be too much for this cause, and I bet you Mr. Hoover will tell you so.³ If you have raised your quota once, start in and raise it again. Then you can brag, but don't do it unless you have. Remember these people can't get any relief for themselves until a crop is harvested. We went Cuckoo over the Armenians. We took off our shirts and sent them to the Russians. We give the Poles our Socks.

Now we have the greatest chance to help our own that has ever been given us, and it's needed the worst. Give it to them. Never mind what is going to become of Old Lady Snyder and Corsets.⁴ One little Coon saved down on the Mississippi is worth more to America than both of them if they lived 100 years.

231 CONGRESS WILL MAKE RIVER BEHAVE

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers. I wrote a little piece a few days ago in my daily gasp saying: "There was 10 photographers and special writers at the Snyder Trial to 1 at the flood, and that if they put all those writers on the flood, with their dramatic descriptive powers that we would raise three times the quota and that there was more real heart interest in one family floating down a river on a housetop than there was in all the corset salesmen in the world."¹

Well, my good friend, Arthur Brisbane, disagreed with me.² He said "It should be that way Will, but it's not." Now I sure don't want to argue with Arthur, for we agree on need of airships. We agree on arguments. We agree on debt settlements. We agree on Boulder Dam. We agree on the ability of President Coolidge, and of Mr. Mellon, on China, Nicaragua, and a whole lot of things, so I am not going to fall out with him over corsets, for I believe that flesh was intended to take its natural course and that it shouldnt be rounded up and confined in any given space, and anyone connected in that un-American enterprise of corralling beef and making it uncomfortable did not deserve all this publicity.³

The whole corset industry is interfering with the "Liberty of American flesh." Now here is what I am going to argue with Arthur. If they had nothing about the case outside the ordinary mention of it there would not be this wild curiosity. You couldnt get Brisbane to tell you that advertising

didnt pay. So how can five or six pages every day entirely on one subject keep from advertising that particular case? It's the New York papers that make the case. Suppose the Hall-Mills case had happened in Arizona.⁴ Say you wouldnt even have seen a picture of the apple tree.

Of course, I will admit that it couldnt have happened out there, for while they have got room for the lane, they wouldnt have enough people to go in it. But any case has got to be near enough to New York City so the photographers and writers can come back in for the night. Those special writers wouldnt cover anything outside of New York. Why, Chicago can furnish you a better case than that every ten minutes, yet they never get a bit of publicity on them.

No, sir, you can't blame that on the public. It's the papers that cause all interest in these things like this. If it wasnt in the papers for you to read you wouldnt know or care anything about it.

Why some of New York's tabloids had to cut their advertising down in order to make room for more evidence and pictures. And personally I think it was one of the worst photographed trials I ever saw. Both of them looked terrible. Any case you would pick out where husbands are being killed by wives and boy friends who are better to look on than these two.

Now we got that settled, we will take up the next business of the week. I got a wire from a very influential club in New Orleans saying: "The Government has cut our levee at our expense and overflowed five counties, so that the SEWERAGE from Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis and Memphis can get past Canal Street here in New Orleans." I wonder if there ain't a bit of truth in that statement. Even a town where people live on top of a hill they are not allowed to just throw everything out of their doors and let it roll down the hill on to the people that live at the bottom on the level ground.

Well I see where they are going to take it up in Congress when it meets in December, so that means that while next year's re-occurrence of this flood is devastating the country, why the sufferers will at least have the consolation that Congress is "thinking and talking about them anyway." There will be bills introduced in there to regulate the rainfalls. Some will suggest moving the river over in to some other Senator's State. Some will suggest leaving it empty into the Grand Canyon where the levees on each side are high enough now without rebuilding them. Someone will introduce a bill to have the river run up hill so it won't go so fast.

But the people down there better not put too much dependence in Congress. They can grow webbs feet quicker than Congress will relieve 'em. If I was them, I would make my next house a house boat. I got a wire my ranch, or what I thought was a cattle ranch was now a fish hatchery.

But Congress might fool us, and let us all hope and pray they will, for if anybody ever needed help it's those people down there.

Now let's see what other business we can take up. Andy Mellon got a diplomatic note from England last week, but it didn't get their interest or principal cut down any. This guy Mellon has been a Banker too long to let a few notes work on his sympathy. England ain't dealing with a Statesman now. They are dealing with a Business man, and incidentally, just about as good a one as we got.

Headline in the paper says, "Young man just out of college 5 years pays \$200,000 record price for seat on Stock Exchange." Then you read on down where the man that sold it to him was retiring and had never been to school in his life. So I can't find much of a boost for Colleges out of that headline.

Lord, for two hundred thousand you could get into Charleston (South Carolina) Society, and that's the most exclusive place in the world. Coolidge wanted to go there and speak one time and they found some broken limbs on his family tree away back in the sixteenth century and they had to call the visit off.

232 **THIS SACCO AND VANZETTI**

I was admitted into a very imposing private home on what I would guess (according to my meagre knowledge) would be called a fashionable street. The maid ushered us in, said "We were expected," and asked if we wanted to use the elevator. Being a person who had thought the height of convenience in my own home had been reached when we moved the well up near the house, why naturally I was looking for any new improvements.

We went up about the third-floor, which I thought was carrying things pretty high for a private house. We went into a nice big comfortable living room, where a man was reclining on a couch, with a very much swollen ankle, which he turned a few days before. There was three guns laying on the floor at his side, pistols. I thought for a moment I must be in Chicago. There was books of what looked like old bookkeeping ledgers piled around him. He had his secretary there and they were examining and pouring over these books and papers.

This man was an awfully friendly, smiling, good natured fellow. He thanked me for coming and said, "You are just what I need to cheer me up."

Now, with these guns laying there, and him acting in such worried condition, and studying and looking over these old books and records, you would think "What is this fellow going to do, commit suicide or something?" No, he would like to, but he is too game for that. Besides if some of the hundreds of letters that he has laying there are telling the truth, he wouldn't have to. The writers of them, themselves, will save him the trouble of doing that.

His life, his family's, his home, this very one we are standing in now, he has been warned might be blown up. So you say, "No wonder the guy has guns there, and is looking over his deeds and papers and getting them all straightened out."

But there is 47 other men in America that occupy exactly the very same position in America that he does. Yet he is the one chosen out of that whole 48. He is absolutely innocent. He has never knowingly wronged a person. He has sworn on a Bible to be just, and uphold the laws of his State and Country.

Fate is juggling with his destinies more than they are with any man in America this day. Instead of being, sitting there in that room with beads of perspiration pouring out on his forehead, he should be lighthearted and out on the golf links like many of his more fortunate 47 compatriots are. What he does in the next few days (perhaps before you read this) will be cabled to the four corners of the entire world. Not a newspaper in any language but what will have their best man write lengthy editorials on the judgment and wisdom of what this fellow sitting here with these three guns by him will do. He is a very wealthy man. He has everything to be proud and happy over. As we were going out we were shown dozens of his famous collections of paintings. A new Rembrandt just received, a new Romney. Yet he would trade places with any reader of this for the next few weeks.

Seven years ago a man was killed, among our vast conglomeration of murders perhaps this man sitting here didn't even any more than read the headlines of it. It meant nothing to him. It looked like an awfully ordinary murder as up-to-date murders go. There was not a lovers' lane, or a wife or a husband, or a lover, in fact there wasn't even a corset in it. Two men were convicted and I doubt if this fellow sitting here ever read about the trial. Yet seven years later here he is sitting here and one of those guns laying there is the one that was used in that murder. Those old worn books that looked like ledgers, are typewritten pages of evidence in the trial of the now famous Sacco-Vanzetti case, and this is the last referee, or judge, that is to decide the life and death of those two men, and his decisions will be flashed all over the civilized world.¹ He is Governor Fuller of Massachusetts, and he thought that he was just hiring out to the State for a Governor, and not be Judge, Jury and High Executioner.²

He took the guns and explained to us that he had had all the experts from manufacturing companies with all kinds of technical knowledge, all about the Breech Block, and what imprint the recoil of a bullet would make on it. The shell found in the pistol after the killing with the bullet gone into the victim's heart, showed such and such an imprint on the Breech Blocks, and various conflicting opinions as to whether this or that would be the case on such and such conditions.

Then he told us of the witnesses that he would have come here, who had testified at the trial. The wife of the murdered man was now dead, one of the principal witnesses was dead. One man had sworn to one thing and since changed his mind, and said he believed differently now. He is elected to uphold the law, and a jury of 12 men convicted these two accused, the Supreme Court upheld the jury's decision. There was a great many things entered into that case that don't enter into the ordinary case. The two men were supposed to be Reds. He has been threatened by death if he don't call for another trial or do something to prevent their being hanged.

Here he is day after day, night after night, studying over all the evidence, examining people and witnesses, trying from the bottom of his heart to get at the right solution of the case. I will tell you one thing, he will never be scared into any favorable decision. From the three-quarters of an hour chat I had with him I felt absolutely convinced that when he gives his decision that it will represent his honest opinion of the guilt or innocence of the men. When he looked at you you could just tell the man was striving to get at the absolute facts. I don't know when I ever felt as sorry for a man, and I don't know when I have met a man that made a more favorable impression on me of his absolute fairness.

And when he issues his decision, don't any of you writers, or readers either, accuse him of catering to any class or of being forced by men or conditions to do a certain thing, or accuse him of losing his nerve. Anybody that will say that, never met him. He is quite a character, this fellow, you know he was elected on a very unique platform. He used to be in the State Legislature and he attended one or two meetings and saw how politics was run, and he wouldn't go to it any more. He holds the world's record for NON-Attendance. He come out and was elected Governor because he knew enough not to mix with politicians. Then he still wouldn't play either way after being Governor, and was re-elected by a bigger majority than ever.

The typical politicians don't like him, so that means the rest of the state would bank their lives on him. He has caught about half of the politicians sneaking the capitol desks out under their coats, and made them bring 'em back. You know every man convicted for murder in court is not guilty, and on the other hand volumes of propaganda and lengths of petitions have nothing to do with guilt or innocence. But these two men are fortunate in having a man umpiring their game that will be like a good umpire. He will call 'em like he sees 'em. He made one remark that will always stand out in my memory, "I don't care whether they were Reds, Greens, Yellows, Pinks, or Pure Whites. WHAT I WANT TO KNOW, ARE THEY GUILTY?"

233 ASK ME ANOTHER—HOW MANY CAN YOU ANSWER?

All I know is just what I read in the papers. But today I varied a little and picked up a magazine on the newsstand in Hartford, Conn., and it was called, "Ask me another."¹ It was a "Question Book," I later found out. It said "Match your wits with the following and see how near you can come to their score: Adolph Menjou, Tom Mix, Bull Montana, Dick Turpin, Tommy Meighan, Hoot Gibson, Lillian Gish, Jackie Coogan, Big Boy William, Greta Garbo, Mary Pickford, Ken Maynard, Walter Cameron and Rin Tin Tin."² And dozens of others. Each one is asked so many questions and graded on the answers. Seventy per cent is considered high, 80 is fine and 85 is perfect.

Chester Conklin started off the answers in the books.³ The first question was:

What is the name of a well-known sewing machine that starts with the letter S, and has the same name as a person who vocalizes on the stage.

What state is Kalamazoo in? What one is New York City in?

Who was the last fat man we had for President?

What was the name of Charlie Chaplin's picture where he played the part of a Recruit Soldier?⁴

What war was the picture based on?

What well-known Sport is Babe Ruth connected with?⁵

How do the following sayings end?

(A) It's a long lane that has no _____.

(B) Shoot you are _____.

(C) A rolling stone gathers no _____.

(D) A fool and His money are soon _____.

What famous American President was tall and rather homely but freed the Slaves and was afterward murdered in a Theater?

Well old Chester just knocked 'em over, according to the Magazine, for an average of 78 per cent. Betty Bronson got a 79 per cent on the following interrogations:⁶

In what game does the phrase the "Nineteenth Hole" appear?

Who discovered America and Why?

From what country was the Queen from, who backed Columbus tour?

What theatrical producer is known as "Glorifying the American girl?"

What is the largest City in the United States?

Dick Barthelme got the highest score.⁷ He got 88 on the following:

How many of each Animal did Noah take into the ark?

Who did Romeo marry?

Who was it that said, "I cannot tell a lie," when his father caught him trying to gnaw down a cherry tree with just a hatchet?

What is the Roman numeral for 10?

What animal is pictured on the Camel cigarette?

On what day of the month was the Declaration of Independence signed?

Adolph Menjou in a very suave manner answered enough of the following to bat out an average of 81!

What is Monte Carlo noted for?

What was the name of Robinson Crusoe's servant (he was a man servant)?

Cleanliness is next to what?

What popular Movie Actor died in 1926, and Pola Negri not only cried but come east?⁸

What book of Mark Twain's was it that a Yankee woke up back in the old early English days, it made a good movie?⁹

Who is the famous Polish musician who plays the piano with long hair and a long name?

Tom Mix hogtied enough of the following to be branded with a score of 77:

Who was the first woman to swim the English Channel?

Between what two cities does the Twentieth Century run?

How do these proverbs end:

Never count your chicks until what happens to them?

What country's flag does the Star Spangled Banner represent?

With what season is the following word associated, Yuletide?

Hoot Gibson was right on Tom's heels with a 76 on the following tough one:

What did a famous war song tell you to pack your troubles in?

What is the advertised average of the number of people who have Pyoreahea?

In what State was Gold discovered on the West Coast in 1848?

Coleen Moore got a big percentage of the following:¹⁰

What according to the advertisement do "Children cry for?"

What well-known General was defeated at the Battle of Waterloo?

Who was heavyweight champion ahead of Jeane Tunney?¹¹

Here is some that Richard Cortez had among his, according to the magazine.¹²

What two names do they call the line that was supposed to separate the North from the South?

What countries award the following decorations for bravery, (A) Congressional Medal? (B) Iron Cross?

What state is known as the Blue Grass State?

Florence Vidor, I forget the score, but she was high on the following:¹³

What famous English male comedian with a derby, now has a brother who is featured in the movies as a comedian?¹⁴

Had Moses a beard, or was he clean shaven?

What did the orator in Rome want them to lend him when he said, Friends, Romans and Countrymen, lend me your _____?

Dorothy Gish took care, according to the magazine of some of these stickers:¹⁵

Between what country and America is Niagra Falls located?

What country was Joan of Arc from?¹⁶

Who is Will Hayes?¹⁷

Can Aimee McPherson Swim?¹⁸

Bebe Daniels was in there too, Bebe had this tough baby right off the reel.¹⁹

Name the female of the following, Bull, Lion, Rooster?

What do they call a man that sells Liquor illegally?

From what book did Cecil Demille and Jeanne McPherson get the idea of the picture the King of Kings?²⁰

Who was the fiddler during the fire at Rome?

Who was the man tried for murder at the same time that Ruth Snyder was?²¹

Old Rin Tin Tin barked out a 100% on the following:

What is the last word in the following sayings:

(A) Love me love my _____?

(B) A barking dog never _____?

(C) Every dog has his _____?

What animal is a man's best friend?

There was a lot more of them answering them in this magazine, Wallace Berry, Doug McClean, Richard Dix.²² Well, get the magazine yourself it's only 25 cents, and you can read all the questions. Now I don't know whether these folks know that their name is in there. Maybe somebody just put it out and didnt consult them about these answers at all. I know all these people and they are smarter than that. I tell everybody "I don't like the game," and that gets you out of showing your ignorance. I make out like it is beneath me, and it is because I don't know any of the answers. I am framing up one of my own to ask you all in a week or so. I am going to have some stickers. For instance, "Who will be the first President that will run for the third term?"

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**LET'S KEEP LINDBERGH
OUT OF VAUDEVILLE**

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers, and it don't take much foresight and intelligence to guess what I have read in the papers lately. I have read everything in them, and all that I have read has been about Lindbergh.¹ And mind you I was tickled to death to read it too. The more you read of him and his actions, and the way he has conducted himself in Paris and the rest of the country has been a great satisfaction to all of us. The ones of us here now will never live to see a thing that will give us a bigger kick than his flight did. It was the greatest wished-for, and prayed-for achievement that ever happened or ever will happen in our lifetime. Prayers was what he was sailing on.

And what a smart fellow he turned out to be in everything that he did after he got there! Why, we never had a diplomat that conducted himself with as fitting grace as this lad did. Now, if we can keep him out of show business and the movies. Not that I am claiming it would belittle anyone to go into either branch of those professions. But no one has any legitimate business in them unless he belongs there. When a man is put on the stage or screen for nothing but the sole purpose of giving some one a chance to see him, he naturally becomes nothing more than a sideshow. That's what freaks are for. They don't do anything. But on account of some particular odd build, or amount of tattoo marks, they are there just to look at. The real performers are in a circus or on a stage for an entirely different reason. This boy is too much thought of to do that.

At his age and with his mechanical knowledge why he is just starting in to be one of real value to us. He is at the top of a profession that is just starting to get somewhere. He might be the means of saving us in the next war. Because right up there in his territory is where it is to be held. His inspiration will do more for aviation than anything that has happened to us since the Wrights invented them.² Keep him where he can work and consult with all our great builders. Maybe through this the government will wake up. We have a few planes. The other day at our air maneuvers in San Antonio we had something over a hundred in there at once. But we ought to have had 10,000.

What's a hundred of anything in a country of 120,000,000? We get the boys to fly 'em. We have a lot of Lindberghs over here, and a lot in the making. All they need is the training and the proper financial backing. If the rest of the world knew that we had the greatest Air Force in the world, we wouldnt have to be worrying over any disarmament conferences and a thousand and one other things that we get mixed up in now. All we would

have to do is just to sit here and take care of our own business, and you can bet no one would ever have any idea of coming over and pouncing on us.

It's not only Army and Navy Aviation but it's Commercial Aviation that we want to develop. By the time you read this I will be on my way out to the old Mayor's office in Beverly Hills. (After first going by Claremore, Oklahoma, and see how they all are getting along, for I am also Deputy Sheriff there.) I will be three or four days on a train. Now why will I be that long on a train? Lindbergh come from California to New York in 23 hours. Now why can't we go and get into a regular commercial air line that will take us out there in at least 30 or 40 hours?

Get people used to flying. Why a railroad is a stage coach after you once fly. I bet you a line going, we will say, at the start, once a week, will pay. Then gradually increase your trips to twice weekly. They run a line clear into Russia. Now you mean to tell me that there is not more people that want to go from Los Angeles to New York, and visa versa than there is that want to get into Russia? Why then I am out of order.

We will and break our neck to try and save a minute in every thing else. We will mash a gas accelerator through the bottom of a car to beat a train to the grade crossing, then when we get on the other side we stop at a hot dog stand and eat and drink for 15 minutes. We knock 12 women and children down to get on a street car ahead of everybody, then get home and stand on the corner and gab to some fellow who is tired listening to you. We do all these crazy things to try and save time, and yet there is something that will save us hours and hours and perhaps days, and we don't seem much interested in taking it up. There is no danger in it. These hundred planes that gathered at San Antonio from all over the country, flew there and back and all during the maneuvers there wasn't an accident. Germany has carried a half million passengers for over three million flying miles and never lost a life.

If Lindbergh will fly across the ocean in one, we ought to at least muster up enough courage to fly across a state, even if it's only Rhode Island.

Maybe we can get Cal to fly to the Black Hills. He wouldnt have to make any speeches to the farmers from the back of the train as he went through the thrasher and corn planter belt, He never had any idea that he would like yachting till the Mayflower fell into his hands.³ Now he is crazy about that. Well, we can keep him flying with a smaller crew than it takes to keep up the Mayflower, and he won't have to take any Senators or Congressmen with him.

It would almost be worth taking a chance in a plane just for him to get rid of some of the company he has sometimes.

Another thing about reading about Lindbergh, the reason that people have eat it up all this time is because it's the only thing that has been in the papers in years that was clean, and no dirt connected with it in any way. People hadent read clean stuff in so long they just went crazy over this. It sho was lucky for Marie she didnt land here during the reign of Lindbergh.⁴ He sho would have started hunting up Roumania. Why Ford advertised a new car, a thing that would have ordinarily drove a war off the front page, but it didnt dent old Lindy's front page.⁵

Well, if he ever comes to Beverly I will give him the keys to every screen star's heart. Mary will walk out on Doug when that kid comes along.⁶

235 THAR'S BARS IN THEM HILLS

I don't know what Mr. Coolidge wants to go away out there to the Black Hills in South Dakota for.¹ If I was a man that was looking for some hills I sure wouldnt pay any transportation away out to any South Dakota. I would go right up to a State called Vermont and I would hunt up a place called Plymouth and he will have him about as many hills as a man can scenically digest in any one vacation.

I have just been up there. Vermont has got Black ones, Green ones, White ones, any kind, color, shape or size Hill that you want. Why when it comes to having hills, Dakota is just an amateur. Vermont has misplaced more Hills than Dakota's Chamber of Commerce has on their list. So I don't know what he is going to the Black Hills to hunt hills for. Why Vermont has more hills in what they call their valleys than Dakota can produce on top of their hills. A Vermont farm don't lay. It hangs.

When your corn grows up big enough to gather you go up on the farm and shake the ears off and they fall in the barn. Now that's as I say if a man is looking to vacate among the hills. Now you see that's what makes you lose confidence in him in a way, especially if you have been there and see what he is leaving. It kinder makes you doubt sometimes if he really is going to Dakota just on account of the Hills.

Now, I am not hinting anything. I am just sorter soliloquizing out loud. We will take for instance suppose he had during this last session of Congress vetoed a Maple Syrup Bill, and there was enough Maple Syrup catchers to kinder clog up a few voting booths. Now, do you think he would a been hunting the hills of Dakota or the hills of Vermont? Suppose he had lowered the duty on imported Tombstones, and Vermont with her monotony of marking the spot "Where body was last seen."

Don't it kinder look like he would a gone back up there for the summer to kinder cheer the boys up that had a surplus of stones on their hands, and the dying not hardly keeping up to normal? Yes, sir, he would a done something for them, even if it was to put out a slogan, "Use home talent Tombstones. These foreign ones won't last even till you are forgotten." Now you see Maple Syrup and Tombstones are protected by the Tariff, so there is no use going up there to pacify them this summer.

Now it has been intimated by some that the fishing was what he was going to the Black Hills for. Now there's another misleading statement. There is more fish in Vermont than all the Dakotas put together. I imagine that Dakota (including the Non-Partisan league) have more queer fish than Vermont. Vermont's is a more conservative fish.

He don't go in for many new fangled ideas or new ways of doing things. You see, the reason there is more fish in Vermont is economy. The fishermen up there don't spare much bait. They try to get what few they can with just an empty hook. If you want to be extravagant and really use plenty of bait why you can get all the great fishing you want in Vermont.

Here is the first thing I ever heard about the Black Hills. It's an old cowboy song of the noted Texas outlaw, "Sam Bass," and here is the first few parts of it.² Sam was, as I say, from Texas, but he is just up in the Black Hills before you know it in the song.

Sam Bass was born in Indiana; it was his native home. Sam wasn't crooked enough for politics, so he had to go and roam. Sam come down to Texas a cowboy for to be. A kinder hearted fellow you seldom ever see. Sam used to deal in race stock, one called the Denton Mare, he matched her in scrub races and took her to the fair. Sam used to make good money and spend it just as free. He always required good whiskey wherever he might be. Sam joined a Dakota trail herd the Black Hills for to see, sold out in Custer City and then got on a spree. On the way back to Texas they robbed a U. P. train. They then split up in couples and started out again. Joe Collins and his partner were overtaken soon. And with all their hard-earned cash they had to meet their doom.

Now that's the first part of the famous Sam Bass song. I was weaned on that, and the "Dying Cowboy," and "Ty Yi Yippy, Ty Yi Ai." I always like that last line that I quoted above, "They robbed the U. P. train," and then a little later it says "With all their hard-earned cash they had to meet their doom." That "hard-earned cash" line after robbing a train always "intrigued" me.

I am not trying to sing to you, or sell you a song. I am only quoting all this to give you an idea of the kind of a place that Cal has desires to see. There must be a bit of the old Sam Bass blood in Cal. "He wants the Black Hills for to see." So Coolidge don't have to go to the Black Hills to make

them known. This song of Sam Bass, more people know the words of it than do our National Anthem.

Sam when he got there as the song says "He got on a spree." I am kinder wondering just how Calvin will take to the wild life. I think he went because if he stayed around the East all his life we would liable to get to thinking he was sorter effeminate, and he wanted to go out and rub up against some real he-men. Out in the wide spaces where men are men, and farms are mortgaged. Where the Government has showed them every way in the world where they can borrow money and never yet introduced an idea of how to pay any of it back. Where women are women and only get to town when they have to go to endorse a note with their husbands.

If your crop is a failure and you don't raise anything, why you are fortunate. Because it costs you more to raise anything than you can sell it for, so the less you raise the less you lose, and if you don't raise anything you are ahead. Oh yes, I like to forgot this Dakota is the first place that holds a presidential primary, and most states name as first choice some local celebrity.

Well, Cal is going to furnish the celebrity. They can't hardly turn down one of the "Boys from the Black Hills." Every state wants to please their tourist element, and Dakota can't afford not to nominate their summer boarder. I know you will say "Yes, but ain't thar Bars in them thar Black Hills?" "Won't the Bars hurt our little Cal?" Hell No; them Bars will just love Little Cal.

236 I DON'T BUTT IN IN FAMILY ROWS!

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers. Between the return of Lindbergh, and the arrival of Chamberlin, and Coolidge going west to get fish and votes, why it don't leave much else but Charlie and Lita.¹ Course, if Charlie and Lita start in telling names like they keep claiming they are, why that will be about enough. Hollywood wishes they would either name them, or quit talking about naming them. For just about everybody is afraid they won't be among those named.

Charley says he will name 2 men, and Lita says she will send him the two and raise him five. She says she will name seven prominent film actresses. The producers are laughing up their sleeves at that. For they say there is not seven prominent screen actresses here. They say they have paid good money to find out just how prominent they were and that they know.

But I don't like to butt in. It's right here in my town of Beverly Hills. But as long as they keep their paving and light and water tax payed, why I don't worry much about how my constituents live. I just sit at my desk day

in and day out taking care of the worth while things that come up for a mayor of a thriving and growing town to attend to. I have found out that it don't pay to interfere officially with any kind of sex problems. I just figure if both sides was not slick enough not to get caught, they are too commonplace for me to waste my official time on.

My constituents, I don't claim that they are all good, but the most of them is at least slick.

Well, I covered a good deal of what the Latins (or maybe it was the Greeks) used to call *Terra Firma*, since I last penned you a line.

I last wrote you when I was going into New Orleans to give the benefit. Well, sir, it would have done your heart good to have seen how the whole city did cooperate on that little performance. All three papers helped wonderfully, and all the people of the town. We got 48 thousand dollars, that's the most any benefit has raised anywhere in America. It's over twice as much. They are fine people down there and they know the need of the money being raised. The flood at no time was in New Orleans, but it was in great danger at one time.² So now everybody's thoughts are on having the government settle on some policy where it will never occur again. The next day I went up to Baton Rouge and met a lot of the men who were responsible for the great work done in the rescue. They were through and scattering to their various army assignments. Major Gotwalls, and Major McCoy, two who had done especially heroic work, both said they had never in all their army experience seen everybody and everything work together like they did in this work.³ You see there was about a half dozen different branches of the Government service there, Army, Navy, Naval Aviation, Army Aviation, Coast Guard, Rum Runner Boats, Geological Survey Forces. They all pitched in and worked, no matter who the orders come from. The National Guard also did great work.

It sure does make you proud of our men in the service when you see what they can really do. We don't have as many, in our service as lots of them, but I tell you we have a very high class bunch of men. And the Red Cross, that just almost goes without saying. We are so used to the things that they do that we sometimes just forget to praise them. But this time they outdid themselves. It was the biggest thing since the war, and they were on the ground and just in a couple of weeks feeding and housing and caring for as many as six hundred thousand. And I want to tell you they were cared for, too.

I went through some of the camps, both whites and colored ones, and it would have made you feel that every dollar you gave went right where it belonged. Lord, what a blessing an organization like that is. I would have rather originated the Red Cross than to have written the Constitution of the U.S. Hoover can run for President and be elected down there, even over a

Democrat.⁴ He did wonderful work. But that's why he is not a politician. He is too competent. Something big comes along; we look to Hoover to do it. Some little sorter half dirty work comes along; we look to a politician to do it.

An Ex-Governor Parker (by the way, the man that run as Vice President with Roosevelt the year he was defeated.)⁵ He was appointed at the head of the whole thing. He was the one took me through the camps. Then a Navy Flier took me for hundreds of miles over nothing but a sea of water and housetops. If you have never seen a flood you don't know what horror is. These fliers were real heroes. They flew all over the tops of those swamps, locating people for the boats to get. Planes proved their worth, right in that flood.

Now the argument has started. What to do to give permanent relief down there. The cry of those people down there is, "We don't want relief and charity; we want protection."

And if Congress don't take it up the first thing when they meet, in fact, there should be an early session called about the last of September. Coolidge was right in not calling one now, but till December is too late to do anything that will give relief by next spring. Course if it ever gets into Congress, I would just as soon try to swim upstream against the flood as to be in the hands of Congress. For every old Senator will want to tack his little flood or power bill of his little river onto this one so he can get it through. Everybody is for the sufferers now, but how they will feel when December comes is a different story. They will be arguing over what to do with the Mellon surplus.⁶ Spillways is the only thing they can build, so these smartest of Government Engineers told me.

They can't get the levees any higher and save it. They have to put in some way of relieving the river of part of the water. It's got to be done. It's the biggest thing before the country today. Course we are liable to have to cut down on ammunition expenditures in Nicaragua and China. But it looks like saving and protecting some of our own is better than trying to shoot somebody else, especially when we have to go so far to get to shoot at 'em.

But the flood has been a great lesson to us. The people have done their part, now it's up to the Government to do theirs. But if you want to get some comedy, wait till they start in suggesting what to do. One fellow seriously wants to bore holes in the bottom of the river and let the water out. Another one wants to dig a ditch alongside of the river and run the extra back into the Great Lakes. He had it all with the possible exception of the water, running up hill.

237 WILL IS ABLE TO SIT UP; DICTATES

California Hospital. Los Angeles. All I know is what I get in the mail and by telegraphy, but all I know when I get out of here will be a whole lot more than I knew when I came in. I'm not hardly in shape yet to give you the low down on the "COAX 'EM IN AND CARRY 'EM OUT FOUNDRY," but I'm learning every day.

I hope my constant reader and the two or three "in and outers" won't mind me accepting a little help this week. Here is an old boy that sent a poem that seems to about have the low-down on me:

DISEASE IN VERSE

William had a bum appendix
 And, of course, there came a date,
 When the Doctor gravely told him
 That he'd have to operate.

So the hospital embraced him,
 And the deed was neatly done,
 But instead of being over
 All his troubles had begun.

For he found he ran a gas works,
 And from morn till dewy eve,
 He was busy generating
 Gas that nothing would relieve.

With the rumble and the thunder
 of a detonating bomb,
 Romped the wicked little bubbles
 in his suffering abdomen.

Every touch on his incision
 made him wince and moan with pain,
 But the bubbles gaily gathered
 And rolled up on it again

Through the night the plant kept working,
 And the pain was never gone-
 Every vicious gas pain shouting
 To his comrades, "Hurry on!"

Long he stood the fiendish torture,
Till the flesh could bear no more.
Then the undertaker got him,
And the gas bombs roared no more.

On his tombstone is this message,
All may read who thither pass;
“Here lies rumbling William Rogers,
Blown to atoms by his gas.”

Gene Bernard¹

‘DOESN’T NEED GALL’

Dear Will:

A rolling gall stone gathers no gas. When a man has Heart, Brains and Guts like you have, he doesn’t need Gall.

Nellie Revell,²
Hollywood.

Dear Will:

Stay in there and ride ’em cowboy; the whole Cherokee tribe are pulling for you.

Charley Starr,³
Drumright, Okla.

Dear Bill:

It is a shame you have to have such a Tummyache, but when the ache is all over you will be better than ever. I’ve just been through it so I know. God Bless you, old friend.

Louise Dresser,⁴
Glendale, Calif.

Dear Will:

One stone put Goliath out of business. But I am sure the armor of countless good wishes you wear will protect you against a thousand.

Herbert Bayard Swope⁵
Editor, New York World

Dear Will:

All I know is what I read in the papers and I see that your gall isn’t what it used to be. Hope you won’t be disappointed in the scar and that they didn’t take any of the funny part out of you.

E. C. Romfh, Mayor,⁶
Miami, Fla.

Dear Bill:

Ziegfeld had same ailment, you have taken it from him as you have taken most of his money.⁷

Ring Lardner,⁸
Great Neck, L. I. N. Y.

Dear Will:

We are doubly sorry you are ill. Will, we came all the way from Chicago to be married by the Mayor of Beverly Hills and had to get hitched today by the Justice of the Peace at Santa Ana.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashton Stevens,⁹
Chicago Dramatic Critic.

Dear Rogers:

Congratulations on your publicity and recovery, hope loss of stone weight is not overbalanced by loss to you Exchequer.

Kirk Johnson¹⁰
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Dear Bill:

What is the big idea? You ought not to have any of that particular quality removed, because you are going to need it all. However, a man's gall ought to be undiluted, so go ahead and take out anything that is not genuine. Have been anxious about you, because I think our stunts last Saturday did not help you any. Know you will be all right, but want you to hurry up and get well. We got home in good shape this morning. Again, thanks and best wishes.

Will H. Hays,¹¹
Sullivan, Ind.

Dear Will:

Don't get High Hat now just because you had an operation.

Forrest Braden,¹²
Louisville, Ky.

Dear Will Rogers:

Will Shakespeare is dead, also Charley Russell.¹³ We cannot spare you, greatest of cowboys. Democrats need you for President. Lindbergh too young. Henry Ford cannot carry New Jerusalem. Will ship barrel of Capon Healing water free if you will drink it, it will clean your stomach thoroughly.

Will Atkinson,¹⁴
New York City, N.Y.

Dear Bill:

Hope you are not as cut up as the streets of Beverly Hills.

Colin Clements¹⁵
Los Angeles.

Dear Bill:

I knew the Banquet grub would get you.

Capt. Irving O'Hay¹⁶
Toledo, Ohio

Dear Will:

Permit an editorial surgeon to compliment your surgeon on a bit of clever cutting.

George H. Lorimer,¹⁷
Saturday Evening Post.

Dear Bill:

Next time you have gall stones put them in your wife's name so they can't take them away from you. Now that you are Hog Tied and branded you can imagine how it feels to be a Short horn. Did the Doctor have to flank you to get his brand on you, and how long did it take? We are all anxious to see the design of the brand. Would advise you putting the Gall stones in Vaudeville. Take care of yourself, Bronco.

Leo Carillo,¹⁸
Freeport, Long Island, N. Y.

238 ETHER, CORN PONE, AND DISARMAMENT

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers, and I sure am having plenty of time to read what is in the papers. Well, I am back out home, I would have been here sooner but the town of Beverly is building so fast that it took us two days to find my home.

Yes, I am out of the Hospital and the old "stomacker" is percolating along on all four. If it wasn't for argueing with the nurse over what you can do, and what you ought not to do, why I would have a lot more time than I have now. You can't look crosseyed but what you hear. "Now you look out! You know what the doctor said!"

Say, listen, the doctor don't have to keep warning me. I am not looking to be spread out and inhaling ether as a steady diet. It didn't take much to put me insensible, but I hope I have heard my last "lay perfectly quiet now, you will feel better in a little while. It's the ether wearing off."

I am not out to break any quick recovery records, I never did get all the laying down I wanted in my life before anyway, so I am just a laying and lying. I wouldnt have minded the whole thing so much but they wouldn't let me have any "chili," or chili con carne, as you amateur eaters call it. I sure do love my chili. If I could have just bogged down to a few bowls of good old greasy chili, I would have been well in a week. But I got the next best thing that I wanted and that was some real cornbread. Not this old yel-

low kind made with eggs, but cornbread, real old corn dodger, or corn pone, made with meal, hot water and salt. But I had to have my sister, Mrs. Tom McSpadden, from Chelsea, Oklahoma, show 'em how that should be made.¹ She even had to send back to get the meal, they don't know what corn meal is out here. I mean corn meal. And she showed 'em how to fix some string beans with some fat meat. Not just boiled in old hydrant water, But a real piece of ham or the side of a shoat.

Hospitals are all right, they are our greatest blessings, they take fine care of you, but when the old appetite comes back you don't want to be mixed up with a kitchen where there is one of those "dieticians," they know what is good for your health, but they don't know what is good for your appetite. They figure out the calories, but I like to figure out the odor. If I happen to be having some bean soup, I want to be able to locate, at pretty prompt intervals, some little objects that look to me like beans. I don't want a bowl of it where the beans have just been driven through there at low tide.

Now here is California that is supposed to raise everything. We had to send back to Oklahoma to get all the following provisions that really make life worth while. You see California is populated with such a Mongrel breed of people from every state and place in the world. They really have no dishes of their own. You give a Los Angelician five more gallons of gas, two hot dogs, a bottle of red soda pop, and somebody to blow off to, and you have just about covered his national diet. Why if one of these transplanted birds ever sat down to a real Oklahoma meal, he would eat so much he would be speechless, and that's the nearest dead a Californian can be without being buried.

Why, these people don't even know what "kon-nutchy" is, or kurd, or cracklins, or chitlins.² All that is just like speaking perfect English to 'em, they don't know what you are talking about. Oklahoma had to furnish our real Hickory Smoked Hams. Can you imagine 'em smoked in Eucalyptis Logs? There ain't a Hickory Bush this side of the Verdigris river. Why we had to even send home for "sorgum." But by golly I am living now. I am eating real Biscuits and for breakfast. No lightbread, or "wasp nest" for mine. Biscuits and real ham and cream gravy. Oklahoma will show the world how to live yet. I sho am living pretty, but I like to had to die to get it. Well, that's enough about eating. What we got to take up is how is the world treating us?

Well the world is not so much in unison for us when we have nothing to give up for them. We were the bright particular hero of the Washington Disarmament Conference, because we offered to show them something that no nation had ever seen before, and that was a nation sinking its own ships.³ Well, they all fell for that right away, and we showed them what a great

fellow we was. We just sunk till we had nothing else to sunk. We promised to scrap our big building programme that would have by now made us the biggest navy in the world. "We are big hearted Otis, just watch us show you the biggest boob trick every performed by an alleged civilized people."

Well that went off with so much applause from the other nations we said "let's have another disarmament conference."⁴ We thought it was their time to sink, and they come thinking, "Well maybe they will sink again." But we had nothing left to sink, we had had five years to think it over and decided we hadn't done so well at the first sinking as we had at first thought. England said, "It's all right for you fellows to build 'em and sink 'em yourself. You have plenty of money, and it's a great way of showing your extravagance, but we havent much money and when we build one it's with the distinct understanding that any time it is sunk, it will go down a shooting."

England finally admitted that America had a right to as big a navy as they have. Now, that sure was displaying a bunch of generosity, there is one thing that has been mighty gratifying, and that is the way the American Deligation stood up at this conference. I went over on the Leviathan last year with our Deligation, and afterwards visited them at Geneva, and the main two then are the same ones that are doing so fine for us now. That is Hugh Gibson, our Ambassador to Belgium, and Hilary Jones, the finest old Admiral that ever looked with a knowing wink at England's "apple sauce" toward us and our Navy.⁵ They have never fooled either one of these birds.

Well, the movie magnates was supposed to cut the actors' salary, but they announced it without looking at their contracts they had with them. Soon as they learned to read the English part of the contract, why they called it off and charged the whole thing to overhead.

239

SEND A SOLDIER TO PARIS

Say, is this scheme any good? Is there anything to it? It won't take long to lay it before you. If it's any good, get behind it. But if you are not interested in the last war, or anyone connected with it, why this won't be much good to you. So pick up your tabloid and go back to reading your favorite murder.

Every year our various soldier organizations meet and have a good time and talk over the most remembered time of their lives. They always talked about Paris and wished they could see it again. Well, this year they are to meet there. Just think meeting in the real country where the war was fought. He wants to see, not the Paris of war times, with lights out and airplane

raids, but the Paris he has heard of all his life, the Paris that was just built to entertain. He wanted to go to the battlefield and see the place where he ducked in time, and maybe his pal didn't. Nobody knows what any soldier's vision of France might be. It might be an old farm house where he was quartered. It might be the Eiffel Tower. It might be a French girl. It might, by the barest possibility, be an "American bar." And the ones who enlisted and never made it over they have their visions. But a lot of those visions didn't last long. "Paris; yes great place, but how am I going to get there?" "It's going to be a great trip for somebody. Somebody else, not me." "Cross the ocean? Say, I can't cross the Hudson till they get a free bridge." "It's this week's board that's worrying me right now, more than the boulevards of old Patee."

Now, here is the scheme. If it's no good I will humbly apologize and bow out gracefully. Let every one of us who didn't go before (or even sign up to go) send a man. Someone went for us before. Now let's send him again. Of course the government sent him in our place the last time we didn't go, and we didn't even send anybody, the government even had to do that for us. Now let's see if we can't at least send someone ourselves this time. I know some that didn't go are not able to send anyone. But that should be made up by the thousands that are able to not only send one, but five, or ten or twenty, or a hundred. A lot of rich men are real men. They have a great heart and are always willing to give, if they know its going to the real needy ones. I don't know the exact amount, and that all depends on the accommodations, the same as the price room you might want to occupy at a hotel. But from what I have read five or six hundred dollars will provide the whole trip in a very comfortable manner. In fact I think its figures down as low as four hundred. His railroad fare from any part of the U.S. to New York is one fare for the round trip. Which is a very generous move of the railroads.

The Leviathan, our greatest and best manned ship, will be the flag ship. It carried over as many as 10,000 at a trip during the war and never had the sign of an accident. There will be no such thing as classes. You might have a higher priced room, but everybody eats together and its all one class. France is doing all they can to arrange reasonable accommodations in both hotels and private homes. What you spend depends on the amount of side trips you want to take.

Now my idea is not to just send a certain amount of money to some legion post and tell them this pays for a certain amount of boys, but to pick out some boy or boys yourself that you know is deserving, preferably some that are in the hospitals that are able to get about but not able to do anything toward their support. Don't just give your money and forget it, but get acquainted with the boy or boys. Let them know who was doing it for them.

Why it should form acquaintances and associations that would be beneficial to both all your lives.

Maybe when they get back help them to get started in something, make him feel like he is your boy, and you want to help him. It would have a big effect on his conduct over there. He would want to do what was right and honorable, for you had trusted him and believed in him. Now I have been in towns where the Legion has held conventions and the "self-called better element" criticised the way the boys had acted. Some of the "100 per cent Americans" who didn't go seemed to be kinder put out because some of the boys got tangled up with some "white mule." They stumbled over some corn liquor. They seemed to think the boys should have met and prayed all the time, and at the end of the service taken up a collection for foreign missions.

Say, there wasn't a one of them smelled anything on the boys' breath the day he enlisted. In fact if he had wanted an extra "swig" anyone of the old good sisters or brothers would have taken him to their homes and given him some of their private stock. No, sir, his morals wasn't as big a handicap as his flat feet. You could be "cock-eyed" the day you enlisted as long as they thought they could get you sobered up in time to get you shot at. Bad eyesight kept more men out than bad breath.

So we are not in a position to criticise the boys if they want to pick Omaha up and throw it over in Minnesota. I saw one of their conventions and they acted almost half as bad as the American Bankers' Association, who had nothing to celebrate but foreclosed mortgages. Now these old boys are liable to get in Paris, and if you don't watch 'em they are liable to sneak out and take on a few "Drachms." And a bunch of the wildest ones are liable to get in with a bunch of American Tourists and get pretty near as drunk as the tourists do. And we will hear sermons and read editorials about it.

Well if what they did for us in the last war wasn't worth a good drunk, why then we ought to be made to fight the next war ourselves, and let them sit home and see whether our fighting was as good as our morals. We want to let them know that we don't expect them to go over and enter a monastery. But on the other hand we do expect them to keep out of jail. My idea, if possible, is to meet your boys and see them either on the train or the boat in New York if possible, have dinner with him, or them, the night before, think what a happy place old New York would be with thousands of little parties being held. Why, New York would be the happiest place in the world that night. Now these luncheon clubs, and all those outfits that everybody jokes about, they really have a fine bunch of men belong to them. But they never realize that they don't do anything but eat and not good eating at that.

Now they could be a tremendous help to this. Just think of the Rotarys, Kiwanis, Lions, Civitans and all those, if each club in each town would decide how many they could send. Pick out men in their own towns. Every town has its deserving hero that's not able to make the trip financially.

It might be a taxi driver. It might be a bell hop. And take care of his dependents while he is away. Then at your meetings read the letters he would write back to you, instead of sitting there every meeting listening to some old dry guy with a message on salesmanship or better relations between banker and borrower. Then keep on helping him when he comes back. Look at the towns that have a mother that lost maybe one or more sons, and they are buried over there. Think of sending her, and let her see those well-kept graves. What could be a greater outlay of a few dollars from each of your members. You do a few things like that and they will quit calling your clubs "Go Getters" and "Town Boosters." You would have it on those intellectual critics then. And this means all these women's clubs. Let them get busy. The profits of a bridge game would send some deserving nurse that put in a couple of hard years doing so much as any soldier. Let these "Monday Musicales," and "Tuesday Near Musicales," let some of those dubs with no more idea, or purpose than a goat, let them do something worth while for somebody beside themselves.

Now you hear a lot of argument as to how they will be treated. A lot of people are judging how they will be treated by how the tourists have been treated. Say, France will fall over themselves to do everything they can for these boys, and when they want to be nice nobody can beat them at it. You know those are the boys that they know actually helped them out. While the tourists are the ones that go over and say, "We are the ones that helped you." Europe will see the real Americans. They saw them during the war, but they never saw them at play before. France don't want thousands of bad press agents leaving their country. They know their chances of using these boys again depends on the way they are treated.

All of France has a tremendous regard for our real fighting men, be sure to give your boy enough to send him to London. They will get a great welcome there. Britain jokes us about us saying "We won the war."

But the real British soldier knows that no American soldier that he fought along-side of during the war ever made that remark. All the countries will treat them great. Even Germany. That's a redeeming feature of the war. It sometimes leaves as much real regard for your enemy as a fighting man as for the ones you fought by the side of. And you should go to Belgium by all means. They will be royally received there. The whole trip will do a lot of good, for after all's said and done, they will find the real people about the same in every country. They got about the same problems and troubles. If we stopped and studied their angle we would perhaps do and say

just about what they do. It will make every one that goes over come back a little more generous toward the feelings of others.

We cheered 'em and we bought bonds (for which we got good interest.) We sold everything we raised and made at high prices till we said it hurt. Now let's see if we can't send them somewhere without having 'em promise to die to get there.

This whole idea may be all wet, but I am just bullheaded enough to give it a trial in a very small way myself and see.

The idea that the last war was a war to end wars has always appealed to me as more of a slogan than fact, and I think there is a bare possibility that we might want to use these boys again. Anyway it looks like mighty good insurance to keep them in a good humor.

240 WILL OFFERS MORAL SUPPORT TO LONG TOURS

All I know is just what I see in the papers, or what I see as the Ford cars wend their way into Beverly Hills. If I am wakened by any kind of noise in the night, it sounds like the approach of a tired and leg-weary Ford. You see it all started by my offering the prize for the first nonstop Ford flight from Claremore, Oklahoma, to Beverly Hills. Or the other way. Well, I don't know how many Fords there are in any state, but I know how many there is in Oklahoma, or was in Oklahoma. You see, it all come about by Lindberg getting St. Louis on the map. Now I knew we couldnt hardly expect to have Claremore outdo Lindberg, for he is the last word. I knew we couldnt show much along the Aeroplane line. But I thought to myself you put us down near the ground in a Ford and we are pretty hard to clean after.

So the thought come, let's have a Ford flight. Well the idea had no more than reached the public prints than half of Oklahoma was oiling up bent axles, patching inner tubes and looking to see which way Beverly Hills was. Now the distance is about eighteen hundred miles as Lindberg flies. Here are a few of the letters in regard to entrance:

Kansas City, Mo.
July 8th

Dear Mr. Rogers:

I am entering your Ford endurance race. I am equipping mine with eight wheels, so that I can use one set awhile and then when they get hot I can pull them up and use the other set. Will have a platform built all around it so I can do various odds and ends of jobs on it. As it is to be Non Stop, I have arranged with the various railroad Companies and informed them the

day that I will cross their tracks and they are to stop the trains and give me the rightaway. Fog will determine the time of my hop off. I am going to try to be the Lindberg of the Fords. I may only wind up as a Levine, but look for me if I can find Beverly Hills.¹

Yours,
Lem L. Carpenter

Here is another prospective Hero.

Dear Will:

I am entering. I am making what you would call a Solo Non Stop unless I could get you to go along and tell jokes that would keep me awake. Here's hoping I get to you before the Doctors do, or I would just have my trip for nothing.

Yours,
Clyde A. Brown.

P. S. Have the radio stations broadcast the positions hourly so I would know where I was at. For I don't want to get out there and get lost near Aimee's Hut.

Another:

Dear Mr. Rogers:

To make you in the same class as those great patrons of sport, Wannamaker, Guggenheimer, and Hearst, I hereby accept your challenge.² I figure on leaving Sunday, as that is when there is the least traffic in Oklahoma. Got side wheels on mine so I can go front back or out to either side. I want to make a lot of side trips, up to the canyon, and up to Calvin's, so look out, I am coming.

Joseph Smith.

Here is one from a dissatisfied Farmer:

Dear Will:

I seed in the paper tuther day you was offering \$500 for a feller that wud make a flite. Now I am a farmer, you kno ever since Ole Cal had enuf Baloney casings to kil our releef I have wanted to throw some wet corncobs at him. I want in them pictures, thats where I want to land up. I out to have about enuf whiskers by the time I get there to get a job in one of them Lords supper party's. Hoping you have some kind of money making idee for farmers outside of farmin. Say that Bebe Daniels is putty 'snorty' looking.³ You couldnt make the trip end anywhere up around her 'iglou' could you? Well, see you later, dont know how much later.

G. S. Long, Benton, Ia.

Here's one:

Dear Will: Us, Me and Liz, are all ready to start for Hollywood as soon as I can find out where that town of Claremore is located. It's harder to find it than it is to make the trip. Have Beverly Hills wear a rose or something in its lapel so I will know it when I get to it. If it's a foggy night have the fog horn going. Would like to locate a female Levine, but I want one that can get along with the Pilot. Get your Five hundred ready.

Yours,

Richard T. Jones.

Well, they had the race, and a fellow and his wife named Collins from Tulsa won it.⁴ They left Claremore about six hours after some of the rest of them and they got here about four hours ahead. They were in a Ford Coupe. They said they come all the way without a single stop, and they got the five hundred. The next to come was the "The Spirit of Claremore." It was a home town product. Everybody in town loaned something off their car to put on this one to keep it going. It and the third car I gave a prize of \$165 each because they admitted they didn't make it through without stopping, as naturally that would have been an impossibility. So I thought honesty should be rewarded. There is so little of it nowadays, and I was glad it was Claremore that displayed some of it. They were all a fine bunch of folks and we had a lot of fun, them telling how they made the trip. I am sorry we couldn't get somebody to go the other way. I couldn't seem to get anybody interested in leaving California. If they had gone there they sure would have located, for Claremore has got Radium water that if you ever take a drink of it no other water ever tastes or smells like it to you.

So St. Louis has nothing on Claremore. The Spirit of Claremore don't soar as high as the Spirit of St. Louis, but ours is more practical. We know how to make the best use of the useful things of life. Detroit may make 'em, but Claremore knows how to start 'em, so they will keep going.

Now I will sell the non stop idea to somebody or some other town if they want it. I got to get some of my money back someday. It's great to promote between two towns, the only thing, make them all start together, and keep together and they can see when one does stop then it has to drop out. How about putting one on between California and Florida? Let the prize be for either direction and see which country the most would want to leave from or go to. Now I will let this scheme out on a royalty basis. Give me so much on every car that enters into any Non Stop Ford flight, no matter where they are flying to. At any rate my personal promoting is at an end. We got Claremore established now. I will be glad to lend any of just my moral support to any worthy tour.

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ALL THE NEWS ABOUT CALVIN, CAROL AND BUD

All I know is just what I read in the papers. Now we got a lot of ground to cover this week; things have been happening that has an anxious world sitting, (I started to put that setting, then I happened to think that's what a hen does, and who wants to be a hen). Well, the anxious world is right on the edge of their automobile seats.

Now the first thing of world importance that hits me in the eye as I pick up my morning paper is that Marilyn Miller and Jack Pickford are not going to get their divorce for another year.¹ Well that just sets us all back a year; here we had counted on it, and it had all been properly advertised and billed; and now we are handed rain checks good one year from date.

We knock Mexico and Latin-American Countries, (that is, our Government does) and we say they are behind the times. But I tell you one thing about Mexico. You advertise that your show contains something, or you show a picture of something on your billboards and if you don't produce for the people that very thing, the people go in and tear down your tents or the place the thing is held in. Now that's a great idea. Here we can bill anything, and what is done may have nothing to do with what is billed. In the Movies every Picture you see has a kind of double or naughty title, and yet when you see the pictures they would like to be sorter wild but they just don't seem to know how.

Now that should be the law and custom here about marriages and divorces; whatever is advertised make 'em come through with it. What Jack and Marilyn should do is to go ahead and get the divorce, fall in love and then get married again and then go ahead next summer on the regular divorce. That's the way I would work it if I was their Press Agent. This furlough they are getting now, there is nothing new to that. It won't make the front page of the second section.

But if they got the divorce, then on leaving the French Court (with eight hundred others that were getting theirs) let it be raining and she can't get a Taxi, as she don't know what to say in French for Taxi; he sees her fix, and he don't know the word either, but he holds up a twenty Franc note and they get in together, fall in love, get married again quick. That will knock the Editors over for a column. Come back, open show and business will jump in "Sunny."² Make people go through with what's billed.

Well Bud Stillman drew us nearer to Quebec last week by marriage.³ Ma Stillman staged it and everybody is hoping it turns out fine. Mrs. Stillman has repeatedly said "the girl don't know much." Bud settled a half million on her before the marriage. If that's a sample of her primitiveness, the Lord help men if the women ever get smarter. This young fellow is a fine

man, and if more of our young rich men would go to the woods and get some wives instead of to the Night Clubs we would soon be raising a better bunch of young ones.

Poor Levine, he and Lindberg both flew over to Europe.⁴ Of course Levine was cargo. But at that if the planes had dropped, you can be just as dead as a passenger as you can as a pilot. Well Lindberg seemed inspired. Everything he did and all that he said made a Diplomat look like an amateur, but he had to be good to offset all that Levine has done. The poor fellow seems to mean well but he just either says the wrong thing, or if he can't think of the wrong thing to say, why he says nothing, and does the wrong thing.

France is on him now for trying to hire one of their best men to bring him home. You see Lindberg and Chamberlain and Byrd said that France should be the one allowed to make the first Western trip.⁵ We had made the eastern trip so much that it looked like a one way street, but Levine went over and he wanted to be the first to come back by air. He don't seem to be able to get on with any of his Pilots. While he is arguing with them he could take that much time and learn to fly a plane himself, then he wouldnt have anybody to argue with but himself.

Dempsey come home to Los Angeles and they give him a big reception.⁶ None of them had thought enough of his chances to bet on him.

I had a nice invitation from the Governor of Michigan to come to that big celebration they had.⁷ He said I would see twenty Governors together. Well they held it and sure enough they did have a terrible mess of them. One Governor Hammil of Iowa made a speech and said, "If Calvin Coolidge don't give the farmers relief let him out, and we will get a man that will."⁸ Well them's harsh words, but Cal never dropped a fishing pole; he just read it, spit on his bait and kept dragging the little Perch out of Squaw Creek. He knows the election is 15 months away. He knows a good crop next year will do more for free rent than all the promises he could think of to make now.

Well it's a long jump in news from Calvin in the Black Hills to Carol in the Momarte district of Paris.⁹ But it looks like old Carol booted one when he changed wives too quick there and just changed himself right out from under a Crown. Carol had a series of wives and when his father died he happened to be living with the wrong one.

Now they've got 'em a young Jackie Coogan for King.¹⁰ The funny part about it those Nations take all that junk serious. Who is King of one of those Saddle blanket outfits make just about as much difference to the Country as who's Postmaster at Broken Bow.¹¹

Course we all are anxious to know where Marie finishes in their comedy of terrors, for she wasent a bad fellow.¹² I see where that chair she was

crowned Queen in at the Sesqui-Centennial at Philadelphia was sold the other day for 15 dollars. There is not much interest in Philadelphia Queens.

All we would read out here for awhile would be the heat in the east. Then all at once we didnt read any more about it. The reason was that the Los Angeles Editors were overcome by our own heat out here and as soon as they are able to survive their heat prostration they will start writing about the heat in the east again.

There ought to be a Comedy last line. The Disarmament Conference are in session in Geneva to assist England in the procuring of a Navy.

242 ANENT ALICE ROBERTSON AND OTHERS

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers, or what comes prowling around up on the old hilltop at Beverly. I don't know what it is, whether it is old age. I don't believe its old age, for its a condition that has always been with me, that is I am a great admirer of old people. Of course we will all say that we are, and everybody has unlimited respect for them. But what I mean I like to meet 'em and hear 'em talk. I have got great respect for what they did in their day and time. This thing we are living in is not a day or a time. It's just a mess.

A few days ago we had the pleasure of having in our home, (I might say modest home) for we are the only home in Beverly that has low ceilings, eat dinner at noon, and supper 30 minutes before going to bed. Haven't a Grecian tennis court, and the hired girl (I said the hired, not a hired girl), says, "Dinner is ready for you all," instead of a butler bowing low and announcing, "The meal is served Madam."

This visitor we had was what I consider one of the outstanding women of America. It was Alice Robertson of Muskogee, Okla., as the country affectionately knows her, "Miss Alice."¹ She was our Congresswoman from Oklahoma, and if memory serves me right the second woman to sit in that great law-making body. Miss Janette Rankin was first.²

Miss Alice is a very lovely kindly old lady. She has devoted a long and useful life to do nothing but help someone else. She was on her way to Oakland, Cal., to attend the great meeting of the Club Women of America, she had been sent by her State as the outstanding woman. She has been raised among our people, the Cherokees, also the Creeks and Seminoles. Her father and Mother before her were Missionaries among the Indians. She has lived right around Muskogee all her life. She is a Republican in politics and a Democrat in actions. She was elected as a Republican in a Democratic Constituency. She was defeated because she voted against the Soldiers' Bonus Bill in Congress, yet she was, all during the war, and is today,

the greatest friend the Soldier ever had. She voted against it because she thought it was a mere pittance, that it was just a Political Handout to get the votes of the Soldiers. If it had been five thousand dollars apiece she would have voted for it. She ran a Restaurant in Muskogee and went broke doing nothing but feeding Soldiers free.

Women of various clubs went out against her because she was against the "Maternity Bill." She thought that women should be allowed to have children in privacy without any meddling of the state or Government to see if it was antiseptic or not. Her house burned down and she lost everything she had. She was supposed to have struck oil on her land. It turned out to be only gas, and not enough to pay, so they plugged the hole up again. Yet, she has a good word for everybody. According to her, the world ain't wrong, the Interests are not against her; she has been well repaid; the world don't owe her anything; she is happy, she don't worry. She is just a wonderful old lady and I am glad it's Oklahoma that claims her.

Another old Oklahoman was up to see me; a man that when I was a kid growing up on a ranch in the old Indian Territory, why this man owned more cattle than any man in the nation, that was W. E. Halsell of Vinita.³ He gave a school to that country in the early days, called Willie Halsell School, and I went there awhile, in fact quite a while. I was four years in McGuffys fourth reader there, was in Ray's arithmetic three years and couldn't get to fractions. Well, I saw they wasn't running that school right. I could have taken it and made something out of it, so I just got out. That's the way I have always done with schools; the minute mine and their plans didn't jibe why I would get out, or sometimes they would ask me. I would generally always do it if they did; I was an accommodating boy.

I went to Muskogee to a school there awhile when I was eleven. It was all wet, too, so I wouldn't monkey with it. When they sold this big XIT Ranch in Texas, the biggest one in the world, why Mr. Halsell bought a big part of it.⁴ He has built a whole town on it, and another school. He told me I could go there and start in where I left off at the old Fourth Reader. He is one of our richest Oklahomans and didn't make it out of oil. He is a Cowman and always will be. When these old-time owners that drive to the Roundup in Buicks, get out and work their herd and drive back to town that evening; they are not Cowmen, they are just dairymen without the bucket.

Charlie Siringo, the old Cowpuncher that has out a great book now, called "Riata and Spurs."⁵ Get it, it's great, there is no love interest. The Wild Horse, Rex, didn't run away with the leading wild mare Bess. It's sorter old-timey in that respect.

Well, Charlie was out to spend the day with me. What a great old character he is. I don't know; these old people seem to know so many more things than us folks here now; they are so much more kindly and consider-

ate. Another that I don't want to class as an old-timer by any means for he is only 58 and as well and strong as the day when he steamed the Merrimac into the Enemy's harbor and sank it, when it looked like sudden death for he and his seven men whom he had picked out of all the whole fleet that had volunteered, Mr. Richard Pearson Hobson, our outstanding Hero of the Spanish American war.⁶ He is connected with a wonderful work, now the head of the Anti-narcotic work in this country. Say, let him tell you what is happening to the youth of this country through drugs. Talk about our crime waves, it's nothing but "Heroin," that's all the crime wave is. They have got to rob to supply the dope. Talk about profit in things. Opium from the time a certain amount leaves its original owner in China until it is split up into all its various ingredients and passes through all the hundreds of hands, increases in value nine thousand times. That is, a grain of it sells eventually for nine thousand times as much as it originally cost. Talk about bootlegging and doubling your money; he is the Ford of the bootleggers.

Judge Ben Lindsey of Denver is coming out to see me.⁷ He don't exactly come in on old-timers' week, but the Judge wants to explain to me his angle on all this marriage business he has caused so much talk about. So by the next time I may have something to relate to you along the line; Love, and all its various products. I have a great admiration for the Judge: he has done the greatest work with that court of his of any man in America. I like to get everybody's angle. He sure does know people and human nature. Maybe I can take his scheme and the Preacher's one, the Hollywood one, and between the three of them work out something that will be satisfactory to everybody. Just off hand I think the Mormons have so far worked out the most ideal scheme. So look out in an early issue, for Love will find a way.

And you remember what I told you about old people; you talk to them and get around them and see if you don't just feel better after you have done it. But watch for the Sex issue.

243 ABOUT JUDGE LINDSEY AND TRIAL MARRIAGES

All I know is just what I read in the papers, since Cal made the first page with his little slip of paper with the well chosen word of "CHOOSE" on it, instead of something more definite, why there just ain't been anything else in the papers.¹ Even if people had taken it serious there couldent have been much more said about it.

Well you know last week I told you that I was expecting a visit from Judge Ben Lindsey, of Denver, and that we might be able to ring in a little

sex, knowing my readers are right up on their toes and both ears thrown forward when the man versus woman question is discussed as only a man of my vast experiences with such matters can discuss it.² Well the Judge come out and I was on the edge of the chair to get an earful of this "Take a wife home on approval" idea.

Well he come in and I kicked all the trick ropes and the kids and the dogs out of enough chairs so he could sit down. He seemed awfully pleased to see the children and meet the woman that knows a joke because she has lived with one for 19 years. I thought I will get him started in on his life's work in the Juvenile Court and then I will gradually let him drift into relations pertaining to Male and Female.

Well, he is a little fellow with a large smart looking head, speaks with a southern accent not acquired in Denver. He had the first Juvenile Court in America, founded in '99, twenty-eight years ago. All the Juvenile courts and Juvenile laws are in some way taken from this original one. (He didnt tell me all this for he didnt have to, I knew it already.)

When I used to play Denver on the old Orpheum Circuit I used to go up to his court and hear the odd way he had of handling cases, the sort of human way instead of the cold Justice way. I didnt meet him then but I had always been a great admirer of his work. Well he got to telling all about cases that come up in his Children's Court and he had the Kids popeyed listening to him. I was interested, mildly, but it was the deeper stuff that I was laying for. I could hear about kids, or hear kids, any time or anywhere. In fact that's all I did hear. But my wife and I never have much chance of tuning in personally on the big problems of the day.

He had sent fifteen hundred young boys to the reform school all on their honor with no guard or anyone with them, and only six had ever run away, and they come back and apologized and he sent them up alone the next time and they got there. Now when fifteen hundred boys have confidence in a man I am not going to start in condemning him as quick as all the clergy do. Because I don't believe there is a one of Judge Lindsey's critics that could get fifteen hundred boys to even go and get a dish of ice cream with them. They would be afraid it was loaded some way. He don't really run a court at all, he just runs a kind of confidential agency. Most of his cases are in his private office, or in his home. His wife works with him.

Then the kids were greatly interested when he told them about one time when they were going to put him into jail because he would not tell the court what a twelve-year-old boy had told him in confidence. He claimed that he never repeated what was told him by all the unfortunates and that he would be breaking his word. They fined him a thousand dollars for contempt, but they never did find out what the boy told him. Well the evening kept dragging along about what to do for the very young. But it was the

mistakenly called "Matured" that I wanted to hear his solution of. I kept trying to shoo the infants off to bed, but they were crazy about him and wanted to hear about every one of the fifteen hundred cases. Finally I got 'em out as it was growing late and I moved over near him, that is as near as I could and not step on my wife and then I diplomatically worked around to it by asking unconcerned. "What about taking these women to our House and Board on Probation?"

Judge says, "Will, they got me wrong on that. I don't advocate free love or trial marriages. I am for more and more old fashioned marriages and marriages that will stay marriages."

Well that took all the spice out of the evening as far as I was concerned to have the judge deny that if one didn't live up to the specifications you could return her, or him, which ever one of the half-witted parties might be at fault. I would have been better off if I had invited Aimee up as far as getting something snappy for constant readers.³ Then he told us.

"There are six million young men between the ages of 21 and 30 in this country that are not married." That the reason they are not married is principally economic, that they don't feel that they can support a wife in the manner that everybody else looks like they are supporting one and that they will bring children into the world which they can't properly care for, and another reason is that they see so many matrimonial failures around among perhaps their own particular circle of friends that it scares them from marriage.

Now he is for birth control and more marriages. He claims that 75 per cent of the children in the country are produced by the poor, that the poor should have the benefit of this knowledge of birth control the same as the rich seem to be in possession of. In fact he must be right about the rich, they must know something for results are proving it. He claims the extra marriages brought about by that fear removed of too many children would offset the amount of children now produced by lack of knowledge of the poor. He claims that the whole thing has to right itself through knowledge.

It all seemed mighty plausible, and he seemed anything but radical or a fanatic. I was wondering how he was going to work out any scheme where love was actually free. He seemed to me to be plotting against these six million to get some way to get them hooked.

Then I brought up the divorce question. I had to get to that kinder tactfully as my wife was right there, so I worked that pretty slick. I diplomatically said, "Not that I am interested in the thing personally but how do you stand on the divorce thing, Judge?" That let my wife know that I had no ulterior motives.

Well he has got a lot of common sense in his divorce plan. He wants more honesty in divorces and less divorces. He claims that 80 per cent of

the divorces are obtained by collusion. I always thought it was "Collision." What he meant by that is that they are faked and framed up, that both parties agreed to something before it ever went to court. There are only certain grounds for divorce in certain states and he claims that those grounds in most of the cases never happened. He says that over 50 per cent of the costs of courts is in divorce cases. He says that it could all be avoided by doing away with all lawyers, and in some states juries, and have them tried before someone with understanding without all this cost to the taxpayers and to both parties concerned. He says half the lawyers make a living out of divorces. He wants more humaneness shown in divorce cases where there are children concerned.

I tell you he is a smart fellow, a very human man. Roosevelt was a great admirer of him, and you couldn't fool that gentleman.⁴ Through trickery his election was thrown out after he had defeated his opponent, which is no credit to Denver. Judge Lindsey is better and more favorably known than Denver. Mention Denver and the party will say, "Oh, that's the place where Judge Lindsey has that court and looks after the young boys and girls."

All this stuff is away over my head, but I know that he has dealt with more real human nature right down to earth than all the preachers in 10 states, and if he proposes something, I know it's based on experience and common sense. If ever one of his critics could have saved and turned on the right path as many as he has in his lifetime there would be no use looking for a heaven, for we would have it right here.

I wish we had some bad people here in Beverly Hills, Judge, I would use you here, but there just ain't anything for you to do. Claremore is sorter figuring on a crime wave soon as they harvest the crops, and if anything comes of it, Judge, I will send you down there.

244 **WELL, I MADE 'EM A GOOD MAYOR FOR A WHILE**

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers. A few months ago I read in the papers that the Legislature of the State of California had passed a Bill where if a Town was governed by Trustees, or Dads, or whatever it is they call them, that the Chairman of the board of the Trustees had to be known as the mayor. That was applicable to Cities of the sixth class.

Well I never paid much attention when I read it; knowing it as one of those things they do during the sessions to try and make it look like they are doing something. It was just in among a list of jokes that they had passed. Like in Minnesota one time when they introduced a bill to demand more Roosters. They claimed the pro rata share of Hens versus Roosters was too

one sided, so some good humanitarian friend of old Cock Robin was coming to his rescue by an act of Legislature. When you look over a barn yard it does look like he was asked to carry on a little too much. It's all right for a man or animal or Fowl to do what they can to perpetuate his race but there is no use asking him to do the unusual.

Well the first thing I knew people got to calling me up and saying, "I see where you are going to lose your job as Mayor." I never paid much attention to that even for about two thirds of the talk in Hollywood or Beverly Hills can't be depended on. Then I commence to hear what it was all about, this joke column of the Legislature's really applied to me. It was to take effect the first of August. I was Mayor but I was not Chairman of the Board of Trustees. You see he handles the distribution of the Money and they had over looked that little detail of appointing me to do that.

It looks like a direct dig from the Legislature, you see a few months ago I played on my tour of enlightenment in the City of Sacramento and the Legislature was in session and I was asked to speak before them in joint session. That is, men from every joint in the Legislature was allowed to come in, including the Governor, which he did. I had the joint packed, it was free, none of them come that night where it was three dollars.

Well I didnt want to appear critical but I told them a few things about how their joke foundry was operating. The men that come in 49 and stole each others Grub Stake would have been Aimee McPhersons in comparison to this elected and selected bunch of Robin Hoods.¹ Well the truth hurts, I don't care how thick the hide is, even a Rhinecoros can't shed off true facts, so I just figured that after I had left town they cooked up this Bill to knock me out of a position that I had filled with honor and high mindedness.

I had been appointed to it by Doug and Mary, and I had made 'em a good man.² More things happened under my administration than in the whole life of the City before. Jack Gilbert broke into our jail under my administration, a thing that he had never done under any other.³ Gloria Swanson had left Paris where she had made her mark and was coming home to live under my administration.⁴ Lon Chaney had worn some of his most fiendish makeups right under your little Willie's Mayorship.⁵ Real Estate men sold lots that they had never been able to pan off on anyone before. There was less foreclosures than in any other history of the town. Course on the other hand the town had some setbacks. Take one of our cosmopolitan tax payers Pola Negri.⁶ We held out great expectations of her gaining us a lot of healthy publicity on account of going to Europe and bringing back a count, and she has to pull into New York at the same time Lindbergh did.⁷ So that was a total loss to us. As far as the publicity was concerned she might just as well married some honery American.

But how did we know about Lindbergh going to spoil all our well laid plans? I have always maintained that the least these foreign Noblemen could do would be to come over here and marry the women folks, but I guess there are girls that are afraid to take a chance on sending them the money. They are afraid they would blow it in and not come. So I guess it's better to go right over there and get them and take no chances, and sign no checks till the person closes the book and says, "Bless you my children" for really they are children at heart when they do that.

Another thing that is breaking my way I notice there has been very little sunshine since August the first, all fog and mist and haze, I promised 'em sunshine and they got it when I was in. I promoted things, I put on the Ford race from Oklahoma, one of the biggest things this town ever had, and it also gave them their first look at a Ford car in the town. I put on an operation for 'em, they had never had a Mayor operated on till I come in. Course I am not knocking this fellow that is in. Syl Spaulding, he is a fine fellow, disgustingly rich, raises the finest Irish Wolf Hounds that was ever shipped from Scotland.⁸ He has got enough that he could afford to be honest. Now whether he will or not I don't know. He has a Ranch or Farm, and when a Man has one of those to support it's always better to watch him. He hasent the class or dignity that I loaned to the office. He graduated from Stanford, (as Moran and Mack say) some little old country College I never even heard of it.⁹

It certainly has been gratifying to see the amount of offers I have had since being decomposed as Mayor. But I am just sitting tight, next year is election year and something better will show up. The only trouble is, it's liable to show up on the Democratic side where it won't do any good. I will stay here and give Spaulding the benefit of my knowledge and consul, I won't do the sour grapes act and sell out and leave. Besides I don't want to close out at a loss. I don't want to be a sore head but I think the town has reached its peak. I know I told a fellow where I was from the other day and he asked me, "Where is that?"

There is only one thing that makes me sore about the whole thing and that is this, "This law applies to Cities of the Sixth Class only." My Lord if I had known that I was ruling in a city of the SIXTH class I would never had taken the thing in the first place, I should sue them for lowering my standing. Sixth class! Why that's the lowest class there is I reckon. Mayor of a SIXTH class City, why I will be years living that down.

And here is something to pin in your hat and remember, with anybody beside me as Mayor the joint will remain a SIXTH class City, if I had stayed in I could of at least got some ammunition and brought its standing up on a level with Chicago.

245 I WENT BY KANSAS CITY TO MISS ST. LOUIS

Well, all I know is just what I see in the papers, and what I see as I leap from craig to craig. As I pen these few lines I am in our National Capitol. I come here to receive an appointment from the National Press Club of America as Congressman-at-large. I knew I wouldnt be out of a job long after they threw me out as Mayor. I knew I would show that one-reel town that I could get out and do better. So I started east. I figured the west was overrun, with Coolidge and Longworth and Hoover and Dawes and all of them out there, the place to be was right in the east.¹ That's where the voters are.

They got a lot of space out there in the west. But the voting booths don't add up anything when the sun goes down on Nov. 4th. Why just the Orangeade stands in the east can deliver more votes at less per vote than the entire mortgaged area west of the Mississippi. Never mind catering to the west. Cater to the places where they have voting down to a science.

And just to show you how things broke for me, I was to pass through Kansas City. I had to do it to keep from coming through St. Louis. They were holding a big dinner and get together meeting of the association of Ex Mayors, or Defunct Bugormasters of the U. S. Well, my train was to stop there for about thirty minutes (they had to get orders as to where to go next) and all these Ex Mayors come down to the Depot to meet me, and they made me the first President of the Ex Mayors' Association. I had to get up on the information booth in the center of the great new Union Station they have there and deliver my maiden speech to the poor down hearted souls.

Well, guess who met me in addition to the Mayors! Why, not a soul but our old friend Jim Reed, of Missouri and Senate fame.² Well I nominated him for President. He come up on the platform and made a speech. I nominated him, but not for 28. I nominated him for 1932. Jim is a Democrat (that will be funny to all who know Jim when they read that statement, that he is a Democrat), and I think too much of him or anyone else to nominate them on the Democratic Ticket for President in 28. If the rains keep on and help out Mr. Coolidge on his farm relief there is no way in the world of prying him out of there. I think by 32 Coolidge really will be tired of the thing. Of course he may be just beginning to like it by then. But I think that you will see him say in 1931, "I will not run in 1932."

Now I think that is what you will see in 31 instead of, "I do not choose to run." That's the year I think he will mean it. Of course you can't tell, if Mellon stays with him and Hoover, and the fish are biting why we may get the old Gag "Choose" again.³

Well anyhow, we had a fine time there with Senator Reed. And I promised to throw the support of the Ex-Mayors Association his way.

I tell you there is a thing that will sweep this country before its through. Did you ever realize how many men each town has got wise to and throwed out as Mayors? Why there are more Ex Mayors now than there are Democrats. You have no idea the amount of men that Towns have escaped from. You know sometimes we lose confidence in our style of voting and think the American form of government is all wrong. But that night as I stood on that improvised rostrum and looked out at those hundreds of Ex Mayors from all over, and saw them not in office, and I just thought, there is JUSTICE IN THE BALLOT. Sometimes it is slow working, a lot of them stayed in office a long time. But the American voter like the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police, "always got their man," and here was over two hundred that had been GOT. I wanted to change the name of the Association. I didnt want it to be known that I was ever connected with the Mayor business. But these poor devils were sorter proud of it. I was trying to live mine down. It's the most growing association in the world. You see every time a town holds an election why, (if they do their duty) we land another member to our Ex Mayors association. Just figure the amount of towns in America, and each one of them furnishing us new members at least every two years. Of course in case of impeachments we get 'em oftener. Why say, I will be at the head of one of the biggest things in this country the first thing you know, course it won't be very important. But it certainly will have numbers and another thing, we seldom ever lose a member. An ex Mayor never dies. He lives just to get back in office to spite the people.

Now, as head of the organization, I am advising all the boys to not put too much dependance in getting back into office. Our people's memorys are longer than the politician gives them credit for being, and don't get the idea that because they don't notice you when they see you on the street that they have forgotten you. They act like they have forgotten you. But you run for office again and you will soon see that they have remembered you. Sometimes if you move to another town, you can get away with it, and finally crowd yourself in to office again. But we have figured it out and the statistics prove that for the small amount that do get in, and the large amount that don't do any better at a new town than they do at an old one, why it's really not worth the expense of moving. Your record or your ways are sure to follow you.

Jimmy Walker is the smartest Mayor.⁴ He is doing his traveling while he is in office. He can see the handwriting on the wall. He knows as Ex Mayor he would mean nothing to Europe. But he is going while the going is good. That's what I should have done. I should have traveled more while I was Mayor. But the trains and the Airships wouldent go any faster. I did

all I could. Now I wouldent have taken over this position if I hadent thought I could be a big help to the men as well as to the Country at large. Here is what I am suggesting, GO TO WORK, JUST LIKE YOU NEVER HAD BEEN MAYOR AND NEVER WANTED TO AGAIN. Now I know that go to work is rather a radical move on the Ex Mayor's part. But if you will do that you can slowly rehabilitate yourself back into the good graces of the people. Not enough to be elected again, but enough so they won't shun you. And think what it will mean if I can put to honest work every Ex Mayor in America. Just get him to quit looking for his old job back and go to work. Why that would be the greatest life's work I could ever do.

246 COWPUNCHER IN CONGRESS; PRESS CLUB LOCATES JOB

This is an appointment I received at a Public Reception given at the Auditorium in Washington, D. C. by the National Press Club of Washington composed of all the Political writers from all the various papers in America. Now this is an awful good speech, better than anything I could write you. Also the one from Senator Ashurst which I want to give you later.¹ While the speech is good it was the poorest appointment I ever got. General Pershing and Secretary Hoover were the principal witnesses of my inauguration.²

Yours,
Will.

Louis Ludlow, President National Press Club, said:³

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers. Recently I read in the papers that Will Rogers had been separated from the mayoralty of Beverly and was contemplating the future in a woe-begone "Where do we go from here?" frame of mind.

That piece in the papers instantly aroused the sympathy of the National Press Club. Long ago—and I measure my words when I say it—we members of the National Press Club learned that there are no finer people in the world than Mr. and Mrs. Will Rogers—especially Mrs. Rogers.⁴ We took down our battered copy of the United States Constitution and read Article X, bearing directly upon this situation, which article states that the federal government is to exercise only such powers as are reserved to it in the Constitution.

We put a committee of eminent lawyer-members of the Press Club at work on that article, composed of Harvey D. Jacobs, Frank J. Hogan and Jerry A. Mathews, and after subjecting the article to the third linguistic degree and exercising their facile construing powers these constitusharps re-

ported back that, in the meaning of the Constitution of the United States, all powers not expressly reserved to the Federal Government are to be exercised by the National Press Club.⁵ This gave us the leeway we needed to take care of Mr. Rogers.

So we set about to find a job for him. Our first thought was to back him for the vice-presidential nomination on a Coolidge-Rogers ticket. Our idea was that Will would represent noise and the President would stand for silence. The President could throw the lariat and Will could throw the bull, and it would make a well-balanced ticket. Just when we had that all arranged the President “chose” to renig, and Will’s vice-presidential prospects went blooey. We knew that we could not hook up Will with any other presidential candidate, because that would make a ticket that would be overloaded with noise.

This rebuff from the President only made us all the more determined to recognize the distinguished public services which Mr. Rogers rendered the mayoralty of Beverly by finding some way to promote him upward. We did not at all indorse the action of Beverly in giving him the air. We believed then, and we still believe, that his administration as mayor of Beverly, California, has done more than any other factor to make America a great and strong nation. I say this despite the fact that we have not always approved his foreign policy. His assertion that he did not visit Queen Marie of Roumania when he was in Europe because he could not find her country struck some of us as a grave diplomatic error which in the case of a high-strung monarch, might have been provocative of war.⁶ But we liked the way he buddied with Mussolini, because that insures force will be on our side in the event of another war and with Mussolini backing us we shall be able to hit with a stiff punch.

So, in spite of the weaknesses of his foreign policy, we approved Mayor Rogers—approved him tremendously. Finally, an idea came to us like an inspiration and we grabbed it. It occurred to us that a good many states of this Union have congressmen-at-large, but there is no congressman-at-large for the entire nation. Exercising our clearly defined constitutional prerogative under Article X, we have decided to appoint Mr. Rogers Congressman-at-large for the United States of America, his duties being to roam over the country, pry into the state of the Union, check up on prohibition enforcement and report at regular intervals to the National Press Club.

We are happy to state to Mr. Rogers tonight that this new office, upon which he is about to enter, is not without its material rewards and that it automatically carries with it a suspended salary of one dollar per annum.

In the name of the National Press Club I now confer upon Mr. Rogers his commission as congressman-at-large from the United States, which reads as follows:

Know all ye men by these presents:

Whereas, Mr. Rogers has served with distinction as unofficial ambassador, without portfolio, and

Whereas, his service as mayor of Beverly, California, has added another scintillating page to American History, and

Whereas, Mr. Rogers, being at present without official connection, is in the status, as he has carefully explained, of “a good man looking for something better”; now, therefore

Be it resolved, that the National Press Club, recognizing superlative statesmanship when it sees it and believing that the country’s greatest need is not a good “five-cent cigar” but a Congressman, Will Rogers, hereby appoints the said Hon. Will Rogers congressman-at-large for the United States of America, effective immediately, his tenure to continue during good behavior.

Done at the Club’s Headquarters under its official seal this, the Twenty Seventh Day of August in the year of Our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty Seven.

(Signed) Louis Ludlow, president
W. H. Atkins, secretary
Emmet Daugherty, chairman
board of governors

We are fortunate in having with us tonight two men who, the historians inform us, were cow-punchers together in the long ago, Mr. Rogers and the silver-tongued senator from Arizona, Henry F. Ashurst. I have not had time to investigate just what the historians mean by the statement. I could not say of my own knowledge at this moment whether they punched cows at the same time, or whether they punched the same cows, but I hope this point will be cleared up before the night is over. Knowing the brilliancy and caliber of Senator Ashurst and Congressman-elect Rogers I am prompted to make the suggestion that it would be a good thing for the country if more of our statesmen came to the capitol by way of the corral.

And now it is my pleasure to present to this immense audience Senator Ashurst who, in turn, will introduce his fellow congressman and associate cow-puncher, Mr. Rogers.

247 “I STUDIED EVERY BITE HE TOOK - - -!”

All I know is just what I read in the paper. That is, that is all I did know up to a few days ago. All I could see or read in the papers was “Jack says he never felt better and will knock him out sure.”¹ “Gene says he never felt more confident in his life.”² Tex Ricard says, “It’s Phneumonia to me, what

happens the night of the fight.³ I will have gotten mine by then, let the championship fall where it pays the best.” That is what we was all having to read in the papers, so I could see that wasnt getting us anywhere, so always on the lookout for the very latest and best in what is good for my readers, I just passed through Chicago and went right out to get the real lowdown on the physical condition of Jack Dempsey.

I knew a lot of my friends were going to rely on my judgment as to how to place their money on the big modern parade. So I wanted to see for myself just the very shape he was in and how he looked in his workouts with the various sparring partners.

He is training out at a race track. I thought by that he was maby going to make a race of it that night, but I found he had gone out there on account of a high fence to keep Kearns out with any injunctions.⁴

I had phoned out that I was coming as I wanted to see Jack train. He was awful cordial as he always is. He is one of the finest fellows to meet (never mind what Sharkey tells you) you ever saw.⁵ I had timed it just right for lunch. He is one of, or was one of my constituents out in Beverly Hills before those politicians throwed me out. There was one big room full of people eating. I thought it was Rickard feeding his audience that he expected to have the night of the fight. For I had heard he expected a record house.

We went into a private dining room, Jack, Floyd Fitzsimmons, the Western Promoter, and myself.⁶ They brought in some of the most wonderful fried fish. Rock Bass, they were just about the size of a punching bag. I think they was private that somebody had sent Jack, so when Jerry the Greek saw them come through the big dining room he come in with us to eat.⁷ If you have never met Jerry the Greek you have missed one of the finest Dialect lessons you ever had. I thought maby it was the Rock Bass that had got crossways in his throat that was causing us all not only to wonder what he was saying, but even what tongue he was speaking. But when the fish was finished, he got worse. I wanted to get him back on some more fish. I could understand him better when he was drinking water. He is a great fellow, however, and Dempsey’s most loyal friend. He has been with Jack ever since Jack was able to buy two tickets for a drawing room. He hollers out the signals in the ring and the other side can’t get them. It was the first time I had ever been to a training camp in my life, and the first time I had ever watched a fellow in training eat. The fish was so good, and things were cooked so good, I was sorry I hadent taken up a little box cuffing MYSELF.

Now as far as his condition in training was concerned. Why he didnt look as good at the table as either I, or Jerry, or Fitzsimmons. We went right in wide open and never pulled our punches with either knife or fork. I

thought maby they would make a boxer in training eat with his boxing gloves on. Well we made a sucker out of him for eating. I thought they would of course talk about boxing and fighting, but all they talked about was aviation. Jack hadent done any training so far that day, outside of eating breakfast. Tunney was coming into town that day to establish his training camp.

Well the camp was all agog getting ready for the training. We all got in cars and went over about 10 miles to where a fellow really had room to train. It was my first experience seeing a fighter train, so I didnt know what to expect. Instead of boxing gloves they all got a club apiece and instead of some husky fighter or punching bag why they all took a poor little innocent white ball apiece and they started in whaling the gizzards out of it. Well they hadent trained very long before I could see the ball wasent getting much the worst of it. It was holding its own. If I could a made a bet I would have bet on the ball. Leo Flynn was training with him, and he asked me how I thought Jack looked.⁸ I told him he looked terrible on that long five-fifty hole, that his footwork was all right. He was getting plenty of that going back and forth over to adjoining fairways but that his direction was terrible for a man with a fight only three weeks away.

Flynn says, "Yes but his mind is good. Nothing is worrying him." I says, "Did you see him when he got to that creek?" I never saw a man so worried in my life. He tried to knock it across on the bridge. And Jimmy Hussy the comedian couldnt put his ball in his pocket and carry it across.⁹ Flynn trained pretty good. He must have had a lot of leisure time in his life and never had to work for a living. After seeing Jerry the Greek play I know why Greece declined as an athletic nation. Dempsey's long range punches were better than when the ball was up close to him. It's his Inn fighting on the greens that he has to perfect. His approaches is wild. Once the ball got him over against the ropes in the sand and it made a sucker out of him. It looked like he was out there for awhile. Just as they counted nine he got up and out.

Course on the other hand Tunney is just as liable to look bad in the sand as Jack. Jack's judge of distance seemed to be bad, why half a dozen times he didnt get up there, or the hole would duck and he would go way on past. Course I am telling you his shortcomings more than I am his good points. You are going to bet your money and I want you to know just what shape he is in. As I tell you I didnt get to see Tunney train as his clubs hadent come, but the chances are that he is just as liable to pull 'em, or top his long ones as not. Course you got to figure this if Jack ever connects with one of those swings he will "Hole Mr. Tunney out in one." He will make a DODO if he lands right. Then he has a mashie punch if it gets to

working along in the center of Tunney's fairway is liable to cause some trouble.

Now this is the condition that I found him in. I watched and studied every move of every bite he took, and every stroke he made. His breathing after eating was perfect, and he didn't seem to tire on the links only when he got in the sand, or a running creek. If he can get by those two things he ought to be sitting pretty. He made a 92 the day I was there. Now lay your bets according. They was giving him 32, so that made him a 60 which wasn't a bad workout, 60 will win pretty near any fight. Jones can only do a 67.¹⁰

He looks great. His muscles stood out like whip cords when he was passing me some more fish. They say you can tell a fighter's real condition by his color. I guess that's why Jack Johnston always fooled 'em.¹¹

He said he sleeps fine, that's what all sporting writers are supposed to ask them. If that means anything I would be champion of the world myself. He is about five pounds over weight, but two good sand bunkers and Jerry the Greek getting to the table first for about two meals and he will take that off. Now boys I have given you the dope as I saw it, so lay your bets accordingly.

248 WAIT TILL CONGRESS MEETS AGAIN!

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers. We are going to be awful short of news, especially of pictures of our President attending the Rodeos and Wild West shows. I think we will have to have a little show go to Washington and put on a few bronk riding and Bull Dogging stunts to make him feel like old times. Course a little later on he will have about all the bronk riding himself that he can do. The minute the Congress comes, when he starts breaking them in again after a long summer's lay off he will be pretty busy.

Wait till he starts trying to bull-dog Jim Reed, when Jim comes in with all this election evidence to try and show that the Republicans are paying admission when the show was supposed to be free.¹ Wait till farm relief bills start coming in and Cal will have to get those spurs out (that he had so much trouble walking in), and he will need 'em to stay on top when the vetoing starts.

You know one thing I missed when they come back to the White House and that was news of Rebecca, the Coon. Rebecca left Washington with more billing and advertising than any racoon that ever left them parts. She hit the Black Hills and was the headliner in all the news dispatches, and now they come back and I have looked through all the baggage and I can't

find hide nor hair of that Racoon. Now what I want to know is what become of her? I am just afraid of two things. One is she might have contracted a morganatic alliance with some political male member of her fraternity and decided to remain in the Black Hills. She had seen the political side of Washington and decided that it was very much to the Apple Sauce. Or the main thing I fear and the reason you never read about Rebecca again is that she might have possibly turned Democrat. In that case of course she would have been banished without trial. But anyhow we have lost somewhere one of the most colorful members of the Presidential party. My Lord you don't read any more about her now, than if she was one of the Secretaries, or detectives. Course by the time this reaches you the Big prize fight will be over.² It will be the most money that these two have ever fought for up to now.

I tell you those big purses sure make a man think. I certainly kick myself I didnt learn to box. I was going to learn but we used to hear so many terrible things about John L. Sullivan and how rough it was.³ But I certainly am making up for it, for my oldest boy that is in Culver Military Academy.⁴ I am having him drop all his studies and just specialize on boxing. Of course I want him to have golf so that he will be able to train for his fights. Then I also am having him take writing too so that he will be equipped in case he does ever make the prize ring. For I can think of no worse catastrophe than to become champion in any line of athletic endeavor and then couldnt be able to write about it for the papers.

I hope when my boy becomes champion he can find some good partner to fight with every year or so, so he won't have to go out and meet a lot of outsiders. It's so much easier after you get used to fighting with the same fellow. You take some stranger and you never know what they are going to do. But you take two fellows that know each other fight and the hardest part then is to carry the money away. And to think that crazy kid of mine wanted to be a lawyer!

Well, what else do we see in the papers nowadays? The League of Nations are meeting and Germany was rude enough to suggest disarming. They said it was in the League's business and they wanted to see about it. Well, Lord, Mr. Coolidge's little three-horse conference had already crabbed that, so the disarming is out now until we get enough ships ahead to start sinking again. Mr. Hoover has just returned again from the South. He is about the only one that seems to still remember that they had a flood.⁵ The others thought the minute the water had gone why everything was all right. He certainly is trying to do something for a people that he knows need it worse than anybody in the world. Nobody don't know now what is going to keep the waters from breaking over next spring if they get high

enough. The only thing they will have is just Congress in session, that's all we got to hold 'em back.

It's been a kinder slow time for our marines lately. We haven't had 'em shooting at anybody anywhere now in several weeks. I never knew of a time when we had fewer wars on our hands. The Mexican election, I guess, will be about the next one for them.

There has been a great fellow died since I wrote you all last week. That's this fellow Marcus Loew.⁶ The owner of all the big movie houses. I had the good fortune to have known him since his early start in the show business, and I always considered him one of my best friends. He was the most modest rich man you ever saw. He had a great sense of humor, more than any one I know of in the movie business and that's saying a lot.

Dr. Gianini one of the owners and founders of the great Bank of Italy, told me just today out at the Studio where I am working, that he thought Marcus Loew was the squarest man he believe he ever dealt with.⁷ That he was more than honest. He was a great credit to his race. You would have loved him, everybody that ever knew him did. I remember last summer when I was on the boat going to Europe he and Lee Schubert the big Theatrical Producer, were on the boat.⁸ The big General strike was declared in England just a night or two before we were to land, and most everyone that was originally going to go to London switched and got off at Cherburg to go to Paris. I told him I was going right on to London. I had my family with me, and do you know that man talked to me till about two o'clock in the morning when we were going to land at Cherburg about eight. He was afraid that during the strike there would be riots and bloodshed, and that I or my folks might get hurt. I felt there was no danger. But he certainly was thinking of our welfare. He gave lots of people amusement at a very low price. He was a real human fellow was Marcus Loew. Dr. Gianini told me today that Marcus was perhaps worth 35 million when he died, and you wouldent have thought he had ten thousand if you had met him.

249 FAMOUS WRITER GOES HOUSE-HUNTING

All I know is just what I read in the papers, or what happens right here in the commonwealth of old Beverly Hills.

All you readers know O. O. McIntyre, the writer that can just write about pretty near nothing and make it mighty interesting.¹ Well Odd, (as that's his name) instead of going to Paris as he generally does every summer why he picked Beverly Hills and he come right through Claremore, Okla., to get here, can you beat that?

Well Odd is a great friend of Mr. Hogg of Houston, Texas.² He is the son of ex-Governor Hogg of Texas.³ The best Governor the state ever had up to Dan Moody.⁴ They date time in Texas from when Hogg was Governor. Well Hogg comes out here. It gets pretty hot in Houston just sitting there watching seventeen railroads meet what Houston humorously calls the sea. Now Odd writes about all the odd and funny things that happen to him. But he has in no article told you the funniest one that has happened to their party since he come out.

Everybody in Beverly has been getting a laugh out of it and I have been waiting for him to say something, but he hasn't so here it is. Mr. Hogg wanted to rent a nice home here, something that a writer wouldnt be ashamed to visit in. Well Odd was out here staying at the hotel. Odd's writings are just about the most popular of any being written and this man Hogg is one of Texas' most prosperous citizens.

Well they started out the whole party to get them a house. Pauline Frederick is playing on the stage in England and is a big hit over there and she has a lovely home here which was for rent.⁵ Well they got a list of a lot of homes and went out and looked at them. Now I don't know what kind of shape the party was in when they all went out home hunting. But evidently Odd had brought something on with him or Hogg had some Texas extract.

Well they come back and announced to the Real Estate people that they would take the Frederick house. Now right down the same street about two or three blocks is the Whittier Home, Oil Millionaires and one of the old families of Beverly.⁶ It's a beautiful big expensive home that occupies a whole block.

Well a day or so later cars begin to arrive at the Whittier home. It was a mixed caravan of New York Hotel life and Houston hospitality. The first section piled out and started dragging the contents right in, when a Whittier servant looked out and beheld this troop that was on the verge of piling in on them.

"Here, what's the big idea of all the immigrant stuff?" Of course you are never too surprised out around here for you always take it for the movies and figure that it's some company trying to sneak a scene. The servants thought it was the Camera and prop cars. When the Hogg family moves the colored servant problem of Texas moves with 'em. The poor Whittier servant thought that it was somebody shooting a darkest Africa picture. Or maybe it was a "Mammy" Picture and the poor thing felt sure it was something like that when she got one peek at Odd, for if there ever was a civilian that dresses like a Director it's Odd.

That is, he is what they try to look like. For nobody can wear those check clothes and white spats just like old Odd.

Well there was the Director right there and there was the company. But no one had made arrangements to use the "location." The maid says to Odd, "You can't shoot this place, they don't allow picture companies here!"

By this time the Mammys was unloading hams and sides of Texas hickory smoked bacon. They was dragging out sacks of yellow meal, to get the corn pones ready. One old faithful male Senegambian was nursing carefully an oil painting of Buffalo Bayou before a freighter had drove the cat-fish out.

Hogg was carefully watching the unloading of trunks containing the liquid contents of the waving cornfields. Odd was holding his dog in his arms and the servant mistook it for a scrip. In the meantime the Whittier servants had assembled en masse, to try and withstand this Galopolis and Dixie onslaught.⁷ Odd tried to tell them that they wasn't a movie company but that they had rented the house and had come out to take possession.

The servant said, "You never rented this house. This house is not for rent."

Well, Odd shifted the flea hound over to the other arm and set the corona down and the Hoggs and McIntyres went into conference. They then decided to issue the following ultimatum. "Well, this is Pauline Frederick's home isn't it?" When told that it wasn't they wouldn't believe it. It looked like open warfare. The men and maid servants of a Texas gentleman versus the House and Garden crew of well managed California estate. Somebody in a sober moment said, "Maybe this is not the house we looked at."

The White Whittier servants stood their ground and the blackamoors seceded. The Mammy commenced reloading the hams and hominy and two jugs of Sorgum. When Odd got his wife and his pup and his spats and his typewriter all safely packed and the host saw that all the provender was aboard the Caravan moved away. They went back to the Real Estate office, got directions as to the Frederick place which had been all prepared and was waiting for them. They drove to the front of it, got one look and wouldn't go in.

They had been in Pauline's at first and it had looked all right to them, but after getting a flash at Whittier's this didn't look so big. They went back to the Hotel and rounded up a new list of names and started out. This time the Real Estate firm sent a still camera man with them with instructions that if they found a home they liked to get a picture of it so that when they come back to get the Eathopians and the dog and the typewriter, why they would get to the right place. So they landed up at Corinne Griffith's home and have had a wonderful pleasant summer.⁸

In the meantime the Whittiers have locked their big iron front gate. Funny thing about homes in Beverly. People come out looking for the movie people's homes to see where they live and they expect to see them

in all the big finest ones. Why, there is people in some lines of businesses that have homes that some of us movie people's homes wouldn't be big enough for garages for 'em. Doug and Mary live right by Syl Spaulding (more oil) and Syl has a pipe organ room that Doug's house and grounds would get lost inside of.⁹ Syl has a dog house bigger than my home. So when you come to Beverly don't think every big fine home is a movie star's.

So the next time you are writing a fan letter to old Odd you tell him to tell all the things that happen to him. Or tell him to do his house hunting sober.

250 WHY BIG MEN STAY OUT OF POLITICS

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers. Things have begun to kind of stir now. As the cold wind increases in the Fall, politics starts blowing. McAdoo's statement was the biggest thing of the past month. It's too bad he didn't think of it ahead of Coolidge's statement, for then he would have put Cal in a hole and had him looking like he was imitating W. G.¹ But that's one thing Coolidge generally beats 'em all to, the original ideas. He either does one or two things: he does what nobody thinks he will do, or he don't do nothing. Generally, the latter. Now I think W. G.'s statement puts him a better position than he was before, and as far as being the candidate he can always take that at the last minute. Smith has more support right now, but you must never forget the idea that McAdoo with his dry scheme has the best platform.² If Smith had McAdoo's dry plank he would coast in, because as I have often told you, the voting sentiment is dry.

You see all this talk now on politics is just like Dempsey and Tunney playing golf during their what was supposed to be training.³ It has no bearing on the what will take place next November a year from now. This stuff they are all doing now is just a few preliminaries before the big bout.

Congress is getting uneasy to start muddling things up again. The country has been going along too good here lately so they will start hindering progress around December the first.

One of our California Senators, Mr. Shortridge, has already announced that he would block any Flood Legislation unless they did something for Boulder Dam.⁴ There is a great bit of statesmanship! "I won't help you protect anybody's life unless you help me put over my local project." They are further apart as problems than they are in mileage. The Boulder Dam is the same proposition as the Roosevelt Dam in Arizona, or any other local River project. It's bigger, of course, and it takes more to put it over, but the Mississippi is not a light and power and irrigation project. It's a humanitarian business. We got to fix them so they won't get drowned, not so they can

merely get cheap water for their swimming pools, or power to run their dishwasher or floor sweeper. One's a necessity and the other is a convenience.

I live out here and I know the need of more water for the city of Los Angeles in the next few years. And they should have it, and they should pay for it the same as other cities pay for theirs. Our lawn sprinkling needs should not be compared with the needs of thousands of people on rafts and housetops floating down to join the ocean. Every little old one-cylinder Senator, and punctured-tired Congressman from all over the country is going to try and use the Mississippi Flood Legislation to try and help put over his little local scheme. I wouldn't be surprised to see some of them comparing the Verdigris River at Claremore, Oklahoma, to the needs of the Mississippi. That is if the Congressman thought he could get an appropriation out of it.

And that's the sad part about politics. Those are the men that will get elected every time, is the one that is able to hornswoggle the Government out of something (no matter how we got it) for some kind of a scheme for his own district's special benefit. A man that looked after the interests of the majority in politics wouldnt even be nominated the second time. He has got to come in with some loot from somewhere, and the more he drags in the more solid he is at the next election. If he lives on the Atlantic or Pacific coast what does the needs of the Mississippi River residents mean to him? Get an appropriation for a harbor (where nature never intended one to be) or get a river dammed up, or get some new Post Offices, or get something; don't come back empty handed. If it was in private life and he put over some of the polite banditry that he does in official life he would be caught with the swag and sent to jail instead of back to Congress or the Senate.

Then they wonder why our real big men never go into politics. How a man could in any way do one thing that would delay or hamper the progress of Legislation to assist the Mississippi River problem would be a mystery to me. Suppose the ocean was washing in and continually overflowing Long Island and New York City. That would be the Government's problem the same as the Mississippi is, and the bulkheads and sea walls to keep the water off New York should no more be linked up with a dam that is to be built on a river somewhere else than Coolidge and Jim Reed should be made to sleep with each other.⁵

As far as the life protection of the two go, which they try to use as an alibi, one has imperilled lives and property every Spring since Columbus made a forced landing on an Indian's private bathing beach; while the other river has never bothered anybody. They been argueing out here for ten years between the states over who will get the principal part of the loot when the

dam is built. Each one is trying to go back home telling them that he put one over on California, or that he outsmarted Arizona. If they were really on the level every one of them they could settle the thing in an hour. Now Wyoming and Colorado and Utah and all those claim they ought to get something out of the dam, for the water passed by their place one time. Montana will be in on it next saying, "Well here is where the whole idea of the river originated. If we hadn't started it out you wouldn't have anything to argue over."

If a state wants the water why don't they get it as it goes by, not wait until it gets past and then put up a holler for it? Why don't each state put in an equal amount, build the dam, and each take an equal amount out in water or its equivalent in money value? No, each state thinks they have some particular claim to it that the others don't have. California claims the river really belongs to them as the river has never seen Los Angeles, and that it should have a chance to be taken over and see the town, that Arizona has nothing of interest to show the river, so why monkey its time away going there?

251 WILL FINDS HE'S USEFUL CITIZEN

Two years ago I blew into a State Capitol to play one of my little Concert engagements. Got in town in the morning early and one of the Newspaper Editors asked me if I would like to go up to the Capitol and see the Governor. That he was a very pleasant and splendid man. Well of course I was tickled to death at the honor, and we went up. There was several in his private office as the Editor took me right in. I had also noticed several country looking folks sitting outside the office. Well we met him and he was mighty sociable and nice. We exchanged a lot of the usual Democratic hard luck stories. Of what a great party it was but just wasn't understood. He asked me if I had ever been out to see the home of a famous President who was buried there. I told him I had never been there. Course I knew what a great man he had been. But at the same time I had heard enough to know that an "Injun" didn't exactly rate high with him, and being a direct and proud descendant of the Cherokees, I knew he had quite a lot to do with running them out and making them go west. But on the other hand, I knew that he had unconsciously favored us in the long run, so I forgave him. Well the Governor said he wanted to take me out there himself and show me the place, I told him I didn't want him to do a thing like that. That I knew he was busy and had no time to tour me around. But he insisted and phoned for his car. While he was waiting they took me up to the Historical Library rooms and there I started in an acquaintance with John Trotwood Moore,

the best historical writer on our Southern Heroes.¹ Don't miss his books. Well the Govenor drove us out there, through a beautiful country and right in the most wonderful part is the old home of this unique President. It was late and the place was closed for Tourists, and as there is no gas or electric lights in the house it looked like we wouldnt get to see the inside. But the Govenor dug up the caretaker and when he saw the Govenor, why he got a Candle and we went through the place by candle light. I won't dwell on what we saw for instead of prowling off to Europe to see some old junk that means nothing to our lives, why go and see this old place. On the way back to town I was thanking the Govenor for my good fortune in having him show me the place personally, and wasting all that valuable time on me. When he told me the following story, he was on his second term as Govenor of this state. And at daybreak in the morning he was faced with the first execution of a prisoner he had ever had. "He is young Boy, oh 24, or 25, married and has a family. He is true mountaineer, from the mountains in the western part of the State. He killed an old man who was storekeeper, supposedly for his money. He was tried, convicted. The boy claimed the killing was accidental. His plea for life imprisonment has been refused by our higher court and all that stands between that boy's life and death is me. I have been to see the boy myself several times. He is not the sullen, slouchy type of mountaineer boy at all. You could dress him up and you would mistake him for one of our College boys. He had a very good record, but the evidence showed that he had committed the crime in some way. I don't believe in Capital punishment. I don't believe God gave us the right to willfully take anybody's life. But I swore to uphold the constitution of the State when I took office. I have gone over every phase of the case. I have talked with his people. I have talked with the witnesses. I have tried every means within my power to find some reason to keep from taking that boy's life. And do you know what is one of the main reasons that makes me hesitate in giving him life imprisonment, is the very qualities of the boy himself. He is not afraid of man, beast, or the Devil. He is absolutely fearless, and if he went to the scaffold before we see the light of another day, he will walk there more steadily than we will get out of this very car. Now if I commute his sentence I know that he is the type of boy that could not stand life imprisonment. As sure as we are here, he would at some time, with that absolute fearlessness attack and kill some guards, and perhaps take more life in escaping, fear of being shot would mean nothing to him. I am not a rich man. But I would give all that I possess, and start life again without a penny, if this thing hadent come up. It shouldnt be that these things should rest absolutely in one man's hands. It's asking too much of a human being, a Govenor has enough to do without taking life. I truly wish at this moment that I had been defeated for office. And now Will, for that's

what I am going to call you, that's all we know you by, I want to thank you instead of you thanking me for this trip. With your jokes and your incessant chatter you have kindly helped me to forget this afternoon. You could not have come along on a more opportune day. I would have been besieged every moment with people with pleas and partitions. I want you to come by my house a few minutes and cheer my wife up a bit. This thing is as hard for her as me. I can't go to your Lecture tonight. I had intended too. But these people will be coming to my house all evening and through the night. I want to give you one of Bob Taylor's books, with his wonderful speeches and Lectures in them.² I want to autograph it for you. You would have loved Taylor. He was a great man. He was a Governor, he could appreciate my feelings tonight. Oh if I just had some grounds to do something."

Well as I left his house and hurried to the hall to annoy the audience I felt, "Well maybe a Comedian is some good for something anyhow." I left the town after the show rode all night to another city. But the minute I arrived there, I bought a morning paper. It was in the same State, I nervously looked to see if there was headlines of an execution. There was, I knew then that duty to a sworn pledge had outweighed conscience. He had explained the case with so much feeling that I had gone through a bad night myself. I felt however that I had met a man with a real heart. I couldn't ever say that a Politician didn't have any real feeling. When I played there last year he had been elected to his third term as Governor, a case unparalleled in that State. We had another and more cheerful visit and he was in my front row that night. He won't be there when I go back next time, for the great Governor of all didn't reprieve his sentence. I'll bet he will look for that old mountaineer boy up there. And I wouldn't be surprised he don't find him. For if he did do the crime, I bet the great Governor will find some extenuating circumstances that he will keep him there with him. This man was Governor Peay of the great state of Tennessee, who in some histories and records will go down as signing the Anti Evolution Bill, but in the hearts of everybody that ever met him and knew him, he will go down as a real man with a soul and love for his fellow man.³

252 **MOVIE STARS MOB "LINDY"**

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers, and what I run into as I prowl around. Everybody that meets or sees Charley Lindbergh writes about it. That poor boy has been written and talked about more than the war. Now, the reason I haven't given my personal feelings at meeting him was because I hadn't met him, yet. I had my opinion all formed before hand, just what I would like to think he was, and I was like the rest, crazy about him, so when the chance came to meet him I sure did grab it.

He was in Los Angeles one day and San Diego the next. I was working all day at the studio the day he was here and couldn't see him land. But in the afternoon he was to be at a reception, or tea, or whatever those little things are that are for no reason at all only to spoil your appetite for dinner. (Of course this was the only one that ever had a cause for happening. It was to meet Charley.) It was given by the movie people at the Ambassador Hotel so all the stars could see him. I was to go to San Diego to speak at his dinner the next night. But I went up to this tea affair this afternoon so I could get some advance looks. It was all very nice. The very people that you would have thought would have known enough to let the boy alone, and not autograph something. From the time he sat down between Mary Pickford and Marion Davies why the autographing of objects started.¹

They didn't let him eat. They didn't let him say a word, they didn't let him do a thing but sign his name to everything in Hollywood. Now these are the very people that know what it is to go somewhere and then have some one run up with a card or an autograph album and want you to sign it. Well those that didn't have anything for him to sign on rushed home and got something, or phoned their press agents to bring something. He signed on the back of old movie contracts, on old back number marriage certificates, on recent and long forgotten divorce papers. He couldn't have been any busier when he was looking for Paris in the dark than he was here. From the time the doors opened till he ran out of ink and excused himself and went to his room to dress for his banquet. He hadn't had as much as a wafer, he hadn't had time to look up. He just smiled as good as possible and kept writing.

I will give Mary credit. She realized that this penmanship had about reached the saturation point. She got up and circulated around the crowd and pleaded with them quietly to cease. But not that bunch! They had got the smell of ink and it was in their nostrils and they were anxious for the kill. It wasn't a tea, it was an exhibition of penmanship. It was an autograph party and Lindbergh was the host. Demille had him autograph each of his commandments.² Sam Goldwyn had him sign a paper that if he ever married, that he would be allowed to stage the wedding.³

Louie B. Mayer wanted him to autograph the Metro-Goldwyn lion.⁴ Tom Mix had him autograph a hat, and it still had room on it for 38 thousand more names.⁵

The writing was supervised by Thalberg.⁶ Ink by Carter, Pen by Waterman. I will give Rupert Hughes credit.⁷ He wasn't in the autograph line. Being just a struggling author maybe he didn't have anything for poor "Slim" to write on. Personally I think Rupert was just sitting there thinking up some devilment that George Washington had got in, that the daughters of the Revolution hadn't heard about, and he was on the verge of telling

'em. What kept Lindbergh so long was that in a good many cases he had to turn the linen over so that he wouldnt have to write over the "Ambassador." If he could have written on silverware I hate to think what the cost would have been to that poor hotel. I bet Lindy cursed the day he learned to write.

Well, the helpmate and I went down to San Diego that night, and the next afternoon one of the most inspiring sights it has ever been my good fortune to witness took place. It was at the field when he circled it, getting ready to land. Here he was coming back to the very starting point, the place where the plane was made. Other cities got a kick but not like this. When he was coming down, you was afraid to watch him, you was afraid something would happen toward the finish of a perfect round trip. For the plane was really coming back here.

When he taxied up to the hanger, and got out there was workmen and helpers that had built the plane, men who had known him for the two months while it was being built, and maybe you think he didnt sorter hurriedly pass us old reception committee by to grab these old boys by the hand and tell them what the old boat had done. You never saw such beams of happiness as was on their faces when they each felt that Slim had remembered them. He had met Kings and Queens, but they hadent got the same handshake that these old Boys got. And didnt they deserve it? Hadent they made the whole trip possible? One faulty bit of construction and we all wouldnt have been out there that day.

You thousands of people that have seen this boy in your various cities havent seen him at his best. He of course always conducts himself perfectly. But there is a certain little restraint that he is always under. But when you see him with Mechanics and Aviators, and especially the ones whom he knew and had helped make "We," why then you see this kid at his best.⁸ When he landed there he told 'em, "Boys, my real trip is finished now." They were the ones that had seen him off when he left, and they were about all that had seen him off. Why do you know they give a little dinner for him (the people that made the plane) a night or two before he was to take off, and they couldnt conscript over fifteen or twenty to come to it, and here he was back, and they had turned away over a thousand applications for the banquet that night at the Hotel Coronado. At that first little dinner before leaving when he was asked to say something, all he said was, "I think you have built me a good plane. I am going to take it and fly from here to Paris on it. Thanks for the dinner."

That afternoon in the big immense stadium that was packed with this mass of people, he was presented with a silver model of the ship, and so by the Aeronautical Society with a Parachute. I was sitting next to him on the stand, and when they brought in the "Chute" I whispered, "I guess they will

expect you to demonstrate that.” He said: “Gee, I would like to!” His face just beamed, and you could tell there was no bragging about it, he really would like to have gone up and hopped out and pulled the “Old Ring” just for the Kick.

From what I gathered from him that afternoon, and at the banquet that night and the next day when he took the big Ford machine and flew eleven of us back to Los Angeles, and I sit out by him in the relief pilot’s seat, and chatted with him, all the way up. That kid is a born Aviator. He eats, sleeps and drinks aviation. He is not particularly interested in anything else. This is an era of specialization. He picked out aviation, and he certainly has majored in it. His whole expression and attitude changes when he is in the air with no banquet table in front of him, and nothing under him but the clouds. Lindbergh is Lindbergh.

253 ROGERS TALKS TO A FAMOUS WRITER

All I know is just what little I read in the papers, and the people that I run into as I prowl around the old commonwealth, (not so common this wealth as it is advertised). Well, today I had quite a treat that I know a lot of you envy me. I had lunch with Arthur Brisbane.¹ Guess most of you have heard of Brisbane, unless you don’t read Editorials.

I have been asked more times, “Will, did you ever meet Brisbane and what kind of a fellow is he?” Well I have been knowing him for quite a while. I don’t know of a man to talk to that you can sit and get more information out of. He is up on about everything there is. He knows everybody in the world and talks with everybody, and he don’t do all the talking when he is with them. He is a good listener. For outside his editorial ability he is a reporter, every inch of him.

He is the one that Mr. Ford gave the news to first when he first offered his apology to the Jewish people and Brisbane did a big thing.² Instead of releasing it just to the Hearst papers as a big beat, he gave them all an even break, even papers that were opposed to his own.³ He has just a week or so ago had lunch with the Coolidges and he declared that Cal is not going to run. He says that even Mrs. Coolidge didn’t know anything about him deciding not to run until he had handed it in to the reporters.⁴ He says that Mr. Coolidge would like to get into some firm and give him a chance to make some money for himself. That of course a President hasn’t a chance to save much out of his salary as the requirements are so great. He says that since Mr. Coolidge has become accustomed to this luxury, like Yachts and all that, he sorter likes ’em, and that he would like to get out and make himself some yachts while the getting is good.

Brisbane thinks Mellon should be given the nomination because he has done more to further the Coolidge administration.⁵ Here is Mellon, that has worked these years for ten thousand a year. He has sacrificed enough that we ought to do something for him, that he is a great man on business and finance, and that's all America is, a business institution. He said he told Mellon that he should run, and Mr. Mellon said, "I couldnt do all the work of the Government." And Mr. Brisbane told him, "Why you been doing it all as it is, as President you wouldnt have anything to do."

He thinks there is a good deal of leaning to Hughes if Smith is nominated, on account of figuring that Hughes would carry N. Y. state.⁶ He also bore out my oft repeated statement, and that is that the sentiment of the country is dry. (That's the voting sentiment.) He told me in addition to politics and all that foolishness, why we really wanted to have plenty of cruisers in the Navy. Venesuela has more oil than California, and American companies are down there to get it. Now if we sent an aeroplane down to sorter impress 'em while we are grabbing their oil, why they wouldn't hardly know what it was and it wouldn't make any impression on them. But if we go steaming in the harbor with a couple or three fast cruisers, why they have learned to know they better duck, and so we really have the cruisers to sorter bluff the South and Central American Republics. We had to go in and get that oil to beat England to it.

He says Henry Ford wants to build a plane that will cost perhaps a million dollars, sorter like an ocean liner, with a bunch of engines, and machine shop where you repaired any that went bum on you. Going on the theory that we have conquered the ocean with big strong ships that withstand the waves and storm and that the wind is not as strong as the waves, so that it should be easier still to build something that would withstand the air. He said General Motors would do something along aeroplane experiments, but the costs would have to come out of the stockholders and that it wouldn't be right to them, so they haven't done anything along that line. But that with Ford it was all personal. I think Mr. Brisbane has made a lot of money in stocks, and there is a lot that he could have made that he didn't. Otto Kahn wanted him to buy General Motors when it was thirty.⁷ He was going to buy two thousand shares. He would have made ten and a half million if he had done so. Otto wanted him to buy Winchester arms one time, but because it was fifteen hundred a share he thought, "What fool would buy \$100 par share when it is selling for \$1,500." (Whichever it was at the time.) He wouldn't buy it and in a few weeks it was thirty-five hundred.

When he told me what Mr. Hearst made on some of his papers, it made me want to write this as an editorial, print it myself, get me some cartoons, and go into the newspaper business. He says that Hearst is a newspaper ge-

nius. It may look like sometimes that Hearst is throwing money away, and the first thing it all pops up tripled in some new paper. He told me of the time when he left the World in New York to go over to Hearst. He said he used to take a few nips now and again and that he vowed that he would never take another swig till the circulation of the Hearst paper passed the World. He said he thought it would mean a drouth of about seven years. He stayed there eight weeks and passed the World. Now what are you going to do with a man that is that anxious for a drink?

However, I believe that he was so satisfied with himself during this drouth that he kept it up. He was the first newspaper man to discover that New York City was going up town, and instead of writing editorials about it, he went up there and bought. Today you can't get above Fifty-third street without jumping over either Brisbane or Hearst and you don't pass 'em till you get about Fifty-ninth. He's got him a new home out here on the desert, about 100 miles from Los Angeles. He has drilled him some wells and has put it in Alfalfa, and it raises about 8 crops a year. He's got about six children.

That would make a lot of us like him even if we didn't agree with all he says all the time. He is the most widely read writer in America today, and when you say that it means the world, for while they got a lot of people in Europe that can read they haven't got many that do. Lord knows what salary he gets. He is the first newspaper man ever got fifty thousand a year, and that's been so long ago that I bet he's forgot he ever worked for that little. Hearst, they say, give him a percentage over a certain circulation, and it was on a sliding scale, the bigger the circulation the more percentage, and before six months was up, Hearst was out shooting subscribers to keep 'em from taking the paper. If he hadn't called a halt, Hearst would have been working for Brisbane.

254 KING GEORGE, LAY OFF OF BIG BILL

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers, and what I see as I cruise around and over our Commonwealth. There is some things that you have got to see in an Aero-plane, that is if you're ever going to see 'em, and this Boulder Dam out on the Colorado River is one of them. I flew all over, around, and almost through it, and when the Politician says he has been there and investigated it. He hasent done any such thing, for he can't get there. An Aviator and a mountain goat is all that ever saw that dam-site. To look at the place, it don't look like it would take more than a few brush and rock piled in there to make a dam, for if ever nature give you a life on anything it sure did there. But of course when the OVERHEAD Department

gets in there, there will be millions and millions that will go for plans, and not for moving any dirt.

It's got to be built though, and if we don't know enough out here in three states to agree among ourselves, why then let Mexico come up and build it.

Well let's see what else has run over the old mill in the way of news lately. Congress will be meeting pretty soon, so we haven't got much Liberty left. Mellon has saved up a little money and when those six hundred Legislators line up at that feed trough, poor Mellon's little nest egg won't be a bite around for them.¹ They have had six months to think up some bill to offer that will jar the government loose from some of it for each one's old home district.

Well, we was all glad to see Ambassador Morrow get into Mexico intact.² He will be visiting Chicago next and coming out without a puncture. He starts in on his work with a charmed life anyway. I believe that fellow will be pretty good. You know Mellon making good like he has kinder encouraged these rich men to get out and try and do something for their country. You see we got so many rich in America now, that just to be one without any other qualification has got mighty monotonous. Being introduced to a millionaire don't scare us or overwhelm us with awe like it used to. We used to think he run everything, and we was afraid to crook our finger at one, for fear we would make him sore at us. But now we know that they all run everything, but no one of them runs anything.

So they know that they have got to leave a side line to be known. Just being a millionaire don't mean any more to the general public then just being an Elk, or a Baptist, or President of the Chamber of Commerce. So everyone of them is on the lookout for a hobby or a job, or an office, or if they can't be known any other way they have to turn to a little Philanthropy on the side.

Now Morrow didnt mean any more to us as a name, than Tomorrow, which is just another one of the 365. He was connected with Morgan and Co., but Lord, what did that mean to the average one of us?³ Morgan has more connections than a telephone exchange. We had heard that he graduated with Coolidge at Amherst. Well that didn't give his publicity much of a boost. But when he volunteered to face Mexico without a helmet, why then we began to notice him. If millionaires in the country would just go to work, why we wouldnt need any immigration for years.

Russia has thrown Trotsky out.⁴ There is a funny thing about Trotsky. I was over there last summer and found out he is too conservative. This Bird Stalin that is the male Mussolini of Russia, he and Trotsky don't get together.⁵ You see a Conservative in Russia is a fellow that thinks you only ought to give it all to him, in exchange for you calling him Comrade. But

you notice they don't do anything with Trotsky but rule him out of the Party. They don't do any vanishing to Siberia, or promiscuous shooting with him. They would like to but they don't dare. You know he and Lenin started in together and while Lenin is dead, the old Pheasants still are strong for Trotsky, so no matter how mad the ruling party might get you can go and bet they will never harm Trotsky.⁶ He stands too good with the old farmers. He knows a lot of these things they are trying is apple sauce, and won't work.

Communism is like Prohibition, it's a good idea but it won't work. Well never mind Russia and Mexico, we better be worrying what is doing somewhere else. Oh, yes, Lloyd George said in a big article that the Allies had in reserve or under arms eleven million men, and that the defeated nations of the last war had not a million all together.⁷ He meant by that that it looked like in the next war we would have to fight among ourselves, or go to the trouble of not having one. But when you got eleven million men all over the World working to learn a trade, they are pretty apt to want to work at it some day, especially when no nation has ever been smart enough to give medals in peace time.

All the little nations in the League at the last meeting at Geneva are pretty sore at the big ones. They claim they don't pay much attention to them at all. So you see you will never have disarmament, for what designates a big nation from a little one but the size of their army and navy? India and China would make 20 of Japan as a nation. But Japan's Navy makes up the difference, and twenty times over. Brazil is bigger than England, France, Italy, Spain and all of them put together and has more natural resources. But they are a little shy on the army and navy, hence they are not classed very high in importance.

But speaking of International intrigues and Politics let's get back home. Did you ever see a man so harassed by a Monarch as big Bill Thompson, is by King George?⁸ When I was over there last summer I tried to get to see the King and ask him to lay off Bill. It's the worst personal combat I think the world has ever witnessed between two rulers. It's reached the bonfire stage now. You know, since Judge Lindsey burned the confessions of half of Denver, instead of selling them to magazines and making himself rich and the folks famous, why everybody's minds are on bonfires.⁹

It seems that the Chicago Library has been subsidized by the King of England. He has been sticking a lot of Dick Turpin novels in there and replacing the lives of Hinky Dink and Bath House John.¹⁰ Bill wants to prove to the voters that America is first, even if it was discovered last. Chicago become famous over one fire and Bill wants to personally conduct another. He wants to strike the flint that will light the torch of Liberty as they burn to a cinder every page containing reference, hint, suspicion, heresy, or even

inference between lines of the British Empire, King George or any of his forebears, or offsprings. Even to any picture depicting the eating of roast beef, plum duff, yorkshire buck, or the drinking of lime juice. All such periodicals will be burned at the stake on the filled-in beach, just before the next election.

255 “AMERICA ONLY” SOCIETY

Now of course you all have read about Mayor Bill Thompson’s Society, “America First,” that he is forming.¹ He had asked all the Mayors of the country to join it, and as soon as he gets them in, he will go after some prominent people, and it looks like it might develop into quite a thing. Well, of course, getting my idea from him, I go ahead and form me one “America Only.”

There has been a terrible lot of various Societys formed to try and instill Americanism into our lagging Patriots. If you have never formed a Society in your life and don’t know what to form one about, why don’t let that worry you in the least. Just start to sponsor “Better Citizenship,” or “100 percent Americanism,” “America for the Americans,” or any of those original ideas. There has been quite an epidemic of these, especially since the war.

It seems that before the war come along, we were really kinder lax in our duty toward declaring just what we were. The war come along and about all we could do was to muster up five or six million men of every breed and color that ever been invented. Now these poor fellows didnt know whether they were “100 percent Americans” or “Better Citizens,” or what they were, and we started them drilling so fast that they didnt have time to go through a clinic and find out.

You see up to then they didnt know what all this meant. They thought that as long as they paid their taxes, tended to their own business, went to their own churches, kept kinder within the law, that that was all they was supposed to do. And it was like that in the old days. But you see we was a backwards nation and didnt know it.

What we had to learn was to be better Americans. Why here was old men that had raised a big family and had never said “America First.” Can you imagine such ignorance? How they had ever been able to do this without declaring where they stood was just another one of our lucky blunders. So when the war come along and we found out that all everybody would do was to die, or suffer, or get rich (or whatever the circumstances called for) for their country, why we saw right away that something was needed to instill patriotism. So hence the forming of all these various societies. They come just in the nick of time. For after the war, a lot of young men who had

never known much about other men from different parts of the country, and different nationalities, they had during the days in camps and in France had become to know and like and understand each other, and find out each other's viewpoint.

In other words it was just the start of what might a been a bad friendship and understanding. But it's like everything else, when the necessity arises somebody always arises with the remedy, so on investigation it was found that a lot of these same boys were not 100 percent Americans at all. We had been kinder lax in who we had let into our war, everything had come up so hurriedly. Why a lot of them couldent even speak English. A lot of them didnt go to churches, in fact, there was a million things we found out that we should have found out before we associated with 'em. Of course it was all too late now and was all over, and we would just have to charge it off to bad management. But let's get organized and don't let it happen again. We all went in 50-50 in war time, but this is peace now and we got time to see who is who, and why.

So these Societys commenced to be formed and they grabbed our little civilization just when it was on the brink and hauled it back to normalcy. You see in America there was originally just one Society (well, it was really two combined) : it was the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States. If you was here and belonged to that why you was all members of the same Club. You didnt know whether you was 100 percent, or 2 and $\frac{1}{4}$ percent, or what ratio you was. You didnt know whether you was a good citizen or bad one. All you knew was that you belonged to this club called America, and all you had to do was work for it, fight for it and act like a gentleman, that was all the by-laws there was. As long as you did that, you could worship what you wanted to, talk any language you wanted to, in fact it looked like a pretty liberal layout. But after 150 or more years, it was immediately seen that this plan was no good, that the old boys that layed out the Constitution didnt know much. That the country should be divided up in various Societys and Cliques. So that brings us down to this generation, who really are showing us just what to do to prove that we are not against the old Fatherland.

We used to think that we were for it as long as we didnt do anything against it, but now we find we got to join something and announce daily that we are for it. We have got to weed out the ones that are not 100 percent. We got to get around these luncheons more, and sing some get-together songs. This old thing of eating at home with the folks is never going to get you anywhere. There is no real Americanism in that. Let's get down to the club and do some shouting and get some spirit into the old land.

“Going to be an election coming along pretty soon and we want to stick by the members of the club against all the outsiders.” “There is a lot of these people just sitting around and not doing anything for American spirit and they are undermining the very principals of our Government.” So you see it’s stuff like that that will save us. If those kind of clubs and societys hadent been formed just when they was, this would have been a fine looking country now. So get into a club as soon as you can. I don’t care what it is just so it’s banded together to make somebody else’s life miserable and yours great.

Now if you don’t belong to some of these Clubs or societies, why the first thing you know you will be getting narrow minded enough to want to give everybody an even break regardless of everything. So, that’s why we got to get busy and instill some spirit. You see a lot of people live here and they mean well by the country but they just won’t get out and announce that they are happy to be here. Now I have looked over all the clubs and none of them seem to have enough scope, or broad minded ideal. So that is why as I told you a few weeks ago that I wanted to get this society going. “America First” is all right, but it allows somebody else to be second. Now sometimes a thing second can be almost as good as something that’s first. So that’s the thing my Society avoids. It’s with the whole idea of there being no one else. In other words, I am just taking the spirit and foundation of other clubs and societys and making them broader.

They are against something. (They got to be against something or they wouldent be formed.) Well, mine improves on any of theirs it’s against everything. I can take my “America Only” idea and eliminate wars. The minute we extinguish all other nations there will be no more wars, unless it’s a civil war among ourselves, and that of course we can take care of right here at home without a shipping board. I am getting a lot of applications already, real redblooded go-getttum Americans, that have seen this country trampled under foreign feet enough, and they are right out in the open. Why I figure the patriotism in my organization when I get it formed will run around 165 or 170 percent American. It will make a sucker out of these little 100 percent organizations. It’s not too late to send your \$20 yet. Remember when you belong to “America Only” you are the last word in organizations.

256 HOW EL DUCE PUT SUNDAY TO WORK

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers, you know it’s as I told you ever since I saw him and talked with him last year. That guy Mussolini is the smartest man in the world. Now I am not kidding, I honestly believe it.

I have never yet, and I dare anyone to point out to me one move, or decree, that he has made that wasn't absolutely founded on common sense. And the later decrees they are, the better they are. In other words, instead of running out, and only being a flash in the pan as everyone that don't like him predicted, why he gets better as he goes along. I tell you the "Wop" is inspired.

Now the latest order, and when I say "order," I mean "order." If he says something must be "so and so," it's going to be that way. There will be no shadowing the jury, or any cars a block long changing hands. That only comes under the heading of "Liberty at its best." Well Mussolini says "There is going to be no more celebrations, demonstrations, inaugurations, centenaries, either large or small, or speeches of any caliber, given on any week day." Now if that ain't the most sensible bill ever passed I will turn Presidential candidate in Mexico, why a man to think of a thing like that, he is no Dictator. He is a cross between Abraham Lincoln and Confucius.

That's an order; that an inspiration. Just imagine what that would mean to us over here. Take New York for instance. How many hours have you stood on one side of Fifth Avenue in a car waiting for a parade to pass. Nobody knew what it was for, who it was or what it was about. It just looked like parades are formed just to keep people that are in a hurry from getting from one side of town across to the other. Any little E flat organization in the world that can rake and scrape enough together to rent a half dozen horses, six red sashes, and the many silk hats can get a permit to hold a parade. Men will travel days on a train to get to a town to walk 10 miles in a parade, when they haven't walked from their homes to work in 15 years. I think that Sunday is just the day for 'em, they don't interfere with business. They don't block traffic, for anybody driving on Sunday just as well be on one side of a street as the other. Turn your principal business street over to them Sunday, and just let 'em draw straws to see who will start first, and then hold all the parades and demonstrations that have accumulated during the week. If they got some old bird's day they are celebrating, why let them wait till Sunday to celebrate it; the old fellow will never know the difference.

If you belong to two organizations that should have paraded during the week, why march with the first one that starts Sunday, and then hurry back to the barrier and start marching with the second one. Just look at the celebrating you will get. Same costume and same flag will do for the whole thing. If anybody has ever found a more useless thing than a holiday I don't know what it was; only way you can be more tired than on the night after a public holiday is to just have swum the English Channel.

And no speeches, wow, that's the gem of the whole order. Make 'em keep 'em bottled up till Sunday and then let every speech be let loose at

once. That's the way they do in London. Out in Hyde Park on Sunday afternoon they have a regular place where there is dozens of speakers on every subject from "birth control," to "down with King George and lets put in Mayor Bill Thompson."¹ Just think then what a great day Sunday would be for us, go to our public square and hear one man talking on "the Glories of Washington's birthday," another on "The seamanship of Columbus," "Farm Relief," "What Cal has did to the Country," "What Americanism means to the vote hunter."

Even Thanksgiving; there is no reason we couldnt have the time to give thanks on Sunday for what little we had got during the year. Then look at the list of attractions on Sunday, watch a parade, (any kind desired), hear a speech (on anything or in any tongue), and if it rained and all these attractions fell down why then you could go to church.

No sir Mussolini is a knockout. If we had him here he would do away with elections even more useless than parades. He's some guinea, that kid.

Well let's see what else is in the papers, our trials are running along fine when it ain't a mistrial it's a hung jury. Someone suggested that in case of a mistrial that the Judge should go ahead and hear the evidence and render the decision. Oh but what a howl the law profession put up at that suggestion. That was cutting right into their graft. What a justice seeking bunch of babies they turned out to be.

Saw some pictures in the papers of the houses where some of our officers and men are located and it looked like General Sumerall must have had a camera with him when he said our men were housed in places worse than a German Prison Camp.² Just for that the General got his after dinner speech Chevrons taken away from him, and brought back to Childs in Washington where no speeches were permitted.

Magruder and Sumerall would be a great team for the movies now, where the voice don't register.³

War in Nicaragua is holding on pretty good. Our original assertion, "That it was only a few Rebels that were dissatisfied has kinder been disapproved." The Rebels must of had a majority when they started out or else we couldnt have killed as many as we have.

China has kinder settled down now. It will be quiet till the Missionaries all get back to their posts again. It never mattered to us who was President of China anyway because we couldnt pronounce his name whoever he was. Carter Glass who has studied Finance for elective purposes for years has been accusing the President and Secretary of State of prohibiting private loans to European nations.⁴ He claims the Government had no right to tell an individual who to loan his money to.

Cal says, "No we have no right but we are just tipping him off. We have a pretty good idea who is good pay and who is not." By the way what

has become of the old debt talk we used to hear. No one ever hears any mention of anybody paying now.

257 THE NEWS SWALLOWED WHOLE

This is written on the Santa Fe's crack train, the "Chief," going west. The balance wheel and I are trying to get home from that trip to see the Navajoes. We started out a couple of weeks ago to see the Navajoes and wound up looking at one of Henry Fords new model cars at Dearborn. We been everywhere west of Detroit, seen every race of people, both Indian and whites, but the Navajoes. Havent even seen a blanket.

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers. The old paper in the morning is my breakfast. Course I don't entirely depend on it. I like it accompanied by some ham and eggs, and a few biscuits, a series of cups of coffee, a few wheat cakes to help get your mind off the editorials.

Well, today I had a perfect breakfast. Between a Fred Harvey dining car and a Kansas City Times, (which is a morning warning that the Kansas City Star will be out later) it just about makes you what I would call the ideal Dassyuno.¹ (That means breakfast in Spanish. I am going to Mexico next week and am practicing to speak to them in what I think is their native tongue.) That Kansas City Star is just about in the newspaper world what Jim Reed is in the political world.² Both of them are liable to blurt right out with the truth, even if they step on a Republican.

So with my California grape fruit raised in Laredo, Texas, I had in the left column on the front page to wit and as is the following, "Looks like Kansas City will land Republican Convention." I read on to see if they meant purposely, or was it being forced on them. I couldn't imagine a city purposely asking for the thing. Then I read on to find what they meant by being the one to land it. It was one of eight cities so it looked like they would get it. I don't want to take up your time, but if you would like to see a list of the illiteracy test, why here it is: Kansas City, Chicago, San Francisco, Philadelphia, Seattle, Omaha, and Denver.

You don't see New York or Cleveland in there do you? No sir, they had their fill last time. You don't see Claremore, Oklahoma, or Beverly Hills, Cal., in there, do you? When they have to resort to a Political Deligate to come and see their towns they will burn their charter. You havent heard of any city wanting the Democrats have you? El Paso is the only one I know of. They have asked for it, and they have engaged quarters for it in Juarez, Mexico.

While they was broiling a couple of chops, I move over to the second column front and go headlong into this, "Ruth tells Womack goodbye and sails for Panama."³

I thought at first it was Babe Ruth going down to maby knock a home run from one ocean to another.⁴ But it was Ruth Elder, trying to get the husband to stay in the kitchen while company was there. These husbands do bob up at the most inappropriate times. Sometimes it looks like they are not hardly worth the trouble they cause one. Harry Rickenbacker is Ruth's manager.⁵ He is the highest priced press agent in the world. I know Harry well, and I know that anything he advised was for Mr. Womack's own good. I know he would have just loved to have had Lyle, (that's Womack's given name) along with them on their forthcoming tour. But he is the athletic director for the soldiers at Panama, and so Harry and Ruth advised him that it wouldnt be right if he neglected doing his daily dozen every day, and to just think how muscle-bound the poor soldiers would get down there if they had to lay off all the time he was away.

So Ruth starts out on her lecture tour, entitled, "How it feels to be alone in the air with a man when your husband is in Panama and his wife is in Brooklyn." And of course every Woman that never had a husband in Panama will just flock to hear her.

With the rasher of bacon accompanying the chops I read the following in column three. "Chefs in London give dinner to visiting Chefs from Paris." And here is what they served. Sherry wine was the appetizer, instead of cocktails, as they claim cocktails dull the intellect. Pat De Foie Grass in jelly of Port Wine. English Sole was cooked in Champaign garnished with brandy, and served on newly picked grape leaves. English pheasants cooked in Port Wine, pears stewed in granulated chocolate and smothered in Abysynthe. "The visiting chefs will be entertained tomorrow by the King at Buckingham Palace."

Read that menu over again, and see if you didnt make a mistake when you took up law or medicine. The line about the "King entertaining them." I just wonder what the King will do for them. Maby do a few card tricks, or tell the one about the two Scotchmen, or relate a few comical remembrances of the Prince when he was young and giddy.⁶

Suppose they come over here and our Chefs give 'em a dinner. Here is what we would have. For these French Pot Wranglers we would serve the Pat a De Foy Grass (which is really nothing but alfalfa, unmaturred). For the jelly we would just use the corn mash from the still. The English Sole, we havent that, but we could stew 'em up an English heel that would be prowling around looking for wife material. We havent the Champaign to pot boil him in, but we could spread a little home made "Dago Red" over his form. Now the English Pheasants cooked in wine. We are shy on the pheasants, but we got some mighty fine young Dominick Roosters. We can wring their necks and spread about a quart of white mule, or Jack Brandy over their old carcasses and it wouldnt taste no worse.

Now as for Coolidge entertaining them at the White House. He might have 'em there, and if they had all of our native drinks they wouldnt need much entertaining. We would just carry the frog food tasters there, let 'em lay awhile, and re-carry them away. No sir, those Male Hired Girls havent tasted any dinner till they visit our fair land and let our native food spoilers fix them up a batch of vittles garnished with our first Industry.

With the ham and eggs that the boy is replacing the empties with, I spy in column four.

"Cuba voted \$5,000 a year to widow of General Leonard Wood."⁷ There is a fine one. We got to depend on little Cuba to give the widows of our heroes enough to live on in ease and comfort. You will have to make your own comment on that. This a comedy article. With the pack of pan cakes in column five comes Borah and Carter Glass, who say the "Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendment is not being violated in the South, by the states."⁸ That the Negroes can vote." But they are advised not too. To not heed this advice has sometimes ended disastrously.

With some very splendid jam and toast which was rounding out an excellent breakfast, I see the heading, "Gunman Shoots a Woman." Then away down at the last of the little headlines, "Her Husband is also shot." There is not much use for a man to get shot by a gunman and expect to get much on it. Then I turned the page over while I was waiting for a hot pot of coffee and there was the financial page with football and boxing. Then comes politics and "Mutt and Jeff" and "Bringing Up Father" and then an article on "What the Movies Need." And by then I was full. So that's all I know that was in the papers today.

258 CONGRESS OPENS, THE COMEDY STARTS

Well, the boys are off in Congress again. So the comedy will pick up from now on. We have never had a Congress that everybody was so excited about. We have never had one where the politicians were so anxious to get going. Mellon simply through force of habit in business saved up some money for us, nobody knows how much. It is in the neighborhood of three or four hundred million dollars. Just about what it took Henry Ford to take one radiator off and put on another in his new car.

Well, if you think that politics are based on patriotism and not on business you just watch the press from now on. Five hundred men in Congress and another hundred in the Senate will argue from now till Coolidge runs 'em out of there, on what to do with that money. It's the greatest plum that has ever dangled before a legislative body.

Now, the first thing you must get in your mind is the facts. Mellon has skimped and pinched here and there, and denied himself and saved this money, because he foolishly thought that was his business and duty. Coolidge encouraged him in it because he liked him and wanted to see him make good. Little did either of them know what trouble they were piling up for themselves in the future.

Well, the news got out that Mellon had a surplus.¹ The Armistice didn't cause one half the excitement that this news did. You would have thought every Congressman had struck oil on his farm and got the news at the same time: "Santa Claus had finally visited Congress. What do you know about that? Something to divide up with the boys back home! It looks like re-election for me if I can go in with some loot."

Then the arguments started. "How are we going to split this?" The Democrats started wondering and planning. The Republicans started wondering and planning. "Three hundred million! Why that would put the old party on its feet!" Course they were smart enough to know that they wasn't going to get much of it. A Republican treasurer had saved it and naturally the swag goes to the swagger.

And the wonderful part about it, it couldn't have come at a better time. Here was an election coming on and naturally the best way to split this was so it would do the most good at the polls.

Now get this, we owe thirty billion. (Not million but billion.) Now if you owed a sum of money and you suddenly happened in some way to make some, and you claimed and had even boasted that you were prosperous, what would you do with this extra money? Why, you would apply it on what you owed and cut down the principal, wouldn't you? Certainly you would. Well what a fine chance you would have ever becoming a politician. You wouldn't last till you got by a city alderman job with those methods. You got to split that up some way so it looks like it is coming back to some of the loyal boys back in the home wigwam. So Congress, even met a month early. That is, most of them did. (Those that are on the "Ways and Means" Committee.)

It's a committee that is formed to kinder lay out plans and advise the others what to do. But in all the history of Congress its advice has yet to be heeded. In this case it was supposed to find the ways to divide up the means. Not only is the politician on his toes and all aquiver, but old man organization has its ears to the ground. The United States Chamber of Commerce, formed for the protection of each other against those thieving, hungry masses, they tell Mellon how to divide the loot.

Their suggestion is that each member of the Chamber would get about \$10,048 per head. It seems that they had been discriminated against in the taxes and this was in the nature of a refund. Then the automobile men as an

association arrived. They claimed that it was the government tax on automobiles that was holding back such struggling firms as General Motors. If they would just do away with that tax, why they would have a chance to live. Those that wasn't selling cars never thought that it might be the quality of their cars that might be holding back sales. Then the theater men come in. They said it was the tax that the Government had on, that was driving their patrons to other theaters. Every organized band in the world arrived. "Haden't the Government showed a profit? What right had the Government to show a profit? That was our money and we want it back!"

Big income tax payers said, "Help us! We are paying most of the taxes, so this surplus is due to us. How can we keep on getting bigger and bigger if you are going to take it away from us?"

The moderate taxpayer said: "We are the backbone of the country. Give it back to the backbone." The little fellow that had been just paying his various little taxes in dozens of different ways, he didn't say anything. He just sit home with his sense of humor and said to himself, "I guess I am pretty lucky to just be allowed to live among all this. Lord! Grant that I never take it serious! I guess what little I paid in don't count. And I am certainly not going to have the poor sportsmanship to ask for it back. I never asked for anything so I have never been disappointed. I haven't got much, but you can see some great sights from where I sit. I'm the fellow in the campaign speeches that they are always protecting. I have had more platform relief than one of Aimee's patients.² But we are allowed to buy the papers and see who does get the money, so we are thankful. Sarah! Will you please pass the applesauce? We must remember the apple farmer needs relief too." So you see the big problem of the day is "What to do with the \$250,000,000." I bet you Mellon is sorry he ever saved it.

259

A NEW FORD WITH HENRY'S COMPLIMENTS

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers, and what I find out as I prowled around over the commonwealth. I went back the other day to see Henry Ford. He seemed to be kinder delaying on getting us into new vehicles. So I just went back to see what was the matter. I had been to see him several times before, and I felt I knew him well enough to know that he would receive me, and maybe show me the car. You know he is one of the friendliest men you ever met. It's strange, but he and John D. Rockefeller, our two wealthiest men, are modest and plain, both easy to talk to and interested in everything.¹

Well, when I got out to the Ford experimental offices I was ushered into Mr. Leibold's office.² He is private secretary to Mr. Ford, and is a very friendly, accommodating fellow. He has eight children, the oldest 16 years, so you see this mass production has had its effect. He said Mr. Ford was out in the country somewhere looking at some old antiques. There is a difference between an old antique and an antique. The workmanship of the old antique was the best that a man could do, while the work of a modern antique is the worst that the modern workmen can do.

I must tell you about this antique business in connection with Mr. Ford. We went over later to see it. He has a little antique shop, a kind of cozy corner where he stacks a few of his curios. The place is about the size of Soldiers' Field in Chicago, only it is all roofed over. The first little knick-nacks you come to are a few threshing machines, oh, not more than forty or fifty, every kind that ever was made. Then come the vehicles. If you ever rode in a buggy or old farm wagon, or buckboard, and have wondered what ever became of it, why stop wondering—it's in Mr. Ford's collection. You see he figures that everything moves in cycles, and in a few years people will be tired of the motor car, and go back to the buggy. When they do he will be right there and have you riding in his conveyance as usual. He has enough buggies and wagons to clog up the roads just as he is doing now with the new cars.

He's got old spinning wheels, hundreds of them; old chairs, millions of 'em. Then, of course, motor cars, every kind he ever made and every kind anybody ever made. He told me he has already bought the houses to re-erect an old time village.³ Every time he sees an unusual looking old place he buys it and has it ready to move and put in this village. It will have old mills and stores just as they used to be. He will then use all this stuff in fixing and furnishing them.

So if you leave anything in the way of old plunder, like furniture you are afraid will break down, send it to him and he will buy it. I am going home and send him the furniture from my home in Beverly, practically everything we have. We have the first installment plan furnished house in Beverly and the Pilgrims can furnish nothing more rickety than that.

He is all tickled to death over the new car.⁴ Gave me a demonstration half the day in it. Mr. Ford himself told me he had been in it when it was going sixty-eight miles an hour. So if he can take a chance in the thing, why you can imagine what others will do. We did everything in it but climb a tree. I was kinder disappointed that this one didn't do that. The old ones would.

I won't tell you about it, for maybe you will have one by the time you read this. I found out everything about the car but the cost. They claim they don't know till they get more into production and see what the cost is. I of-

ferred him \$50 as a first payment on the first one out. (This was while sitting at the luncheon table.) He wouldn't take it, but Edsel reached for it.⁵ When I pulled it back Mr. Ford said he would give me the first one for sale in California, with his compliments. Edsel looked kinder disappointed, as he is the business manager and has to be responsible for the money. He didn't like to see the concern starting out on too liberal a basis.

I wanted to give 'em the fifty, as I figured that would cover the cost and put 'em in the clear, even if they never got any more out of me. So you see I was doing pretty well with our rich men. John D. gave me a dime and Ford a car. Now I am trying to figure out which is the most liberal. I should have got the Ford, then driven by Rockefeller's and got the gas free.

We talked aeroplanes. He is all wrapped up in their progress. He has right there the finest field and equipment I have seen in this country. It looks like a German field, it is so well equipped. He thinks the future will see a plane that will have 10 or 20 engines and carry 100 people strong enough to buck all the winds and storms. I went back to Chicago the next day in one of his three-motored ships. Thirteen of us made the trip.

He thinks Hoover will be the candidate. He says it was fixed for that years ago, meaning that Wall Street is the selection committee of our politics. I asked him about who the Democrats would run. He said, "I had never thought of it. They will run somebody, won't they?" I told him that was the trouble, they would. I told him I had always felt sure Coolidge would run again. But he didn't think so. So I imagine his judgment is a little better than mine.

He is getting his new car out. He is satisfied with it. He has made friends with the world, and he just seemed to be as happy as a kid. Here was a guy who had spent 150 million dollars to make a few changes in his business and he wasn't batting an eye over it. He is 65 I think. He is active and alert. He knows all his machinists by name and stops and they talk over what they are working on. He is a great man. Just about the greatest we have.

260 WILL TURNS LITERARY CRITIC

I tried about everything to make a living, outside of work. All kinds of writing and play acting, and trying to appear foolish and trying to appear smart. That is, I have tried about everything but book reviewing. That is critic.

No, it has never been my nature to criticize anything. I always just figured that the people doing it were doing their best. Now book writing I just figured they felt like they ought to write a book so they just up and wrote

it, and they couldn't be blamed for they were doing the best they could. But I am now going to take up this critic business serious. When the boys write their bound pamphlets why I am the local Heywood Broun that will knock 'em back to their newspaper game, or maybe boost 'em on if they are bad enough to writing scenarios.¹ Now Rupert Hughes, an old friend of mine, that is, he used to say hello to me when we used to work at the Goldwyn studio.² He was the original eminent author, and the only one who remained eminent after his first picture. Now Rupert is just about one of our greatest humorists in America. He is right in a class with Cobb and Larder.³ But like Cobb he don't like this funny man business, so they now write stories and try and put in enough plot that it will drown the humor out. They try not to be funny, for they know people look on any one being funny like they don't know much. So you really can't blame them for trying to live down this humor business. But hear either one of them at a banquet when he knows it's not going to be published in book or magazine form and the old humor will crop right out.

Well, about a year or more ago Rupert, you remember, wrote a book exposing (well not exactly exposing), but kinder giving Washington's other side. They say every man has two sides and Rupert is the first one to roll Washington over.

Well it kicked up quite a furor. The Daughters of the Revolution started revolting. Most of the organization had traced kinship back to George, and they wanted him to stay like McGuffy had put him.⁴ But Rupert's humor cropped out and he dug out all this other and put it into print. That is it was already in print but not all the scandal business was printed together. (It had to be in print somewhere or Rupert couldn't have found it.) Well, people that hadn't read anything about Washington in years except the Cherry Tree and hatchet episode started in new. Course it kicked up a lot of fire, and Rupert, seeing he had the blaze started, certainly never had been accused of being a poor showman that he didn't know when to throw on more wood when he saw the blaze going good, so the rascal up and hits 'em with another volume, and it's this second volume that I am starting in my career as a critic on. You would have thought if you read the first that he had aired about all there was, but as Al Jolson says, "You ain't heard nothing yet."⁵ If he don't go and get that skeleton out of that Virginia closet and shake another volume out of it.

Liquor, and cards, and dances. Well you just got to read it. It's a good thing he run for president when he did. Of course I lay the whole thing of Washington's downfall to environment. It was those Virginians, and you know they haven't changed much. Why right there in that Shenandoah Valley it's full of blue grass, and race horses and you know race horses ain't meant for no good, and where there is blue grass there is sure to be devil-

ment. Look at Lexington, Ky. Why there they will bet on a horse race or a poker game quicker than the rest of America will go to church.

Then that valley of the Shenandoah is full of caves. Now what does a respectable community want with caves? You don't see any caves around Claremore, Okla., do you? No sir, everything is above ground. And look at the corn they raise in Virginia, and everybody knows they feed their horses oats. Where does the corn go, eh? I ask you. You Roanoke, I am asking.

So you see it's Virginia. That's what it was, if he had run with Oklahomans, you couldn't have ever dug up all this on him. What's Virginia done anyhow? All they could do was write Constitutions, and Declarations, and have Presidents, and make Hickory Smoked Ham.

Who couldn't write Constitutions? You give me all the ideas of other nations and a good dictionary and I will show you some Constitution. And Presidents, they had to get 'em from Virginia, because it was the only doubtful state.

What I want to know is why Hughes keeps picking on Washington. He couldn't do all that devilment alone he had to have fellows with him. Why don't Hughes write about Jefferson? I bet he could dig up some scandal on him. You know what I think it is. I think it's politics. Hughes is a Democrat. That's about what's the matter with him, and he won't tell things on Jefferson because he was a Democrat. Why don't he tell about any number of other men? What about Monroe? And doctrine? And Mason? And Dixon? And all those linesmen. How about Grant; he couldn't a been smoking all the time.

It's politics, that's what's doing it. He is trying to show that the Republicans were not decent from the start. Now no man can do two volumes worth of scandal. Why don't he hop on Andy Jackson? There's a lad that never missed a shot or a drink while in the White House, but he was a Democrat, that's why Hughes is trying to protect him. I hate to say this, but I believe that Rupert is paid by the Clem Shaver Organization.⁶ If they can show that the Republicans started their cussedness under Washington, why it will prove that it is hereditary and can't be stopped, that they are just naturally honery from birth. The whole thing is nothing but political propaganda. Why do they have to drag a man's fair name in to make politics? I think if a man can do things and get away with 'em for a hundred or two years that you ought to give him credit. If we couldn't find him out in that time, why let him go. And if Hughes keeps on putting out these volumes slamming the Republican party, why I am going to do a little research work and tell something on the Democrats. I'll show 'em some dirt.

261 **MOTORISTS NEED PARACHUTES**

I've made a lot of Aeroplane trips, and people in talking to me about them, always something would come up about the Parachute. That seems to sorter scare 'em. They get the idea if somebody puts something on you to save your life that it looks like it is so dangerous that you might have to use it. Now on the regular mail lines where they carry passengers now, if it is an open cockpit you wear a "Chute." From Los Angeles to Salt Lake you wear one, then from Salt Lake to Chicago you are in a closed plane, and I have never seen anyone with them on in a closed Plane. I don't know why that is, I guess they figure nothing ever happens to a closed plane. Then from Chicago to New York on the other end of the coast to coast trip you are again in an open plane and you wear one.

Now it may seem kinder scary to some, the idea of having one of those on you. It gives you something to think about all the time. All I do is wonder if I would have sense enough, or nerve enough to use it if necessary. They have absolutely saved hundreds of lives. Had there been no parachute there would have been no Lindbergh flight, for there would have been no Lindbergh. He has jumped four times during his mail carrying experiences.

I will never forget an old time flyer that was helping me on with my chute. He was telling me what great things they were. He said, "You know old Slim, (that's what all the flyers that know him call Lindy). Old Slim is sure quick on the draw."

I didn't know what he meant and asked him. "Why with them chutes he is awful quick on the trigger with one of them. He don't monkey with these Aeroplanes. When one gets out of whack up there with him, and he can't see any safe landing, he just heads her up into the clouds, pulls her into a stall, steps out and pulls the string. No sir that Boy is a two gun man with a Chute. He just says, all right old Plane you go your way and I'll go mine and we will see which one will get down in the best shape."

Well, I had read Lindy's book "We" and it tells all about all four jumps, and by the way I hope my friends the Editors won't think it wringing in an add, if I advise every one that hasent read that book to do so. It's a great book even if he had never gone to Europe. It's just a straight away story of all his happenings since he left school and started in to fly, and you won't lay it down till you finish it. Get the story about down south where he took a "coon" up, and the crowd paid the boy's way, and asked him to stunt with him, and the old Black Boy told 'em he would wave his handkerchief to show 'em all the time he wasn't afraid. Well, I'm not going to tell you the rest; you read it yourself.

Lindy is a four time member of the Caterpillar Club, that's a club composed of men who have had to jump to save their lives, (not just for exhi-

bition purposes). It hasent quite the ideals and business go get 'em quality as some of our more progressive Luncheon Clubs. But it was founded on an idea, and it's the only Club I ever heard of that was.

I'll never forget the first time I put on one of the things. It was down at Kelley Field.¹ That's where Lindy learned, and he says it's the greatest flying instruction school in the World. Well they started to harness me up with this thing and I was kinder paling up around the gills. It was one of the crack army fliers. I forgot his name just now but all you army boys will know him when I tell you he is the one that fell out of a plane down in Texas last year when he was riding as excess with another flyer. He went to sleep and they hit a bump and threw him clear out. He had never jumped before. He said, "I didnt jump then."

I asked him did you pull it? He says, "I'm here, ain't I?" He says, "You was supposed to count five after you jump, but it didnt say how many you was supposed to count after you was thrown. So I commenced reaching for it right pert."

But the funny part of that experience is to imagine the feelings of the other Aviator when he landed where he was going and looked back in the rear Cockpit and no partner. They say the Guy like to have gone crazy. He couldnt imagine what had become of the other fellow.

Well, this old boy that got bucked out was the one that was putting this one on me. He is one of the oldest and best Army fliers. He was going to take me up. It didnt look right to be telling me there was no danger and at the same time cinching one of those up on me. But it's an Army regulation, in either the Army or Navy, no one is allowed to go up without one, and it's a good rule too. I asked him if the thing worked. He said, "We have never had a complaint." Another flier said, "If it don't work, bring it back and we will give you another one. It's the one thing in the Army that is absolutely guaranteed with a replacement."

I got the thing all on and then asked, what do you do IF. "Oh, you just jump, count five slow, and then reach for this ring here." (It was a kind of an iron ring and seemed to me all bundled up like I was that it was hard to reach away around at your left side.) I asked him why they had it away round there. He said, "Why the idea was that the ring would be over your heart and if you jumped you would always have presence of mind enough to remember your heart and reach there and find the ring and pull it." Well I told 'em, "If I ever jump, and reach for where my heart is, I will choke myself to death."

They are the cutest things you ever saw, and you look stunning walking around with one on before you get in. It's a nice cushion and they hang where if somebody took a kick at you he would be wasting his time. They make the cushion that you sit on.

Wish there was some kind of Parachute invented to use in Automobile accidents. The only thing they have ever invented when it looks like an Auto crash is to throw both hands over your eyes and scream.

WEEKLY ARTICLES — 1928

262 MEXICO AND OKLAHOMA IN LIMELIGHT

All I know is just what I read in the papers. And say, maby it don't seem good to get where you can read the papers! Down in Mexico they have some mighty fine newspapers, but unless I could find the word chili, or tamales, or bueno, or mananana, or some of the usual American vocabulary, why I just wasn't doing any reading that day. Course they print one page in English, but it is mostly of a local nature and it didnt give all the little scandal that was going on like our papers do here. So when I crossed the line the first thing I did was grab a paper at Brownsville and read it in the aeroplane that took me to San Antonio.

It was just after Lindy had gone to the bull fight and a lot of space was devoted to that. Now where in the world does anybody come in to tell that boy what to do? If we have any person in America that knows what to do it is him. He don't require any advice at any time. Now he had never seen one and like all normal minded people they like to see something that they have heard of all their lives, so why shouldnt he go?

Now I left the afternoon of the day he went, and didnt get to see him after he come back, and I will bet that he would say, he enjoyed parts of it, but that he didnt really care for them. So you see the best way to condemn a thing is to know something about it, so when he speaks about it in the future he will do so with some authority. He can explain why he don't like 'em. It's their sport, and he is a guest of their country and him staying away wouldnt help out the cause of a single thing. But by going and then saying he didnt like one would mean something. They are slowly dying out, there is not the big crowds that you hear so much about. Baseball, and soccer, football and boxing is slowly replacing it. The young people all play other games. Tennis has a tremendous hold down there and golf and polo.

I myself even received wires asking me to please ask him not to go to a bull fight. That was even before he got into the country, and it was those

same demands that made him decide to go. You know that kid has quite a bit of determination. I have noticed little things about him that shows that he has a will of his own. Well when I got back they was also right in the midst of the scandal over all the accusations that had been published against some of our Senators receiving money from Mexico. Well I don't believe anybody believed that. You know we joke about 'em and all but down in our hearts we feel that they are doing the best they can, and we just don't believe they are dishonest. For instance if they were why are not more of 'em rich? Those that are made it before they got in there. No that stuff didnt set well with us, and besides they picked out the very ones we had the most faith in. Down in Mexico you don't hear much about it. They say that some of the things may have a foundation of truth in them. For they were on the opposite side from us in the Nicaraguan question, and they wasent any great amount of brotherly love between us and them, so that maybe everything they did was not exactly in our favor. But there was no reason why it should have been. But they think that most of these are an exaggeration over what really happened.

This fellow Morrow is a bear.¹ He is going to get on fine. He is a mighty fine little fellow and a good head on him. They like his style, and they are not turning his head by any flattery. They know he is a hard-headed business man and they have to deal with him in a business way. But they also feel that he is sympathetic with them and wants to be friends and that all he asks is justice and a fair guarantee that things will be let alone. Things are looking better down there now than at any time in years for the friendship of the two countries.

If they could just get this religious issue straightened out there would be practically no great question bothering them, and it looks favorable to some kind of settlement on that in the near future. Lindy's visit of course they just went plum cuckoo, that was a great stroke of diplomacy him going down there. You know the feeling and respect for that man among people, well it just ain't human, it's sorter divine. There has never been anything like it in the history of the world. That whole city waited from 5, 6 and 7 o'clock in the morning till almost 3 in the afternoon with actual prayer waiting for that boy. They wouldnt have had anything happen to him in their country for the world. Each one kinder felt personally responsible for him in their country, and then when he come, and as he was there a few days and got to going around to various places and they saw him more why their admiration seemed to even increase if that was possible. Then his mother coming, that was a marvelous thing.² He sat there in the Embassy the other night figuring and dopping out his maps. He is going to try and make all the countries of Central America, and all the ones on the north fringe of South America, coming back home by the way of Cuba. One or two countries

hadent invited him yet, so he says to the Ambassador, "Maby I better not figure on them yet." Then Mr. Morrow told him that they hadent had time, that they would as soon as they knew he was going, so he says "Well I will mark them in temporarily then."

Now he don't know if some of them have landing fields or what they have, but he says, "I'll find something. You know I can get this ship down in pretty small space." Well let's hope the kid makes his rounds in good shape, for it's going to be a tough trip.

But never mind Mexico. What's been going on up in Cuckooland all these weeks? Congress met. I was afraid they would. If it hadent been for Mellon saving up that money I don't believe they would have met.³ Just think dividing up four hundred million. This will be one of the biggest sessions they have ever had. Cal wants to pay some of it on the national debt but the boys want to pay it out on next year's elections. They think the future generations should pay for the war, and the present generation should keep them in office.

And did you hear about my state? Kansas used to be comedy relief of the great constellation of states, but Oklahoma went by it like it was standing still.⁴ I never heard of as much scandal in one office as they have had with their Governors. I believe I would just stop and get me what the towns call a Commission form of government. They are claiming now that a woman is the dominating factor. Well I never heard of a place that she wasent. They claim that it is an outside woman and not his wife. Well that's not exactly a novelty either. For if I remember right history has something about some outside females that pulled some national committee men stuff themselves. Course there is two sides to it.

She claims she is trying to keep the crooks out and trying to have the office run without political patronage. Well if that's the case no woman in the world is strong enough for that. Not in Oklahoma anyway. Those boys don't vote for you for nothing down there. But I kinder hate to see my state feeling like it had to contribute nothing but comedy to the rest of the Union.

263 POLITICALLY CHRISTMAS WAS BUM

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers. Course with Xmas and New Year's and this guy Hickman, and rains, all coming at once there hasent been much to read about.¹ First we will take the Presidential candidates as they comprise the majority of our population. Nothing new showed up during the holidays in the way of a man that could be nominated.

New candidates made their appearance but like all the rest none of them that could by any stretch of the imagination be taken as being able to be nom-

inated, it would have been a wonderful Xmas if we had had delivered into our socks a real man that the country could all kinder settle on then we could have notified Kansas City that they would not have to go the disgrace of holding the convention after all and as the Democrats havent picked any place and it is doubtful in many minds if they will, as no town has bid on it, they are out now trying to find some town that is unknown enough to take on the convention.

Hoover instead of making any move to further his cause from the political angle just went to his office and tended to his business, which will naturally kill all chances he has with the politicians. If a man is going to tend to his business all the time and not spend his term of office making political appointments why he will never get very far with the politicians.

Then Dawes, another man that is just right next door to free rent, why his Xmas cards didnt have any platform on 'em.² I kinder looked for him to sorter hint what his plan would be for America. He had one for Europe, and I thought maby he would lay out a schedule for us. There is a lot of Dawes presidential talk, and it is not Dawes that is doing it either. Dawes did hate the Senate there for awhile, but then so did everybody else; but the people and Dawes too felt like giving them another chance, so I believe that the Senate would kinder be for Charley for they know in their own hearts that he had the real low down on them when he made that war talk about 'em. Even the ones that are against him, would figure if he was President that he couldnt be Vice President, and if he wasnt Vice President why he wouldnt be ruling over them.

So as I say nothing happened during the holidays to change anything in regard to these two most likely candidates; Dawes is a rich man and could have sent everybody a Xmas present and that would have done more to further him than ability would. But he didnt and I don't look for much from him in the way of Easter greetings so it just don't look like he wants the office bad enough to buy it, which leads me to believe that he is not following the usual Republican procedure.

You know just a little ten or twenty spot nestling in the folds of a well worded Xmas card would have made his Yuletide greetings mighty welcome to most of us. I think it would have even made the Democrats forget the Jeffersonian principles long enough to shy a ballot his way, course he could have worded it in such a way that no Senatorial committee could have found evidence enough to convict on. He could have also charged it off on his income tax as legitimate advertising. And if he had lost the Presidency he could have charged it "loss through wildcat investment," so it looks like Dawes is going to try and win the nomination on the level, which puts him in the class with Hoover, as being NON political.

Lowden, I just don't know how he weathered the holidays; he was awful

strong with the farmers, but the farmers got a good crop, so I guess they forgot about him.³ Rain was with Cal instead of McNary-Haugen this last fall, and its awful hard to beat for a farmers' "relief" measure.⁴ You give me rain whenever I want it, and give my opponent arguments and figures on his side, and I will clean him nine out of ten. Rain at the right time has got more to do with a full wheat bin, than all the protective tariffs you can shock up in one pile.

Course I don't know just how long Cal is going to have the Lord pulling his way with him. That's what makes me kinder doubtful about the Democratic chances sometimes. I kinder doubt if they would have any divine cooperation if they got in. Their style of living has never led me to hope for much along that line, course I may be all wrong. We all know what the good book says, "The Lord loveth the poor and down and out." But at the same time it looks like the poor don't get much besides love. They are being loved all the time, but they are also being poor all the time. Now the Lord might just be that way with the Democrats, for they sure come under the heading, "Poor and down and out." But they are going to need something more material than just love.

Now Cal and the Republicans don't come under the heading of "poor and down and out." But till they draw the rains, the Lord may not "love 'em" but He does assist 'em. And this is an age of material things. Mass production is the constant howl. Love and good fellowship don't seem to be paying dividends. There has been more beautiful verses written about the poor and needy. If everybody instead of writing a poem about 'em would have sent a dollar instead, there would have been no poor and needy. So I am just wondering if the Democrats get in whether they will be loved by the Almighty, or whether He will do as much for them physically as he has for Calvin's gang.

So that's what makes Mr. Lowden's position kinder hard to dope out. Of course if the farmers get a poor year next year why Lowden will be the Red Grange of the Corn belt.⁵ So it looks to me like Lowden is just at the mercy of the elements. If the Lord sticks with Cal another year, Mr. Lowden is static. If he don't Lowden will be the loud speaker with thousands trying to get their head in the mouth of the horn.

That brings us down to Mr. Hughes.⁶ There is a man along all these other three that I have a tremendous admiration for. He is one of the nicest and friendliest men when you know him of any man you ever met. They say he said he was too old. Where does he get that stuff. Why you got to be an old man before you have any sense nowadays. Now I wanted to get down to the Democrats in this but I just havent the paper and the space to make it. But they didnt do anything during Xmas to further their cause any more than the Republicans did. Politically it was just a bum Xmas.

I still hope we could all find and settle on some man and do away with

both conventions. It would be such a good joke on the Delegates. For there is nothing as useless as a delegate to a political convention. Unless it is the man that he is a delegate for.

264 WILL ADVISES EVERYBODY TO RUN

Dear Al Smith, Governor of New York:¹

Al, it just looks like I can't find anybody to write to but you and Cal. Neither one of you ever answer me, but I just don't seem to get discouraged. I just keep on writing.

A good while ago I wrote you advising you to lay off the big race till 1932, when you would have a cinch instead of a race. Well, at that time I thought Coolidge would run and I didn't think you could beat him with the present condition of the country continuing.

Well, everybody tells me I am all wet, that he is not going to run. Well, I still say he is. That's what he wants and what he will have to do for the party sake is two different things. I claim he will have to in order to assure a Republican victory.

Well, that's neither here nor there. I have learned that you must never advise a man in politics to do anything but run. If you advise him not too, you just lose his friendship. So it's always best to advise him the way he wants to be advised.

So from now on I am advising everybody to run. In that way I will be friends to the world. But it's not of that that I am writing you in this letter, Al, it's something more than mere politics. It's something that if you did it it would be the biggest single work one man had ever done. Now I just come out of Mexico and I don't need to tell you they got some pretty big problems down there and it looks like we are going to get a lot of them solved. Cause we got a mighty good man down there.² This fellow is doing something besides just delivering the notes that is sent down to hand the Mexican Government. In fact he makes his own notes.

He hasent received one from Washington since he had been there. All Washington sends is his check, and I don't think he has ever cashed that. He is going to settle a lot of things between us.

Now there is some things down there that I don't just know how a Government would go about settling. No matter how good a man they had. And that's this religious issue. Don't let anybody tell you it ain't a big thing. It is a big thing. Anything that affects the lives and habits and customs of a majority of its people is a big thing.

It's mighty hard for a country or a duly accredited Representative of a country to tell or even advise another country how to conduct their religious

affairs. That's about the touchiest business we got in any man's country to be monkeying with is religion. It's the one thing that no matter be he Professor or Heathern, they think, and they have right to think, that it's theirs and they have a right to do with it as they see fit, as long as they don't bother anyone else.

Now I am not going to try and tell you anything about the situation down there with the church. I can't tell you, and I don't think even smart people that are down there and have lived there could tell you. That is why they could not give you a real unbiased record of all the facts in the whole case. It has dragged on so long and has become so complicated that people that want to be unbiased have naturally a leaning to one side or the other.

Not just because I happened to be thrown and associated a good deal while there with the President and his particular crowd, but I stirred around and tried to meet and talk to every faction. (And believe me there is a many a one, that's what kept me so long!) Now here is the only conclusion that I think anybody could come too. Both sides must have some right and must have some wrong on their side. Neither one can possibly be entirely in the right. Now like all long drawn out fights they have both got kinder hard headed and don't want to give in. Each one feels that the other side has it in for them, and they both distrust each other. Now when you figure it out it don't seem there is enough difference between them that it couldnt be fixed up.

Now here is where you come in, Al. You have qualifications that make you the ideal man to settle this question. In the first place you are a Catholic, and they would be willing to place their case in your hands. They couldn't possibly do that with a non-Catholic, no matter of how much ability and integrity they considered he possessed. They would naturally figure that he didn't understand their angle. Now on the other hand you understand government. You handle almost as many people in your state as they are called on to handle in their whole country.

You have a strong Catholic clientele in your state, a large Protestant one, a large Jewish one. All of these you handle with no possible friction as to government. Now they know that down there. Now they know that you know how to run a government without church, and they know that you know how to let a church be run without a government. I defy anyone to pick a man that is more ideally suited to bring these two factions to peace. You wouldn't need a Commission and a lot of red tape. You could go there and talk it over with both sides, and kinder give and take, and I bet anything that I possess that you could settle it in a week. They want to get it settled, both sides do. They both realize that in the handling the whole thing that they have both in the heat of battle made mistakes.

But Mexico don't want to fight. They have had fifteen years of it, and

they are tired and want to be let alone in peace and to pursue their worship according to the dictates of their own heart. The men in the Government are not such bandits that they want to be fighting all the time. They want to see everything settled and quiet and they know that with that prosperity is bound to come to all.

This fellow Calles is a strong fellow.³ He is a kind you don't ordinarily meet in politics. He makes no play for gallery. But I do know that he will listen to reason, when it is backed by facts. Morrow's association with him has proven that; the thing has simply evolved itself into a strike between the Government and the Church, and like all strikes that deal in a commodity, it's hurting nobody but the people that use and want that commodity.

The Government can afford to carry on the fight, the Church can afford to carry on the fight. They could each fight for fifty years and never hold services in a single church in the Republic in that time. But it's the people who would be the sufferers. Calles would like to see it settled in some way that would be best for the whole country for all time. He would be the most popular man in Mexico if it was settled, for he has done some other very remarkable things for the country. Obregon would like to have it settled.⁴ The Church we know wants to see their people receive services. So you see while it's a big question, it wouldnt take much at that, to bring them together.

This is not a thing for a comedian to be advising a statesman on. But I went to the country of my own free will and accord without any special invitation from anybody. I just wanted to see what it was like, meet its people, and have a good time. I went, was treated fine, not only by the Government and the ruling classes, but by everyone. Went into Vaqueros' or cowpunchers' houses and received the same courtesy and unbounded hospitality that I did with the President. Mexicans are fine people. They don't do everything our way or like we do. But why should they? Maybe their way is best, who knows? And if I ever was serious in my life I am serious in all I am saying to you. I honestly believe you are the best equipped and the most logical person in the world today to settle this great question. You are the only man that I know of that could speak with authority from both sides of the question. You would not only be doing Mexico a great favor, but the world. And as for us and our relations with Mexico, it would mean everything. And most of all it would be giving those poor peons down there something, that through no fault of theirs they are now denied. You know most of the population down there are poor, and they work hard, and they don't get a whole lot, and their church services and their fiesta days is about all they get out of it. That and to be let alone is all they ask. Now that ain't much to ask of a country of whom you are a citizen, is it?

To be allowed to have his spiritual guidance is not an unjust wage to demand for his toil. So it just looks to a mere comedian (with a fair amount of

love and liberty for his fellow men) that it is a disgrace for any great church, and any government of any great Republic to have to publically admit that they can't get together in some way and give their poor people what little they ask, when it is so little they do ask. And it's to you, Mr. Smith, that I honestly believe that if you offered your services that they would be accepted by both parties. And I am sure the result would be the greatest gratification of all the things of your entire useful public career.

265 WHAT'S THE BIG QUESTION OF THE DAY?

I was sitting around home one day sunning my scar trying to get it the same color as the rest of my body, and I didn't have a thing to write about. I said to myself, "What is the biggest news in America today?" I just says, "Will you owe it to your public to try and get the best." They want to know something about the big questions, the burning issues, or in other words what is more in everybody's mind right now than anyone subject? Was it among the following: "Does CHOOSE mean won't or will?" I knew that the meaning of that word had drove more people to Webster than "Overt" did during the war.

But it didn't mean anything in anyone's actual lives. They knew somebody would be President, but it would give neither personal joy or pain to them. Then I got to thinking of the following problems:

"Will the farmers get relief, or will they be satisfied with a good crop?" "Can Al hold New York, and not lose Alabama?" "Is Hoover's strength sentimental, or do they really think so little of him that they take him for a politician?" "Is Prohibition an issue or a drink?"

Now all these on paper look like pretty fair topics. But do you know nobody I talked with did they mean a thing to. Every fellow would say, "Oh, I don't know whether he will run or not. I wonder when Ford's new car will be ready for delivery." The next fellow: "Prohibition? Oh, I don't guess either side will do much about it. I reckon everybody gets about all they want. Have you heard anything about how that new Ford stands up?" Ask another one: "Do you think Congress will try and tinker with the tariff?" "Oh, I don't know, nobody knows what those guys will ever do. I wonder if they really are as fast as Ford says?"

Well, it finally commenced to percolate through my old thick-head that here I was unconsciously finding out what was in everybody's mind without asking them what was the burning question. Here was America with billions of dollars invested in what the professors like to have it known as higher education, or colleges; here we are teaching 'em Sciences, Languages (including English), Law, Medicine, and even Golf, and yet with all their education,

what they were interested in was a Ford car. Mexico had worked out a new economic system of eliminating Presidential candidates. Now if there is one that America should be interested in, it should be some scheme for eliminating Presidential candidates. But do you think we even noticed to see if the system worked down there or not? We did not. We wanted to know, can we get it on time, and what will he allow for the old Lizzie?

Well, I have always been a slave for my readers, so I just get me on the train, (the balance wheel was with me, so I couldn't take an aeroplane) and I sent a wire to Mr. Ford that I was headed his way, and nothing short of a personal demonstration in America's latest dissipation would satisfy your news sleuth.

Well when I finally did get there, Mr. Liebold, his genial secretary, 'phoned and said come out and have lunch with Mr. Ford.¹ Mr. Ford showed me the car, and told me all about it. In fact I found that he was as bad as all the other people that I had talked to. All HE was interested in was the new Ford car. I asked him who he thought would be the next Republican candidate for President. "I would just like to get some other car out on the road to race with me, I have had it up to seventy." I told him I was glad to hear that fellow was going to run, that I had always liked him too, and I thought he would make a good race. He did the last time, and I could see no reason why he wouldn't do as well again. "Who do you think the Democrats will run?" He said: "It hasn't got any one feature that is outstanding, but it has a hundred little things, and I am not through putting them on yet." Well, I was glad to hear that, for I always figured Smith would go into the convention with just about enough to nominate. It was only his ability at this time to beat this Republican that was worrying me. That's why I advised him to wait four years and be sure of it. I then asked Mr. Ford if he thought Congress would do anything about the farmers, and he replied immediately: "We would have gotten it out sooner, but the windshield held us up. Did you notice you can't get cut with it; it don't shatter, you can run your fist through it. Eighty percent of all accidents are from windshields." Well, you know being a farmer myself, I never was as glad to hear him say what he did about them. For I myself had always felt that they had got a raw deal.

He had been so nice about giving me all this information on all the principal issues that I didn't want to press him and be a pest. So he showed me his collection of all the old vehicles, and all the old time things he has gathered. Showed me his new planes. I went up in a small one, and they framed with the guy to loop the loop and do a roll. And I want to relate that the old comedian wasn't comeding during this maneuver. He sent me to Chicago the next day in one of the big three-motored Ford ships. Before I left I got the specifications of the new car. You see at that time it was not out. But he gave me the dope on it:

Wheel Base -----	20 feet running and folds up to 3 feet when parked.
Cylinders -----	There is a quartette, and like a quartette you can never tell how many are singing at once.
Stroke -----	Folow Through.
Gear -----	Ten percent of advertised rate, and two percent of Chamber of Commerce figures.
Rear Axle -----	Will bend or break as occasion demands.
Weight -----	Deceiving.
Finish -----	Natural Mud.
Displacement -----	It will displace a buggy, wagon, or phaeton.
Bearings -----	Either off to left or right.
Lubrication -----	Castor Oil.
Tires -----	Just as good as rubber.
Frame -----	Either wood or stucco.
Pistons -----	38's, 44's, and 45's, double action.
Cooling System ----	Frigidaire.
Heating -----	Base Burner.
Clutch -----	Rapid Demountable.
Starter -----	We will once.
Transmission -----	That's a big word, but it's in there somewhere.
Body -----	Perfect 36.
Bore -----	Poland China.
Top -----	One man, but he must be a MAN.
Horn -----	Alto or Soprano.
Special Equipment includes wheels, engine, fenders, and seats, if you care to sit down.	

266 THAT RADIO TALK SCARED ME STIFF

I have received so many letters in the last couple of weeks asking different questions in regard to the broadcasting that I was a party of a while back.¹ They all seem to want to know how it was done, and how it was that cues of each different station was taken up so quick, and there was no delay, and did I broadcast from my own home, and do I like talking over the radio, and a thousand other questions.

Now if you don't mind and it will be any news to you I will try and tell you all I know about it, which is not much, but it's what the men told me.

Men worked at my home in Beverly Hills for at least 10 days before and the last three days some of them worked all night, rigging up lines, an electrical wire, and big apparatus. They had a complete broadcasting station, as complete as any, all right there in the home. In a kind of a den I have in the basement. (Well, pretty near any room we have in our house is a den, for when these Rogers animals get in any of them, they need a den.) Then the wires for the actual broadcasting was done from another room upstairs. Then our radio receiving set was in still another room, so that no one would interfere with the other. Now I spoke into an ordinary receiving microphone, and my voice was carried over a special leased wire into Chicago. In fact it went two ways, over two lines. One by way of Frisco and then east to Chicago, and the other south by the way of Yuma, Arizona, one in case the other had any hitch.

Chicago was made the headquarters of the whole hook up, for it was more central. Then they also had to have special leased telegraph wires. There was a full sending and receiving telegraph set right in the room with all this apparatus, and all their communications in regard to how things were going in all the various places was carried on by telegraph. For once the radio line went into operation, no outside questions or advice could be given over it, so that's why they had the telegraph. All the time any of us were working, they were talking back and forth as to how it was coming in, and keeping time on the time of each stunt. It not only had to be figured out by the minute but by the second. You see just what I have said was at my home was at four other points. You see Johnson was working from New Orleans, and Whiteman from New York, and Mr. Wilmer from Detroit.² Fred Stone was in Chicago, but they had to have all this for him as he was broadcasting from his dressing room at the New Erlanger Theatre, and everything had to work on the second for him, as he timed his between his appearances on the stage.³

Our voices left their various places, went direct to Chicago, then come back out to all the other 70 or 80 Stations on the hook-up. For instance, at home my family in the next room when they heard me it had been to Chicago and back, and it was all within the fraction of a second. We had head pieces on and could keep tab on the rest of the performance. But the way it all went so smooth was, we each had cues. That is, I was to finish my announcement on a definite cue. I might in my introduction use the name of Al Jolson a dozen times. But the cue for the finish was, "Mister Al Jolson in New Orleans," or the same with "Mister Fred Stone in Chicago," and "Mister Paul Whiteman in New York." That "Mister" was their cue, and it meant the final words, and the second that I finished _____ "of New Orleans," I was off and Jolson line was on.

I could hear over the head phones, but I couldent have spoke to him. It really was a wonderful mechanical and systematically worked out affair. Sitting right by me during my little part was Graham McNamee, the great an-

nouncer of all the big things that are done over the radio.⁴ I have known him and been friendly with him for years. But I felt so nervous to be talking there in an amateurish way, while here sat the Daddy of all the talkers over the radio.

I am awfully glad it's over, for I was as nervous as I ever was on a first night. You know a lot of people don't realize it, but that radio is a tough thing, especially for a Comedian. It's made to order for a singer, and a person making a straight forward speech, or talk explaining something. But to have to line up there and try to get some laughs, I want to tell you it's the toughest test a Comedian has. You don't know what kind of material to use. If you are in a Theatre, you know about the type and class of people that you will face, and kinder frame up your act accordingly. But on the radio, you got every known specie in the world, and here is the hard part that very few have figured. On the stage when you tell anything and it gets a laugh why naturally you kinder wait till the laugh is over, and then go on. Well that little microphone that you are talking into, it's not going to laugh, so you don't know when you tell anything whether to wait for your laugh, or just go right on. You might wait for it, and there would be nobody in your party that was listening in laugh at it, then it would seem like a dead wait. So you dare not wait for any of what you think might be laughs, and so the consequence is, that anyone listening in can't laugh as they would at the same joke in the theatre, for fear of missing the next line that you will pull. So that is what I would say is the principal hardship on the comedy fellow doing his stuff over the air.

You can always have better luck broadcasting at a dinner where the people listening can hear the people at the dinner laughing. Then of course you get the people who write in, and say "You knocked California, when you said we imported our roses." Well, what has a rose got to do with the future of California? If they had as much invested in California as I have they might have a kick. Then if you joke about anybody, you get letters from their friends saying, "You knocked Graham McNamee."

Honest, if you could just read the letters, you would wonder. Why do people listen to things they don't like? The radio is the easiest thing in the world to switch from one to another. You don't have to get up and leave the Theatre, and go and buy a ticket to another to hear a better show. All you have to do is to turn a dial and you are rid of what you don't like. That's what makes it great.

267 WRITES ON FEEDING DEMOCRATS RAW ORATORY AT JACKSON DINNER

Well, all I know is just what I see in the papers, or what I hear as I sit behind the free lunch table and listen to the boys bark for their meals. Did I ever

tell you about the time I broke bread with the Democrats in Washington? I passed myself off as a Democrat one night just to get a free meal.

I had watched the Republicans eat, but I never had seen them feed the Democrats, so I crawled in under the tent and watched 'em throw the good old raw Jeffersonian Oratory right into the cages with 'em. They call it a Jackson Day Dinner. I made the mistake of my life. I went there with a speech prepared about Jackson, telling how "He stood like a stone wall," and here it wasn't that Jackson that they were using as an alibi to give the dinner to.¹ It was old "Andy" Jackson.

Well, to tell you the truth, I am not so sweet on old Andy. He is the one that run us Cherokees out of Georgia and North Carolina. I ate the dinner on him, but I didn't enjoy it. I thought I was eating for Stonewall. Old Andy, every time he couldn't find any one to jump on, would come back and pounce onto us Indians. Course he licked the English down in New Orleans, but he didn't do it till the war had been over two weeks, so he really just fought them as an encore. Then he would go to Florida and shoot up the Seminoles. That was before there was a bathing suit in Palm Beach. Then he would have a row with the Government, and they would take his command and his liquor away from him, and he would come back and sick himself onto us Cherokees again.

He was the first one to think up the idea to promise everybody that if they will vote for you, why, you will give them an office when you get in, and the more times they vote for you the bigger the office you will give them. That was the real starting of the Democratic Party. It was called Democratic because you was supposed to get something for your vote. Then the Republicans come along and improved on the Democrats and Jackson's idea by giving them money instead of promises of jobs. In that way you got paid whether your man was elected or not. So naturally that's why more people are Republicans than Democrats. Nobody with any business sense wants to wait till after election to see if they get something. They liked the Republican idea of "Paying as you go."

But old Andy made the White House. He got in before the Republicans got their scheme working. The Indians wanted him in there so he would let us alone for awhile. Andy stayed two terms, and was the first man that didn't "choose" to run again. He had to get back to his regular business, which was shooting at the Indians. They were for a third term for Andy. They sent the Indians to Oklahoma. They had a treaty that said, "You shall have this land as long as grass grows and water flows." It was not only a good rhyme but looked like a good treaty, and it was till they struck oil. Then the Government took it away from us again. They said the treaty only refers to "Water and Grass; it don't say anything about oil."

So the Indians lost another bet. The first one was to Andrew Jackson, and the second was to Rockefeller, Doheny, Sinclair and Socony.² After the Chero-

kees went back and saw where they used to live in Georgia, North Carolina and Alabama, why, we always felt that Andy had unconsciously done us a favor. For Georgia never was heard of again till Ty Cobb.³ North Carolina was in a rut till Lucky Strikes and Camels pulled them out, and Alabama laid dormant till Tom Heflin made the first page for them.⁴ So we Cherokees can always kinder forgive old Andy for not knowing what he was doing. Got to give old Andy credit, he fought duels when duels was duels, and not just the inconvenience of getting up before sunrise.

Now we got an election coming along and us "Injuns" got an entry in the race. It's Charley Curtis, who was smart enough to live in a Northern State, which is a physical hardship, but a political advantage.⁵ Charley has used awful good judgment in the Presidential ambitions. Al Smith and Jim Reed and Donahey and Ritchie all have splendid qualifications and have studied and acquired traits that will help them to the Presidency, but Indian Charley Curtis with one swoop embraced a requirement that will be of more advantage in a Presidential race than all the combined qualifications of the other I mentioned.⁶ He is a Republican. Of course that ain't saying much. But it's just that little thing that is lacking in any of these others that will be their principal handicap. So if we get Charley in there we will see what he does for the Indians. I hope he don't send us back.

I thought at the time of the dinner that the Democrats were going mighty far back to find some hero that they could worship. But I happened to be in Cuba when President Coolidge delivered his speech to the Latins, and the Republicans had to go even further back than the Democrats did for Jackson. He went back to Columbus. I had never known or even heard Columbus's political faith discussed before. But he must have been a Republican, the way Cal was boosting for him. So you see neither party hasn't got much when they have to reach back that far to find some one to boost.

The dinner started at 7 o'clock on Thursday and run till 3 a.m. on Friday the 13th. We didn't eat that long. We only eat as long as they brought it. They run out of food about 8 p.m. From then on you had to subsist on "Prohibition, with or without a license," and "Party Harmony." Jim Reed closed the show with "Corruption" at exactly 3 A.M. the next morning and held 'em in their seats. You know the Democrats can just naturally stand more oratory than any other race.

But it was all mighty fine. The Democrat is just naturally a better orator than the Republican. The Democrats have the best side. They are always attacking and the Republicans have to defend. The Democrats always have things to attack, for the Republicans furnish them plenty, and on the other hand the Republicans haven't got much to defend. Their only defense is, "We are in; try to get us out." So if you ever get a chance don't miss one of these

Jackson Day Dinners; they only hold 'em on election years. They save up four years stuff to tell about the Republicans and it's sure worth the money.

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POLITICS AND TRAVEL

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers, and what I see as I prowl hither and thither. The wife and I had a fine visit in Havana, Cuba. It's the first time I had ever been there, although she had stopped there with our retinue of children one time when they come around through the canal. It sure is a pretty place, one of the cleanest cities I ever saw. They have got some new Chief of Police or somebody and they are a Nut on cleaning up and believe me they got the old town scrubbed and shining.

I will write you more about the Pan American Conference later, as they have only been there long enough now to get over their complimentary remarks, and will be calling each other by their right names as the thing gets hotter.¹ Calvin made quite a hit down there. He didn't say nothing much only the usual pleasantries. But they liked it. Or course when they held a clinic over the speech and took it apart, he had simply delivered a high school oration.

Havana is just packed with Americans. All seem to be having a good time. The balance wheel is not so much on this flying personally, so we had to come home by train, about four or five days and nights of it. It's a nice trip over on the boat from Havana to Key West, about six hours. Nice comfortable steamers. Then a drive around Key West, which is a pretty and unique little city. They have just opened up a highway up along the Keys to Miami.

Florida is picking up fine. All the towns are building, and they have got rid of all the ones who only come there to speculate. All the smart ones have just charged a certain amount off to loss, and started the whole thing in on a sensible basis. It's a great winter resort. All the Real Estate panics in the world can't take that away from it.

We come along the whole Gulf coast country. That's the coming country, the whole thing that lays along the gulf of Mexico. New Orleans is going great. If they will ever do anything on that flood relief, it will go stronger than ever. You know if we should happen to have another flood next spring and cause another catastrophe like last spring, just think what Congress would have to answer for. Here it's been nine months and not a single shovel full of dirt moved to prevent another one.

Went on over through Houston who put their hand in what they thought was a prize convention grab bag and come out with the Democratic one. Well, they seem to be all hopped up over it. You know they never had one before, and they are just as innocent about it. They don't know what they are. I am

glad they got it though. It will give some of these Northern Delegates a chance to get that old moss-back idea out of their heads about the South to have it down there, and it is especially a great thing for Texas. I have repeatedly said after being in each State of the Union for two consecutive years, that North Carolina has made the most progress in the last 5 years, and Texas is next. It seems a surprise to people who don't travel around much to hear this. Perhaps they hadent heard of anything that either one of these two had done. But I want to be impartial, and I want to be fair, and that is what I absolutely believe. Course we got a lot of them that are humming. But like Oklahoma, and California, and Florida and a dozen others, they have been improving over a longer stretch of time. They have been great for quite a while. But North Carolina just looked like it popped up over night. They got everything. But Texas, that's not a state, it's a Dominion. Dan Moody's got the biggest range of any Governor in the World, I reckon.²

This Houston wanted an Ocean and they didnt have one, so they just dug one.³ One man, Jessie Jones, just pulled out his check book when the towns were bidding on the Convention, (nobody had given him any money, there had been no collection taken up before he left Houston) and wrote out his personal check for \$200,000, and layed it on the barrel head, and I want to tell you those Democrats pounced on it like a Congressman on a Mellon hard-earned savings.⁴ It takes a game Guy in any man's town to do what Jones did. Most towns would have to have Chamber of Commerce speeches and luncheons and drives for a year to dig that up. But that's the way those Babies down there do things. So go to see the town, even if you are not interested in the Convention, and the State has dozens of ones like it, not all as big, but they all believe they are, and they will all surprise you.

They say the Railroads are going to cut off three hours, going east from California to Chicago. I don't know why they don't cut off 12 coming this way. There is not a road west of Chicago coming out here that couldnt take off a full night, or day. When they get these Aeroplane lines going fine they will make these Railroad Birds step out here like the trains do east of Chicago. You won't see 'em stopping at every little place. There is not a schedule out here that can't let a train be 3 hours behind and then make it up in one division. They do it all the time.

The Hickman trial run Tom Heflin off the front page out here.⁵ Hoover has just been declared the Candidate of California. That means that Arizona will be against him. That's the State I got my vote from last time. I hope that Delegate hasent died. Hoover is talking about resigning. That shows right there he is not a politician. He seems to think you can't serve two masters.

Lowden is strong with the Farmers, but the East is sorter scared of him.⁶ The East thinks if he was elected he would give the Farmers relief, and if they ever got relief, they would charge 'em too much for their grub. Dawes is the

Baby that's just sitting back, listening to the Senate, but paying no attention to 'em at all.⁷ His mind is on Kansas City on a hot day. Curtis will be on the home grounds, and should Hoover and Dawes go into a huddle, that "Injun" is liable to come out of the scrimmage with the ball.⁸ But I still claim that if it looks like a tough race with Smith going to be nominated on the minority side, that Calvin will be rushed from the side lines to save the game. At least Hearst hasnt won my money yet.⁹

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LET'S OPEN WILL'S MAIL

All I know is just what I read in the letters. Now it has been a wonder to half the world "What the other half are doing?" Well I have found out what the other half are doing. THEY ARE WRITING LETTERS.

Now there is nobody in the world that likes to get letters any more than I do. In fact I think we all kinder alike in that respect, but there is lots of them that it is awful hard to answer. Now this morning for instance I started in on the mail and here is what I got into. I will just take 'em as they come. A fellow says, "The American-Russian Chamber of Commerce refuses to stop Russian propaganda coming into this Country. What should be done with the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce?"

What should be done with 'em? Why the same that should be done with all Chambers of Commerce's. Let the Secretaries get some other job, and the Members go back to eating lunch at home with their own families.

Course there is a lot of the problems I can't solve that easy. Here is a Calendar, that by reading it and studying it you can tell the hour of the day. That is, you can tell the hour of day that you started trying to find out the hour of the day. He wants to know what I think of it. Well, if I could understand that many figures, I wouldnt have squandered 12 years of my life among the few that Ziegfeld had.¹ This fellow had a great scheme, but we have a clock.

Here is one from Beaver Springs, Penna. "Reaching the Saturday Evening Post, my pride fell when I find you said you had had a forced landing among the good Pennsylvania Dutch at Beaver Falls, Pa. Why there are no Dutch there. It was with Mrs. O. G. Wagner of Beaver Springs that you ate and spoke of as such fine people. Study your geography."

Say brother, if you felt like I did when we landed it wouldnt have made much difference whether it was Beaver, possum, or even Polecat Springs. How was I going to see the town when I didnt even see the ground till we hit it. As long as I got the State right, it did pretty well for me. Here is one from the Beverley Hills Chamber of Commerce, evidently a circular letter sent to all the Movie people: "It has probably never occurred to you, that a great deal of the fan mail is being mailed from Hollywood. Now all send your fan mail

from Beverley, and put your home address on it and it would savor more of the personal, and not so much of the studio, and incidentally keep Beverley Hills name before the world."

Now that's a good idea, but means nothing to me, as nobody ever writes for my picture. If they do it's somebody that can't get anybody else, and wants ONE to win a bet, and as for autographs that's a specie that should be exterminated, and the least encouragement they get the better. But it shows you old Beverley is right on the job.

Here is a bill from Culver Military Academy where young Bill is. He has bought four pairs of gloves at the supply store, as well as a lot of other stuff. I think he is doing a little retailing on the side. I believe it would be cheaper to increase his spending money. What are we to do with this younger generation? There was none of that when I was a boy. We didnt know what a glove was.

"The Daily Princetonian wants an article on any subject that would be of interest to the growing Student." So as soon as I get time I will write one on "Are College football players overpaid?" or "Do you think that learning will ever supplant education?" or "What will take Jin stains out of a coon-skin coat?"

Here is a poor fellow that is blind and wants me to tell him how to work a cross word puzzle. Now I wish I could tell that poor fellow. But I could never work 'em with my eyes open. Come to think of it it's a wonderful thing for blind people to have those in the raised letters and work them out. Now see if I hadnt got that letter I would never have known there was such a thing.

Here is a fellow that is sending me a book, "The Looting of Nicaragua." It's in answer to, "Why are we in Nicaragua, and what in ____ are we doing there? by Congressman at large Will Rogers." Now when I asked that question, I didnt expect some Guy to write a book answering it. But that's the way with these book writers, it sure don't take much provocation to get them to write one. You have to be awful careful, or the least little hint will get them started in on a book. If you will pardon another abrupt and rude question that I would like to here propound, "Books and why the ____ do they write 'em."

Here somebody sends an "Editorial from the Arizona Republican" who evidently took serious somebody jokingly proposing me for President. It doubts my qualifications. Now that breaks me all up. I thought I was ideally fitted. I knew I didnt have sense of humor enough to be an Editor, but I did think I would make a good President.

Here is some beautiful post cards of the second Church built in Virginia at Hampton, Va. There is no letter with the cards, so there is nothing I can do about the Church, only just start an argument that "it is not the second Church in Virginia" which this will no doubt start. However, don't write me about it. I am only starting the argument; not judging it.

Oh my, here is a post card from the Express Co., saying car passed Algiers, La. containing Horse, on way to Los Angeles. I'll bet that's a little Cuban Pony that I liked over there belonging to an old Cow-puncher named Champman, and he is sending it to the kids.²

Here is one. "I heard some time ago that you wanted a cat with three selected colors. Now I have one with four, white, black, yellow and gray. If interested please write." I don't mind a horse coming, but I don't want any spotted cats. I don't want any more cats, even if they aren't spotted.

Here is a letter from General Bullard saying that any donation to the National Security League is deductible off the income tax.³ That's good news to know that they are not going to charge us for the sake of giving to our own security.

Here is a letter from "the Woman's Voters of America." I hope its not some woman writing on "The Woman's angle in Politics." No, thank goodness, it's not. It tells what they are doing with Child welfare. That's great.

Here is a guy selling Bonds says he sold to Gene Tunney.⁴ Yes but he forgets that I havent a little Dempsey in my home.⁵ Here is an official looking letter with one of his Majesty's crosses on it. I thought at first it was from the Prince of Wales, but its only from the Income tax department saying "There is a little matter in areas that should be attended to."⁶ That's not all, but that's enough to finish on.

270

NOT ON THE AGENDA

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers. It's going to be awful hard to keep Politics from creeping into the news from now on. We have various pestilences every once in awhile, and we have floods, but the only advertised and known calamity is our elections. We got one coming on and there is no use denying it. We just as well harden ourselves to it. It's just like an operation. The anesthetic (or whatever you call the gas they give you) why that is the worst part of it. An election without all the gasses wouldnt be so bad, but it's the weeks of slowly putting you under the influence that is the trying part of an election.

So we just might as well start steeling our systems to it. Hoover, who has for months wore his hat at a rakish angle, finally just took it off, took good aim at the middle of the ring and hit it the first throw. So now that uncertainty is over we can commence to get our bearings. Hoover had the jump on all the other Candidates for popular support and it would have been pretty tough to got all worked up about him and then he had said, "I don't anticipate running," or any one of those double-barrelled epigrams. But now that he has consented to, why that lifts a big load off the professional worriers.

But watch the politicians start gnashing their tusks. You know Hoover owes everything he is in life to the fact that he has never done one thing like a politician. In fact the records don't show that he has ever even spoken to one. You see they want to get some old boy that has worked up from maybe State Legislature, then Senator, then Governor, or U. S. Senator. They figure that he knows where to hand out the offices where they will do "The Boys" the most good. But with "Herbert" he is just liable to appoint some capable man. You can't tell what fool things like that he would do.

Say, young John D. Rockefeller kinder jarred the oil boys didnt he?¹ He has the idea that the business can be run at a profit and still keep it off the front pages, and out of the Senate investigation room. It seemed rather a novelty to have a man testifying before the Senate that would tell them what they wanted to know. I wouldnt doubt that they would keep him as a regular testifier about everything, for all the others refuse to answer for fear it will be used against them later when they come to trial.

Well, we tried that fellow Hickman out here, and when we had him all tried and ready to convict, why the judge said "You the jury are to pass on his sanity, and not on his guilt," so they went out and come back and said he was sane.² So now they are going to try him again for killing some man. When they start to try him on that charge we may find at the finish that we were trying him on something else. I havent got sense enough to know whether our criminal court procedure is broken down, or lame, or limping or whatever they say of it or not, but something sure is cuckoo when it takes seven years to hang two fellows after they are convicted, and all this time to convict one after he has confessed.

It looks like after a person's guilt in this country is established, why then the battle as to whether he should be punished is the real test of the Court. Of course if a fellow is never convicted and never confesses, why then they will hang him. But if he is lucky enough to get convicted or confess why he has a great chance of coming clear.

At the Havana Pan American Conference some South American Nation suggests taking up something vital, and the American deligation arises and makes a very tactful speech in which they state that "That question was not on the agenda and shouldnt be discussed here." Then some one will suggest that "they all sign a pledge that they won't ever invade each other's country," and poor Mr. Hughes will have to arise and diplomatically say, "I am sorry Gentlemen but that question is not on the *Agenda*."³

Well the poor South Americans will disband and go back to their hotels and start thinking up something else to discuss, and when they drag it into the meeting they run afoul of the same countersign, "That question is not on the *Agenda*." The poor devils are cuckoo trying to find something that is on the *Agenda*. They have been there eight weeks and they have done nothing but

form Committees, and then that Committee would form a Sub Committee, and the sub Committee would form an advisory Committee, and they have just Committee'd their self to death. In years to come the question will be asked by some fond child of its Father who was a Delegate to the Havana Conference, "What did you do Father at the big Conference?" "Why I was the fellow that thought of all the different names of all the different Committees. If it hadent been for me, they wouldent have known what to call their Committees, and if they hadent had names for the Committees the Conference would have been a failure for forming Committees was the sole accomplishment of the Conference."

The Argentine wants lower tarriff on beef. Mr. Hughes told him, "Why we can't settle any tarriff question. Our Senate and Congress have been trying to agree on that for 150 years, so the best way for you to get your beef in is to smuggle it in. The people bringing in liquor seem to be doing all right. They have beat the tariff."

Nicaragua, San Domingo and Hayti want to put a tariff on imported Marines. But what does anybody else's tarriffs mean to us when we want to send something in? It's on the Agenda if we are looking to do anything, but its NOT on the Agenda if they want to bring something in. But they are liable to work something out of it. Mr. Hughes is about the shrewdest hombre we have. He was born in the Chairman's chair of a public gathering, weaned on Diplomatic discussions, and grew to a ripe old age attending International Conferences. So in the words of the famous Gene Buck, "give the kid a chance."⁴

271 WHAT CAN HOOVER DO?

All I know is just what I read in the papers. I have been traveling so fast I didnt get to read all the papers so I naturally turned to the old reliable Literary Digest and grabbed up what little snatches of news I needed to mend out a fairly informed week.

It tells about "Hoover entering the race." Well, that was mighty informing, BUT Hoover had been in the race since the old days of "Save a lump of sugar a day and it will keep the Germans away." He hadn't anymore than fed his first Belgian than the women, who had dropped three stitches on what they thought was to be a sweater but which some soldier afterwards wore as a sock, and says, "There's a man that ought to be President."¹ He grabbed the mothers by the heartstrings right away when he said, "Feed the soldiers first, and if there is any left throw the politicians a bone." He was the first "Food Dictator."

We had had all kinds of dictators. We had had political dictators that tells

us how we should vote for them; we had literary critics and dictators who had told us what to read; and my Lilliputian friend Bill Hayes was to tell us what we were to have to look at while we were waiting for the news reel to come on.² Hoover is the first one to take us off beefsteak and put us on calories. He grabbed off the Catholic vote right away by making the Baptist eat fish on Friday. He took white bread away from us and had us eating bran mash like a horse. Fed the wheat to the hogs and made the Jewish soldiers eat pork. Fed all the corn to the army mule so he could keep fat and kick a new recruit. Army mules crippled more soldiers than the Germans. He put a fixed price on wheat and sold steel and iron to the highest bidder. He had us sweetening our coffee with nothing but a slogan: "Drink it black and give the enemy a whack." We buttered our bread with a slogan: "Spread it thin and we are bound to win." "Why eat food when substitutes will fill you just as full?" He won the war, but he ruined our stomachs. He gave us freedom, but it took us three years to get used to eating meat again. He starved us into Liberty.

Then when he came back why they wanted to run him for President. But it was the Democrats that wanted to run him. Well, he had been away a long time and had been out of touch with political affairs, but he hadn't been so much out of touch with them that he didn't know about what the strength of a Democratic candidate would be in 1920. Course he had been working with President Wilson and naturally they took him for a Democrat.³ But if you remember that's why they shouldn't have taken him for a Democrat, for it was the Republicans that worked better with Mr. Wilson than the Democrats did. Well, the Republicans got in, and President Harding wanted to add enough respectable members to his cabinet to make it kinder balance, so he had to draft this Democrat, Hoover.⁴

Well, he dragged along in the cabinet there. There is mighty little nourishment belonging to a thing like that. It's about like playing in the line in a football game. Unless you get the ball to run with you are there to do nothing but get run over, or try to make a hole for the "head man" to come through. Well, he couldn't see any percentage of sitting in a chorus of ten voices, so when the 1924 handicap come on he was laying on a radio sounding board with his ears to the ground. Well that was a bad year for outsiders. Cal had been in two and a half years, and he wanted to run again on a vindication platform. He swore he could keep still four more years and not see or hear a thing. Well, that was just what the Republicans wanted. They said if somebody don't watch us too close for the next four years why we will be willing to give what is left to the Democrats. So when all the scandal came along about the elections in Pennsylvania and Illinois, why, Calvin was looking out the window watching the sheep mow the White House lawn. (One of his economy measures.) But Jim Reed, the old Sherlock Holmes of the Democrats, he smelled graft, traced it down and sure enough his deductions were perfect.⁵

But I am getting ahead of my story. In '24 they offered the Vice Presidency to Mr. Hoover. Well, that was just verging on an insult, especially when you knew the good care Mr. Coolidge took of himself. So he turned it down. They called up Lowden and offered it to him.⁶ When he heard what it was, he got so mad he said he would devote the rest of his life to some lost cause, so he took up Farm Relief. Dawes wanted to get a chance to tell the Senate what he thought of them so he went clear to the trouble of being Vice President just to do it.⁷ Well, Dawes saw he couldn't do anything toward reforming the Senate, so he just got sore one day and went to sleep and left 'em.

Hoover stuck along with the cabinet, thinking something would show up, and it did. It was the Mississippi Flood. It was like old times to be doing something after being idle with the Government for so long. He did a wonderful bit of work and saved a lot of lives. But when they got 'em all dried off and looked at them they were Democrats. Well, he didn't know whether to keep 'em or shove 'em back in again. But he was a humanitarian and he fed them and promised to take care of them until Congress would give them some flood relief. So it looks like he has them on his hands and the Red Cross's hands for life. He is the only Republican (if he is a Republican) that ever saved a Democrat's life, and if he ever gets to be President, I bet there will be times when he wishes he had pushed 'em back in again.

Now, if that Flood had been in the North and it had been Republicans he had saved, why, he wouldn't have to charge it off to profit and loss. He could have wrung some votes out of it. But a Democrat voting for a Republican down South is just like throwing a hand full of gravel at a battleship. He will have their moral support, but their votes will go to a lost cause, as usual.

272

WILL IS GOING TO THE BLACK HILLS NEXT SUMMER

All I know is just what I read in the papers, and what I see as I prowls over the old tax-ridden commonwealth. I started out on my little tour at Chicago. I figured I will hit the toughest first, let the bullets fall where they may. Got out of there great, as the people were just switching from the machine guns to the "bombs," so it was a kinder off day for casualties.

I don't see how it is that people can afford to live in Chicago and afford to change with the times. Now they switched from pistols to Machine Guns, and now from Machine guns to Bombs. I can't see how a poor man can afford it. The next jump I can think of that they make will be battleships and tanks. They can take that Chicago drainage canal and bring the battleships down it. Well anyway we had a fine bunch, and mighty appreciative audience. Chicago people are mighty fine when they live.

She was a dark and stormy night. But instead of taking the old train I went out to the airport and grabbed the air mail for Omaha. Had Pilot Myers, a good one.¹ (They all are.) The Plane from New York was late on account of HEAD WINDS, and we was two hours late in getting out, there was so much snow on the ground it was hard taking off. We got stuck once.

They sent up a balloon to get the velocity of the wind and it blew the balloon back down, so Myers says, "We got a head wind before we start. If we can hold our own against it we will do well. The chances are when day light comes we will still be flying right over the hanger here, that is if we don't lose distance and get blowed back. But I believe we can hold the distance we start with."

But we did pretty good. We hit Iowa City about three hours after we had left Chicago, or about one in the morning. That's where the University is located where all the Californians get their early training. They go there and learn how to get to Long Beach, Cal. It's a kinder preparatory school for Stanford.

But Iowa is doing mighty fine. Hogs is low but spirits is high. They feel that on account of next year being a Presidential year that the Republicans will give them a fine crop. She is a great State is Iowa. I brought 'em all word from the relatives out in California. I told 'em "They all send love, and say it is lovely out there, the oranges are ripening, roses are in bloom, the sun is shining, so just keep on sending more money." Played Des Moines, Waterloo, and Sioux City, hopped over into my old friend's State, the Governor of South Dakota, Governor Buelow.² He is the fellow that made such a hit at the Jackson day dinner in Washington. The furthestest North Democrat in the World. For a Democrat to venture into South Dakota is almost like a Republican taking his life into his hands by entering South Carolina.

He is a great fellow. He told me all about the Coolidge fishing exploits up there in the Black Hills. They loaded the streams for him, or as the miners say they "salted 'em." Everybody that caught a fish anywhere in the State six weeks before the President got there was supposed to bring it down there and turn it loose in this "Squaw creek." They fed 'em liver, and had 'em all gentle, and had a fellow made up like Coolidge that would go there and feed 'em every day, so they would be used to him. He had 'em all named and could reach in the water and tickle 'em under the stomach and they would roll over on their back. They had the upper and lower end of the creek stopped up so they could keep this same troop in there all the time. They had lerned 'em to eat this liver off a line that was thrown in, but there was no hook on the line, so they was naturally used to going after bait on the end of a line.

Coolidge come pretty near losing out when he first got there by using worms. These fish didnt know what worms were. They had been raised on liver. That's why you remember you heard such a yell that come out in the

paper about Coolidge fishing with worms. Well it was the Governor and people of South Dakota that did that, as they were doing it to get him to change his bait to Liver so he could catch these fish. When he used to throw his line in sometimes there would be so many trying to get at the bait that they would form a circle and none of them could get to it. When one would grab the bait why some other one would grab that fish, and then another would get this one by the tail, and in that way he used to catch a whole string of fish already strung. It looked like elephants that are in a parade when they hold to each other's tails.

Then they got so they had to send some one fishing with the President for the other fish that he wasent catching at the time used to come out and steal his bait out of the can, and duck back in the water before he could see 'em. He couldnt stoop over and bait his hook or they would jump up and grab the bait right out of his hands. He had to stand up and do it. Lots of times when he would quit fishing and start back to the Lodge to think up some new way of "relieving that farmer," why there would be a whole bunch of fish that would be following him, begging for liver. He sent the State of South Dakota \$10,000 the other day, pretty near all of it just for Liver.

The old Governor wants me to come up there next summer, as he figures that Cal won't have to come west next year on account of not having to appeal to the farmers. The interest of the Farmers will be divided between 8 or 10 Candidates on each side next summer, so Calvin's interest in him will be kinder casual. So he offered me the lodge and the same creek. But I am holding out for the State of South Dakota to furnish half the liver. I want living quarters and 50% of the liver furnished free. I am not going to fish for 'em like he did though. I am just going out on the porch and call 'em and cook the first ten that comes.

273 GROOMING DELEGATES FOR HOUSTON

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers. Been an awful lot in the papers lately about just who and what is to compose the New York Deligation to the Democratic Convention at Houston. At first they thought well, we will just go ahead and have the regular Deligates like we always have. Then someone got to thinking, "Well they wouldnt be the right kind to use down there. The Kelly's, O'briens, and Donovans and Murphys and Izensteins and Levys and Gumbles. We got to dig up a different gang. Well they started in trying to figure out what style and manner of person to send.

They got to inquiring around to find out. But none of Tammany's Braves had ever been to Houston so they couldnt speak with much authority on just what type of Politician Houston was most partial to. If they had just had some

one who knew it would have been easy, for they have every style politician in the world. So they started in with the basic idea that we got to send people that use their knife only when there is really something to cut. "We got to kinder raid the social register and see if we can't cull a bunch that will knock 'em off their seats in Houston with their social standing. Find people who have spent more time in a drawing room than they have in a caucus room. If a ward healer shows up and looks like he wants to go, knock him so unconscious he won't come to till after the Deligation have gone."

Try and find ninety Democrats that sleep in pajamas. Be sure there is ninety tooth brushes leave with the Deligation. Watch their language and don't a let a sign of a dialect creep in. Now you may not get ninety of the above type who are boni fide Democrats, but fill out with what dissatisfied Republicans you can find. They will be so far from home that no one down there will know how they ever voted before.

They started looking for 'em but they was having a tough time filling the bill. Well then the old boys that's been doing all the voting for the Democratic Organization for years, why he heard of all this highbrow stuff, so he yelped, "Say Youze, Guys, What's de big idea Cull? Us Birds was good enough to set all summer in Madison Square Garden and listen to the yapping of de Yokels! We voted ourselvs black in the face at every precinct for years for Al! So what's the big idea we don't get to make the tek down to de real noise? We Guys wants to see west of de Hudson jes as bad as you High Hat bloaks."

Well, with all this percolating around, it kinder made a dent in the main Committee, and they started in to try and salve the "Regulars" over. But in the meantime the "Scouts" had come in and announced that they just couldnt find ninety "Highbrows," and that the Republicans that they approached all just through force of habit wanted too much of a fee. So it looked like the high hat idea had fallen through. It looked bad for a typical Tuxedo Deligation. So the Committee got off on another track, they conceived the idea of trying to get some wealth mixed up in it. When they saw that Intellect was kinder short handed, they made offers to every well-known wealthy man to loan his person to them for the duration of the Convention and make Al look like he was coming with the backing of "Big Business."

But "Big Business" was doing so good under Cal that nothing Al could offer them would make them switch. Cal had handed them everything but the mint, and they saw no way that Al could improve on that. But the "Steering" Committee was still resourceful. "Well we have fell down on Intellectuals and Wealth. What would be the matter with sending some old time Southerns, that loved the South so much they just couldnt stand to stay there and see it suffer, so they moved to New York? You know the South is great on names and tradition, so we can round up a bunch of these old Babies that have still got their long coat, black hat and string tie."

The old Boys hadent been doing much since the Bar days closed, when they used to work off their Southern accent on poor suspecting visitors from south of the Montgomery and Ward line. They used to strike up an acquaintance, and before it ended the other fellow had paid for quite a snack of "Juleps."

You see the Committee was bound to not be represented by the regular voters. Not only the votes of their ninety deligates, but the impression of the Deligates was what they wanted to get over. Houston couldent possibly be hostile to an old decendant of Lee, or Jefferson, all of which could very easily be arranged by a little coaching on history before the Deligation started. Of course these men hadent been allied with Tammany Hall, but for this their first trip to the dear old Southland in years, they could swallow their pride, along with anything else that showed up on the journey. Their names would loan distinction and prestige that would awe the boys from Arkansaw and Texas. When the New York Deligation was polled and the good old Southern names would follow each other in rotation with never a Hebraic or Gaelic tint to it, it would make the Baptist brethren start to open their eyes and realize that New York might have some good in it after all.

It will make the old Protestant boys realize that these are some of their own Countrymen after all, when they discover that they are not going to mass or Synagogue. "Why they are Christian folks, just like us; they don't go to Church anywhere!"

Course this New York Deligation can only represent them while at the Convention, because they perhaps havent registered to vote in New York for years. But if they make the Deligation look like something for just the duration of the Convention, why the experiment will have worked out O.K. Lot of the old boys will have to brush up on their southern accent. It's kinder rusty, and is a little overdrawn to what they will hear down south. But it's a great idea, sending somebody who don't represent Tammany Hall. I wish America could send somebody to our Conferences that didnt represent us. We might not lose so much. They are going to have the Deligates introduced to Smith after they get back from the Convention. They got 'em busy now memorizing the name.

274 PROFESSOR ROGERS SCHOOL IN PUBLIC TESTIFYING FOR PUBLIC MEN

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers. All we have been able to read here lately is about somebody testifying before somebody else's Committee, and I have been reading the testimony. They have called everybody but Calvin in this oil investigation. It started out as Oil, and now it has wound up

as a bond investigation. Instead of carrying around buckets of oil, why everybody was being handed bundles of Liberty Bonds.

It seems they slipped Mellon fifty Thousand of them, and he let 'em lay around a couple of days before he noticed 'em.¹ Fifty Thousand being discovered unexpectedly by him would be just like our eyes unexpectedly lighting on a new shiny Penny that someone had dropped. He did go to the trouble of sending them back to Bill Hays, and told Bill that he would give \$50,000 but not of somebody else's money.²

They asked Butler, the new Chairman of the Republican Party, if he had got any of the bonds.³ He replied with much regret and sadness that he had not. I would have liked to have seen 'em give Butler some. I believe they would have stayed put. Mellon told them on the stand that he had trouble enough with his own money without worrying about Sinclair's.⁴

But all that is not what I want to talk to you about. I have an idea that I want to lay before you. Everybody is offering suggestions as to how to improve education. We are learning them all kinds of courses. We have courses in Business administration, Salesmanship, Public speaking, Etiquette, Banking, Dairying, Fertilizing, everything that a person can think of we have a course in it that you can take at some College. Now what I want to propose is a course in "Public Testifying."

Most of our public men spend over half their time testifying on the stand, especially the Republicans. Now what has brought forth this idea of mine is the testimony that has been delivered on the stand. Did you ever in your life see men get as frustrated and tangled up as these fellows do on the stand? It looks like the smarter the man the bigger Sucker he is when he is being questioned. You know the greatest testimony in any case and about the only convincing testimony we have, is some Child's testimony, or some old ignorant Farmer or Laborer. They are the ones that always make the hit on the stand. They can answer every question without flinching, and in a simple direct way. But the minute a witness has had any education, or thinks he knows something, why the less convincing he is on the stand.

I think of all the bunch on the witness stand that Lawyers are the worst. You never read a Lawyer's testimony on the stand in any case in your life and could tell heads or tails of it. They think they are so smart that they have to hide something, and they are generally more scared than any other class of witness there is. The reason the child, or old Lady, or ignorant workman make such good witnesses is they only have one story, and the prosecuting Lawyer knows they only have one, so there is no chance of tying them up in cross examinations. But the smart fellow has so many different angles that he is trying to use a little of all of them, and winds up by making everybody believe that he didnt tell half he knew, and didnt know half he told.

So I am going to start a school of "Public Testimony." Instead of being layed out like a School it will be layed out like a Court. Instead of teachers we will have 'em made up as Sheriffs, and Baileffs and Jurymen, and Judges. The minute a man is elected to office like Senator or Congressman, why we will have him come and spend a few weeks in the school and then when he goes on to his public office he will be all set for the first investigation. We will teach 'em not to be nervous, not to let the other fellow get 'em rattled, and have 'em all trained to tell where they got every dollar they used in their campaign and how much they paid for each vote. You see if they would keep all that straight, it's just like the income tax, it's merely a matter of records. If you can show the Committee where you received so much—and spent so much—and they both come out even, you need have no fear on the stand. So that's what my school will teach. In other words it will persuade our big men to turn honest after elections and trust to the mercy of the Jury. And we will coach 'em to tell everything the first time. That will save having to spend your life on the stand. Even if it takes a little longer the first time you testify, why it will save time in the long run. If it takes a whole day to tell the thing, why my school will instruct you to go through with it. In other words, we are going to try and instill honesty into our Pupils, and get them to get used to telling nothing but what happened, and all that did happen.

Of course when some of my early pupils first start testifying they won't be believed. It will be such a radical change from the usual testimony that the Committee will think that it is a clever fake. But as they grow used to my pupils they will begin to realize that they can depend on them. It's really patriotic reasons that make me want to do this. For I am afraid that foreign Nations will read some of our papers and find the testimony of some of our men who are in the Cabinet and high in public office, and they will Judge them by that testimony. They will think they are no smarter than their testimony. Well that will leave a bad impression, and if I can change that and get them to make their testimonies as smart as the men really are, why then I will have performed a Public service.

I think I will open the school at Claremore, Oklahoma. That's about the hub of everything. In fact I will do a little local State work there just to practice getting Politicians to testify correctly. I am going to have Jim Reed as my Prosecuting Attorney, and Senator Walsh as my Judge, and after you have gone through a course facing them, why you will never have to fear any other Investigation that you may be called on to face.⁴ Remember it opens next year, "Will Rogers School of Public Testifying, at Claremore, Oklahoma. After one term in my school you will welcome testifying, instead of fearing it."

275 MEDALS, TEAPOTS, AND REAL ESTATE

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers. Lindy grabbed off another Medal. If he ever makes another Ocean flight and carries his medals with him he will have to take one of these big sausage-shaped Dirigibles. We used to think that Sousa had more medals than anybody.¹ You remember we just were able to see his Baton waving out in front of a solid breastwork of medals. He had so many it acted as a sounding board, and Flats and Sharps bounced off those inscriptions and welded themselves into real harmony.

Lindy has so many that it will just take one man shining them. Coolidge gave him this latest one. In fact Coolidge has given him most of them. If Cal would have given the Farmers a little speck of relief every time he handed Lindy a medal they would be almost out of the poor house by now. He has pinned so many medals on Lindy he can reach up and do it in the dark and hit the right place. This last one was a "Congressional Medal" that Congress gave to Lindy.

I am sorry that Lindy can't reciprocate and present Congress with one. Nobody has ever suggested giving Congress a medal. These Congressional ones are given for "Valor and bravery beyond the ordinary duties." I believe I will have one struck off and give it to Congress and Senate for "Endurance in Oratory beyond and far on the other side of the duties for which they were elected." I will raise the funds by popular subscription, VERY POPULAR Subscription. Congress would feel so proud over getting a medal that it might encourage them. Because there is times when I feel that they feel that they are not appreciated. When they get through giving Lindy all these Medals, which he deserves, why don't they give him some lifetime job, like Secretary of Aviation, or Commander and Chief of our forces in the air, or President of Commercial Aviation, or something that would keep him directly in touch with the air forces and still give us the benefit of his knowledge and consul. Course in discussing the news of the day you can't get anywhere in a paper without stumbling over a Tea Pot.² We have had more excitement over a Tea pot than England has had over all her tea she has drank for years.

This term of Congress which we expected so much of, will go down in history as the Tea Pot Congress. They couldnt pass any bill, for every body was on the stand testifying somewhere. Anybody that they hear of that knows anything they will go out to his house and hold court. It's the most accommodating court I ever saw. Their slogan is, "Testimony taken in your homes while you eat." "Testimony made easy." They are going out to El Paso now. They have been to Chicago a couple of times, and New York. If they can just locate somebody up in Seattle, that will give them a great trip.

You see the reason this investigation has dragged along so long is, these people who are testifying have all testified before many times, but the first few

times you testify they don't expect you to tell anything. It's just to kinder get you used to testifying. It takes sometimes about five or six trials with you before you really tell much that you know. In other words they have to find out what you know before you will testify to it. No witness yet has ever told what he knew until the Committee had known first what he knew, and then made him tell it. They let a witness go for awhile till they find out some more on him, and then bring him back and make him testify to this last that they have found out. One witness tried to say that he thought the Democrats had gotten some money too. But that was so laughable that it was almost funny. If any man had given money to the Democratic cause it would not have left him liable for corruption, but to the insane asylum. The Democrats wanted to follow up that clue and see if there really was any truth in it, and find out who it was and let him go ahead and give if he would.

I just come out of Florida last week, was all over the State, and naturally everybody wonders how they are making out. Well, I want to tell you they are coming back strong. They had a wonderfully successful Tourist season down there this winter and they were all still there staying late and all the Tourists were satisfied, they were not pestered to buy any lots, they didn't buy anything and they also was not overcharged at the Hotels. They sent away a lot of satisfied customers. Heretofore a lot of people always come out kicking about how they had been overcharged, but not this year, and mind you it was not a bad year up north this winter either. Let it be a real bad winter and there will be no holding them in Florida. They have some splendid roads there, and they are doing all they can to develop their crops, copying California in their marketing.

You know everybody I think felt sorry for Florida. It really wasn't the real people of Florida that was responsible for what happened. It was the outside grafter that come in there, put on all this boom and then ducked out, leaving the poor real Floridians with the bag to hold. But they are sticking it out bravely and not hollering, and charged off the high prices to profit and loss, and are starting in now and will be on a sounder foundation than ever. In fact the whole South is stepping. States have found the recipe for success now, and no one of them has a monopoly on it. They are all doing the same thing that California did: first, build good roads, encourage diversified crops, encourage factories to locate in their State. They all know now that certain things will bring certain results, and they all are practicing it. No state now has a monopoly in progress. If a new thing comes out that will help a State, why in a month every other State knows about it and has it. When the people come south to the Democratic Convention they will have their eyes opened to what has taken place in the old South.

276 **EVERYBODY'S TESTIFYING ABOUT SOMETHING**

Well, all I know is just what little testimony I read in the papers every day. If a man is not testifying about Oil, or Bonds, or votes, why he is testifying about coal, or railroad rates, or Miners' wages, or something. My school for testimony that I wrote you about is gathering recruits every day. Men that had no idea they would be called on a month ago, are now enlisting for short courses in my School.

Who would have thought that Henry Ford would have had to look a Senator in the face and tell him he could pay a Miner \$8.00 a day, while these other Coal Operators say the Miner should pay for the privilege of mining the coal, that if he don't they have to operate at a loss. Everybody in the coal business seems to be losing money. You would think they were just giving it away.

Schwab was pretty good on the stand.¹ Or course he had cut his Miners' wages but he was good natured about it. You know you can work for Charley cheaper than you can for anybody else because he is so congenial and nice about it. What he might lack in pay to the miners he makes up in smiles to 'em. Well, they got him on the stand and he really showed up fine. They couldnt get a whole lot of information out of him, but he made it up in jokes. He showed that money and humor could go together. He said he had never made a cent out of his Steel Company. That was one of his jokes.

I have been in his beautiful home on Riverside Drive, New York, and incidentally interrupted a Poker Game that Sunday afternoon I was there. Now he may have been telling the truth when he said he hadnt made anything out of the steel Company, but it certainly is a beautiful House. Now it may be possible that he keeps it up on this Poker Game. But I doubt it. The men that I saw in the game that afternoon, some of them whom I knew, didnt look to me like they was able to support a place like that.

He pulled the best Gag that has been pulled on the witness stand this year. Senator Goodings asked him about farming, saying that he the Senator was a dirt Farmer himself.² When Schwab interrupted him saying, "I am also a farmer. I have a picture at home taken of me sitting on a tractor, with an Orchid in the lapel of my coat." Now that was a "Wow." That is what I call the height of farming.

I come through Washington, D. C. the other day. Had a long talk out at the Longworths' with Bascomb Slep, who had just leaped head first into the Hoover hopper.³ I was anxious to find out from him just how much opposition there was to Hoover from the real Politician. He says, "Not as much as you hear there is."

You know I have always thought the real old politician (who's real stock in trade is a Government appointment to something for which he is unfitted)

I always figured that he would be kinder leary of Herbert. Herb never was much on appointing him to anything, for Hoover has always been in the habit of appointing men who would be of assistance to him, so these old Boys didnt want anything like that happening. I take a straw vote every night in every place I play and it gives a pretty good line on who they want. However, that's only the people. Who they want and who they will get is a different thing. I certainly hope none of you readers are so simple-minded as to think that you have anything to do with the nomination of the man that you will eventually vote for.

I was in Ohio all last week, but I couldnt stir up much speed for Willis.⁴ Still they tell me out in the Buckwheat belt he is pretty strong. Hoover beat him 100 to one, in every vote I took there. Still one man explained it to me in this way, "Well, Will, the people you get in your show are the better class people. You could go and get a crowd from some other parts of this town and they wouldnt know Hoover at all."

I have been in several of the states where they had these so-called native Sons, and somebody ought to write a book on, "What gives a Native Son hope?" I couldnt write it, for I don't know what does, but there must be something. I think picking Harding that time when nobody knew where they had picked him from, has done more to revive hopes in Nationally unknown breasts than anything else.

Cal broke out again a couple of weeks ago with his usual statement, "I don't choose to have my name on the Wyoming ballot." That's three times he has said exactly the same thing. Now I claim there is a catch in it somewhere or he would say, "Will you please let me alone. I am not and WILL NOT be a Candidate under any circumstances." Did he say that? Not on your life he didnt. He is laying by that little word "Choose" like a Republican to a stack of Liberty Bonds.

If you was misunderstood in the press in the morning, and there was doubt as to the meaning of some statement you had issued, why what would you do? You would immediately clarify it wouldnt you? That's what anybody would do. They would say, "I meant so and so." But he will be "Choos-ing" right up to Kansas City, and I think he will be "Choosing" then. He gets a big vote all over the Country every time I ask for a vote on him running. In fact I think he gets bigger than Hoover.

All but in Cleveland. They are not so strong for Cal for some reason or other there. You know Lafollette carried that City last time.⁵ They would just like to be sorter radical in Cleveland if they knew how. They are like a young boy that wants to be devilish but just don't know how to start in.

Jim Reed is stirring 'em up all around.⁶ I wish they would pass a law that no matter who is elected President that Jim Reed would be the one to make the Public speeches for him. Nothing is so dull as a Presidential speech, and

nothing is as exciting as a Jim Reed one. Jim can make the Republicans pretty near as corrupt as they are. I go into Indiana next week, but I certainly don't want to be taken as one of Senator Robinson's "Birds of a Feather."⁷ Another Native Son Candidate out there is Jim Watson.⁸ Jim is old enough to know better, and I believe he does at heart. He is just running to get a free Ticket into the Convention. So this week it's Coolidge and Hoover, for the Rep., and Smith against the field for the honor of running second.

277 **POLITICS AND BASKETBALL**

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers. As I pen these lines I am messing around in Indiana. (In fact everybody that is in Indiana is messing around, or was till they caught 'em.) I am trying to keep my visit kinder quiet. I don't want to let it out I am here. But I do believe the old State is trying to do better. There is a whole lot of awful nice people in here. They are kinder like Florida during their set back; they are not really responsible for what some have done.

I proposed the other day that they run George Ade for Governor, and I wasnt kidding.¹ He has lived here in this State all his life and he has either been too honest or slick for 'em. You know he is a very remarkable man. I think he has his life better organized than any man I ever saw. He just travels around and goes where he pleases, writes when he pleases, and always is happy when he has his congenial friends with him, and he carries them with him, so he takes no chances. He is down in the West Indies somewhere prowling around, he and some friends. But really wouldnt he add a lot of confidence and even dignity to the Governorship of Indiana?

And speaking of Humorists, wasnt that too bad about Chauncy Depew dying?² Oh what a grand old man! I was pulling for him to reach a thousand. He left Florida too quick, come north and got a cold. That's one thing, if you go away for the winter, stay for the winter. It's the cold spring months that are bad. He come to see me in the Follies one time at a Matinee performance, and I will always remember it. He never went out to shows. I introduced him to the audience and he got a tremendous hand, and then is where he pulled the Gag on me that I have so oft repeated. I made him make a little speech, and as I had just finished my little roping stunt, he said, "I have been entertaining the Public for 70 years (that was on his 90 birthday) and I have never found it necessary to use a rope." Wasnt that nifty? Lord just think of the memories of that man! He was in politics before Abraham Lincoln decided to "Choose to run." Just think of the Presidents he had known, and help elect too. He was going to go to Kansas City if he had lived. Well they missed a greater attraction than any one they will have there. Suppose he hadnt had

this humor and wonderful entertaining qualities, how long do you reckon he would have lived? And the great part of it was he didnt have to be funny for a living. It was a kind of a side line with him.

I wonder who he was for for President? Well I wonder who anybody is for. Did you ever see such a scrambled up race? As I told you last week I take my little straw vote every night, and I had a mighty hard time scaring up any Jim Watson sentiment here in his own State.³ I can hardly understand Jim running. I guess it was to kinder head off Hoover. I tell you this Hoover is a tough Guy to head off. Of course the smoke-filled room at 3:30 A.M. in Kansas City may head him off. That's stopped many a good man, and let an inferior one get by. I still got my bet with William Allen Hearst that Coolidge will run, and I have not lost yet.⁴

Oh, and say, did you see where the Daughters of the American Revolution had vetoed the speaking in Massachusetts of William Randolph White, Governor General of Emporia, Kansas?⁵ It seems like White was agin the Revolution at the time. Him and that old fellow Ed Howe, of Potato Bug Hill, and Henry Allen.⁶ Well, all these old Kansas Newspaper men wrote Editorials against the Revolution, and that's what's the matter with the Daughters. I hope it don't make any difference with him in Kansas. Course if he is barred everywhere else he can always go to Oklahoma. They will listen to you there. I don't care what you were against.

I told you about being made Colonel down in Kentucky. The Governor made me Aide on his staff, with the rank of Colonel.⁷ So I am working now on the Goatee, and getting out the old string tie. But no kidding I sure do like those old fellows. They sure do know how to live down there. I like that Lexington. It's got the prettiest country around it in the world. We all went out to "Big Ham Davis's" and had a breakfast, at a town called Midway. He makes these wonderful smoked Hams. The Governor was there, and a fine fellow, Republican, but unusual. Boy what a Breakfast!

Well sir, I guess you read about 'em. But if you have I must tell you more. This Carr Creek Basket Ball team that kicked up such a fuss later on among all the best High School Basket Ball teams in America. They was in Lexington when I got there. They come from away down in the mountains. There is only eighteen boys at their little country school. They played barefooted and out on the ground. They just had the baskets fastened up to two trees, had no suits when they come to play in the Kentucky State Tournament. They walked in eight miles to get on the train, and it was one of those slow jerk-water lines, and the reporter in Lexington asked them how they made out coming down from the Mountains, and the kid told 'em, "We made pretty good time till we got on the train." The whole five is cousins and two are Brothers. They were beat for the Kentucky Championship by one goal in I think it was the second extra quarter. They never had a coach, and don't know

what is commonly called by the coaches, "The finer points of the game." They just know one point. I don't know if they call it fine or not, but that is they have been told that the idea of the game is to get that Ball in the hoop, and boy, how they do it! I think it's the greatest example of what any school any place can do. It's funny that the two greatest upsets in our Sports have been by Kentucky teams, when you think of what Center College at Danville did a few years back. I visited the school, and they only have a couple of little brick buildings, and to think they beat Harvard! Then here are these kids right out of those Mountains, beating big City teams from all over America. "The Carr Creek Boys!" That's a great kick to a country school any place anywhere, to know that they can go out do the principal sport just as good as any other school in America. "Viva Carr Creek!"

278 **BIG OR LITTLE CORRUPTION— TAKE YOUR PICK**

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers, and what I get an eye full of as I wonder from Tabernacle to Tent preaching a sermon on "Tolerance toward Politicians." My subject is "Father don't blame them, they know not what they are doing." It's rather a thankless job, and some times gets mighty discouraging. When you start out to educate people "up to some cause" you are just about sunk before you start. I try to tell 'em these men are doing the best they can according to the dictates of no conscience, but it's hard to change the old established idea of what the politician is. People think I am a paid propagandist sent out by the politicians just to foster good will toward them. But it's not that at all, it's just that I don't think the Politicians are getting what is coming to him. They are lucky.

But with an election coming on I want to draw your mind off of Golf as much as I can and onto a few of the big issues of the day. Now Corruption has supplanted the Tariff, as a National issue. But it's awful hard to get people interested in corruption unless they can get some of it. You take a fellow that hasent received any corruption and it's kinder like the fellow that has never drank Sour Kraut Juice, he ain't much interested in whether it's good or bad. People just figure, "Well there couldent be so much corruption, or some of it would have fell my way." And the fellow that has received any of it naturally he is favor of a continuation of the policy.

Corruption is supposed to be a Republican measure, and they are supposed to have perfected it up to the high standard that it occupies today. It's really not new. It has been in existance for years, but mostly in a small way and practiced by the minor politicians of what was called the Ward Healer type. But it showed even then that it was practical, and so naturally was

adopted and improved on. In fact the Democrats were supposed to have started it, in what was called Tammany Hall. But a good thing can't be restricted and is bound to spread. So the Republicans had their eyes open for all new wrinkles that would help them stay on the U. S. Pension list. So like everything else they took it and improved on it and brought corruption up to the high standard that it is today.

The Democrats always were a kind of a cheap lot. They never had much money to operate on. They were always kinder doing business on a shoe string basis. The type of man they had with them went in more for Oratory than he did for Stocks and Bonds. They would rather make a speech than a Dollar. They cultivated their voices instead of their finances. You give a Democrat a high hat and a frock coat and put him on the speakers' list, and he would turn down the chairmanship of the board of a big corporation. Give him a horse in the parade every year, and that was just about all the glory he wanted.

The Democratic graft was mostly confined to sorter rounding the Saloon keepers into line with a Campaign collection every year. They thought that was just about the height of "Big Business." They knew that as long as a Saloon keeper was on a good corner and no opposition allowed near him that he was good for quite a touch in the latter part of October. Lord only knows why the Democrats thought that the saloon man was the only man that would pay for a good location. They never give any other business a tumble. I guess it was because they didnt know there was any other business. They didnt know that a man that was owner of some mines, or Lumber or coal, might also dig up something for the pot. (If promised a little break in the tariff, or Rail road rates, or suppressed opposition.) But their mind was on a Saloon and that's as high as they could elevate it. So the Republicans just was wise enough to see that the same principal applied to one business as to the other. If it was good for the Saloons to stand in with the Government, why it was good for all other business. So they commenced working out the idea in a big way. The men who were thinking of running for office got to looking around their various States and seeing what some other men wanted, and they went to them and said, "If you will sorter help me out at the poles, I think I can help you out getting these big things." While the Democrat was still fooling his time away with the "Jitney" fellow the Republican said, "There is only one way to be in Politics and that's to be in a big way. What's the use of being a Piker?" So instead of getting a hundred dollars from some poor little Guy, they grabbed off a couple of thousand from the big fellows that was looking for something worthwhile, and they just kept working and building their business right up, till look what it is today. They had vision, they had foresight, they really deserve to prosper. There is two types of Larceny, Petty and Grand, and the courts will really give you a longer sentence for Petty than they do for Grand. They are supposed to be the same in the eyes of the law, but the Judges

always put a little extra on you for Petty, which is a kind of a fine for stupidness. "If that's all you got you ought to go to jail longer."

But the parties will never be changed as long as we live, for you can't change human nature. You can't broaden a man's vision if he wasent born with one. And another thing, it's hard to get people to believe a thing as Corruption, when it's something that has always been going on. These deals gradually come under the heading of legitimate Campaign business. You promise something in return for something whether it is a Post Office, or an Oil well. It's what the Lawyers call "Sharp practice." So it's going to be awful hard to make an issue of Corruption. It's like the poor, it's always been with us. If you promise a man that if you are made Senator, that he will be made a Judge, why you have sold him something, his votes have helped you to get your salary. You might promise him a river to get a dam built on, but you have always promised something, either directly or indirectly, and you just can't get the voters to distinguish the difference. If there is any. The Republicans have always been the party of big business, and the Democrats of small business, so you just take your pick. The Democrats had their eye on a dime, and the Republicans on a dollar.

279 WILL ROGERS SAYS HE'LL NAME A CANDIDATE WHEN THE "BIG DOUGH" COMES IN

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers. And about all you read in the papers now is political propaganda for one candidate or another. Now this old reliable "Illiterate Digest" hasent come out for any certain one, I am just sitting waiting for the best offer. So I guess I will land with the Republicans, as it looks like they can make the best offer, unless the Democrats have got wise and they are sending someone out to gather in some dough too.

All the "boys" are getting out beating the bushes now. Even Calvin made a speech for the D.A.R.'s. That's the Daughters of the Revolution. It's a band of women who have traced their births directly to the excitement of some revolution. The rest of us are just here by "the grace of God." We don't hardly know what to trace our birth to. I started to have my ancestors looked into one time, and they got back one generation and had one of the family up on a limb for horse stealing, and I asked them to discontinue.

These birth societys take that junk seriously. Why they not only wouldent let my friend William Randolph White of Emporia, Kansas join the daughters, but they wouldent allow him to speak in their presence.¹ If he opened his trap all of them was to get up and walk out on him.

William White can't trace his ancestry back much further than Kansas

prohibition. They havent barred me from speaking for 'em yet, but on the other hand they havent asked me to, so that means about the same thing.

Well let's see what other scandal we got this week. Al went clear to Ashville, N. C., to play golf. These Northern courses are all packed with snow. I look for Hoover to have to go out around Iowa to help plant some spring wheat. That's the tough part about being a candidate, your backer won't let you act natural and do the very things that you have always done. You can't be the man; you must be the candidate. I still take my little straw vote every night in each place. I played New York a couple of weeks ago, had a big audience and Hoover got all the votes. In New York, what do you know about that. These however were all in evening dress. If I had gone right over to a movie theater, why Al would have copped all the votes.

Did I tell you I am including Coolidge now in my straw vote, and he is running right up next to Hoover? It's Hoover, Coolidge and Smith. Course it's only a straw vote, and don't mean much, for somebody is liable to come long with a better offer for the real vote at election and they would change it.

I was around New York all during the excitement of the flyers.² Stood out at the field all day waiting for them to come that first time. There sure would have been some excitement there if they had got clear in that time. When we heard they had landed safe, Mayor Jimmy Walker pulled a wise crack, said when the Irishmen landed he said: "I got a cargo of foreigners here what will I do with them?"³

That was a great feat, getting clear over to this side. Just think, three men, all that gas and just one engine. It's been a great thing for Geography. Nobody had any idea that there was that many different pieces of land away off up there. Americans always thought when you passed Halifax the next stop must be the North Pole. Why these guys were further North than Cook got!⁴ If I was going to fly that ocean I would pick me out the Highway where all the ships go. I would kinder hang along with one ship till I thought that I could make it over to another one.

They tell you that the earth is round, and yet they say that it is further to come straight from one place to another than it is to come away up around Greenland. There must be a kind of a dent in the earth up around there. Spain to Florida would be my route, and then if I came down my wheels wouldnt break through the snow. You know that must be a pretty tough trip either way.

By the time you read this I will be winging my way back to California. Back on the old air line, and say by the way, you are going to hear of something before long with some pretty well known men in it. It will be a big transportation scheme, worked in connection with the railroads. You will leave New York in the evening, travel all night on your train, in the morning you will be met at some city by cars that will take you to a plane and you will have lunch in St. Louis or Chicago (depends on where you are headed for). Dinner

in Omaha, or Dallas, then on another train you will spend the night, then off in the morning and on the last day in the plane you will go clear to any part of the coast, 'Frisco, Los Angeles, Seattle.

That's what's a brewing. Two days and two nights to the coast. No night flying. Both nights will be spent on the train, When plane travel breaks in a big way you will find that the rail roads will be working with it and not against it. They are not going to let another bus thing be pulled on 'em, by thinking that it would never amount to anything. You watch the old boy President of the Pennsylvania system and see if he hasent got his eye on this scheme. I wrote a story on this very idea two or three years ago, and people thought I did it for comedy.

The Atlanta to New York line opens just as you will read this. It's all already lighted. You will be able to get clear to New Orleans, leaving New Orleans after lunch, and be in New York the next morning. This summer will see some great strides in commercial aviation and don't forget that old boy Lindbergh is the one that stirred the whole thing up too. Aviation was just, Blah, maby I will—maby I wont—still that baby woke 'em up to it, we will never get through paying that guy.

280

A WHIRL WITH THE BUTTER AND EGG MEN

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers, and what little I can give the once over as I prowls around. I been covering a lot of ground here lately, I don't care where you live, I have been there. I was in and around Chicago for a few days, and the old town is really trying to behave itself. Big Bill has made quite a lot of friends by the way he took his beating at the primary election.¹ He hasent made any squawk. He just said, "They licked us good and I have no excuses to make." Course a lot of them have counted him out too quick. He is not through by a long shot. He will deal a many a political machine misery before he is through. There was a few murders while I was there, but not enough to keep up the town's reputation.

You know you hear a lot of jokes about the "Butter and Egg men." Well sir, I must tell you about them. They opened the most beautiful building, 17 stories high, and they had a big Banquet and I happened to be there to help them annoy.² Now you say what kind of a fellow is a Butter and egg man? Well he has gained a reputation as a spender. He is supposed to peddle a car of eggs, and then go into a Cabaret and shoot the whole receipts. Those babies will take the price of a truck load of butter and just smear it all over a Cabaret dance floor. It is a beautiful building, a tribute to "Cold Storage." They deal in "Fresh eggs." That means any egg that has been laid, (or laid)

during the lifetime of any member. They even go so far as to say that the real fresh eggs is no good; that it should lay in the cold storage few months to kinder give it an idea of what its functions are to be when spread out on the plate. Their whole organization is very much against people going in for soft boiled eggs, for that is when you can detect the "Bad babies." They claim that people should eat 'em scrambled, it's "Much healthier."

You know seeing that building just gives you an idea what the hen can really do when she sets her mind to it. Hard work, perseverance, and taking advantage of your opportunities, that's what the old pullett has done. Nothing but an old dominick hen has erected that shack. It's the greatest "Chicken Coop" in the world, and houses many an egg. And say while we are giving all this credit to the Hen, let's give the old Rooster a hand. There is a baby that don't really get the credit that is due him. Yet every time he crows that means another trade on the exchange. And Butter too. It's through robbing the calf that you get the milk to make the butter. If they hadent tied the old calf off early enough there would have been no building.

Wrigley built a wonderful tower in Chicago just out of Chewing Gum, (of which I contributed an unproportionate share) and the Chicago Tribune has a beautiful building that was built on old Editorials on Mayor Thompson.³ But this Butter and Egg hatchery is the first one built that is a monument to Hen and Heifer.

It's a landmark to the progress of the Middle man. The farmer, the producer, is lucky if he can get a new hen roost during his lifetime, and the Consumer enjoys his one egg in the poor house, but the Broker or the middle man has certainly seen that some profit was dropped on the way from the farmer to the eater. For 80 percent of the dress suits in the hall were bought outright, and yet you can't "Corner" the egg market like you can the wheat or Corn. You see, in those commodities you know how much is raised, and there can be no more that year, but with the eggs and butter, just about the time you think you have cornered them why some old hen that has never heard one of Judge Lindsey's debates on "Birth Control" bobs up and throws discretion to the winds, and starts laying on a mass production basis and there goes your "corner."⁴ And the same with Butter. Some inventive genius will frame up some new way of hooking a New Ford car onto a "Churn" and there goes your "Corner," for up goes Butter production. You know you can buy car loads of eggs on "Futures" just like you can Wheat.

So you get some good December eggs, and hold 'em till everybody looks like they just can't go through the winter without an egg-nog, and then you can sell your eggs and clean up. If you can't keep up your payments on the cold storage, why hard boil the eggs and save 'em till summer and then sell 'em for "Picnics." A guy on a Picnic will eat anything, that's why it's called a Picnic is because of the things you have to put up with. You know right along about

now is the midst of the laying season for hens. They like to be like house wives, get all their spring work over with, and then take a much needed rest. The funny part about it is, that they all seem to want to lay at the same time, and then lay off at the same time. If they could fix 'em so part would lay one three months and part the next three and so on, that would make it better, but then you would hurt the Cold Storage guy. It looks like he is the fellow that has got to these hens and got 'em to all act in unison.

Oh yes, and we had all the rail road men there that night too. They collect millions and millions of bucks, shipping the butter and eggs from west to east. Imagine shipping an egg all the way from Petaluma, California, to Great Neck, Long Island. Then we call ourselves an efficient people! Why don't they have the hens and lay the eggs back there? It don't matter where a hen is, if she wants to lay she will lay. She is not selling, or interested in any real estate anywhere, and where she is don't make much difference to her. She knows that there is three months that she has to lay and she don't care where they are just so she can lay 'em and get 'em over with. But these R. R. Presidents were there to see that nobody did any fool thing like that and moved producer too close to consumer. That's what keeps them RR Presidents is keeping the raiser as far away from the eater as possible.

281 WHO'LL RUN AGAINST SMITH

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers. Been messing around the country a good deal lately, trying to find something to talk to you about. All the Politicians are trying to stir up some excitement in their line of work, but I can't find much interest in their graft outside the ones that are in it. The outside people have just about come to the conclusion that there ain't a worry worth of difference in either one and they just try to forget it, and live it down if they ever did take any interest.

By the way, the way they are raiding the Treasury now there don't look like it will do anybody any good to get in. What's the use running your head off to get to a table where the food has just been all eaten up? If I was an office seeker, I would kinder be doubtful whether there was enough in there left just to pay my regular salary, much less what I wanted to run the office for.

They sure are taking the old Treasury to a cleaning. None of this million, or five million dollar appropriation. It's a half billion or nothing in a Bill nowadays. It takes a man that can think in big numbers to introduce a bill in Congress nowadays. A Bill under a hundred million would be so unusual that it wouldnt pass. "We can't spend our time voting on trifles." He would be laughed out of Congress as a Small Timer.

If you got a river near your house and the Government hasent dammed

it up yet, why it's because you havent sent them a blue Print of where it is, and havent asked them to put one in for you. If you got some land that nothing will grow on and havent had it irrigated, why it's because you don't know your Congressman. Everybody wants land irrigated by the Government. For, as anyone knows, new land with plenty of water will raise quite a bit. But so will old land if it's fertilized, so why should the whole of American Taxpayers pay for water for newly irrigated land any more than they would for fertilizer for old land? Both will do the same thing if you will put them on there. But it looks like nobody is ever original enough to think of a Bill like that. They just think that water is the only thing that will help land. Why my Lord there is dozens of different things that will help the farmer on his land besides water or fertilization either. There is the Interest on the first and second Mortgages. Why don't they introduce a Bill in Congress for Congress to help the Farmer by paying off his Mortgages? That's what's eating him up on the farm, it's not lack of irrigation or lack of fertilization, it's abundance of interest. That's the baby that is there every minute of every day. Not when it's needed, or when you spread it, but every minute of every day and night. Talk and sing about "Old Man River." It's old man interest that keeps the old Farmer running to town every few days. He has to have a bookkeeper to keep a set of books to keep track of when his various Notes and Mortgages' interest comes due. It's the thought of the old Mortgages that keep him awake at night.

But if you notice they are always trying to put through some kind of Bill in Congress, but nobody ever puts through one to do something about interest. No sir, you couldnt do that, then you are getting into the business of the boys that really hold the troops while the jumping is going on. You could no more get a bill through to whittle the old interest down than you could to get a Politician to admit a mistake.

They limit a Saving Bank from paying you over four or five percent, but about eight is legal if you are the one to do the borrowing, and then nothing definite has ever been done about the "Bonus," that's the extra for the loan. But I will say there is some that are honest enough they don't do that. I won't call names, but they will be given on application. So you see everybody has their racket, and everybody is looking to nick the old Treasury out of something, and on account of this being a Presidential year that makes the nicking more juicy.

But let's get off of sense and get back to foolishness. It looks like Hoover and Smith are about the only two the people want from what I can gather. So I doubt if either one will be nominated. Well, I guess Smith will, for his position is exactly reversed from Hoover's. Smith, the Democratic Politicians want him worse than the entire people, while with Hoover it's the people that want him and not the Politicians in his party. So it may be Smith against Dawes, and that would make a colorful campaign. Dawes would make that

sway-back pipe our National emblem.¹ The “Old Brown Derby” against the “Nicotine Bowl.” Now take your pick, which is the worst, a “Brown Derby” or the old Pipe. It sure would bring out the vote. The old Corncob boys out of the meadows would be there to see that cigar ashes didnt litter up the White House, and the Town “Slicker Derby” boys would be there to see that no pipe whiffer ever lowered the smoking standards that are nowadays set by advertised Gentlemen.

They will make great Campaign Posters, the old Derby and the old Pipe. Hoover, I don’t know what he smoked, and Calvin smokes Cubebs. I think Jim Reed chews Horseshoe Plug.² Walsh won’t chew, smoke, drink.³ He just wants to find out what the other fellow is doing all the time. And Jim Watson dippes snuff.⁴ Hughes smokes Cigarettes, but not too close.⁵ It’s going to be a great Campaign for ads, no matter who is nominated. A man will make enough out of the ads even if he is defeated to salve his conscience. Al chews his Cigars, even if they are lighted. He lets the fire work on one end, and he starts chewing on the other, and when the fire and the lips meet why the Republicans get H _ _ _ .

282 THE OLDER WE MEN GET, THE MORE CUCKOO WE ARE

All I know is just what I read in the papers. Say did a fashion Magazine ever fall into your hands? I don’t mean a woman’s fashion one, Lord we have all spent half our life looking at “Laungerie” adds. But what I mean did a men’s fashion magazine ever drop across your trail? Well my Wife dug one up somewhere, and she has got a pretty good sense of humor, and I heard her giggling at this thing, and asked what it was, and I am telling you that it was a great big prosperous Magazine. There must be flocks of ’em that take that stuff serious.

Now if you have ever landed a good job, couldent seem to grab off your second million, couldent get so tropical with the Ladies, why it was because maybe you didnt have on the following, as that is given in the Magazine as the “Real ultra Calf’s brains”: “Black Jacket single breasted, fairly shapely, it buttons with two medium wide notch lapels. The waist coat is double breasted, narrow in its lap, with a likable roll in its collar, and a much wasted look. Below the Jacket and waistcoat, are mull grey trousers without pleats or turn ups. These have a double stripe. One line of white the other of biscuit color. The stripes are far enough apart to not jarr. The boots are black, the lowers are varnished with deGniche varnish, mixed with a little claret to make the enameled more brilliant, and pliable, the button tops are of dull finish French calf-skin.”

Now you farmers that's been hollering for relief, maybe that's what's the matter with you, you havent had this "deGniche varnish mixed with a little claret." That may be just the Mary McHaughen bill you are looking for.¹ It says: "Below the waistcoat and Jacket appear the trousers." Now you Democrats that havent got anywhere in years maybe you havent been wearing your trousers below your waistcoat. In fact some of you maybe havent had trousers either above or below. They say the boots are black, and then it says they button. Did you ever see a button boot? It looks like the buttons would catch on the brush when you are riding through the mosquito. There is one place in there where it says it has a "waisted look." Say I have been in style all my life and didnt know it if that waisted look means what it says.

Did you ever have trousers with a biscuit colored stripe? Say there is not two women that make biscuits the same color, so any stripe is biscuit colored. And then it says, "The stripes of Biscuit and white are not close enough to jarr." Now just how close will one stripe jarr another one? Some will jarr evidently quicker than others, so you got to be careful, you may have on a pair of pants, and you feel something funny and it's your pants jarring. They are just liable to jarr right off you can't tell. There is nothing worse than a jarring pair of pants.

It tells about how the men of Palm Beach that are "Well dressed" change five times a day. "Green is the color that has made it's appearance in men's jackets, Lovatts blue green, grey greens, lapels are of a stubby character, as made by English tailors, small patterned neckwear in foulard continues." So watch your jackets. Lack of a pea green jacket has held many a good man back. Now don't by any chance throw away your old foulard ties, they are going to get some mileage out of them. You take a good small pattern tie on a smooth neck, and it ought to do from two to five hundred cocktails without showing wear. Of course on a rough neck, it will gradually wear itself frayed at the edges.

Have you given any thought much to your bathrobe? There is a thing that you must decide on. They have "bright colored terry robes, and elaborate designs, and solid color contrasted trimmings." Those are mostly worn by men that buy on margins. I have become so discouraged over the selection of my bathrobe that I sometimes think I will just get out of the tub and get right into my clothes, like I have been doing, and not monkey with one of the things.

There is a new cocoanut straw hat that is being worn by just a few of the very smartly dressed men of Palm Beach and Nassau: It's got a high "puggarree" band and a "careless" curl to the brim. Maby it will help you get your Ford order through quicker if you only had a touch of "Puggarree" to your old lid.

Now boneheads like you and I can't imagine sane people taking all this junk serious, but they do. Why if a tie has one more dot in it than the one worn

by Tony Biddle, their day is spoiled.² Talk about women being vain, and always primping, why say men will make a sucker out of any woman when it comes to thinking he is about the grapes, a Corset manufacturer told me that if it was not for men's corsets they would have to go out of business. Can you imagine a big hulk going in getting a corset fitted? No Sir, we can't laugh at the women any more. Men are getting their nails manicured, and even pointed and colored. They are henna'ing their hair. They are watching their diet. They are reducing everything but their head. And the funny part the older and the funnier looking they are the more Cuckoo they are. They will be rougeing their lips, and powdering their noses next.

Here is an ad in the Magazine that you will get a kick out of. "From the Montmarte, Hollywood's most fashionable Cafe, rendezvous of the smart set of Hollywood. Where the stars dine and dance comes the exclusive styles that go into Hollywood Clothes, Styles that are swagger, flattering, chosen by men to whom appearance is everything painstakingly tailored in selected fabrics, \$20.00 and \$25.00. A few extra Ultra at \$30.00."

Maby that's what has kept you out of the movies you didnt have one of those "Extra Ultra suits" at \$30.00. Then there is some "Snappy" top coats at \$8.00. Cost you more to check 'em than it would to buy 'em, but I am telling you men are watching their styles. That's why they all look so funny.

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WILL BUYS PAINT

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers. The other day I had a Gag in the papers where I said that all the Towns ought to have the name of their town painted up on their buildings somewhere, so any one flying over could see what Town it was. You know your Town is not quite as well known to the World in general as it is to you yourself. Of course you imagine that anyone should recognize it the minute they see it. I even went so "Cuckoo" as to say that I would pay for the paint. Well, right there is where I stepped into paint plum up to and over my financial neck. Say, Sherwin Williams didnt have enough to have supplied the demand. I started with an awful poor idea of the number of towns in this Country. Say, I coulident have bought enough paint to have painted even the letters that I got.

Now I sure did mean well, but I just gnawed off more than I could chew. Pontiac, Michigan, sent me a bill for 98 dollars. I thought somebody was going into the paint business up there, but when they wrote me the size of some of their factories that they were putting the sign on I commenced to look, and as I coulident see the name, it looked like I had had been bunked for \$98. I wanted to see the sign from Beverly Hills, but I guess they have some pretty big places up there. If they got buildings as big as they say they have I

am going to fly up there and land on one of 'em some day. The Saratoga ain't that big, and all the Navy lands on it.

Now here is Pierce City, Mo., with three more letters in it than Pontiac, and they send a bill for \$4.50. It is a beautiful little City down next to Oklahoma. You see the nearer they get to Oklahoma the more honest and economical they are. I am going to send them the \$4.50 and they raise such fine strawberries around there, I figure one crate of Strawberries received in appreciation will net me maybe a profit. Of course if they spill on the way out here my \$4.50 will be a total loss. But I have hinted to Harry Osborne to pack 'em very good.¹ Painesville, Ohio, wants to use their own judgement in what to spend. Now a town has got to be mighty patriotic toward Aviation to condescend to paint the name "Painesville" where anyone can see it.

The Kansas Chamber of Commerce advised me that as the State was at that time having a "Paint and clean up week" and that would I just mind including enough to paint and clean up Kansas. Now can you imagine me cleaning up Kansas? Can you imagine anybody cleaning up Kansas? Even Carry Nation couldnt do it.² But I tell you what I will do. I will contribute to clean up "Emporia" and Topeka. I want to make Emporia fit for Homes and not just for old Newspaper men, and Topeka, being the home of both Curtis and Capper.³ I will help whitewash it as far as a Republican feed trough can be fumigated. I will be at the Convention in a few days and will take care of these towns personally.

Here is an offer from Swim, Oregon. They not only offer to paint the roof, but will do so as soon as they build a building to paint it on. Here is Parma, Idaho, which is far enough North to have felt the influence of Robert Service Poems, and it acted on them as follows:⁴

"On Thursday May third, Our Legion Post heard
Of this chance to head off a complaint
So we give you our word to assist a lost Bird,
If you'll only come through with the paint."

So I very liberally allowed 'em two bits a letter. By mixing plenty of water with it, and serving, it will do. The Laconing, Maryland, Business Men's Club asks me to send the money, and being Business men they will use their judgment. Well, I think my money is as good as their judgment. Ah, now we are getting down to honesty. Here is Wichita Falls, Texas, with a Bill for only \$2.40. See, that's the kind of people you will meet when you go to the Democratic Convention in Texas. The minute you get out of Republican Territory, why you see honesty and square dealing creeping in. It's a great little City. They already got the Oil. So I am having them draw on Charley Featherstone, a friend of mine there, for \$2.40.⁵ San Fernando, Cal., sent bill, but on account of length of name it was deleted by Censor. You know that Town is right here in that wonderful valley of the same name, so I told them "If an Aviator

gets that near Beverly Hills he is not lost.”

Here is Chewraw, South Carolina. “Send two quarts of yellow paint two bucks. Put up or apologize!” See that’s down South with the Democrats, see. No corruption, no scandal, only want what it takes.

Here is one from Ontario, California. “This is a strong Republican District, and if too much oil paint is used, we might be drawn into the oil scandal. So \$25 will cover everything.” See, there is Chewraw for \$2 and Ontario for \$25. One Republican, and the other Democratic. The Ontario ones only want enough to “Cover everything.” While Chewraw only wants enough to paint its name. Huntington, West Virginia, says they will do what is right about it, and knowing them as I do, I believe they will. It’s the American Legion, and they are generally pretty square. It’s the Chamber of Commerce that you have to watch.

Brasstown, N. C. had the sense of humor to paint their name in Public and only ask \$10. That’s fair, for there is a sprinkling of Republicans in that state, and you can just see the fringe of corruption creeping in. Chewraw \$2. Brasstown \$10. Getting a little further north. Tuskegee, Ala., don’t state price. But I know it will be reasonable, and will be in white against a black background.

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WHAT MAKES THE CONVENTIONS GO ROUND

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers. This ought to reach you shortly before the first American Follies is held in Kansas City. We have our amusements so arranged that we have two every four years, and they draft various Cities where they are to be held. This year, K. C. and Houston, Texas were convicted. We will speak mostly of the K. C. one, for that is the first. The Democrats watch the Comedy in this one, and then they improve on it. This one started out and looked like a great Show, but an Actor named Hoover has grabbed off all the best lines, and if they don’t stop him pretty soon, it looks like he will about change it into a one man show. If he gets enough to nominate before he goes there, why it will just about take all the interest out of the whole shebang. There will be nothing to decide but the Vice Presidency, and that’s just about like picking the best man at a wedding. Everybody knows it will be some old family friend, it won’t make much difference who, and as for any excitement about the platform, or what is the issues of the race to be, why the poor Deligates will be allowed to sit and sweat and finally vote on something that he thinks is a Platform but when he gets home it will be found to be a “trick floor,” one of those things that you can raise it or lower it without the audience even seeing you do it. It will have a false bottom, and when you

think you are standing on it, you won't be at all. You are over it but not on it.

But the whole thing will be a great show at that, and of course if Hoover is replaced by the management and they throw the part open to anybody, why then we will have a real run for our money. Charley Curtis is on his home ground and will be a hard man to beat among the mullatto horses.¹ The Republican Party owe him a lot, but whether they will ever pay him or not, nobody knows. Can you imagine Kansas with a President? Why the D. A. R.'s would remove the ban on William Randolph White!²

If Hoover does get away with this it will be the biggest engineering job he ever accomplished. For the Political Leaders sho tried to tare up his Blue prints. But if the Politicians defeat him, why it will be the greatest demonstration of Matter over Mind that was ever demonstrated. Kansas City will show 'em a great time. It's a live town. It's near enough to Oklahoma to have a lot of life, and plenty of money to spend.

It will be great to meet all the old Newspapers boys who havent met since the old siege of Madison Square Garden.³ We will all be there, grinding out dope to the home papers, trying to make "copy" where none or no reason for any exists. They are the ones that keep it interesting. It's not the Actors themselves. Political Conventions would die standing up if it wasnt for the inventive genius of the Boys that make the Actors look "colorful." They will write back to your paper and make you at home think that it is the most exciting place you ever saw, while as a matter of fact there won't be a thing in the world doing but some old long-winded Bird talking about "getting back to the early Lincoln Democracy."

There won't be an original saying, or a new passage uttered during the entire fiesta. But the old Newspaper Boys will "Smoke" it up, and Graham McNamee will tell it to you over the "Rodeo" so that you will imagine that Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and Calhoun are there in droves.⁴ It's just, as I say, one of our Follies that we have built up that no other Country in the world would understand or know for what reason it was being held. But we like it, and it's distinctly ours. It's the one place where our public men can do foolish things, and due to the surroundings they kinder look plausible at the time.

It takes weeks after one is over to really start to appreciate the finer comedy points of one. The reason a thing don't look ludicrous to us is that a man at the last one did and said exactly the same thing. If a man's silk hat blows off at exactly the same place every day, why it ain't near as funny as it is if you wasnt looking for it to happen, so these long winded silly nominations, and the "save the country" speeches, you don't laugh at them when they are made, for we have become so accustomed to them that it's like the high Hat blowing off, we know it's going to do it. But it's when we get home and take one of these conventions apart and just see what was really inside it, why then is when our sense of humor asserts itself. But it's too late to do anything about

it then, so we just smile and wait four years, and here they are back again. The ones that failed to save the Country the last time are patriotic, they are back again for another trial. Prohibition is dragged out as another issue, lower taxes, all the old Gags are dusted off, and away they go again.

Those that are in are trying to stay in, and those that are out are trying to get in, and that's about all there is to the game. The same old flock of Deligates are back again. They even boast of not missing a Convention since Lincoln was innagarauded, and the funny part of it some of them really believe that they have got something to do with what's going on, and maybe they have, for let's not deprive them of what little pleasure there is in it.

The same old leaders are here, just Rarin' for something to lead. But there's lots of them that don't take it serious. They just come for the badge and the free seat. But there is a kind of a fascination about them that you wouldnt miss.

They are a great bunch of fellows. But there is not a one among them that have really any more personal feelings whether one man or the other is elected President. It's their particular job, and something that will further some scheme of theirs, that they are more vitally interested in than any President. Ben Turpin would be O.K.⁵

285 **TALKING MOVIES— A PROPHECY THAT CAME TRUE**

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers and what I happen to see and hear as I have an ear to the ground. Let's get off politics, and corruption, and International relations, and Texas, and Boulder Dams, and Farm reliefs, and get down and speak to everybody in their Native tongue.

What you say we have a little chat on the Movies? Havent dished out any Movie scandal to you in a long time. Well, I have been out here now for about six weeks, and it's just kinder the off season. Spring marrying is about over, and summer divorces havent quite got going good. But here is something that might be a lot of news to you. I was just talking to some of the biggest men in the whole industry and they told me some very surprising things, they say that the whole business is undergoing a great change. That in four or five years you will look back and laugh at yourself for ever having sit for hours and just looked at Pictures with no voice or no sound. I am not very much of a Movie fan, and don't get around much, but I had just thought that the "talking Pictures" were a kind of a fad, and that they would die out like they did years ago when they tried to start them. But these men told me of the millions and millions of dollars that they are spending in talking equipment. All the big Companies have made contracts with the General Electric, (I think that's the one

that holds most of the patents on the sound) and they are all going in for it heavy. These men said that Movies now are as much in their infancy as when years ago we all got excited over "The Great Train Robbery" in some Nickleodeon.¹ They say that the talk and sounds have just begin to develop. That the ones you hear now are very crude in comparison to the ones you will get in a year or so. Sound is in about the stage that Photography was in Movies 15 years ago. Every picture will bring new developments.

The whole business out here is scared cuckoo. The girl that left a ribbon counter and won a Beauty Contest and then was made a "Star" overnight. Just because somebody told her every move to make and when to smile, she can just see her finish. It looks like it is getting into the days of the Actor. That's one thing where the stage always had it on the Movies, you couldnt be a stage actor overnight. That had to come with years of experience. You got to do something beside being photographed on the old stage.

I saw a picture the other night that used the talk. It's called the "Lion and the Mouse" and oh boy, how the stage Actor does show up the Movie ones!² Lionel Barrymore even as a Villian, and Alec Francis, another splendid stage actor, just made you wish the others hadent talked.³ The town is clogging up with stage people. The Movie ones can't keep their mind on over one thing at a time, and that was "How am I looking?" While the old stage fellow, that's how he gets his expressions is through what he has to say. Let him speak the lines and the expressions will take care of themselves. Then you see the Director can't holler out and tell you what to do, when to back up, when to smile and when to "Register" indignation. If he did holler it would be heard on the record, so he has to trust his acting to the Actor, and in order to trust his acting to the actor he has to have an Actor to trust it too.

You will see a great improvement in the Titles. Those beautiful sounding phrases may read all right when they are on there in print alone, but when some live moving Character really says them they sound funny. We never thought before that Real Human beings wouldnt use such words. But now the Titles that the Actors speak have got to be something that the man would really say under those circumstances, and not something that read good when the Title Writer "Copped" it out of some book. It's going to make pictures about twice as human. Course for awhile they will lose part of their audience, for with this new intelligence coming in so sudden there is going to be a lot of Movie fans that can't stand it, and they will drift to the Radio, where they will hear the announcer say "I have some Telegrams here that I would like to read": "Program coming in fine, Oolagah Kiawanis Club." But I hear real trained Actors (that never won any contest in their lives) speak real lines that real human beings would utter, why you are going to drag many a new recruit back to the "Cinema."

Your trained Dogs and your trained horses can outdraw the Movie Stars,

but when it gets down to Acting, and talking in a natural way, why the animals will have to go back to the Circuses. Each big company is putting in Studios in Los Angeles and New York too. They also have the sound recording apparatus so arranged that they have them on a kind of trucks and they can haul them easily anywhere and record speech or event at its original place the same as they can take the pictures there with a Camera. There is about a thousand Theatres equipped now with the means of showing sound Pictures, and they are equipping others just as fast as possible. These Movie Magnates said, "all the great dramatic stage actors, that wasent any good for the Movie fan Janes, because they showed their age, they will be able to go on now and give the whole people all over the world a chance to see and hear their wonderful voices, even if they have no Sex Appeal."

They say that the Kreislers and John McCormacks can make more from their few records on the screen than in all their travels and Concert work, and more people can see and really hear them, at one third the price they have to pay at a Concert.⁴ So it looks like old Hollywood won't be as Dumb as it has been.

286 REAL FOLKS IN A PRAIRIE LIGHT HOUSE

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers, or what I run into as I prowl the old Commonwealth. Here is something I bet you never run into and the most of you didnt know existed, and that is "A Light House Keeper" in the middle of a prairie.

I sho love to meet "Folks." I mean "Just folks" and talk with them and get their angle. Well the other night I had the chance. I was flying from Beverly Hills back to Chicago to go to the late lamented Republican upheaval and after having one little mishap at Las Vegas, Nevada, where our Plane turned over in landing, and not a one of the three of us got a scratch, and incidentally it was the very first accident of any kind I had ever been in, in all the flying I have done. Well they sent up another Plane from Los Angeles and I only lost a couple of hours, and then right on into Salt Lake, and then out of there on the next leg of the journey.

Was on the regular mail plane. They generally stop for gas at Rock Springs, Wyoming, but the wind was bad and it's not any too good a field, so we went on to an emergency landing field at Cherokee, Wyoming. We got our gas and in taking off the wheel hit a big Gopher hole and sprung the strut, or brace, that holds the undercarriage. We were going very slow at the time, and nothing happened, only that we couldnt take off with that in that shape, so he phoned into Cheyenne, and they sent out another Plane and in a couple of hours there it was. Yet Cheyenne was 175 miles away.

Well while we was waiting out there on the prairie, it was just beginning to get dark, then is where I made my acquaintance with my first "Light House Keeper." A real honest to goodness Light House Keeper, that works for Uncle Sam and is there day and night, 365 days just to keep the light burning to save wayfarers on their way, the same as if he was out on a lonely island off the rock bound coast of somewhere or other.

Here he is out on this big open prairie, a man and his wife. They have a little box house, split up into three rooms, and out a few steps away is the Tower House. There is a Tower with the big revolving light on it. It has an electric motor in the power house that runs it and all the lights that are around the field, the little tower house is about 10 feet square.

These Light Houses are strung clear across our continent to guide the Air Mail Pilots at night. They are about twenty-five miles apart. Then in between, just about every three miles, are the small flicker lights. They are run from the rays of the sun and go on when the sun goes down. No one has to tend them.

Well here is this fellow and his wife. When night comes on he goes out around his field and turns on the lights that show the outline of the landing field, then the big tower light. Well while the pilot and the light man are out trying to fix the wheel I am in the house drinking good coffee, and talking to the Light House Keeper's wife. It gets 35 below zero out there in the winter. They are twenty-five miles away from Rawlins the nearest town and Post Office. Their only means of seeing anyone is an emergency landing by some Pilot in a storm. They are paid by the Department of Commerce, the salary is around \$100.00 a month, with house rent, and fuel furnished. They have two boys away at Laramie, at the University, specializing in electricity, they have been in this service ever since it was started in 1924. She thinks the youngest boy will become a Pilot.

She visited her Mother whom she hadent seen in years and lives out in California. The Boehling line that operates the mail service gave her a pass, and she got on a plane in her front yard and made the trip out to California by Plane, and then back by plane and landed right at her own doorstep. She says that was the most wonderful trip, and by golly it was. How many of you people that have had all our so called advantages, have ever had an experience like that? She spoke about how nice all the different Pilots were to her on the trip, she said, "They couldent have treated me finer if I had been a Millionaire making the trip." She talked about all the different airports, and the big mountains that she flew over, she turns on the lights when her husband is sick, they have a nice new little Chevrolet car and one of the best looking cooking stoves I ever saw, a great big dandy white enameled thing, that burns either coal or oil, and what a pride she took in it when she saw I was interested in it. She told me what it cost and how they was able to afford it, just think of it in these days and times, a woman that takes pride in her cooking stove. She was

a mighty wholesome middle aged woman, wasent interested much in a permanent wave, or reducing, but did bake some of the best bread I had had in years. Said that the people who landed there as passengers in storms sometimes, were all mighty fine, and put up good naturedly with the conditions that they had to meet.

She knew all the Pilots on that run, knew all about them, their joys and sorrows. She said they was all "Such fine boys." Her husband come from Iowa, and she come from Oklahoma, and they argued all the time over which was the best State. I settled that for 'em. Her boys will be home in a couple of weeks and how she beamed! I imagine they are working their way through school, and I bet they both turn out great. She said her and her husband hadent had much "Schooling" but they wanted to have their boys have a chance. Says the boys and her run a little filling station out on the highway in the summer time and that pays 'em pretty well, and then they handle the gas for the emergency landings, and they get paid extra for that by the mail company.

She was a cheerful soul and she had a right to be, I don't know but after it was over and our Plane had come and we had loaded in the mail and were away with only a couple of hours delay, I was kinder glad it had happened.

It made you appreciate some "Real Folks." I don't know when I enjoyed two hours more. we got some great people in this country, and they ain't all on Wall Street, or at the Luncheon Clubs, or in the Movies or in the Senate. Some of 'em are just in the "Light Houses" on the Prairies.

287 WAITING FOR THE GUN AT HOUSTON

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers, and what I see as I prowel over the old Commonwealth. Here we are down here in Houston all getting set for another Dog Fight. I think we are going to have a lot of fun down here. There is always excitement at a Democratic Anything. Of course it don't look like there is any way to keep from nominating Al, but that don't make any difference, there is always something that will stir up an argument even if they all agree.

And talking about Smith reminds me of an incident that happened at the Kansas City show. Senator Moses was the Chairman or Ringmaster of the outfit, and of course no one at any of those things can take office without making the customary speech.¹ Well here is part of what he said, "We enter this coming battle militant. We intend to carry the fight to the enemy, and we challenge them to bring forth their strongest champion, whether he emerge from another 103-round battle of the Madison Square Beer Garden, or from a convention held spell bound by the Tammany Tiger. We are ready for him, bring him on and we will bury him. We will welcome him with hospitable hands to

a bloody grave, and we care not whether his name be Brown, Jones, or Smith.”

Now them is strong words Moses, even for a Prophet to utter. Now its alright to use them on the ordinary run of Politicians. It sounds great, and the gallery eat it up. But when you are messing with Al Smith, why you are not dealing with the ordinary Politician, you are going up against a man that can take the English language and throw it back to you wrapped up as ridicule, and Moses he will have you taking to the Mount. He will make you wish you had smitten those words on a rock, and not uttered them in national Convention. This Baby Smith is past master of repartee. You been dealing with some of those slow thinking Senators around there, and you are liable to get a little cocky, for you hand out some mean ridicule yourself. But Brother, this Smith party is in the Big League when it comes to sitting the enemy down with a single paragraph. So I am just tipping you off. Lay off this Guy. You may defeat him at the polls this autumn, but the more dignified you handle your end of it the better. If it ever comes to a battle of words he will have all the Deligates, so you better keep the election on votes and not on Slogans. There is men that can speak better English than Smith, but there is not any that can make it SOUND any better.

By the way, however, Moses made a mighty good officer. He gave us an example of the Republican methods. The minority was drowned out by the gavel. The best speeches made there were by young Bob Lafolette and Senator Borah.² The others could have sent ’em in by mail. But say, this young Lafolette has a great deal of the old man in him. He has that kind of little sympathetic touch in his voice, like a sincere appeal, and looks like a real promising young fellow. He looks like he has a great career ahead of him. It’s too bad he is so many years ahead of his time but he is. It will take about three generations of Lafolettes before the people catch up to what they are working on. Borah was great. He was on the opposite side from what he usually is, that is he was trying to pacify them and not trip ’em up. He was against the Mary McHaughen bill, and a lot of the Lawyers for the farmers were for it.³ But the Convention voted it down, so that kills that. Coolidge always said it wouldent work. I don’t know whether it would or not, but I know it never will.

It seems good to come to a Convention where some of the Public men are known. Outside Bill Borah with the Republicans nobody knows any of them. But down here when a man gets up to speak, why we all know who it is. They seem to have more color and character. And the old town of Houston is sure set to give ’em a time. This Convention means a lot to the State of Texas. Thousands are seeing it this coming week that never had any idea of what it was like. I have often said, and I still say and believe it, that North Carolina has made more progress in the last few years than any other State in the Union, and Texas is next. Not a bad record when you figure that there is

48 (count 'em). Texas is a humming. She has some great towns. Don't get out of the State, you Deligates, till you have seen some of the other towns they have. Course it is a little warm here now, and may be all week, but we are all overweight anyway, and havent got the will power to reduce by less eating, so we will kinder perspire it off here. They have a great Convention hall that they put up after they landed the Convention. They are hustlers down here.

They have to go some to do a better job of it than Kansas City did. They did mighty proud by their Republicans. And were blessed with great weather. The New York Deligation is coming in by boat, and they have built a special canal that brings 'em right up from the ocean.

They are talking about putting a wet plank in the platform. I hope they get it in before it's over, so we can try it out and see if it works.

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HERE'S HOW TO MAKE CONVENTIONS PAINLESS

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers, or what I have seen as I jump from Convention to Convention. I have looked so many Speakers in the face in the last three weeks that when I get home and one of my children arises to ask if they can go to the Movies, I will look for them to start out with "The great Democratic Party of which I and my forefathers for generations back have been honored members, the Party of the Common or real people! The party which has always stood for all that is best in human rights! The man I am about to name, is the best fortified to carry on this great work or the downtrodden! The man I am about to name is Applesauce."

I will raise up and desire to smite him, even he be of my own flesh and blood. That's all I have heard for three weeks steady. If Oratory was devoted to some legitimate cause and reason it might be the means of revolutionizing the world. It's just been Gab, Gab, Gab, with not a laugh, or a new idea in it. There should be a censor or an Aealianist or something that before a speaker gets up, they go over his stuff that he is about to perpretrate on the public and take it apart before he delivers it and see if there is a thought or an idea in it. Then if there is not he is told that the best place to dispose of that is at some station over the radio. They have to fill in twelve hours a day 365 days a year, and naturally they run pretty short of stuff, and no matter how few ideas it may have it won't be noticed there.

Then if it does have an idea why take it out and let him go before the Convention and just deliver the idea that it has, provided that all the other speakers havent delivered the same idea all week. Now with this board operating it would shorten the time of the Conventions to almost nothing, because I don't believe there is over three or four ideas at any given Convention. The

main thing to make 'em cut out is the so called "History of the Party." They always start out "This Party has always since its early birth been the party of right. The other party has been cockeyed all their life. Noah when he founded our party, had both sides to pick from Right and wrong, and he wisely chose right, and right we have ever remained, so it is a principle born in us to uphold the weak against the strong. This great Party had its birth in virtue, its youth in righteousness, and is spending its old age in holiness."

Now take out all references to the foundation of the party, take it for granted that if anyone in the hall belongs to the party that they have taken enough interest in it to know how it started and give a kind of a rough guess on where it is going. If you will just eliminate the names Lincoln, Washington, Roosevelt, Jefferson, Jackson, and Wilson, why both Conventions would get out three days earlier. Every Nut that gets up to spout off always has to refer to one or more of these past favorites. Well, the audience he is talking to know as much about the records of all these illustrious men as he does, so by having their Pictures hanging in the hall of the Convention of the party to which they belonged to ought to show proper respect without having to rely on each speaker to uphold their reputation. In fact I think a lot of our past great men would be a lot bigger in public estimation if it was made prohibitory for them to be referred to by some of our Politicians.

People generally Judge a man by the type of man that is bragging on him. So it really don't do our great men any good to have their names brought up by most of the men who do bring them up. For instance people will say, "My Lord if Roosevelt kept company with that fellow and was as near him as this fellow seems to imply, I don't think as much of Roosevelt." You see it gets the man in bad that they are trying to brag on.

Now past records is another thing that should come under strict censorship. They are always telling, "What my party has accomplished." Now as a matter of fact any time a man says that he is insulting the intelligence of his audience, for no party can put over one spring of Legislation without the aid of some members of the other party. Everything that is put through during a Republican administration is always referred to as "Our Legislation," and all that come off during the Democrats is "Our Policies." Now neither one can even pass a motion to adjourn without some aid from the other side.

All Legislation is put through by the aid of swaps and trades. They are just a lot of horse traders. "You help me put over my New Post Office and I will help you get your creek widened." Now there is no necessity for either one, (outside the money being spent in their two localities) but by putting over enough trades he can go home with enough Government loot to be re-elected. So make 'em leave all the so called Party accomplishments out of the speeches. Now that will cut 'em down a couple of days. When you take 'em all apart and take out the things that have got no business being said, you just

don't leave much. But just think of the pleasure of sitting in a Convention and every Speaker that got up you would know that he would advance a new idea, even if he only spoke a minute. Leaving out all that "It's an honor for me to have been chosen" stuff, that would cut 'em down another two days.

So let's get a Censorship board for Public speakers at National Conventions and it will just about eliminate Public Speakers, and that will leave nothing but the flags, and the band, and that will mean a perfect Convention, and that is what the "Anti Bunk party promises you, and when elected I will resign."

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WHERE ARE THE EYES OF THE WORLD NOW?

All I know is just what I read in the papers, and what I can remember of days that passed lately at what was for lack of better names, Political Conventions.

It's been over a week, the last one, and I am just getting over it. Two straight weeks of Applesauce. "These are momentous times, the eyes of the World are on us, let us act with foresight and deliberation." Now you heard that by every speaker. Now just take 'em apart and see why they fall over if you try and let 'em stand alone.

"These are momentous times." Now what is momentous about 'em? Time is time, momentous things happen to individuals, not to everybody at once. What might be momentous to one would just be wasting time to another. They are momentous times with the Speakers. For if justice gets its due it's the last time he will ever get to address a National Convention. The only Guy a Convention is momentous with is the Bird that gets the nomination.

Then the prize bromo of all, "The eyes of the World are upon us." Now if that is not insulting your intelligence! Whose eyes are on who? What's the World care what we are doing? What do we care what the world is doing? The eyes of the World is cockeyed as far as we are concerned. Why the eyes of our Country are not even on us. They know the thing is just an ordinary routine. Somebody is going to be President. It don't make any difference who it is. None of them from any party are going to purposely ruin the country. They will all do the best they can. If weather and crops, and no wars, and a fair share of prosperity is with them they will go out of office having had a good Administration. So the eyes of the World is not paying any attention to us. The World is shortsighted as far as we are concerned.

Our Public men take themselves so serious. It just looks like they are stoop-shouldered from carrying our Country on their backs.

And the women, poor souls, when they are allowed to speak, it seems

they have paid more attention to the material in the dress than they have to the material in the speech. They mean well and act awful sincere. But the Girls just ain't there. It gets 'em out and gives 'em a chance to get away from home, and wear badges. But it just seems like they havent added anything constructive to the art of Politics.

You see 'em scattered around through the Hall as Deligates. But not in enough quantities to effect the voting. They are awful nice folks to meet and talk to. In fact I made a speech just for them. The only man at the Democratic Convention that spoke "For Women Only." But you see there they had dropped their grave responsibilities, and were just women. I could sit around with them and talk Babies, and Operations, and reducing and we got on fine. But they havent been able to harrow much of a row as far as cleaning up our National pastime is concerned. I think they take it too serious. I believe they would get further if they kinder ridiculed and kidded the men. They can do that in everything else, so why can't they do it in Politics?

Personally I think the Camera has done more harm for Politics than any other one faction. Everybody would rather get their picture than their ideas in the paper. What does the platform of a Political party amount to compared to the photography! There is 10 cameras to every plank in the platform. There was more film wasted on the two Conventions than was wasted making the "King of Kings."¹ Speakers get up early in the morning not to find out how their speech was received by the Press, but how the Pictures turned out.

A woman seconder of somebody's nomination would rather have her candidate lose the election than to have missed the front page in the morning holding a bunch of American Beauties in her arms.

And some means should be worked out where by you could keep track of the same thing said by various speakers over and over again. Each man just stands and repeats what has been said a thousand times before and generally better than he is saying it. Their Candidate's honesty is a thing that they dwell mighty heavy on. You would think from the nominating speeches that that was their outstanding qualification was Honesty. They don't exactly say no, but they casually insinuate that the Candidate on the other side will perhaps steal the White House if he is not carefully watched.

But it's a great game, this Convention game is. I don't suppose there is a show in the World with as much sameness in it as it has got. You know exactly what each speaker is going to say before he says it. You know what the women seconders will wear. You know before you go who will be nominated. You know the platform will always be the same, promise everything, deliver nothing. I really don't think any such proceedings could be carried on in any other civilized country in the World except ours. You cuss yourself for sitting day in and day out and looking at such nonsense. But the next four years find you back there again. So it's really our mental exhaust.

290 SOME AFTERTHOUGHTS

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers, and what I see as I prow from pillar to post. A couple of weeks ago after I had foolishly sit for a week at each place and watched and heard men burlesquing Political speeches, it kinder made you wonder, "Are we doing all this progressing that we talk about all the time?"

They say practice makes perfect at anything. But I tell you, tain't so. No Nation that was ever invented under the sun does as much practicing "Talk-ing" as we do, and if you think we are perfect at it, you just listen over the radio, or worse still, in person to the speeches at these Political Conventions. Even the man that I had touted to all of you as being a world beater, Claude Bowers, the Democratic Keynoter, fell down on me.¹ At the Jackson day dinner in Washington, he was a bear. He was new and unknown, and nothing depended on it, but his getting a free meal, and he know he would have received that before he delivered the speech. He knocked 'em cold there. But he had a far different kind of speech. He said the same things at both places. But at the dinner he did it more with ridicule, and sarcasm when he hopped on Republican corruption. But at Houston he took it serious, and was trying to convict 'em, while at Washington he was only trying to indite 'em, and at the dinner he had a lot of comedy spread all through the speech, while at Houston there wasent a sign of a laugh all through it. He should have kept the good Gag of (Abe Martin) Kin Hubbard, that he quoted and gave credit too.² It was, "Old Abe Pash come to town the other day and bought a new pair of boots with money that he had saved up from the Wilson Administration." That would have been a yell, and incidentally covered the whole prosperity thing better than all the hollering and preaching and quoting statistics that he could have done in an hour.

In fact any time Kin Hubberd has passed judgement on a thing there is not much left to say. Borah was the best of the so-called Republicans.³ But Lord he had no more opposition than a Prohibitionist at a Methodist Conference. Lafolette was second, kinder pleading for the downtrodden.⁴ He might as well been asking for the return of slavery as far as results were concerned. But the terrible things were the nominating speeches. Every man would talk for half the time about what his state had done. For instance a Wisconsin man gabbed for an hour seconding the nomination of Al Smith, but telling what Wisconsin had accomplished, including the milk and butter fat per cow. Now what's that got to do with Al? Poor Al don't know Butter fat from butter beans, as far as the dairy interests are concerned.

Another Guy from Tennessee was nominating somebody from perhaps Vermont or Arizona. I forgot which, and he went on for an age about what Andrew Jackson had done for the Commonwealth, and the records and tradi-

tions of his State. As a matter of fact about all old Andrew was responsible for was the system that made us all have to sit there and listen to such Junk. Andrew was the one that said, "If you don't get out and work for the Party you don't get in on the gravy after election." So all these Birds were lined up at the feed trough. Then we did think that Houston would improve on the Oratory of Kansas City. For we did think that the one thing that a Democrat had on a Republican was that he was a better talker. For he being out of office more had more time to think up reasons why he should be in. But it's just as I told you, the Speeches at the Democratic wake blew up higher than the other Kansas City Orgie. Senator Gore of Oklahoma took first there, over a field that should have been at home plowing corn.⁵

Mrs. Nellie Ross started her speech out with, "As I look into this sea of faces."⁶ So that shows you about how far speech making has advanced. It was Noah that first pulled that when he looked over the bunch just before pulling in the gang plank. Then the Democrats especially harped on "Corruption." Now they made that their battle slogan four years ago, when all the corruption scandal was at its height, and they were beaten by eight million. So how can they win with it this year, when we are more used to corruption than we was four years ago? In fact what these Nominators should say is, "The man I am about to name, needs no naming." Then he would have it right. The ones that was named needed no naming. They should have been left to their own solitude. And the ones that did the nominating, where do they dig them up and do the men that are being nominated know of it in advance? I don't believe they do, or they would never allow 'em to go on. These nominators can't be friends of the man being nominated or he would never go on and handicap them as they do. You see here is what has made bad speeches stand out so over what they used to be. Maby in the old days speeches were just as idealless. But they was only being listened to by the Deligates. And the man making the speech was a Deligate, so he only had to appeal to intelligence as high as his own. But nowadays this radio thing has changed all that. They are not just talking to a lot of politicians; they are talking to the world. And people are getting wise to the type of man that is supposed to be saving our Country. Right away he compares the intelligence of their talk with the talk that he hears in other lines of business, and it just don't stand up.

So the old Radio is just about to give us a true line on our Public servants. But speech making was never a lower ebb in the history of the World than it is today here in America. A speech nowadays is just like Bootleg liquor. Nobody knows what all the Junk is they put in it, but everybody knows that it just don't stand up. It tastes terrible and sounds worse. So let's don't hold another Convention till someone can think of a New Speech.

291 MEXICANS CAN DANCE WHILE SOBER

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers or what I see as I mess around. After the Democrats had agreed so thoroughly at their Convention that it was really disgusting, and made people almost wish they wasent Democrats, why on my way home to California, I went down to a place I had always heard of and wanted to go and see. And that was the famous King Ranch, down at Kingsville, Texas.¹ That's the ranch we used to read so much of that was owned by Mrs. King who only died a few years ago at the age of I think over ninty.²

Well I just havent got time in here to tell you one hundredth part of the ranch and all about it. That would take a great long Article, for it's one of the very few old time REAL Ranches. But there is just one thing that I saw there that I thought you might be interested in, for it was kinder odd and mighty human. That was a dance, or "Baile" as they are called in Spanish, and as practically all the help on the ranch outside the immediate family that run the place are Mexicans, why the whole dance was a Mexican affair.

It was given by the owners, and took place at the Headquarter Ranch where the Kleberg Family live.³ It's three miles out from Kingsville, and is almost a town at the ranch itself. They give these Bailies to hands every once in awhile. It took place in the school house there at headquarters. It's a great big room. (They keep two teachers employed just to teach the children there on that part of the ranch.) They had a Barbecue before, and when I heard about it I cut the dinner that we were supposed to have up at the "Big House" and I went down and throwed in with this Barbecue outfit, and believe me they knew how to cook that meat.

Well it was early in the evening and they commence gathering in, mostly horseback, quite a few in cars. (You just can't keep so called civilization out, no matter how little it fits in.) Now a Ford had no more business being hitched outside that dance hall, than I have being presented in knee breeches to the King. And the ones that drove 'em there just through force of habit started to stake it out when they got there.

Well us so called White folks eat so much more than the Mexicans who are primitive and don't know enough like we do, that we were a disgrace before the thing started.

Now this ranch has been eighty years in this family, and all these Mexicans were raised there. Their fathers and grandfathers were cowpunchers on this outfit. One old kinder fat fellow that was kinder the Deligate at large, they told me he was one of the top horsemen that had ever worked there, a great Roper, and Rider. And there was his sons there all grown, and one of them was the best there now, and they would point out grizzled, bow legged veterans of many of a wild steer hunt. They said there wasent as many at the Dance as they

generally were as there had been a death on the ranch, and lots of them would not go out for a year. I thought they was like Americans who will go out as soon as they get through reading the "Will." If they was left anything they celebrate on the way home from the funeral, and if they didnt they drown their troubles, and then have their lawyers protest the Will. But these Mexicans are curious people, they think of you after you are gone.

Well then the Orchestra come. They looked just about like our Orchestras only they didnt ask everybody, "How did you like us last night over K. F. I.?" They finally got the Orchestra filled up with barbecued meat and bread and plenty of good coffee and they commence to get ready for some serious business. As dark come it looks like they just dropped right out from behind every mesquite bush. You would have thought there was going to be a Bull fight instead of just a dance. Finally the old head Cowman commenced drifting the Women toward the School house. As the she stuff all drifted in, he stood at the door and parted back all the Males. Another young Mexican who was kinder clerk of the Court, made up a list of all those who felt like dancing was just about what they needed. They registered with this young fellow, and as they got ready to have a dance he read out the names of about what would be a car load, or a floor full, and as he did they come in the door. There they all stood just inside the door, all these men or young boys, whose names were on this list. Then just as the Orchestra started they all scattered for the seats around the wall where the women and girls in all kinds of ribbons and fancy dresses were seated and they just held out their arms. They didnt say anything. That is they didnt say anything I could hear, and the Girl would get up, they would walk a little ways, kinder like you untrack a horse, and then they would get their holds, and the dance was said to be on.

It was dancing just about as bad as ours, in fact the worst parts they had taken from us. Now they never did say one word to each other while they was waltzing or Two stepping, and when it was all over they walked pretty near to the wall, and all at once turned and broke back for the door. They didnt say "much obliged," "so long kid," or nothing. They had finished with 'em, and that was all. Then the door tender read out another list, and in would come about twenty other old Cow hands, and they would stand in the door and then make a break and hold out their arms, maby get some of the same girls. But never a word. They was there to dance, not to monkey around talking. Some of these old Cowpunchers danced like they was "flanking a Calf," or "earring down a Bronk." That steak had done mighty nobly by that Orchestra, for they was as serious as the dancens. Some of these girls was mighty pretty, and here is a thing that made it more different from our dances than any other thing. Everybody was sober. There wasent a drink around the place. I'll bet you it's absolutely the only 100 percent sober dance held in this country since 1918. The children was dancing, the old folks, and it was like our old time Country

dances, when we could have a good time without outside aid. If anybody else knows of a sober dance taking place without a single one having a drop, why let me know. But I think this dance on the King Ranch holds the record for being unique. Think of it, a SOBER DANCE! But it took Mexicans to put it on. Hurrah for Al Smith and Prohibition.

292 **POLITICS AND JACKIE AND A CERTAIN HUMORIST**

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers, and it's been too hot to read lately, and if I did read there wouldnt be anything but "Dry Democrats hold indignation meeting, are about to come out for somebody beside Smith." Or, "Wet Republicans are about to bolt for Smith and leave Hoover high and dry." Now all that is a lot of Baloney, the election is not held till November and American people never made up their mind that far in advance of anything. People collectively are as bad as individuals, they will do anything in the world to get their name in the paper. So anything that will keep their "Gang" before the public now or any time is all O. K.

Hoover crossed the Continent in the hottest weather just to be told that he was nominated. Smith didnt do quite so bad. He tried to find the shady side of Brooklyn Bridge to have the news broke to him.

Hoover went by and had a talk with Coolidge where Calvin was fishing for fish without Goiter. Or at least in the early stages of the affliction where they could swallow the hook. He even went by and bid Dawes goodbye.¹ Said he was sorry he couldnt keep him on the same capacity, but that he would fix up some Plan over in Europe that Charley could go over on. Hoover didnt go by Topeka to see Charley Curtis.² He figured I will see enough of him as it is without purposely hunting him up.

I passed through Topeka the other day and they are all mighty strong for Curtis. You know they really have two fine fellows for Vice Presidential Candidates. I hate to see either one of them lose.

And by the way to get away from Politics and all that Hooey, on that train going east that trip was little Jackie Coogan.³ I hadnt seen him in a long time, and had wondered just like I bet a lot of you have, "What kind of a kid is he anyway?" I had known his father on the Vaudeville stage for years, and it was good to renew old acquaintances with them.⁴ And I was tickled to death with the Kid. He is a fine manly little fellow. Just about one of the brightest boys you ever talked to his age, which is 13 now.

He is not at all spoiled, and is all kid. He is a Nut on flying, although he has never been up. His folks won't let him. But he knows more about Aviation than any Aviator I ever talked with. He is simply mad about Planes, En-

gines, dimensions of wings, records and Horse power of all the different engines. Talk about reading Movie Magazines! All the way across on the train three days. He would be off at every station getting some aviation magazines and all these wild flying stories. You know I guess they have just about supplanted the old Wild West thing. A Horse moves too slow for Kids nowadays. Jackie and his father were going back to play on the stage. His father has learned him the dance routine and they have a great act framed up. He is a fine looking strong healthy little fellow and he will be a success in these Talkies, for he has a good speaking voice. You know we all used to wonder what he would be when he grew up too big for those Baby parts, and everybody had an interest in him, for he was just about the cleverest kid that ever appeared on stage or screen. Well I believe he is coming out fine and will make a very likable, manly and clever young man.

So that's that, and say, speaking of people that amount to something, did you remember reading a few weeks ago about the death down in Rogers, Ark., of Tom Morgan?⁵ Maby that didnt mean nothing to you and if you are kinder an old timer and read a good deal why maby it did mean something to you. Somebody is always yapping about being a Humorist. Well this man WAS a Humorist. One of the best ones in America, I venture to say he has written stuff that has made more people laugh than any man in America. He contributed loads of stuff for years to Puck and Judge. Well he lived in the Town where my wife lived, and had always been a friend of their family and she had always been especially fond of him. I first met him many years ago on my pilgrimages there to see her. He was an old fellow then, but he had in the early days been on the stage with the old Repetoire shows, and kept up on show business. Well I was just breaking in it, and I believe he really helped me out with my wife, for when he would see some little mention in the Theatrical papers about me, (and it would be mighty little too) why he would send or take them up to Betty. He was kinder my booster. I had a good deal of outside opposition from some local and Semi local talent and needed some aid that was constantly on the ground.

He was a queer Character. He wouldnt leave there. We used to try and get him to come east and visit us, or to California, but he stayed right there, wrote all his stuff just from what he read and his local surroundings. But it was always original, it was nobody's idea. An old Bachelor, lived to himself. If he had gotten out and mixed with people and had a chance too see all that was going on with his queer turn of describing things, he would have raised quite a rumpus as a Writer. But he didnt want to, and I don't much blame him. He had a lot of great friends among Writers that he had never met, but who like and admired his stuff. We will miss his letters, for news and briefness and humor they couldnt be beat. He was 65 at death. He left his home and some fifteen thousand dollars. He had no near Realatives, so his will distributed it

around to people who had befriended him. He died as I think he would have liked to. He saw all he wanted to see. He did what he wanted to do. He had his life, he had his laughs. He was satisfied, and when you are satisfied you are successful. For that's all there is to success is satisfaction. Now you kids all know Jackie Coogan. But you old time readers will always remember the name Tom P. Morgan. We've lost a Humorist.

293 FLIGHT, SLAVERY, AND OTHER ISSUES

All I know is just what I see in the papers and what little is beat into me as I browse hither and thither. Made a trip east a week or so ago, had a funny experience. I had boosted so much for Aviation that I couldn't get a seat on the Mail line myself. I had not made up my mind just on what day to go till a couple of days before leaving, and then phoned down to "Save me a place on plane leaving Wednesday morning from Los Angeles to New York." Say, they almost give me the laugh.

"Why we haven't a place on our planes for weeks." They tried to trade around and get me on but couldn't do it, so I had to make the trip on the train. Well part of it I got in on a plane. So you see Commercial aviation is coming along fine. All they need now is just bigger planes, with more comfort and convenience for the passengers.

The day I left, Fred Stone, the actor, flew out to California to see me in his own plane.¹ He carries a Pilot and a good one, the same as all private planes do. But he has learned to pilot himself. He has made several Solo flights. He gets a great kick out of it. It is his whole recreation. He has given up golf entirely, says he would rather fly around all afternoon anytime than walk around playing Golf. He went out the air mail route and come back the southern way by El Paso and Dallas.

We have quite a few Actors now that have their own planes, and quite a few of the Film Stars. But none of the so called Dare devils that you read so much about, none of them fly. I should say that there is as many private planes in use now as there was private Autos at the same stage of the Automobile business. I think the thing is greater for small trips than even for long ones. For you might become tired or if rough maby sick on long trips, but it's the short ones that you really save time. Now for instance my train left Los Angeles in the heat of the evening, and it would have taken me at least an hour and a half to drive from my place out at Santa Monica down through the city to the depot. Well I drive over a couple of miles to an aviation field and leave almost two hours later and go to San Bernidino seventy miles away about dark when it's cool and nice.

I was on Long Island and had to go down to Asbury Park for a speaking

engagement, grabbed a plane, went right over Coney Island, and Sandy Hook and was away down there on the Jersey Coast in less than a half hour. It would have taken an hour and a half into New York and two and a half hours from there to Asbury, where we would have had to wait for Ferries across Staten Island. Then I went to Newport, Rhode Island, in an hour and a half, where it would have taken a whole day, or night on train or boat. We flew around over Montauk Point and along the south shore of Long Island, and it's a beautiful trip, so I say it's these short trips that are really the pleasant ones, and the great time savers.

I had a fine visit the other day with Governor Moore of New Jersey.² He is the popular Democratic Governor of that State and all that keeps him from being reelected is that a Governor of that State can't succeed himself. He was elected as a wet, and so it looks like Al if he runs on his "inclination" instead of on the "Democratic Platform" will carry New Jersey.

Al was to come down there for a big day at the Governor's summer home at Sea Girt, and they expected the biggest crowd that had ever assembled in that Country. Al was to make 'em a speech and they are near enough to New York to understand it.

It's a great place to land in an Aeroplane, right in the Governor's front yard. Was to speak at Ocean Grove. It's that Methodist settlement you have heard so much about, where they don't let an Automobile in there on Sunday, no amusements running. Just kinder go into prayer and meditation. I was in there Saturday night and had to get out by midnight. So on account of having me in there in their wonderful Tabernacle, it looks like they will stand for anything up to Sunday. My offering was to be kinder in the nature of a "Message." I don't know who from, whether it was from the Mount, (Mount Hollywood) or Mount Sinai. But it was kind of an "Offering."

Well this little Governor introduced me, and on account of him being a Democrat and a wet, it was mighty nice of them to let either one of us in there. But we had to have it in our agreement that we both were to be out of the grounds before the Sunday started. Then I imagine they prayed that nothing either I or the Governor said would remain in their memory. But do you know they was just about as human an audience as you ever saw. I didnt tell 'em that I was a South Methodist. That would have been worse than telling them that you had gone High Hat and joined out with the Episcopalans. You know there is two gangs of Methodists, the North and the South. Well this bunch were North, and our troop down home are "South," the difference is that one believed in Slavery and the other didnt. That is their only fundamental difference. Now the war has been over since 65, but they are still building different churches in various towns. Then they tell you that people have learned and got broader minded. Now what has slavery got to do with Conditions now? There is just as much reason for some of these denominations being

separate as there is for the Blondes to belong to one Church and Brunettes to another.

Slavery hasent been abolished. If a Northerner can get a Negro to work for him cheaper than a White man, why he will hire him. In the old days they could sell you to another Boss, but nowadays they can keep you till they want to get rid of you, then fire you and you have to hunt another Boss. So things don't change much after all. Things just get different names, but remain about the same. But if the two set of Churches or a half dozen set of Churches went together and worshipped, why one set of Preachers would be done away with, or maby five sets of them would have to hunt other vocations, for the more you combine the less help you need, so I guess they will just keep on "being at OUTS over Slavery." The Civil war has been over 63 years, but the Churches are the only ones that havent found it out.

294

YOU CAN HEAR A HOLY TROMBONE AT WINONA

All I know is just what I read in the papers, and what I soak up in the way of loose conversation as I meander around. I "preached" or "Lectureeered" as the hearer might call it what he may, up at Winona Lake, Indiana, the other day. It is a kind of a Chataqua, or summer colony affair, kinder like the one in New York State. It is on a beautiful lake, and they have lots of nice summer cottages and homes, and bathing and boating, and preaching, and praying, and maybe a little cussing, when the collection is slack, or the Mosquitoes are unusually famished. But all in all it looked like they had an awful nice time there. It was originally started by the Presbyterians, for the Presbyterians. But as expenses run pretty high on maintaining a big place like that, why they had to take in some outside talent. These Presbyterians still maintain a few of the old Scotch traditions, so they figured we better let in some Methodists. They will kinder contaminate the place but what we lose in prestige we will make up off them in dues. In other words we will let 'em pay for being Methodists. The bars even got down so low that the Baptists got in. Well that was the last straw with the real old Presbyterians. But after it was duly explained that it would lessen his carrying load for each and every one of these amateur religionists, why the real old Presbyterian spirit of generosity showed itself and he said, "Well, sure, we will let 'em in, but get their admission at the gate."

And now the thing has just drifted along till the Protestants are practically welcome, and they all get along fine there together. If a Baptist preaches that morning, why a Methodist will lead the singing, but a Presbyterian will take up the collection, and some Congregationalist will lead the prayer, and

implore the Lord that everybody at least get an even break out of what was collected.

But they are all living there just as happy as can be, and a finer bunch of folks you never saw or played to. Humor? Say, there is where you get it, in the towns and country where all these people come from.

It's Billy Sunday's old stamping ground.¹ He is the first one told me about it. He was away at the time I was there. He already had these saved, and was out working on some others, but I tell you who I did see, and he is just one of the nicest fellows you ever met. That is Rodheaver.²

You all know "Rhody" the great Slide trombone player who always led the music in the Billy Sunday revivals. Rhody has slip-horned more sinners into the kingdom of Heaven than any of the old timers with their Trumpets, or even the great Biblical musician Nero, who never missed a fire and played "Turkey in the straw." You know nobody ever thought about saving anybody with a trombone before. They have tried Tom Toms, and Organs and Harps, and even base drums, (more for collection, then inspirational purposes). You naturally are set and kinder guard yourself against being led down the trail by those instruments. But when something breaks out and you think you are following your first Negro Minstrel show Parade down the street!

Say, Rhody sure give that old instrument a Holy standing, and any revised addition of the Bible has sure got to give Rhody and his Slip Horn a chapter. He has a lovely home there right on the Lake, with a slide that goes from the roof of his house down into the water, and you ought to hear him sing! He sure can sing. He is the fellow that can make you sing whether you want to or not. I really think that he has led more terrible voices in what was supposed to be unison than any man in the world. He gets so many terrible voices going at once till the thing sounds like a novelty, and you will think it's good.

Every fellow sings for Rhody, for he knows that he can't be the worst one there, and he generally isn't. You know singing does more good than preaching. For when you are singing you havent got time to think. I want to get back there again next year and see the old Gang.

Then I played at Ocean Grove, New Jersey. That's another great place. It's Methodist, and they are still trying to keep it exclusive. At the Hotel in Winona I met a fine young fellow who had been a Missionary in India for ten years, and knowing I was interested in Cattle, and I have a real full-blooded Sacred calf "Brahma" that the Klebergs, owner's of the King Ranch, gave my Kids.³ It's the cutest pet we ever had. Lives in the house with us, all same India. Well this fellow was stationed at a mission in a small town and someone shot and killed one of the hundreds of cows that roam about the towns in search of food. Well he said in less than an hour there was five thousand Hindo's gathered trying to find out who did it, and that there was twelve of the

most prominent ones sit up with the dead cow that night, and the next day the whole town close up and they hauled her to the Ganges and buried her, and there was thousands in the procession.

It was just about as pretty a Cow story as I ever heard. I asked him confidentially, "What missionary shot the cow?" He said, "He didnt know, but he always thought it was a Greek that lived in the town," and I asked him if the Greek run a Restaurant, and he said "Yes" and I said, "That's who shot your heifer. That Greek was going to have meat on his menu, even if nobody eat it but him and the Heathen missionaries."

295 **THREE WEEKS; OR WHAT HAPPENS IN BOHEMIA**

Did you ever hear of the Bohemian Club and Bohemian Grove of San Francisco? Well if you didnt, did you ever hear of Oberamagrau, (or some such fool name like that)? Or if you never heard of either one of them, did you ever hear of Coolidge? Or if you never heard of any of these, why you are deaf, so I will have to explain 'em to you in words.

This Bohemian Club, or Gang rather, is just about the most unique organization that was ever held up for the arrival of a cork-screw. It started exactly fifty years ago. It started over an actor. About the only things that actors can start is a fad or a divorce. But this Actor had lost his job in Frisco and had to go to New York to work where all the other actors laying off could see and criticise him. Frisco gave him a dinner, and they give it in a grove out in the Country, and they had such a good dinner nobody woke up all night and when daylight come they found they had communed with nature, and it being the first time they had ever slept under anything but shingles and mortgages, that they said, "Let's come every year and get so we can't get back home that night." Well that was not only a suggestion, but an inspiration. "But what actor can we offer an excuse for being here to see fired?"

"Oh we can always find a fired actor. If we give a dinner and lay out in the woods every time an actor gets fired we will be in the forest more than Rip Van Winkle."

So they made arrangements to go to the forest again, and they decided to call it a Club, and get a name for it. They was so bright it took 'em a year to think of a name, and that was before Rotary, and Kiawanis, and Tigers, and Apes, and Crawdads, and all those good club names had been used up. They finally hit on "Bohemians." It had been used before, in fact some country thought so well of it that they named their Country after it. But the name had never been used in a grove near Frisco. So they finally hit on the original name of Bohemian. That is supposed to be a fellow that is just sorter laying

around, not eating regular unless asked, a sort of a good fellow, but what the h___. Well they all wanted to be one of those things even if they wasnt, so that's where the name started from. After they went to the grove the second time and got fleas, and poison ivy and every thing on 'em why they were real woodsmen. This time they took along so much that they didnt come to for two nights, and it has kept increasing every year till now it takes three weeks to get home. Shows you what a small idea can grow into.

Then they decided to let in some pay members. That is some of the town's business men. As I say the original gang was Artists, and Actors, and men that just layed around "yessing" both of these sexes. Well in those days the Artist racket wasnt so good. It was full of Art but scarce on bullion, and the Actor game you could just get a man to act for almost nothing, as long as you would feed him enough to act on. Actors didnt have much standing those days. In fact Actors didnt have much of anything but a couple of different pair of false whiskers and a high hat.

So the club took in some bankers and some merchants. They didnt have any too much class in those days themselves, so they didnt mind associating with the artists and the Actors, as long as it was out in the woods where nobody would see 'em. So they had to let their wives run their stores and they would get away to the forests for a few days. But they wouldnt tell their wives there was to be any Actors or Painters there, so they got so they used to put on plays where the Actors who never worked could get some practice acting, and the Painters who painted but never sold could maybe get some practice selling. For if they could get some of the old merchants or Sea Captains, or Pirates out under a Giant Red Wood under the proper conditions, why they could peddle him some old fly specked Chromo.

And that was the start of Actors and Artists sitting down and eating with white folks. And the thing has grown till now they own and preserve three thousand acres of Red Woods, and over 250 Bank Presidents, and no telling how many ferns and Vice Presidents there is. It's the biggest thing of its kind in the World today where all classes speak to each other FOR THREE WEEKS. They have a great time. Hoover belongs when he is not a Candidate. The play on the last night is the most wonderful thing ever staged. I want to thank them for having me there as a Guest. It's awful hard to get into. It was a question whether I or Coolidge would get in, and I want to thank them.

296

AN INTIMATE CHAPTER ON HERB HOOVER

Well, all I know is just what little I read in the papers. Hoover and Smith both broke out since I communed with you last. We will take Hoover's apart

first and see what is the matter with it, then maybe next week we will take up the cravings of Mr. Smith.

Hoover come home to be notified. He did that so he could show some people where home was. When a lot of folks heard he was going home to receive the nomination, they said, "Gee going clear over to England," and others thought he might have to go to Moscow, or Melbourne. But it was at Palo Alto. It's not a horn, it's a kind of a town, like all college places are, "a kind of a town."

Well it's out here in California and the air line that brings you down from Frisco flies right over it. I looked down but we had passed it. But it's a College town with Drug Stores that sell lettuce sandwiches, and more Peanut butter than Paragoic, and plenty of chili, and hot dog stands. But it's a mighty pretty place, and Standford University is located there. It's the University that keeps cutting down on the number of Freshman that enter every year, till they hope to have it perfect some day by not having any. Well by eliminating Freshmen, that in time will gradually do away with Sophomores, and that is the rainbow that they are striving for.

Well it seems that Mr. Hoover went to school there away back when they had to call it Leland Standford so people would know what they were talking about.¹ But after Hoover went out from there and got work so readily why they decided that they didnt need the given name so they dropped it. There wasnt enough Standford Universitys that people were liable to get it conflicted with some other one. But they didnt know that at first. They gradually learned that after they got into the University atmosphere. Well it's the school that Hoover worked his way through. He had no idea when he was doing it that it would be such a sales talk in his campaign later on. But in those days boys wanted an education whether they got a fraternity pin or not.

Why things educationally were queer in those days, they even had reading and writing and Arithmetic, instead of Football, that's how primitive Standford was. Dident even have as much as a Golf Course, what do you know about that for a two reel University. They built a Library before they built a Swimming pool. Wouldent that make you laugh now! They didnt get football till after Carlisle had dissbanded because they didnt have anybody else to beat. So Pop Warner was looking for some primitive people that would pick up his trick plays like the Indians, so they told him to go to Standford.² He would have the rawest material there to work with of any place in this country. There had never been a football in the County, and a Stadium was as foreign to them as a Niblick. Up to then Boys had gone there for their head and not for their shoulders. So Pop went out and in two years why the school had as many Scouts out looking for high school boys who could do 100 in ten flat and who had carried more footballs than they ever had books, and in three years Pop had the old Hoover Alma Mater on a paying basis, and from then

on Hoover and Pop are to Stanford what Coolidge and Morrow are to Amherst.³

If Hoover had only known it, and the School had been properly managed, he wouldnt have had to wait on the table when he went there, he could have made a couple of touchdowns every Saturday and been carried off the grounds and that's all the worrying he would have had to do about who was to pay for the washing.

But while Herbert didnt know that, he did know a lot of things. He kinder had a premonition that some day he might be in a position to need a good man who could tell about his good qualities if he ever got in a pinch and needed a written avadavit. So he took with him to school Will Irwin, a fellow that at that time maybe didnt show any more possibilities than Herbert did.⁴ But Herb always said to himself, "There's my Boswell, if I ever pull a Doctor Johnston.⁵ I will just lug him along with me." And old Will sure come through mighty nice. Just when the farmers was throwing what few roastin ears they had raised at Herbert on account of his turning a deaf ear to Mary McHaughen, why Will just come through with the most beautiful things about Herb you ever saw.⁶ It looked like Will had a marvelous memory for recollecting the good things that Herb had done and the happy faculty of forgetting any devilment.

And Will told how Hoover had always even as a Boy just loved Farmers and wouldnt do anything in the World to hurt one. That he had seen him while at Standford pick up little Farmers that had maby been hurt or drunk, and take them to their homes. He said Herb's heart and soul was always with the Farmers. That he would never let a Teacher in School say anything against a poor defenseless Farmer, and that the reason he had been against the Mary McHaughen Bill was because on account of Calvin, that he Hoover was working for Calvin at the time and that he wanted to do all he could to stand in with him at that time. That he had something else coming up and if he stood right with Cal that it would mean that Cal wouldnt stand in his way, and so endeth the principal chapter in the life of Mr. Hoover.

297 POLITICS AND OTHER TALKIES

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers, and all I have read for weeks is, "I have been nominated for this high office, and all I can say is that I accept." Well if they would just quit right there acceptances wouldnt be so hard on us. But after announcing that he accepts he goes ahead for two full newspaper pages and tells why he accepts. We didnt ask any of them WHY. We know why they accept, they never tell the real reason. But they go on and tell of all the wonderful ideas they have that they want to try out on us when they do get in.

They tell of the high honor that has been bestowed on 'em. There has been no high honor bestowed on 'em yet, they have to be elected before there is any high honor coming. There is nothing with less honor connected with it than a defeated Candidate. But we have had to read all this.

I am for a bill in Congress for fewer and less notifications. Take for instance the fellow that is going to get beat. He would be better off if he never was notified.

Hoover left us flat out here in California. He hit the road with his new act and from what I hear it has been going fine. He tried it out in Los Angeles, and he had a great finish (for California). He come out strong for Boulder Dam. That put him in the hit class right there. Then Smith followed up with his notification, which he had asked the Boys not to notify him till he was real good and ready. He had to dispose of William Randolph White and Surgeon Stratton, before he could get his mind on serious things.¹ He made a fine acceptance. One of his best ones, and he has been accepting since he was old enough to hold office. What did he say? Well, what do they all say? Did he come out on the leading issues of the day? He did. Did he solve them? He sure did. How did he solve them? By promising anything that was wanted. But what happened of a constructive nature that week? Why Art Gobel just hopped in a Plane about two miles from old Beverley Hills, put in about 450 gallons of gas, (name deleted by censor) and eighteen hours later he stepped out at Curtis field, Long Island.² He just made 145 miles an hour, and flew the course by instruments, and not by house tops and rivers. That shows you what we will be doing pretty soon. By the mail Planes it takes about 33 hours.

You know that fellow Harvey, our Ex-Ambassador to Great Britain who died.³ There was a great character. He would be a Republican and then see the evils of his way, and turn around and be a Democrat, and to be sure that he stood in with the party he happened to be with at that time, why he would appoint the President, so it would be sure to be some friend. He picked up Wilson when it looked like he never would get out of just being another College Professor. Then he dug Harding out of the Senate when it was thought impossible to ever get a Senator out of such a rut. He was a quick thinker on his feet. I will always remember a little incident of it. One night he came to the Follies just after his return from Europe, and I had a lot of Gags about him as he was very much in the public's eye at that time. He was quite a talker and I remember I had one where I said I see Ambassador Harvey is back. I wanted to go down to the boat to hear him land. We also had a scene where Brandon Tynan, a splendid Actor, was impersonating Harvey, so after the little sketch I introduced the real Harvey to the audience and insisted that he say a few words.⁴ He said, "I hope you don't fall for this. This is another of Will's little jokes. I am another Actor also impersonating Mr. Harvey, so the joke is on Will." Well, do you know people didn't know if it was him, or another Actor.

That was what I called about the quickest thinking as a get-back I ever saw. He was an awful pleasant fine fellow, and in his day I guess wielded about the biggest influence of any newspaper man.

Our old friend, Tom Mix, had a little local upheaval lately.⁵ Some Actor said that anyway, Tony, the horse, would be good in the "Talkies." He could at least snort. Well that kinder got Tom's nanny, and he just snorted all over this person and it took a day to wind on the adhesive tape.

These Actors out here are kinder sensitive about this Talkie business, and this old boy should have kinder looked over his territory before he made that crack. I went to see one of the new "Squawkies" the other night. It was billed as, "Metro Goldwyn's first sound picture," and the only sound in it was Monte Blue whistling.⁶ It never reproduced a word he said, or any of the others, but it did whistle when he did. It didnt even whistle the same tune he whistled, but it did whistle when he did. Well, that wasnt bad, for he had done his whistling in the south seas, and this whistling was done in the Studio, so you couldnt expect them to remember what he had whistled three months before. But that's what they was selling as a sound picture was Monte's whistling.

Now I like Monte, he is a dandy actor, but I don't like to be hornswoggled into going in to just hear him whistle. For he is not what I would call an A-No 1 good whistler. I paid to see a "Talkie" and all I got was a "Whistlie."

I suppose Metro Goldwyn's next sound triumph will be Jack Gilbert snoring.⁷ So I guess that's why Bill Morrissy thought Tom Mix's horse would make a good "Snorty."⁸

298 ALL ABOUT THE BIG SNAKE DANCE

All I know is just what I read in the papers, or what I run into as I prowl hither and thither. Well a week or so ago I prowled thither and run into the awfulest mess of snakes you ever saw. All my life I have heard of the Hopi snake dance out in Arizona. Well people and writers are such liars that I didnt know but what they was loading us about this snake thing. So I grabbed up my two boys who had done a bit of snake reading, and we lit out for the wilds of Arizona. It took place at a place called Hotivilla, so you notice that the French, and the imitating Americans are not the first to use the word Villa. The Indians called it that even before it was fashionable.

This town is near the oldest town that is known on this Continent and that is Arobi. That one is just a few miles away and goes back hundreds of years. This new village was formed by an old Chief who moved away from the old one because he was trying to get the children away from the Government school. But the school followed him up, and Fraternities are right on his heels.

I tell you it's awful hard to stay civilized in this Country nowadays. This old fellow thought he could do it with his people, but NO the Missionary, and the School teacher, and the Bootlegger was right after him. So his young is just as liable to grow up as big a heathen as the other 110 million with which he has to associate. He did have a lot of great customs, and some wonderful old ideas. But the Fords and the radio nailed him and now he is as unreliable as his white brothers.

They sure do hang on to this old custom of the sacred snake dance. You will hear Americans say, "Oh it is just a commercial thing now." Well I don't know where they get that idea. I don't know who makes any money out of it. The fellow that runs the trading Post there sold the boys and I some canned salmon and crackers and Sardines, and oh yes Jim, (that's the younger and rougher element) he had about a half gallon can of canned Chili Beans, and most of the other Yokeles beside us brought what they eat, so the Commercial end of it as far as I could see was about \$1.80. As Jim finished off with a whole can of peaches and I called it a day by mopping up on some canned green gages, which I hadent seen since the old Oolagah Indian Territory days. The Indians could have very easily have sold seats to the dance on the tops of their houses, for there must have been 25 hundred so-called white people there. But there was nothing that cost you a thing, outside of some soda pop and Vanilla Ice cream that had been hauled in the hundred and ten miles by some white man in a truck. The Indians if they ever get to see the dance themselves will have to have it some time when the white folks don't know it's to be held. As they would just move in on the roofs of the little low houses like the Hopis live in, and the Indians would all be fixed squatted there with his little brood to see the dance and the Tourists would just move in front of him in such numbers that he didnt have any more chance of seeing what was going on in front of him than if he hadent been there.

They go out in the desert days before and catch these snakes. Then on the day of the dance they bring them into the dancing place, a kind of a square between houses on each side. The actual space that the white people leave to them is about 30 by fifty feet. There is a little thing like a shock of corn, or a tepee made of green bows, and bushes, and into that an old Indian takes a couple of gunny sacks full of the snakes. He stays in there and hands 'em out to the dancers as they go by. Each dancer carries one snake around for three circles, then he puts it down, just turns it loose, and it makes for the crowd, and there is three Indians that do nothing but catch the ones that are turned loose and they let 'em get almost into the crowd before grabbing 'em, and of all the screaming and hollering, some of these old blue racers go into the crowd so fast that they are out among the people before the catcher can get 'em.

Then the dancer goes by this little Tepee, and gets another snake. He

takes it, (generally a rattle snake, and some big ones) in his hands and they all go through the same plan. He puts the snake's neck, about four or five inches back of its head, into his own mouth, and then he takes his two hands and holds the body of the snake kinder out straight. He handles it exactly like a Saxophone. His hands are on the snake in the very same position as one's hands on a saxophone, only it's the neck and not the actual head that is in the mouth. Now we couldn't tell if any got bit or not. If they did they didn't let on.

There is one man behind each snake dancer who don't have a snake. He looks like he is there to attract the snake's attention in case he might want to bite. He himself is not near enough to be bit, so I guess he directs the snake where to bite the other fellow. Each dancer must have danced with as many as 10 snakes. There was about 20 taking part in the whole dance. At the finish they grab up all the snakes and run to the four corners of the compass, down over the hill, and turn the snakes loose. If the white people keep on interfering with the dance, I think they will turn 'em loose in their automobiles. That will take the snakes to the four corners of the earth.

These men train for this dance, as they fast for days, and then they drink some kind of a Bite preventative that makes them very ill afterwards, and that is supposed to discharge any poison, then they have a big feast, like our Athletes had during their stay in Amsterdam. It is a very impressive thing. There is nothing of the make believe or show angle to it. It is the greatest dramatic religious spectacle in this country. All the Indians are very courteous and obliging, while the whites are our usual arrogant but-Ins. It makes a great spectacle for there is hundreds of the Navajoes Indians there. They are the tall, lanky horsemen type, that live out with their stock all the time and not in villages at all. The Hopis all live together in towns. The dance is to get rain, and before the last snake was caressed, why it begin to rain. I just thought suppose our dances were made as an appeal to the divine for something, and they got what they deserved, the varsity drag would be followed by an earthquake, and the Charleston by maby a famine.

299

POLITICS IS A DISEASE

All I know is just what I read in the papers. And newspapers are at a mighty low ebb when they have to resort to Politics to keep 'em alive. Every four years we have Politics. Every seven years some people have the itch, in a malaria country every other day people are scheduled to have a chill, every forty years France and Germany fight, and there is just hundreds of these calamities that hit us every once in a while. But of all of them I think politics is really the most disastrous.

It hits a country like a pestilence. There is no telling where it will hit. People that you would think was smart and would know better are sometimes struck by it, and when they are they are as dumb as the dumb ones. This year, the churches are hit by it harder than usual. It has been the text of more sermons than the Lord's Supper. A Minister can't pray without asking divine assistance in the election of his man. Before he says Amen he takes a poll vote. Half the contributions go into the campaign funds. The Saviour was never asking more imploringly to enter politics than he is this year.

Course we have these things every four years but we don't have 'em this bad. Most of the elections heretofore it didn't matter much who was elected, except to the fellow drawing the salary, but this year we are due for a mental, moral and financial somersault. It just happened that they by accident named two men who were pretty well known to run this year. It generally takes to November to explain who each of their respective Candidates are. But this year each side went out and got a couple of headliners.

Hoover is known wherever Calamities are known. A National Catastrophe without Herbert wouldn't make the Editorial page even. He has fed more hungry people than Childs restaurants. He has been in Coolidge Cabinet ever since Coolidge was old enough to have a Cabinet. He and Mellon have made Cabinets Popular.¹ The Democrats even wanted to run him a few years ago on their side, but after looking them over and finding they had NO side at that time, why he just waited till he got a better offer.

And the Democrats they went stark crazy this time and did the right thing, by nominating a man "that needs no introduction." He is a man that has worked steady even when his whole party was laying off. He seemed to have made himself so valuable that even the Republicans engaged him. He was born under the shade of Brooklyn Bridge, but he didn't set in the shade long. He went out and got him a Political office, and every time he would see a little higher one with nobody sitting in it he would make a dive for it, and he has never had the chair pulled from under him yet. He is an emigrant in our Country that makes no claim of having arrived on the Mayflower. His father was a truckman and if he had lived he would have been kept busy just moving his son's Derby hats from one Office to the next higher. He has defeated the Republicans in his home State so much that they don't Nominate a Man against him anymore, they Draft him. They tell him, "You are not a Candidate, you are just a Victim."

So it's on account of having these men run that is causing all this excitement. Women are voting who haven't left a Bridge game that long in years. The voting booths won't be ballott boxes, they will be fashion parades. Milliners will sell millions of hats, just to be voted in. School children this year know the Candidates' names. Children that ordinarily only know their fraternity yell. Why it don't seem like a Political election, it seems more like a fam-

ily quarrel. Thousands and thousands of new voters that don't know a ballott from a laundry slip will be trying to write down their votes on November 4th.

Both are fine men and would run the Country perhaps equally as well. But if you listen to either side you would think that for either opponent to get in would be a return of the whole country to Slavery, Free Silver, "empty dinner pail," long skirts, bustles, and suspenders. So that's what makes this the prize calamity of all political time. Why we have got people that are really taking the whole thing serious. They think a President has got something to do with running the Country.

So we will just sit back and watch the smoke fly. And here is a funny thing even the Vice Presidential Candidates are well known and great fellows. And money, say that's the thing that is bringing the big response. 'The Democrats never had any money before, while this year they are right in the market for good A No. 1 votes.

Somebody is going to make some money out of Politics this year besides the politicians, and that just about what is making it an unusual political year. So don't sell too quick, wait till you hear from the Democrats.

300 LOOKING BACKWARD, FORWARD, AND TO BOTH SIDES

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers, and what I see here and there. Been jumping around pretty lively lately. Left old Beverley and jumped back to New York to rehearse a part in Dorothy Stone's show.¹ It's the first time I ever did rehearse. In all the Follies, I just generally had my specialty and didn't have to learn any lines only the ones I would read every day in the papers. But this is a kind of a part. Course it's not much of a part as acting goes, but I will have to learn the lines so the other Actors will know when their cue comes.

It's all greek to me. I feel like a kid at his first school entertainment. Old New York looks just the same after an absence of about three years. Course I have played there every year, but only one night just like all the rest. But this will be my first stage engagement with a show since I left the Follies three years ago.

You know I believe a big City changes less than any other place. It's been a many a year since I first went back there, but it don't seem like there has been so many changes. You see it always was so big, that it just don't seem like it can get any bigger. A street can just be so full of houses and it was full of them when I first saw it. Course, they change the houses every few years, but they all look about alike.

My first appearance in New York was at the old Madison Square Gar-

den. It was during a horse show. Col. Zack Mulhall of Mulhall, Oklahoma, took a bunch of boys back there to work as an attraction during the show, and I stayed and went on the stage after the rest come home.² It was in 1905. That's twenty-three years ago. I hope Tom Mix don't mind me telling that he was with us too.³ He has enough that he don't have to worry about how old people might think he is.

Keith's old Union Square on Fourteenth Street was the one where I made my first stage appearance.⁴ But it was at the Theatre where they sent me the second week where I made my best hit and stayed at it all summer. That was at the greatest Vaudeville theatre of that and all time. That was Hammerstein's.⁵ I stayed on the roof one whole summer. We played on the roof at nights and down stairs at Matinee. We have never produced another showman like Willie Hammerstein, and the old man himself was living in those days and with what that Theatre made he was able to indulge in presenting Opera.

I used a horse on the stage then and had a Cowboy ride him across at a run and made catches on him as he run by. I had Sheriff Buck McKee with me.⁶ I wish I knew where Buck was. He was on a ranch in California some place the last I heard of him. Everybody in vaudeville knew Buck and Teddy, the pony.⁷ I did that type of act for over three years, during which time I went to Europe twice, played at the Wintergarden, Berlin, in 1907.

But wait, I am getting old and starting to reminence. I will be telling you how much better the performers were in those days than they are today if I keep on. But I must get back to my knitting and rehearsing. Think of it though! Twenty-three years on the stage and never rehersed before!

Well, let's cut out all this Old Time Hooey, and get down to present day scandal. I am paid to tell the truth about the Politicians, and not to drag in old times and tell what we used to do. Let's get back to the Comedy. Raskob just come back from the west and says, "Al has the solid South, the Mushy east, the cracked North, and has a fighting chance in the Cuckoo west."⁸ Senator Moses, not the Jewish one, but a kind a backslider and now perhaps it mere Baptist, says that Smith won't carry his Brown Derby.⁹ That Hoover has the whole thing sowed up, and that the only reason they are going through with the election is just because they have the ballots printed, and it's a kind a holiday anyway.

Now that is the way those Birds rave on from day to day. You would think that everybody in America had gone to them and placed a bond and a guarantee the very way that they were going to vote. Did you ever see such assurance in your life? Everywhere they go, Moses only meets the Republicans. Naturally a Democrat wouldnt be seen with him, and Raskob or whoever it is on the other side, everywhere they go, all they meet is the Democrats. Republicans have self respect and watch who they are caught with, so how in

the world are they going to get an opinion?

Besides the man that announces who he is going to vote for generally is not registered, or perhaps his wife has not told him how he is to vote yet anyway. Any of those fellows don't know any more about this election than the rest of us, and we don't know anything. If both sides were as sure as they claim, why are they working so hard, and spending so much money? Those Guys like a dollar as well as the rest of us, and they wouldnt be handing anything out to the Voter if they knew it was a cinch.

No sir, it's a tough race. The Democrats not only have a good Candidate, but they got Money, which is better to have than a good Candidate. When there is money in an election it's always doubtful. Well this old Burg of New York sure is ready to go the limit for Al. Coming from California here it's pretty noticeable the difference in the sentiment. So if you get big odds either way take 'em, and don't vote for nothing. They will pay you either way you want to vote. Well, I am glad I am back here among the excitement. New York election night will be worth mingling with.

301

FARM FOOLISHNESS

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers, and back here in New York there is an awful lot of papers to read. But they are mostly pictures. New York newspapers don't have reporters, all they have is photographers. Everything is done by pictures. They wouldnt give a dime for the biggest story in the world if there was no pictures with it, for it would be no good, for their people couldnt read it. So I sure have read a lot of pictures since I have been back here.

What they can't read in the picture why they hear over the radio so there is no use knowing how to read reading any more. There must be a kind of a gentleman's agreement between Smith and Hoover. They have divided up the air so that Smith has it Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and Hoover Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and you would think "Well that gives us Sundays without having to listen to any politics."

But don't you believe it, that's when you get more politics than all the rest of the week combined. That's when the preachers start lectioneering. They all start out by saying, "The church should not enter into politics." But, then they try to show how in their case it is different, that they are not entering politics, they are just advising, that people are so flighty nowadays that if they are not advised properly why they are so apt to be lead astray by the opposition.

Smith started out a couple of weeks ago and made what he thought was a trip around the world. I bet he had no more idea this country was that big or he would never had the nerve to say he would try to govern it. He hit Omaha

first. He made a farm relief speech there. The poor farmers have had more oratorical relief than monetary.

Smith brought out one pretty clever thing in that speech, that was showing that the Republican farm relief plank was exactly the same in the 1924 Convention and in the 1928. They hadn't even gone to enough trouble for the farmer to re-word their promise. It just looked like they said, "Well what did we promise him last election?" "Oh, we promised him relief." We'll do as well for him this time, promise it to him again. As long as we don't give it to him we can keep on promising.

Well Al nailed 'em on that, but of course they will squirm out of it some way by saying they was just on the verge of giving him relief when something happened. But the old farmer up north, he will go right to the polls on November sixth and vote the Republican ticket, and the old farmer down South will go and vote the Democratic ticket. Now will you tell me why those two should not be on the same side politically? What does the farmer in the North want that the Republican party can give him, that his brother in the South wants that the Democrats can give him. Why ain't they on the same side?

They both raise corn and oats; they both have to buy wagons and plows. They both want to sell what they raise for as much as they can get for it, and buy the same things for as little as they can. Now, I don't know if they should be Republicans or Democrats, but it does look like they should be on the same side. The only reason I can see is they fought against each other in '65, so that made one a Democrat and one a Republican. So if they still harbor that feeling then there is no reason why they should get relief. When they can't agree among themselves, how do they ever expect to get anything? So I don't blame the parties from not helping them.

Now, here is the Southern Farmer lined up with Tammany Hall. Now, what have Tammany Hall and any farmer got in common? Then, here is the Northern Farmer lined up with Wall Street and big business. Now, why should they be together? The farmer don't want to borrow any money. Borrowing is what put him in the hole he is in today. The government was always figuring out where he could borrow more. But they never figured out where he could pay something back.

Now, there is a real reason why farmers or country people should be in one political party and city people in another. They have different interests, different needs, different things to sell and hundreds of different wants and customs. But why the Northern Farmer and the Northern City fellow should be allied against the Southern Farmer and the Southern City fellow—that is beyond sane understanding.

That should be the legitimate alignment of politics, is the country against the city. Tariff don't divide the two parties any more. Smith is explaining his

head off that if he gets in they won't do away with the tariff, so it would just drive a person pretty near crazy to dope out really what does divide the two. Outside of one being in and wanting to stay in, and the other being out and wanting to get in. Prohibition can't be the dividing line, for it is so arranged that both sides get all that they want. Prosperity don't divide the two parties, for under either administration the poor get poorer and the rich get richer. Prosperity is only a question of giving a guy time to get it. So the whole thing it looks like goes back to the Civil War. The boys are still fighting it and don't know it.

302 **ARE THOSE CANDIDATES STILL TALKING?**

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers, and I want to tell you Brother when you read the papers nowadays and get through one speech including the denials, why you have just about done a day's work. Just think where we would be if both Candidates would make speeches on the same night! We would be two days behind with our reading. Smith is making about two speeches to Hoover's one. That's on account of Smith asking a lot of questions, and it don't take much of Hoover's time for he don't answer them anyhow.

Al started in down in Oklahoma by making a speech that he thought Herbert would come back at him on, but I don't think Herb even read it. Al was kinder wanting to get the Quakers' angle, but it seems that if these Quakers have an angle they just don't let it angle. Then Al went on out to Denver and asked some very pertinent questions on corruption. Course there was nothing new about the questions, they had been asked by Jim Reed and Senator Walsh for over five years, and if the whole Republican party couldnt answer 'em how was Hoover going to do it?¹

You see this old corruption thing has been pretty well hashed out. It was used as an issue four years ago, and John W. Davis was buried so deep under it that every time he hears the word he gets jumpy.² Now of course there has been more corruption since then. But they learned a lesson from the last and they not only keep the corruption to themselves as they did the first time, but they even keep the knowledge of it away from the Democrats. So that has always been a sore spot with the Democrats that they just couldnt seem to get the people riled up about what had happened. But the thing that hurts 'em worse than anything else is they can't even get an argument out of the Republicans out of it. Democrats don't care, they will forgive you if you will argue with 'em. But when you won't say anything, that's what makes 'em sure enough sore.

So things have just kinder been drifting along like that on the whole tour. The further Al went the sorer he got, for those Guys wouldnt say a word. If they did it was through a Spokesman. He couldnt get anything direct from Mr. Hoover.

In one town Al felt so good that a woman asked him for a souvenir and he just took off the old Brown Derby and cast it out to her like it was a discarded moth ball. Well, the papers went after that with special editions. That beat throwing his hat in the ring. Here he was casting the old Brown Derby right into the lap of a strange woman. But the joke of it was he had another one. He took a lot of them out there with him, figuring that somebody would perhaps break up a few on him.

Calvin got back a couple of week ago from one of the quietest summers he has had since he entered public life. After they found out he wasnt going to run why he might as well been vice President for all the attention he attracted. They wanted him to go up into old New England and kinder do some speaking and help Hoover out. He says, "I will go up and drive around, but I won't do any speaking." So sure enough he did. He made what you would call a political drive without words. They cheered him all along in New Hampshire and Vermont. I don't know what that had to do with Hoover, but it seemed to satisfy the Campaign committee.

He is not what one would call breaking his neck for the old Party. Mind you I think Cal is for him, that is he is more for him than he is for Smith. I don't see how he is going to get on the Supreme Court bench if he don't wake up and get busy.

You know a strange thing about this Campaign this year is that there is quite a few people now who is running for Vice President. It's really a Vice Presidential year. It shows that people are delving deeper and deeper into politics. I think that because they got two mighty fine fellows running. Joe and Charley are just about as popular as any two men about town in Washington.³ They have done a fine job of campaigning too. They havent dragged in anything that didnt have any business being dragged in, they have made no hollers, and answered all the questions according to the dictates of their party. They have both been mighty honest and just practically told the people that what they were running for was the office.

Joe did a fine thing down in Florida when he quit campaigning and did what he could to help them out, and say by the way, we have been awful lax on that Florida situation. You see it just got worse and worse, and there wasnt the response that there should have been. It don't show a very healthy condition when we get in the condition that we are thinking more about politics than we are about the down and out of our own people. You see Florida was unfortunate in that it was the second time the same territory had needed help. It was just the scycology of the thing, helping the same fellow twice. If it had

been some other State why the response would have been great. It was not that it was Florida's fault, but human nature is a funny thing and the minute something happened down there they begin to think what they had given to the same State two years ago. But my Lord it might happen to any community a dozen times and that would not lessen the need. They have had hard luck down there and they don't deserve it. They have had three catastrophes, two hurricanes and an epidemic of Northern Grafters, all three of which the State or people were not responsible, and of the three, why the Grafters hurt 'em worse than all. If they had only stayed and been caught in this flood it would have given us more confidence in divine power.

303 **WILL ROGERS CLASSIFIES MOST POLITICIANS AS CHORE BOYS FOR MEN HIGHER UP**

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers, and what little I hear whispered. The whispering is about to overshadow the reading matter. Don't think this new type of campaigning is confined to one side, people of both denominations Democratic and Protestant.

There is some great moves go on in Politics. There was one happened here in New York a couple of weeks ago. This fellow Roosevelt is a very fine fellow even if he is a Democrat and everybody likes him up state as well as in New York City.¹ Well, Al Smith wanted him to run on the Democratic ticket for Governor to replace Smith. Now Roosevelt didn't want to run for his health is bad and it's necessary that he stay a great deal in the South. But get this, Roosevelt is just about two hundred thousand votes stronger all over the state than any one else the Democrats had, so Al got him on the phone late at night and begged and persuaded him until he finally consented.

Now also get this situation. The fellow that the Republicans are running on their party for Governor is a very fine and well liked man a Jewish Gentleman named Ottinger, so here was what the Democrats were afraid of that all the Jewish folks would naturally string with the Republican Ottinger and might vote the whole Republican ticket.² Now it's going to be great to watch and see if this don't happen. Roosevelt don't want the thing, so the Democrats will vote for Ottinger the Republican for Governor, in exchange for all his gang's support of Smith for President, and the plan will be to elect Smith and a Republican Governor. They would rather lose the governorship than the presidency, and Roosevelt wouldnt be losing anything, for he don't want it, and he will do anything to get Smith in, for he has always been his most consistent booster. If Smith runs away ahead of Roosevelt and Ottinger runs second to Smith you will know that is what was pulled.

These Politicians would make old David Harum go and burn up his barn.³ He never saw the day he could pull off swaps like these babies can now. Two-thirds of the men in Politics are not “free born Americans of lawful age and a fair break in intelligence,” as the constitution call for. They was born but not free, they are of age but it wasent lawful, and the break they got in intelligence was not fair.

What I mean is they are just a lot of pawns. They belong to their party and mess around and do odd chores, and do all the dog robbing that is handed out to them to do, then a bunch of men meet in a room and start moving these blocks around. The poor nut don’t know if he is to be advanced from an alderman to Senator or sent back to garage inspector. These babies at the head move him and he goes and likes it or gets out. Maybe he has done his work just as well as some of the rest, but he just wasent the type they had picked to advance. Then if he is one that they advance it is somebody that they know the higher they put him the more they can control him.

An independent guy with no ties at all couldent, not only get to first base, but he couldent get a foul off these high ups. There is a hundred things to single you out for promotion in a party politics besides ability.

So he just has to hang around and see every election or nomination what they will do for him. They might decide to pitch him a bone enough to live on till they meet again and sorter keep him from kicking over and showing any inclination that he is a “freeborn citizen.” All of this is in the “organization.” What is it all about? And what is keeping the jobs in your own hands? Where does your justice and “free born” come in on that when one gang organizes to keep the other from working. That’s really a violation of the restraint of trade law, and those guys just work their heads off scheming to kill off the other side. What difference does it make who is in, they are all about alike. The whole business is taken too seriously.

We never have a man so crooked that he would like to ruin the country, we may run onto one or two every once in awhile that want to grab off part of our possessions. But they feel there is plenty left where they got that. So the old country just rambles along, not because of the politician but in spite of him. Anyway politics is a business where most of the men in it are looking for glory and personal gratification more than they are money. It’s one of the easiest ways of horning into something publically.

You can talk all the modesty you want, but it’s just not one of our major industries. The old boys like to get their name in the pot. They like to pose as advisers and leaders.

Why, these old birds that are on all of these National Committees, and are always delegates to conventions why you could no more pry one of those jobs loose from them even if they had to pay their way and the convention was held in Moscow, Russia. They like to say, “Well we are going to put Seth Bo-

hunk over. I been talking to all the boys in my state.” Now here is forty eight states and he thinks poor soul that the whole thing is all on his shoulders from this one state, then the credit they do take afterwards, now mind you two thirds of the people who voted don’t belong to any of the things, they just pick ’em out a man and go vote for him. Nothing in the world any of these regular politicians could say would influence them more than a goat.

But we got it and we will always have it. There is nothing else that they could get them much publicity out of and they think they are running the country and are directly responsible for what little we have to eat, so we won’t put ’em out of business. They are a harmless sort, and really at heart mean well, and I think at heart most of ’em are really wise to themselves, but it’s gone so far they can’t admit it.

304 TOO BAD BABE RUTH HASN’T TIME TO BE PRESIDENT!

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers. Between the various business of the Candidates there is not much nourishment to get from the press. Babe Ruth a week or ten days ago did make the Candidates take to the inside covers, in fact drove them back with the ads on his last day of carnage and destruction in Missouri.¹ They made the mistake out there of throwing some Pop bottles at the Babe, and the Babe returned the compliment by showering a couple of hands full of home runs right back at ’em. Babe is not at his best till he is in difficulties.

You know it just don’t seem like we have any game in America where one man stands out so prominently, and so far ahead of all the others in his line as Babe Ruth does in Baseball. He is the most colorful Athlete that we have in any branch of sport. Kids are crazy about Ruth, and he is always doing something to keep solid with them. Raised himself in an Orphan’s home in Baltimore, he has always kept a keen interest and sympathy with Kids.

Look what happened in that last game in St. Louis. He had knocked one home run to tie the score, and here he was at bat again, and the Pitcher had two strikes on him, and Ruth had turned and was talking to the Catcher and Umpire when Sherdell the Pitcher threw one back right quick and it was another strike.² But they had made a rule before the series started that there was to be no pitch made only when the batter was ready. Well Ruth knew that that was the rule, and he knew that he was in the right. So while the St. Louis players and the Umpires were argueing why he just stepped back and applauded them. Of course they decided in his favor. Then the Pitcher had to pitch to him again, as they didn’t count that last ball, and as he did why Babe just laughingly smacked one over the whole Grand stand into Grand Boulevard, and waved

and kidded with the hooting crowd as he went around the bases. Then two innings later he comes up again amid jeers and just jokingly “putted” into the Mississippi river, his third home run for the afternoon.

In the meantime as he would go to his position out in the field why the St. Louis fans with their accustomed hospitality conferred on him a shower, a good deal as they do a bride when she is about to make the leap. But there was no point lace, or doilies in this. It was in the nature of Pop Bottles. They had strewn his path with glassware. He just kidded with ’em, and tossed the bottles aside, and then in the very last of the ninth inning when St. Louis had two runners on bases and their heavy hitter up with two out, a long high foul was hit, and even though being crippled, he leaped from bottle to bottle, like Liza crossing the ice.³ He finally found two bottles standing on top of each other and that gave him a little higher lift, so all he was able to do was make a sensational one-handed catch and come down among a case of what had been Home brew containers. He is the only athlete that ever rose to the heights with nothing but a foundation of Coca Cola under him. They also shied seat cushions, St. Louis Globe Democrats, and Republics, and even were mean enough to shy tabloids at him as he ran to catch the ball. But through all this he went right on kidding and laughing at them.

You know this fellow is really more colorful than either one of the Candidates. If either one of them stood out in his business of Politics like this fellow does in his line there would be no need of them having an election. He is the Abraham Lincoln of baseball. It just don’t seem right that a Pitcher should be made to have to stand out there in front of him and have to throw baseballs at him and take the chance of being murdered when they come back to you.

Well I guess we will have to get off baseball as the season is over. So there is nothing else to turn to, outside of about half of New York being killed by bad Liquor during the past few weeks. Even Jimmy Walker pled with “speakeasys” to cut down the ratio of poison, and it looks like some of them are pretty short sighted, killing off their own trade like that.⁴ It shows they must have plenty of new trade coming all the time to afford to kill off that big a percentage of their business.

Then, as I say, comes Politics. All of them are watching the Literary Digest straw vote. It holds a rehearsal for the election every year, and this year Hoover has been away out in front, but Smith is drawing up on him at every issue. In case the vote is over before election, I doubt if they hold the election at all. They will just take the Digest’s poll and inaugurate the man on that.

I don’t know who they send these votes to. I never got any. It might have been because I wasn’t registered anywhere. I don’t want to have anything to do with this election, and then after maby my man was elected he didnt turn out so good and that would make me feel like I was responsible for putting him there.

It must have cost that paper a lot of money for stamps and handling all those votes. But I guess they can charge it all off on their income tax as advertising. Hoover seems to be ahead in some of the States that are supposed to be solid for Smith. But don't put too much dependance in that. There is a lot of Smith ones that can't sign and send in, for they can't write, and he will get a lot of votes that never heard if the Digest is a paper, or a digestion machine. But it's got all the papers writing editorials, and no matter who gets the votes, each side seem to write that their side has really been benefited. Honest, some people can get nourishment out of the most peculiar things. Well there goes that Radio again. "If I am elected, I will pledge myself to relieve the Farmer. I will enforce the law, restrict immigration, and --- ---." Oh, applesauce. I will be glad when it's all over.

305 LET'S BLINDFOLD EVERYBODY

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers. And I have been so busy lately trying to learn to speak lines on the stage that I haven't read all there is in the papers. But I have been keeping track of two things, that is the people who are so successfully taking the blindfold tests, and the speeches of the Candidates. Both of these two things are of equal importance.

It's really remarkable to what a high degree of efficiency we are developing ourselves. Just think even blindfolded, we are doing according to the billboards, more than most people can with their eyes uncovered. And it just don't look like anybody ever fails. Every one you see with their picture on the boards have picked the right thing.

You know I think it would be a good idea if we did more things blindfolded. We seem to do better that way than with the blinkers off. Just imagine if everybody can pick out the proper cigarette while blindfolded, why don't they apply the same thing to Liquor? People don't seem to be able to pick the right brand of liquor to stay alive on, so why not blindfold them? Maby they can pick out a brand that they can live to enjoy. And in marriage the blindfold test might help handicap divorces. Of course to look at marriage you would think that both sides had applied the blindfold test. But that's just it, if they did that bad with eyes open and unhindered why it's a cinch they can't do worse blindfolded, and might accidentally do better.

I think from some of the speeches that the Candidates are using the blindfold tests on their voters, only it don't look like they picked the right thing. It's been a great campaign and the boys have thrown dignity and "high mindedness" to the winds and are going after that free rent at Washington. Calvin was a long time coming out, but he finally did kinder emerge, not for enough to do a lot of good, but he showed he preferred Hoover to Smith, even

if he didnt prefer Hoover to Coolidge. Herbert won't hardly owe him a Cabinet position on what he has done. But on the other hand Cal feels like he has got a lot of dignity to maintain.

Quite a few of the boys were slow about taking to the old soap box to help clean up their party standard bearers. Dawes didnt break out till awful late in life.¹ Lowden at the present writing is hiding behind the barn hissing through the crack.² Be a good joke on Lowden if Hoover got in and did relieve the farmers. Smith made quite a tour of one nighters around Missouri and Illinois. He hit Sedalia, even me on all my wildcat tours didnt get that one. But that's right near my old stamping ground of Boonville, where I used to attend one of the reform schools there.³ Sedalia is the Capitol where they send the Congressmen and Senators to keep them away from Jim Reed when he goes on one of his rampages.⁴ He spoke at Sedalia on "Prosperity." He read a lot of records that kinder showed that while Coolidge might have saved a little money, they had squandered quite a mess. It showed that every Department had cost more in 1927 than in 26. While Mellon had been economical, it had cost quite a little more to get that way.⁵

Smith spoke of a Lodge called the "Woodpeckers" that had sworn to never throw away pencil sharpenings, but use them for fuel, and there was a rule where they were supposed to write on both sides of the paper. Well even if they do that then the very next day Mellon comes out and says that Smith got his figures from the Telephone Directory, and not from the Republican Campaign Committee, where he should have got them. Smith says the Country is not prosperous. He means of course by that, that the Democratic end of the Country is not doing as well as they could if they were in office. There is a great many Democrats that are forced to earn a living by the sweat of their brow, when all they should be doing is endorsing a Government pay check.

Mellon says, "The majority of the Country is prosperous." He means by that that the Republicans are prosperous, and as there is supposed to be more Republicans than Democrats why of course the majority of the people are prosperous. Mellon kinder insinuates that if a man don't know enough to be a Republican that how can he expect to know enough to be prosperous. Al claims that being a Democrat is a badge of Poverty that is worth more to wear than riches.

When a Democrat is hungry and can't manage to get anything to eat he can always satisfy his hunger by dreaming and harking back to the "old Jeffersonian principles." Nobody knows what they were, but they have furnished a topic for the poor Democrats to rave about for a couple of generations. He always wants a return of the Jeffersonian principles and give the Government back to the people. Well the people wouldnt know any more what to do with it than they did back in those days. Nothing would please the rich more than to have the Government handed back to the people, for they would take it

away from them so quick the people wouldnt know what it looked like while they had it.

The Literary Digest is still taking the poll of everybody that can write their name. There was over three million that had voted this week and it showed that about one third more Republicans can write than Democrats. Course when it comes time to go the polls and vote, why you then can include the ones that can't write. All you have to make is a cross so nobody knows how this "Cross" vote will go. It looks like it will be Democratic, but no one knows, for if they don't know how to read or write they are just as liable to put the cross after Hoover's name as they after Smith's. But it's all been a great show put on for no reason at all, for Coolidge could have stayed in there and made a better President than either one of them.

306 **CAN'T RUIN THIS COUNTRY; NOT EVEN WITH POLITICS.**

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers, and what I see as I gaze out over the footlights. "How does it feel to be back in the old harness again trying to swindle the old public out of a few laughs?" a lot of friends ask me. Well to be real honest it feels pretty good. You know after all if you have ever been Actor (or even if you never was an Actor yet still made a living on the stage) why it just about ruins for any useful employment for the rest of your natural life.

They had a big dinner the other night here for DeWolf Hopper celebrating his 50th year on the stage, and he seems as young and fine as he ever was during the 15 or twenty years I have known him.¹ So I guess off and on as long as they will stand for me, I will be telling what are supposed to be jokes about Congress, and the Senate, and Nicaragua and all those things till my whiskers are longer and older than the jokes.

We got our little show started and going along pretty good. We have had quite a few Notables and Horse thieves in to see us, and I ought to get me one of these Guests Books and keep it in my dressing room and I would have quite an array of names of the visitors that have come back. The book would have got off to a flying start, for on the opening night Col Lindbergh was back to see Dorothy and I.² I will have to tell you a little story about that. He was tickled to death when he come back after the show opening night because he had won twenty dollars off the fellow with him. He had called me up about eight oclock on the night of the opening telling me that he had just found that he could get out of a previous engagement and if it was possible to get him the seats he would come. I said, "Possible! Say you will get in if I have to pick some guy's pockets of his seats out in the lobby." Imagine Lindbergh asking

if it would be “possible to make room for him to attend anything.” But that just shows modesty of the fellow. I made a wild dash for the box office. I had left some seats there for various friends, and I was in hopes that some of them had not called for them yet, as some of them were down in front. My wife had two seats for herself and a friend away in the back. So she said she would stand up or miss the thing entirely if it was for Lindy.

Now here is one I wanted Carl Fisher, of Miami Beach, Fl., and Montauk Point, New York, the best two real Estate developments in the world, (I have to put that ad in here for Carl to make up for what I did to him that night).³ I had left him some seats in the second row center, and when I dashed into the box office as luck would have it he had not called for his. So I grabbed his two and gave them to Lindy, and dug up two that come from Lord knows where and left them for Carl. I don’t know where he sit. But he will feel better I know when he reads this and finds out that he is really the fellow that gave up his seat for Lindy.

Now here is about the twenty bucks. Lindy says to me over the phone “now if I come don’t you start any of your funny business on me.” I laughingly told him I wouldnt. He said, “Well I don’t think you will. But the Theatre might, by putting a spot light or something on me.” I told him he neednt be scared.

Well I most generally introduce real celebrities and on an opening night it would have been a great thing to point out the greatest one we have. For I have so many things that I could have told of him while we were in Mexico, some of them jokes but all highly complimentary. But I says no, I will just see if I have got the heart to lay off him. You talk about a struggle. There I stood with a pocket full of Gags that I had never used and I knew the audience would laugh at, especially with him there. But I stayed with it and didnt say one word about him being there. Of course you couldnt introduce any other Celebrity that night, for with him in a house there just ain’t any more. So it seems this fellow with him kept telling him that he bet I make him get up and bow or do something, and they made a bet on it. Lindy betting that I wouldnt, and when he come back in the dressing room afterwards he was as tickled as a kid that he had won. I told him I was a bigger Hero than he was, that it took more nerve for me NOT to talk about him than he showed flying the ocean.

Now he has gone down to Mexico hunting with Colonel McNabb, the Military Attache of the Embassy there.⁴ He is a great fellow “Sandy” McNabb. He is the one that Ambassador Morrow appointed as my “Aide” during my stay there.⁵ He speaks better Spanish than the Mexicans, and is the best pistol shot in the whole American Army. That’s why they had him protecting me while I was there.

Oh yes, Lady Astor was in the show and back to see me just before she sailed.⁶ Oh what a Dandy she is. I wish some of these women that have made

these terrible Campaign speeches over here during the past campaign could hear her. They would either quit or improve their style. You expect a man to make a poor speech, for he has been doing it for years, he don't know any better. He is supposed to be boring or he wouldnt be a Speaker. But we did kinder look for something out of the Women when they entered the political Arena. But they took the whole thing too serious. They acted like the very backbone of the whole Country was a leaning on them, and that they had "a great public responsibility to perform." Why there is no GREAT responsibility for anybody to perform in this Country. Every time we have an election we get in worse men, and the country keeps right on going. Time have only proven one thing, and that is that you can't ruin this country even with politics.

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IT'S ALL OVER NOW

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers. Well, it's all over, and what a relief! What has it proved? What has it profited us? We have gone through the most exciting and bitter election that we have ever held in our history. And what's the answer? Friends have been turned into enemies, families have been split. Husbands have choked wives, and wives have attempted to murder husbands, all because one wanted one guy to draw a government salary and the other member wanted the other fellow to live easy for the next four years.

I told you not long ago that the campaign lasted only a few months but that it would take two generations to sweep up the "dirt." I think now that it's all over and we have a chance to sum up. I think I was too modest in the time, it looks like we will be hearing from this one as long as they keep historys in the libraries.

You will please pardon a comedian for lapsing into seriousness, but there was no more reason for all this religious gab, and all the threats of what would happen if certain things were brought about, it could have been run like a state campaign without dragging all the various things into it that they did. When you just sit down quietly and figure it out, no matter which side you was on, you just got to say that all the fuss, and all the "shooting" was absolutely useless.

We will leave out all the religious end of it, for we certainly had enough of that for all time. Both sides were equally to blame. Then we get to prohibition. What can the winner do about it. What could the loser do about it? Neither one can do anything. In fact the winner can do as much as the loser. Here was the wets hollering for Smith, and at the same time hollering for a dry Congress and Senate, so that he could make no changes. Now could anything

be more inconsistent, than that? It would be like a manager hiring me to work on the stage and at the same time hiring another actor to keep me from going on.

The whole South wanted dry Congressmen and Senators, yet they wanted Smith, who said he would do his best to get the law changed. Yet they elect fellows to keep him from changing it. It just shows what ends people will go to get a winner.

Hoover, the politicians in his own party never were so strong for him, yet they all went for him when it looked like he was the only one that could carry them to victory.

I really don't see how anyone can take the whole thing serious, backtracking of all the changing opinions, of all the waiting to see what the majority will be liable to do, of all the trading back and forth with each other for support! There is no more independence in politics than there is in jail, they are always yapping about "public service." It's public jobs that they are looking for.

It may not always be the money, sometimes a man will be making a personal sacrifice as to money, but if you removed the glare of public office away from the job you can bet your life he wouldnt take it. There is no other line of business that any of them could get in where they would get one-tenth part of the publicity that they get in public office, and how they love it! Talk about actors. Actors basking in the limelight! Say an old Senator can make an actor look like he is hid under a barrel.

You announce tomorrow that you will either take away a public man's salary or his publicity and position, that he can have the choice of which to give up, and 90 per cent will say, take the salary away. They will find some way of living, in fact they will live on the strength of somebody calling them Judge, or Congressman, or even Alderman. Those old babies like it.

Then all this yapping about parties. If a man could tell the difference between the two parties he would make a sucker out of Soloman for wisdom. The Republicans have a tarriff, and now that it looks like it is accidentally working why the Democrats say, "If we are elected we will not tinker with the tarriff." So where is your difference there? They both yap about farm relief, and rain and a failure if other farming countries they know is their only chance of ever relieving the farmer.

Water power, they spilled more words over it during the campaign than there is water, yet we have been here since Columbus made a forced landing in '92, and the same creeks and rivers have been running, and there has been no great effort or even demand to do anything, so why all at once do we think that in the next four years we will stop everything that is headed toward the ocean and make it work its way going down?

Labor, they made all the crazy promises about what they would do with

labor if elected. How can a President put somebody to work the next day after he is inaugurated? What can one man put them to doing that the other fellow could not? If I have a lot in a city and expect to build on it, engaging a lot of men, do you think I am going to let the thing lay idle for four more years just because the man I liked was not elected?

Are farmers going to quit raising crops and hiring of hands just because they voted for the wrong man? Things don't change that easy in this country, this country runs in spite of parties; in fact parties are the biggest handicaps we have to contend with.

If we didn't have to stop to play politics any administration could almost make a Garden of Eden out of us. If we were run by the manager form of Government we would soon be paying so little taxes we would be lonesome. You could transfer the Senate and Congress over to run the Standard Oil, or General Motors and they would have both things bankrupt in two years. No other business in the world could afford to carry such dead wood. But we got 'em, and they are going to live off us someway, so we just as well put longtail coats on 'em and call 'em "Statesmen." They are great guys personally, and they know in their own heart that it's a lot of "boloney," and if they are smart enough to make us feed 'em, why then we are the yaps, not them.

308

SHADES OF JEFF DAVIS

Well, all I know is just what I read in the election returns. And from the Democratic standpoint it was some of the poorest reading matter I ever dug into. It really was not only bad composition, but the English was terrible in it. Texas Republican, now that's not according to any English Shakespeare or old Bacon Rine ever wrote. Virginia with the Yankees. I bet Jefferson pretty near rolled off that hill.

The Everglades of Florida voting the alligators with Wall Street! I tell you the world is "cockeyed." North Carolina joining the G.A.R.'s. What's become of our glorious tradition? Are we leaving the teachings of our forefathers? Where does the fair state of Oklahoma think she can hide her head when she is asked to answer to her ancestors?

Here Alfred Emanuel Smith took the longest journey that was ever taken by a native New Yorker to go and be among you Oklahomans. He broke bread with you. He made speeches to you. You come by the thousands, you heard, you saw and then you went home and sold out to the Republicans! He told you about the old Jeffersonian principles. He told you to get back to the teachings of Jackson. (Andrew not Stonewall.)¹ He told you oil would be used for something besides scandal if he was elected.

You cheered him; you made the Brown Derby the symbol of headgear, and made him think that you were for him, when as a matter of fact you only

come to a free show. Any other New York headliner with the original cast would have cost you \$5, or \$10 bucks. Did Hoover come among you? No he didnt. You might as well be the Cherokee Strip as far as he is concerned. He even went through Kansas to keep from going through Oklahoma.

Al went up into Omaha, and into what is erroneously known as the fair state of Nebraska, and he rounded up a gentleman of some local prominence, and Raskob traded him a new Buick for an old Ford.² And he promised to swing the state into the party of Tom Heflin and Upshaw.³ Did he do it? No. The minute he got his Buick from the General Motors he went out and started making speeches for Smith. That killed Smith's chances right there. What he should have done was to come out for Hoover if he wanted to help Smith.

And there was a lot of them like that in lots of other states. La Folette was afraid to come out for either one, so he just stayed neutral and elected himself.⁴ Ritchie swung Maryland to Hoover by comming out for Smith.⁵

Mayor Walker had no trouble carrying New York State and New Jersey for Hoover, the only two he spoke in.⁶ He was billed for a speech in Boston, but he got a bad cold in time to save Massachusetts for Smith. My good old friend, Josephus Daniels, of Raleigh, N. C., Suh, it took quite awhile for him to make up his mind but when he did it was in favor of Hoover.⁷ He come out for Smith. South Carolina on account of no prominent men coming out for him, went for Smith.

Pat Harrison by speaking in New York all during the campaign saved Mississippi for Smith.⁸ Jim Reed had no trouble whatever swinging Missouri for Hoover by his campaigning for Smith.⁹ From the early returns it looked like Carter Glass must have been for Hoover, for Smith got all the best of it, but it finally dawned on us that he had been for Smith when the ultimate result was announced.¹⁰ Vermont went for Coolidge to a man, till noon which it was explained to them that he wasn't running, then they voted for Hoover for consolation.

New York, the state that is always telling the others about progress, this is written two weeks after election and their returns havent come in yet. All the primitive States were in by nine o'clock election night. They sent one hundred lawyers up state to see about the counting of the votes. Can you imagine 100 lawyers? Why two lawyers can make a scandal out of anything they have anything to do with. 100 will bring a revolution. Course Smith can't blame all the damage on these guys. He carried every state in the South that he didnt go into but Texas and Florida.

And it was the same with Hoover, the more he would speak in a place the nearer he would come losing it. As long as he would stay out of states there was never a doubt as to how it would go. Look at Washington, Oregon, Dakotas, Wyoming, Michigan, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont. But the minute either one of the candidates started going into them they would lose

'em, or come pretty near losing 'em. I would have liked to have seen how this election would have gone if both guys had gone to Europe or some place after nominating. I bet you it would have been a tie.

Smith promised everything that the other fellows did, and they believed him when he said it, but they just seemed to know that he wouldn't be able to carry out the promises unless he got the chance. I know a lot of men that would help me if they was able, but it just don't look like they will ever be able.

The Brown Derby, I don't know about that. I believe if he had left that in a handsom cab years ago he would have not have missed it. People hadent seen a derby hat in so long that it was too much like resurrecting detached cuffs. You know after all a brown derby is just about as hard to put up with as a black one. Chewing on a cigar and not smoking it lost him North Carolina, the big tobacco center. They want people to get rid of cigars and light up another one, not just keep one in your mouth all day. Those old timers still think they was made to smoke.

It was a great election. It had some queer angles. Where the Democrats got their predictions of the results from Lord only knows. Raskob on the day of election said that Smith should get about 400 electoral votes. He had electoral ones mixed with plain ones.

309 **WILL ROGERS FINDS COUNTRY QUICKLY RESTORED TO GOOD TEMPER AFTER CAMPAIGN**

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers. This sea tragedy has just been about all we could see for the last 10 days, and it was awful hard to get your mind off it.¹ Talk about stage plays and dramas, don't they fade into nothing when a thing like this comes along! And the great part about it is nobody knows where, or who will bob up in the way of a hero. The old ordinary that looks like a mere matter of fact, even weakling, might be the big thing in an emergency.

I will never forget when Canada entered the war and their first (and for that matter all their troops) had made such a brave fight. I think their first big hero was not some rugged Northwest Mounted Police, or some nervy westerner, it was a little enemic cigarette smoking Piano player in a cheap Movie House. He was the first to do something beyond the demand in bravery.

Just think of that radio operator on that boat! Has to be sacrificed because he had to wait for orders from somebody that was thinking about his company instead of the lives of his people. You know those fellows have just gone through so many things that it never strikes them that there will be any come up that they can't get through. I tell you I will take mine in an airplane and stay

off these boats. In those things when you leave, if they are "listing" and not going so good you turn around and go back or come down on land and fix it. They don't try to bull their way through. Expenses to the owners means nothing to a good pilot in comparison to the safety of his passengers.

And say, the old airplane thing is going along good. This commercial thing is developing fine, especially for mail and express. Passenger thing is not making headway as it should, for we are in too big a hurry in this country to even save time. We would rather talk about how big a hurry we are in than to do any hurrying.

Well I guess you all outside of the old "Burg" wonder how she took the election. Well, it started out with what looked like was going to be an awful noisy night. But when those first returns commenced percolating in why it was just like rain on a country picnic. Horns that were meant to be blown just as well have been meant for a decoration. They never uttered a blast. It was just a show that was billed but never come off.

In the theatres the folks was pretty late coming in. They had stayed out purposely to see what would happen and when they saw they come in. I took my last straw vote of the audience that night. I had taken it at every performance since we opened, and I also took it all last year in almost every State in the Union, even before the nominations and am not boasting, but I think I had as good an idea as the Literary Digest. Hoover run away with the vote on election night, the same as he had run away with it in every town I had played all year.

New York took it pretty game though. They had a game loser to set the pattern for them. Smith never let out a squawk, and the statement that he issued over the radio a few days after made him a lot of friends.

Course New York at heart felt mighty bad because they felt that the rest of the country had not stood by them. Having a big city man for the first time they felt you all would help them out. In fact they did have a little of the New York conceit, and this brought them to realize that there is a terrible lot of you boys that don't get your mail up and down one of these gullys here.

I kept trying to tell 'em you fellows had been doing a little thinking for yourselves and didnt need any outside advice when it come to voting, but they still thought they could swing you over.

But now it's all blowed over and you could hold a Klan Klam Bake in the center of Broadway and not have anyone hiss you. They just don't care now, everybody's got their minds on something else.

Al left us and went down to play golf with Pat Harrison, the biggest surprise about that was to know that Pat Harrison could play golf.² They will get a great welcome down there in Mississippi, that's the State that passed a resolution since the election to have Jefferson's and Lee's body moved from Virginia since it went Republican. They wanted 'em moved to Mississippi.

They better been doing like North Carolina, and Texas, they better been passing some resolutions to get some factories down there. That's what is making those two states step so fast, they are not looking for any historical prestige. This is an age of business, not tradition. Mississippi needent worry about Virginia. Virginia will run out of Republicans like they run out of Presidents.

But take it all around the folks got over it all over the country mighty well. Everybody was awful het up, but they cooled off mighty quick. Both sides was haywire most all summer.

I personally believe that Al will make the race again. They ain't nobody else that can hold that many votes. This fellow Roosevelt if he gets away good here in New York as Governor is the only one I know of outside Al that could carry his own precinct.³ Well, yes they have got another awful good man, that's this Owen Young, head of the General Electric.⁴ He is the fellow that should have been chairman this year. He packs an awful lot of respect and ability.

But I doubt if he has any idea of committing suicide. So it looks like Al. He will remedy many a mistake that was made in his name last time, and with four more years of dissatisfaction over this liquor he may round up the other five million.

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DEMOCRATIC HOPES

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers. Us poor misguided Democrats don't seem to be able to get our minds on anything. We are just sorter stunned. The Democrats had mighty pretty hopes there for awhile. It looked like the Postoffice was about to change hands and get back where they belonged. For a Democrat is just naturally a Post Master. That is just about one of the few things he is fitted for. He never has had much work at it, but he just comes by it natural to want to meet and talk with people. He would just love to get all the news that's on post cards, and bringing the mail sack from the train is just about his idea of the proper amount of daily exertion.

You know the Democrat at heart is just naturally an amiable fellow. He would rather talk with you anytime than make a dollar off you. He just loves politics, not for what he can get out of 'em, for he never has received much a dividend on his political investments but he just wants to be known as a politician. Now a Republican don't, he just wants politics to be known as a side line. He is sorter ashamed of it. He wants to work at it, but he wants people to believe he don't have too.

But the old Democrat he is still so old fashioned that he thinks it's one of the honored professions. Just let him head a few committees, and make a

few speeches every once in awhile and he is in his glory. He will miss his supper to explain to you what Jeffersonian principles are. He don't know what they are, but he has heard 'em spoken of so often in speeches that he knows that no speech is complete without wishing that we would return to those principles and the only thing that keeps us from not returning to them is that very reason we don't know what they were. Jackson is another life saver in their legends, you take him out of there and you would just about lessen Democratic conversation 50 percent.

That's why I would like to have seen him got some work at this late unpleasantness. He has been laying off now for eight years, and he would have made somebody an awful good hand.

The Republicans have just taken it for granted that their positions are permanent. He has been running that Post Office so long that he is as independent as a bank Vice President. He won't act like you ought to have any mail. The post Office to him is just a subsidiary of the Republican Headquarters. A Democrat is tolerated in there but they don't want him to litter up the place long with his presence. But when the Democrats get their clutches on it, why the Post Office is a cross between the country grocery store and modern night club. They welcome anything in there just so it's in the shape of an argument. When they hand you the mail they want to know who it's from and why.

But it's as I say, we are so shot since this late November sixth uprising that we just can't seem to gather our threads of life up and get started again. Al took to the golf clubs to drown his sorrows. I guess there is nothing that will get your mind off everything like golf will. I have never been depressed enough to take up the game, but they say you can get so sore at yourself that you forget to hate your enemies. Al went into Mississippi where if he made a bad shot it would be laughed at by nobody but his own friends. He didn't want any Republicans kidding his "putting." Al took Raskob down there with him to manage his golf.¹ Raskob is liable to be pretty good down there. He won't have Moses to worry about.² He had more trouble with Moses and work. He would tree 'em doing something, and he would just about be getting the evidence when they would break out with something worse and get Raskob's mind off the first offense.

Then this fellow Kenny, they take him with 'em, he is the one that furnished the private car.³ I guess it's one of the few private cars in the Democratic party. They did have a whole train before election, but this car is all they got left out of it now. Pat Harrison steered 'em down that way.⁴ I was going to try to take 'em to Oklahoma, but after it went Republican why that killed that trip.

Things is awful quiet here in New York. Barney Baruch, the Raskob of the Wilson Administration, was in our Opera House the other night with all the

remnants of the "War Industries Board."⁵ He headed it during the war, and he gives 'em a party every year. He is the only Democrat on it, and they let him pay the bills. They come from all over the country to attend it. I asked him what he thought could be salvaged out of the party, and he said it looked like another Vestris as far as the loss was concerned.⁶

I asked him if he would back another convention in '32, and he says he would not. I told him what Al Smith said, "That it was still the same old party." And Baruch said, "Yes, that's the trouble with it. It is the same old party."

Congress is going to meet now if we don't watch 'em pretty close. They are gathering in there now. The Republicans have already got their wisecracks made up what they will tell the Democrats. They are going to be awful cocky. Course this is what is called the short session. But not short enough. It's also called the *Lame Duck Congress*, for there will be a lot of guys in it that made a forced landing during the late storm of votes. Now they ain't going to be wishing anybody much good, especially the voters back home that didn't renew their contract. You know that's the only job in the world a bill short of blowing up the Capitol.

Now they got to go through as "The Late Congressman Bohunk." Got to dig up new bootleggers and practically start life anew.

311 **WILL ROGERS SAYS "SALE" OF PARTY TO RASKOB LEADS WALL STREET DEALS**

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers, and what I see in the old village. You know when you got nothing to talk about why you can always talk about the weather. Now I don't remember in any article ever having to talk about the weather, but by golly I got to say a good word for it.

It has been the warmest and sunniest and most beautiful fall here in New York that you ever saw in your life. (This part of the article will be either censored or deleted entirely in all California papers.) Chances are I will lose my citizenship out there, and my holding will be confiscated. But the truth must out. It has been a wonderful fall. Now Beverly Hills, if that's treason burn me in effigy.

Hoover is still prowling around down in South America. We know so little about it we don't know what country he is in. We know he went South one way and comes back another. We don't know whether he crossed over, under or went around. I hope he is able to stir up a lot of interest in those South American countries among people up here. I tried it twenty seven years ago, but I couldn't seem to stir up much interest.¹

Another cowboy, Dick Parris, and I went down in 1901 to the Argentine

as peace envoys from Claremore, Indian Territory. We was a little disappointed in our reception. We went out on the ranches and those Gouchos we discovered could throw a rawhide lasso further than either of us could throw a green apple. I wrote back and said I had never seen such a productive country. You just throw anything out there and it grows.

Buenos Aires was a marvelous city of over a million then. It comes nearer being an American City than any city outside our own country. But we had no shipping and business with them. England and Germany had all their trade. Those great docks in Buenos Aires, second even then to only Liverpool, were packed with ships from every land. But not an old Stars and Stripes could you find. Course we have made some progress with them since then. But here is where our big trade should be, and this trip of Mr. Hoover's will be the greatest thing that ever was under taken for us.

Spanish is the language. This old gag of having the children take up French because it's fashionable is the baloney. You don't see anybody in France but Americans, so you don't get any chance to try out your French anyway. But just look at the dozens of countries that speak Spanish in addition to Spain. It's the only one to learn for you can use it commercially the rest of your life.

There is a great gang of men that did a great deal for us during the war. It was called the War Industries Board. It comprised the heads of all big business and they all worked in conjunction with the Army and Navy to supply our whole forces. Well they still kinder keep their organization together, and have a meeting every year. It is headed by Barney Baruch (the surviving wealthy Democrat).² Most of the men that belong to it are Republicans, and are from all over the country. Well there was about two hundred of 'em and they was in our Opera House the other night, and we had a lot of fun.

Baruch worked it pretty slick this year. He generally underwrites the Democratic foolishness's every four years, but this year he was smart. He located this fellow Raskob who had made so much money he was looking for some place to put some of it where he could show a loss on his income tax, so Barney got him interested in the Democrats.³ "That he didnt know of a surer fire place to put it to show a loss." So Barney kinder "reluctantly" relinquished the leadership to him, and got out from under for once in his life.

Raskob, being in the automobile business, naturally asked when told of the Democrats asked, "Is it a four or a six." Barney replied, "It's not a conveyance, it's a stationary thing. It looks like it's going but it ain't." So he sold the idea to Raskob. I think it was one of the greatest bits of salesmanship ever recorded on Wall Street. Now all Raskob has is some letters from Senator Moses and a two million dollar deficit, and Barney is just grinning around trying to pick out some other victims for 32, unless Raskob is a glutton for punishment and wants to have another crack at it.⁴

They had General Pershing with 'em that night and he come back in my dressing room and gee, he is looking great.⁵ He certainly got an ovation in the theatre when I introduced him. He is getting bigger every year and will be about one of the only three great Generals that will live from that war, Hindenburg, Foch and Pershing, that will about let 'em out.⁶

And say, what do you know about Calvin turning kinder militaristic on Armistice Day? He just kindly informed Europe that we were competent to lay out our own Cruiser plans without any outside interruptions.

Now England and America are in a hot argument over the Navies. Congressman Britten wants to take a Deligation from Chicago and meet England, decide and then notify Congress and Kellogg and Coolidge what they have decided on.⁷

Why don't they let every Nation go ahead and do what it wants to?

Why should us and England have exactly the same size Navy any more than we should have the same things to eat every morning? Your Navy is as much as a personal affair with a Country as your habits are. They don't no more than get some boat built till it's out of date anyhow. Get us a good Navy, and a good Army and more aeroplanes than anybody, and just say, "Yes we got 'em, but they are only to be used on the home grounds, now lay off us."

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THE BIG POKER GAME

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers. There has been many messages delivered to us in the last week or so that we don't hardly know who, or what to believe. Mr. Coolidge give us a Newspaper Lecture on Prosperity (as practiced by the Republican Party), then Mellon come out the next day and said he was just rolling in wealth, but that he could see no tax cut in sight.¹ We are doing so well, and so busy counting our money that we just havent got time to stop and cut any taxes.

They sent what they call the Budget to Congress. It took the head men of every Department in Washington six months to think up that many figures. You have a Budget like you have a limit in a Poker game. You are not supposed to go beyond it till at least an hour after the game has been started. We won't run over the Budget limit until maby as late as August. It's a good thing. It makes another department in Washington. Then it's fun to vote on when it's presented.

But here it is right here in the paper a whole financial statement of how we stand. Now I know a lot of you don't pay much attention to our Government finances, because it's all too complicated. We read 'em and we look like we are doing fine, and then there is another bunch of figures on the other side that deny what the ones on this side say. It's like these Publishers with both a

morning and evening Newspaper. They have one to keep the other out of a law suit. Now if you are feeling pretty down in the mouth and it looks like you ain't going to have much Xmas why it's because you havent kept in touch with Mellon. He could have cheered you up anytime. Here is how we are doing, so take it to the Bank and ask them to give you your share.

Well I went down and I found that what little I was supposed to have had been put in a sinking Fund. There is things on there that you had no idea existed. Federal Radio Commission grabbed us in advance for 1929 for \$364,027.25. That's just for static alone. In 1930 (you know they book away ahead) why we are supposed to get off for \$179,234.28. If they can cut it down every year they will get the thing about right in ten years.

Commission of Fine Arts (that don't include Politics) only got us for \$9,080,015. But let's get down into some money. Department of Agriculture \$154 million. That's just to tell the Farmers how they can keep on farming even if they don't get relief. If I was a farmer I would join our Agricultural Department. That's in 1930. In '29 it was three hundred thousand less. They don't intend to give him as much advice that year.

Department of Commerce, only nicked us for \$38 Million in '29, and \$58 million in 1930. The further Hoover gets out of there the more it is predicted it will cost us. 1930 is going to be a hard year to handle Commerce. That's the cause of the twenty million raise. See we only pay Hoover 75 thousand as Salary, and we lose \$20 million by his leaving his Department. He has to be pretty good to make that twenty up for us in this new job.

Department of Justice costs us \$28 million, that ain't bad for Justice. In fact Justice is about the cheapest thing we got on our list. Maby that's why we don't get any more of it. I am in favor of paying more and naming some people that ought to have what's coming to 'em.

Department of Labor only runs us a little over 11 million. Jim had got his Department running pretty cheap.² You see he is supposed to keep track of everybody whether they work or not. If he only had to keep track of the ones that worked he could do it on a few hundred bucks. It's keeping track of all the idle ones that runs into dough. An idle fellow is much harder to watch than one working. Treasury Department nicked us for 1929 for \$345 million. Mellon is practicing his economy on somebody else's Department. Cost us 345 million just to make out these figures to tell us what we was in the hole.

That's like hiring a man to tell you you are broke.

The Navy sunk us for \$364 million, including cost of sinking ships according to Washington agreement. The Army pot shotted us for \$408 million in 1929, and \$444 million in 1930. Must be looking for a kind of a small war that year. Maby that 44 million is to send the Marines further that year.

Now hang onto your seats while you get this item of expense. Interest on the Public debt is \$731 million. And the funny part it never does tell what we

owe. It keeps juggling with millions and we owe billions. 15 or 18 billion I think it is. But none of this tells.

That's where all the money goes that we pay in as Taxes, most of it goes to pay Interest on money we owe. Either the Federal, or State, or Town Government. Let's sell off enough of this Country to somebody and pay off all National debts, then the taxes wouldnt be nearly as much. The Democrats will agree to peddle Texas and Florida. They are kinder on the edges anyhow, and I am certain the Republicans will let Massachusetts and Rhode Island go, if it's only for a Song, and not a particularly good song, just an old song.

As I say though we owe maby 25 billion. It's so much they won't put it down, and here is what we got saved up to pay it, we got a balance of "Cash on hand in Treasury June 30th, 1928 of \$260,190,380.85." That's pretty low dough to look a fifteen billion dollar debt in the face with. After studying and figuring on 'em all day for you I have about come to the conclusion that, that 85 cents on the end there, of our "cash on hand" is just about our Pro-Rate-Share.

313 WILL ROGERS SAYS PRESIDENT SHOULD HAVE EXTRA HOME TO DODGE PESTS

All I know is just what I read in the papers. Guess you been reading in all the papers about President Coolidge's appeal to "The St. Louis-Post Dispatch" to get them to use their influence with Congress and get Congress to get into the White House. One where the President could get to and far enough away so that Congressmen and Senators couldnt come to eat breakfast off him. The house don't necessarily have to be White, but it must be a house. He wants it somewhere in motoring distance of Washington.

So all the Congressmen from Maine to Oregon have offered sights. They say they are in motoring distance. It sounds to me like a mighty sensible idea and I guess that is just about what will kill it off. Every state will get into an argument and because their state don't get it it will be voted down.

Mr. Coolidge makes the statement in there that he has at least been the healthiest President we have ever had. Say he better kinder look up some history. I don't know much about it, but they tell me that we have had some pretty husky birds in there. That old Andrew Jackson (while I got no use for him or any of his methods, for all he ever did was pounce on the Indians) but from what I have heard of him, he was not exactly what you would call a physical wreck. He had to be tough to think up all the things he had done to the Cherokees.

Then of course getting down to Presidents that I have had some personal knowledge of. Take Taft for instance (or take him for his weight).¹ He never struck me as being what you would call enemy. Then there was Roosevelt.

Now Calvin is pretty much of a man and can handle a mean pitchfork in a picture during campaign year. I wouldnt hardly have liked to see Cal put the gloves on with "Teddy," in fact I wouldnt even want to see him lay himself liable to bodily injury by having gone on the same Tennis Court with the Col.

Course if History wasnt too big a liar, which it generally is, why old honest Abe Lincoln wasnt hardly a bottle fed baby all through life. Even if he didnt split those rails, just piling up rails after somebody else has split 'em is not hardly child's play. So Calvin really took in some territory when he announced himself the healthiest man we had ever had. You know I think Calvin was just feeling so good at that time, the election was just over and his gang had done pretty well. Course they got a few states that they will hand back to the original owners, but they are liable to keep enough of them to have made the last election worthwhile.

Now he says in his appeal, that "The President has the Yacht Mayflower, but going on it don't get you away from sea level, and that what is needed is to get away from sea level, as Washington is practically located at sea level." Now that can't hardly be blamed on the Yacht Mayflower. He seems to like the Yacht but the fact that it only operates at sea level, is kind of a disappointment to him. Now it's awful hard to get a Yacht (I don't care how much you pay for it) to get really away from sea level. That's one of the things they have worked on for years is to get a boat that will leave sea level and come back without having entirely impaired their usefulness. If you can get one of the "Leaping Tune" type, that's the nearest you can get to what he is after.

It's going to be hard to cop off a good high hill around Washington, for Washington and Jefferson got in ahead of Coolidge or Hoover. If there had been any more hills those two babies would have copped 'em off themselves. Washington was quite a farmer. Instead of putting a golf course on his land, he put in Indian corn (that he had captured from the Indians).

His nineteenth hole was in his own house. Washington was the most versatile President we ever had. He was a farmer, Civil Engineer and gentleman. He made enough at Civil engineering to indulge in both the other luxuries. And Jefferson sitting up there on his hill believed in equality for all. But he didnt divide up the hill with any poor deserving Democrats. (For Democrats were poor in those days, as they are today, and they were deserving then, as they are today. It just seems like they are the Lord's unfortunate people.) Then down at Staunton, in Republican Virginia, Jefferson had another hill, and I think that is what give Mr. Coolidge the idea that to live in history you must have plenty of hills.

Years ago some fellow in Baltimore left two hundred thousand to do this very thing on, but he left only eighteen months in his will for Congress to accept or reject. Well, Congress can't get the roll called in Eighteen months, much less accept or reject anything. Then they have a great high ideal, and

they consider it an insult to give us anything. "We will build our own White House."

We can, but it took sixty years to get a new roof on the old one. We had to get Congress in there and threaten to let the roof fall on 'em before they voted this new one. Then besides \$200,000 wouldent hardly be enough to buy for the Senatorial investigation to find out where the man got the money that he give to the country. If he got it working for a rich man, why it was tainted.

Now I want to see us get this new White House. The one in Washington is nothing but a Zoo.

Tourists have wore their ears back peeping through those iron bars to see if they can't get a peep at the President. Give him a place out in the country, where if he sees anybody coming it will only be a neighbor and not an office seeker. I got a place out in Oklahoma, Oo-la-gah, Oklahoma, near enough to Claremore so he would have all the advantages of Washington. Now I would offer him that place of mine, but I guess its too near in to Washington. Some Senator out in Colorado or Wyoming will want him there, so mine is too close to Washington to be acceptable. But for the Lord sake let's get one for it's a very needed thing, and he wrote a very human document in asking for it.

314

ON THE WAR PATH

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers, or what I run into from day to day. I was sitting in my dressing room at the theatre where I come in the afternoon to kinder hide out and get a little public annoying done, and the back doorman come in and said, "Mr. Bender to see you."¹ I says Bender, what Bender? Show him in anyway and I will look him over. Well, in he comes, and who do you think it is? Well, it ain't a soul but our old Baseball Pitcher for the Philadelphia Athletics, "Chief" Bender. All you young folks skip right over this Article for it may not interest you, but before you throw it away hand it to your parents and say to them, "Pop, did you ever hear of a Ball Player named Chief Bender? What did he ever do? Here is this old man Rogers writing something about him." Your dad will grab the paper and say, "You young American! You mean to tell me you never heard of Chief Bender? Do they teach you about Washington, or Lincoln, or Bryan, or Carrie Nation, at your schools and not teach you about Chief Bender?"² My boy, he is what made pitching famous. Had there been no Chief Bender there would have been no pitcher in baseball. They would have just let the second baseman throw the ball up to the batter as a matter of formality, or maby let Mayor Walker pitch, or Calvin or just anybody.³ You go and tell your teacher to learn something about American history. Baseball is our National game, the same

as War is our National heroic effort, and Bootlegging is our National Industry. Shame on our educational Institutions if they don't teach the children about Chief Bender and all our other Baseball Heroes."

"Hello Chief, gee I am glad to see you! Havent seen you since I went out in Philadelphia and had dinner at your house maby about 1910."

"Hello Will! You being a Cherokee, I always been sorter keeping track of you. I guess you seen where Charley Curtis, our Kaw Brother, had worked for the Government for years, and he finally got set back to Vice President didnt you?"⁴

"Yes I did hear that Chief, and I certainly felt bad about it, cause I have known him for years, and I can remember when he was Leader of the Republican side in the Senate, and when you was Leader of that side you didnt have to worry much what the other side would do. He really had some authority and I was sorry to see 'em set him back to nothing but a Toastmaster. How you been, Chief?"

"Oh, I been managing ball teams, and coaching baseball at Annapolis for the Navy for six years."

"Did you learn 'em how to get the other teams signals, Chief? I remember when you and Harry Davis used to coach at first and third for the old A's, and you know what kind of a ball the pitcher would throw before he got out of bed in the morning.⁵ Everytime the Pitcher wound up you just told the batter what was going to happen. Why it was almost like the Literary Digest calling the turn on an election. You made some great batters out of men that never got a foul after they left your team. How did you do that Chief?"

"Well we just studied 'em. Pitchers have a certain way of doing everything just like a Politician. You know yourself Will, you know yourself what he is going to say before he even takes his first drink, downtown with the reception Committee, and that's the way I studied ball players. They are pretty near as limited in their business as Politicians. If they used a signal ten years ago they think it is good yet, and they would have been just as well off if they had announced to the batter, here is a curve, or here is a fast one."

"Remember the time, Chief, in 1905 I think it was, you all beat McGraw with Mathewson and McGinnity?⁶ You won that series yourself."

"Yes, but I was lucky Will. Matty was a great Pitcher, and McGinity beat Coombs 2-1.⁷ They hurrahed me, and give me the Indian war Whoop all during the game."

"Chief, you know who was sitting here in this dressing room the other night? He was out in front at the show, Pop Warner!"⁸

"Oh is that so? I went to Carlisle in 98, wanted to play football, but was so tall and skinny, in a year or two I finally made sub end. I was there with the Metoxens, Bemis Pierce, Johnson, Dillon, (the man that hid the ball under his Jersey and made the touchdown against Harvard).⁹ The boys used to like to

make the football team because they got better things to eat. You got steaks then instead of just gravy. You know the Government didnt feed the Indians much better than they have taken care of them. You know people don't know it but Pop Warner used to go out on the reservations every summer and pick out Boys that looked promising. There was no rich Alumni to send him material. You know Will, he taught me how to throw a curve and a slow ball. He was baseball Coach too. For a slow ball I used to hold it in the middle of my hand. It was the oldfashioned way but it was effective. Mathewson used to be over at a School adjoining, Bucknell, at the same time. You know when he used to have those wonderful teams Pop Warner had a bunch of those fast Babies with this Forward pass, and all this open field stuff, with him coaching and a bunch of good Indians. Harvard and Yale and Princeton wouldn't get their Racoon coats off before they had had at least fifty scored against them."

"Chief, when did Thorpe come to Carlyle?"¹⁰

"Oh, he was after me. He come in about 1907. But when he come they knew it."

"Where you living now Chief?"

"Oh, out on the edge of Philadelphia, just 568 feet high, right on the level with William Penn's hat on the City Hall."¹¹

"Well, us Injuns got to stick together, Chief. For these white people bout to take this Country. You know Coolidge tried to claim kin to us last year, but that was only an ad to get the Indian vote. But it's too bad about Curtis for we had kinder depended on him doing something for us."

"Yes, Will that was a big disappointment to me, I thought he would amount to something some day too."

WEEKLY ARTICLES — 1929

315 CHRISTMAS IS OVER, HOORAY!

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers. The holidays got by without much publicity. Xmas was awful quiet after the excitement of the late election. It looked like there was a lot more interest in Smith and Hoover than there was in Santa Claus. I guess Xmas is getting kinder old and we will have to scare up something new to take its place. The trouble with this generation is they are getting too wise. That is they are getting too wise about things which they ought not to get wise about, and learning none of the things that

might be any good to 'em afterwards. We kid the idea of Santa Claus now, where as a matter of fact it was one of the greatest illusions and ideas we ever had. We lost it and nothing has taken its place. Even to presents, why in the old days just any little remembrance was the very thing we wanted and needed, but now with all this Republican prosperity, nobody can't give you anything you need, for you already got it.

Nowadays if a person, either woman or man, has a Flask why there just ain't much left for you to get for them. Children used to be tickled to death with a \$1 drum. Now they want a Saxophone accompanied by eight lessons. A doll that would shut its eyes when you laid it down was just about the best word in presents for a little girl. But now it's a Party dress with a vanity case to match.

A little iron train with some coal cars would keep a bunch of children out of some other kind of devilment till away along up in April. But now it's got to be one with tunnels and bridges and electric towers and will blow the fuses out in your whole house the first time you hook it up. And then the disgusted Father will be asked why he didn't get an Aeroplane that would fly instead of a plain old train.

Xmas cards was invented by somebody that wanted to sell more stamps and wanted to break the backs of Mail carriers. You pay a lot of money to get what is supposed to be an exclusive design, and the first mail brings you twelve just like the ones you are mailing out. That makes you sore at Xmas from then on no matter how great things break from then on. It just don't look like there is much left of the old time Xmas, but Sox and Neckties and handkerchiefs. That's about the only things that have really stood the gaff of modern advancement. Mothers, childrens and friends' presents have undergone a great change, but the old Father still can rest assured that he can dig in the ribbon-wrapped package and drag out three (near linen) handkerchiefs, a missfit pair of sox or a red Tie.

New York got away pretty good this time in the way of deaths from bad alcohol.

Hoover spent his Xmas out on the broad Ocean on a Battleship. But that even don't do you much good nowadays to try and get away from everything. That Radio gets you even out there.

Mr. Coolidge he picked out an Island down in Georgia to get away from "Happy New Year Mr. President" in Washington.

He went down there hunting, where they had some game big enough to hit. You know on Thanksgiving he went to Virginia, but the quails didn't fly where he figured they would. So he wanted something a little bigger. A Republican President in Georgia is kinder a novelty, even if he don't hit anything but a Democrat.

But all these trips just shows you to what lengths these Public men will

go to get away from other Public men. He has sit in that White House and seen so many Senators coming up that long front walk, that I bet he would like to go and visit Trotsky in Siberia for a year.¹ You know there is nothing in the World as alike as two Senators. No matter how different their politics, how different the parts of the Country they come from, they all look alike, think alike, and WANT alike. They are all looking for an appointment for some Guy who helped them get theirs. One blind one brought his dog the other day and Coolidge said, "Even the dog looked like he had a friend back in the home kennels that he would like to see brought on and made a White House pet."

So you just can't blame Calvin for proposing that we get our Presidents a place where they can go and forget the following monologue: "Now Mr. President there is a man in my State that really worked very hard for your election and we really owe him this appointment. The Government is really losing by not having him work for them."

"Who is he working for now?"

"Oh he isn't working for anybody now."

"Well then the country is losing his valuable services as much as the Government. So we better just let him lay off. I don't like to take such a good man away from the people."

Say, was any of you in that Prohibition contest that that fellow Mills won?² His wife like to beat him, and none of the things she had in hers was anything like the thing he had in his. Then a Boy out in Hoover's home town won the prize for Amateurs. That is people who had never tried to enforce it. He said the way to do it was by education. Teach 'em that it was wrong.

But the Professional that won the Twenty five thousand, he said, "Make it so expensive that the Bootlegger couldn't make any money on it." Why, the higher price anything is the bigger profit the middle man makes on it. A Man that sells potatoes don't make near as much as the man that sells Automobiles. The Bootlegger makes ten times more profit on it than the Saloon keeper used to when it sold cheap. So it don't look to me like either one of these Scenarios were anywhere near right.

Education never helped morals. The most savage people we have are the most moral. The smarter the Guy the bigger the rascal. And the minute a thing is high priced, you immediately create a desire for it. You give liquor away tomorrow like water and the novelty of being drunk would be over in a week, and nobody would touch the stuff. It's like Golf, you let the poor all get to playing it and you watch the rich give it up. So make the Government make it, and give it away, and we will all be disgusted with it. Americans don't like common things.

316 HISTORY IS OLD STUFF

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers, or what happens here in the old Human Hash Bowl. We got a new Police Chief here and he has arrested most of the population and over half the Police force.¹ I look for him to issue an order arresting himself some day. He has got the Cops so scared that they are arresting traffic instead of directing it. He may get away with it. He is quite a fellow.

He has had great training for such a strenuous life. He used to be the head of the Mayor's Reception Committee. It was his work to go down the Bay or out on the in-coming Boulevards and meet the Visitors to the City and try and get them to go to the City Hall and have their Pictures taken with the Mayor. You couldn't tell whether he was working for the City or for some Photographer. There was for awhile that you couldn't get a passport into the City unless you had had it "Vesayyed" on the steps of the City Hall.

He has been decorated by almost every foreign Government, for getting their subjects through the traffic from the pier to their Hotel. It used to take him till noon every day just to meet the Foreign Lecturers. People used to try and disguise and keep the Reception committee from knowing they were coming into New York. But it didn't do any good. They had a Detective force to find out when any Channel Swimmer, Golf Player, foot racer or Diplomat was trying to sneak through the City without getting their Picture taken and they would nail 'em.

Grover, (His name is Grover Weyland) worked on a commission basis. He got so much for meeting an Aviator, so much for Swimmers. The Bounty on Queens was the highest. If you could coax a Queen to detour by City Hall why he could lay off and call it a day and not have to meet anybody else. And he made such a big success out of this that the Great Wanamaker stores heard about it and they offered him a job at a great big salary, if he would just bring these people by their store. It wasn't far from Photographic Hall, so it got so the best place to see these Notables was as they went through Wanamakers. Course none of them didn't buy anything, they never figured on that. But the people that come in to see 'em used to see the wonderful bargains there while they was waiting and that made it a very profitable undertaking for the store.

But say he is just going after these Crooks in this town like he did after those Notables. He is not letting a one get away, cause he is that kind of a fellow. There is no half way with him. It would be a good joke on this town if he did clean it up. Course that would ruin it, for it's getting like Paris, it's supposed Devilment is its biggest add. The rest of the country drop in here and think if they don't stay up till four AM that New Yorkers will think they are "Yokels," when as a matter of fact New Yorkers have been in bed so long they don't know what the other half is doing.

New York lives off the out of towners trying to make New York think he is quite a fellow. So it looks like this fellow is going to get somewhere. There won't be any "in between." He is either going to be good, or a Bust. There will be no half way record with him. So here is good luck to you Grover, you took on a man's job, and if you get away with it you will be the fellow that they will be rounding up the notables to bring and have their picture taken on the steps with.

We had all the Scientists met here in convention lately. (I don't mean the Christian Scientists. These from the way they talked were Atheist Scientists.) They read great long papers to each other, discussing what they had found out. One of them got in wrong with the Toastmaster of the whole concern by announcing that "We needed some other religion, that we should look to the earth for our guidance instead of to the sky." The "Head man" in the Scientist business told him, "Keep your mind on your work, never mind worrying about something you don't know anything about. We don't want to get mixed up with these Religious people in any argument. They are the ones we are living off of, so find something wrong with somebody besides our meal ticket."

A Scientist is man that can find out anything, and nobody in the world has any way proving whether he ever found it out or not, and the more things he can think of that nobody can find out about, why the bigger Scientist he is. One of them here at this re-union read a Treatise, that the whole story of Christ and the Bible didn't happen in the Holy Land, that the whole thing was away in the middle of Asia, somewhere around where China and India meet now. Now what if he is right? What's that got to do with General Motors stock? The minute that California hears that there is a doubt among Scientists as to just where the whole action of the Bible took place, I bet you they will dig up a "Scientist from some Rotary Club" and he will read a paper to prove the whole thing took place just between Glendale and Long Beach, Cal.

Then the argument will start as to whether the River Jordan is the Sacramento or the Talhassee. You know that's one reason why I think Henry Ford is the smartest man in the World today. He said never mind History, he didn't care what had happened, he wanted to figure what was going to happen. I think if every History or books on old things was thrown in the river, and everybody had nothing to study but the future, we would be about two hundred years ahead of what we are.

What do we care about whether Caesar got along with Mark Anthony or not? What we want to know is "Are we going to get along with England or not, and if not, get ourself some Cruisers." George Washington wouldn't tell his Father a lie, but he misled the British about the strength of his Army till he led 'em into a war and killed most of 'em. What does that mean to us? What do we care whether he crossed the Delaware in a "skiff" or dived under

it? There is bridges on it now, that's how we got to cross it. Nothing ever happens exactly the same twice anyhow.

Events are like finger prints, they say there is no two alike. History didn't teach us that; somebody was smart enough to find it out. So what's the use studying one event, when you know it will never happen that way again? If all that History teaches us is that Napoleon moved his Army on "its Belly," what does that prove? Only that Soldiers were all belly and no head in those days. We got to fight the next war with Airships, so what does it matter whether Lafayette was on a Grey Horse or a Ford Car? If Henry Ford had studied the past instead of the future, about all he would ever have invented would have been "the Cheapest suit of Armour on the market. It will take you through the most wars with the least expense. Remember Ford's Self starting Armour."

317 WIVES BECOME WISER

All I know is just what I read in the papers. Well we had quite a crowd in the old County Seat. It was National Automobile Show week. That always brings in terrible lot of people. (I don't mean the people are terrible.) I just mean there is a lot of 'em. And you know one of those things is just about the most uninteresting things you ever saw in your life.

You never saw as many cars alike in your life. The cheap cars have imitated the high priced ones, and the high priced ones have made cheaper models that are almost like their expensive ones, and every one of them copped the low flat Radiator cap. I think I first remember it on the old big "Locomobile." then I think Crysler nailed on to it, and the rest got it from him I reckon.¹ But that is the only distinguishable feature of the whole show, is that there is no distinguishable feature, everything looks alike.

You know that show is the excuse for more people to leave home and come to New York, and none of these Automobile people ever go near the Show. This Show is just the old Alabi to get to New York. But I notice now that some of the wives are getting wise and are tagging along. They got wise to that old Gag, "I have to go to keep in touch with what's going on in the Industry." There was too many things going on that had no connection with the "Industry." There is hundreds of Guys that are in the "Industry" that leave this town at the end of the Show that can tell you the price of Gin, that couldnt tell you whether Automobiles are selling by the Crate or Bushel.

Cars are supposed to be more roomy this year. There is hardly a one that is not listed to carry 10 cases. They don't figure capacity in flesh any more. Its in "Quarts." Even the Fords are bigger, I was sorry to see them change. You know the old ones had become such an Institution with us, that to see one all

“dolled” up was kinder like seeing the Statue of Liberty standing out there with “Step ins” on.

They have a lot of cheap cars now. Well they always had ’em, but what I mean by that, they are selling them cheaper.

The big thing is still “Accessories.” You price a car, and he gives you the figure, it sounds pretty reasonable. Then you say, “That includes everything?” “Well no, if you want Wheels on it that will come extra, you can get either wheels or runners, most people prefer wheels. But on account of us not knowing just what they might like why we make them extra. Then the bumpers, front, rear, and sides, and the lights. Of course you will want lights in case you might want to use the car at night. And the mirrors are extra in case you want to always see what’s going on in the back seat.”

“Well just what does go with the car at the original price you quoted me?”

“Well the name and the good will.”

When a car gets all its Asserories on, even the Manufacturer couldnt in an hour’s time dig out the part that he had made. They got copper lined Radiators now that will hold Wood Alcahol till you get it poured into the prospective Corpse. There was one casualty at the show that resulted in death. Some person come up and bought a car and didnt have any to trade in, and paid cash for the whole thing. The head salesman died and they had to pour water on the others to bring ’em too. They had never before heard of such a transaction. I see by all their Automobile statistics that they got it figured out just how many cars they will sell during the coming year. The only thing that might upset their figures is race suicide.

I had to make a speech to the Automotive Engineers’ Assn. That’s the big Society of the “Industry” and the Birds that really furnish the basic material to buy the Yachts for the Stock Holders. Can you imagine me talking to a lot of technical Mechanics? It would be like asking Coolidge in his Cowboy clothes to address the Cattleman’s Convention. Out of the 110 million people in America, there couldnt possibly be one that knew less about Machinery. I never raised the hood of any car I ever had. If the thing stopped I just get out, kick it in the shins, and wait there till one of the things that are going to pick me up and take me somewhere. If I raised up the hood and a Rabbit jumped out, I wouldnt know but what he belonged in there. I drive ’em, but I sho don’t try to fix ’em.

Hoover is really the fellow that they should have had. But they claimed he had been heard so much over the radio lately that he was no novelty any more. He is however an Engineer of some kind. He must be an Automotive Engineer. He certainly is not a Stationary Engineer.

Well Calvin is getting quite a little traveling done here lately too. He’s only got about six more weeks to do it in. I see where he is going to make

some speech in Florida at some kind of a Bird cage affair. You know last year the slogan of the Auto Industry was to make every family a "two car family." Why a family is practically destitute either of children or money if they don't have a half dozen cars. If you got growing up children, you got to have that many so there might maby be one left for the Father in case he wanted to go out himself.

But the Automobile business looks for a big turnover this year, and with these better roads, faster cars and sharper curves, and more Oil in the Crank that's driving than there is in the Crankcase, why I see great year in prospect, not only for the mechanical but the medical world.

318 WHAT COL. HOUSE COULD TELL

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers. And what I gaze at out over the footlights while trying to act a fool for the Natives. You know a fellow that was out front the other night and come back in my dressing room and we had a fine visit. And funny thing it was the first time I had ever met him personally. I thought I had personally run onto about all the men that have been mixed up in our National affairs. But here was one that I honestly believe had more influence on American affairs in our generation than any other ten men, and that would include Presidents too. It was Colonel House.¹

Just think the part that man played during the entire eight years of the Wilson Administration. We had all formed all kinds of opinions and ideas about what kind of a fellow he was, and what manner of man to get this hold on the brain of a man like Wilson. Well from the minute you meet him you know he's got something. He is quiet spoken. But you know he "savies" what he is talking about. Funny thing about that fellow. You know he and Wilson kinder had a falling out along about the time of one of those trips to Paris to get the League of Nations thing fixed up. The President kinder jarred loose from him. But you notice Mr. Wilson didnt do so good afterwards. Nobody knows what all the advice that House give to Mr. Wilson was. But whatever it was, the minute it stopped, you could tell it.

Just think of a quiet little fellow from away off down in those cedar breaks of that wide old State of Texas, holding no office, having no official capacity, yet really controlling the destinies of perhaps not only our 110 million, but the ultimate outcome of millions in other Countries. He alone and single handed talked and negotiated with every European Leader long before we ourselves got into the war. Wouldent his real personal opinion and absolute down to earth knowledge of what happened during those eventful years, be the greatest thing we could possibly know? That little fellow knows MORE about the war than any man in America. Well sir, do you know I introduced

him to the audience, for here was a fellow who I knew that nine tenths of them after all the reading about him had never seen him, and he got one of the biggest receptions I have heard in the Theatre. Pershing's was the biggest.² I kinder felt like a lot of those people felt like he had never got any too square a deal in the whole thing, and I think they admire the fact that he has never put up a holler or let out a squawk. He has told in his books lots of things that happened, but Lord, what he knows that he never HAS TOLD.

Well, the Automobile Guys all sobered up and got out of town, or maby they didnt, but they got out anyhow. I have given the whole Industry one year to put a door knob, or fastener on a car that everybody in the car don't have to take turns after you get started slamming it to see if it's fastened. If you had to slam House doors like you do Auto doors to keep 'em shut, people wouldnt use 'em. They would get used to climbing in through the windows. That's why you see so many Chouffers, there is very few Families have members strong enough to open an Automobile door. You first turn the handle, then you start trying to push it with your hand. You soon find that don't work, then you try and get your knee against it and see if that won't push it open. There has been more people mashed their fingers in an Automobile door being slammed by somebody else in the party, than there was more casualties in the war. If all mashed fingers from slamming Automobile doors was laid end to end it would build a corduroy road of fingers across the Continent. If Raskob will get his mind on that and off that Democratic deficiency he will be doing a greater good than argueing with those Republicans.³

You can't get nowhere argueing with a Republican. They got the most votes. It's just like trying to win an argument with the Boss. Or a clerk argueing with a Customer. Don't you remember the old Slogan, that was originated by John Smith when he first started trading with the Indians, "The customer is always right."⁴ But give nothing back." That's the way it should be with the Democrats. "The Republicans are always right." Of course we all know they are not, in fact I doubt if they ever was right, but as long as they got the most votes why how you going to argue with 'em?

Last spring traveling down in Alabama, I had a chance to go by the Great Negro school of Tuskegee, founded by Booker T. Washington.⁵ Had a great time there. Heard eighteen hundred trained voices sing Negro Spirituals, AND HOW. Why it's the best run place you ever saw. Wonderful buildings, beautiful grounds. Why it's bigger than Harvard, and got a better Football team. Well, there is a great fellow runs it, Dr. Moton.⁶ He has had it ever since Booker T. died, and he was Washington's right hand man before that.

Well he is a great fellow. He was in to see me here yesterday. He had just come by Washington and had a long chat with President Coolidge, and one with the next batter. He told Mr. Coolidge a story and he said the President laughed like everything at it. He and Mr. Coolidge was talking about how the

Negroes had kinder stayed out of the last election, that is as a race.

A White man bought a pig from old Negro Jim Davis, took him home and the old "Shoat" got out and went back home. Another White man come along and bought the pig, was hauling him home when he met the first buyer, who saw the pig and recognized him, asked about him and found they had both bought him. They went back to have it out with old Jim. "Yes sir, Gentleman, you both bought him, but do you know I has always heard that you White fellows is so much smarter than us Niggers. Now you all ought to be smart enough to go off and settle that matter among yourselvs without coming and axing a poor old ignerent Nigger to help you out." And that's the way Dr. Moton told Mr. Coolidge they did during the late Republican uprising. Let the White Folks fight it out among themselves.

319 OKLAHOMA HAS GONE ZODIAC!

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers. I never felt as important in my life as I have lately. I am the only name I know of that has not been named in the new Hoover Cabinet. I have had a terrible time keeping it out of there. It has been kinder like a Press Agent for a Movie Star. The thing is not to see how much they can get in the paper about their Client. But how much they could prevent from getting in the papers.

Hoover went down into Democratic territory, but that didnt stop the Boys from flocking in. You can't hardly go so far that an office seeker can't find you. As I pen these lines it looks like my friend Morrow didnt want the Secretary of State job.¹ He feels I know that he is not through in Mexico yet, and that he would rather get that done right, than take a chance on a job that nobody knows what would likely happen to you. That's a tough Baby that Secretary of State thing. You come in there labeled as a Statesman and limp out headed for the ash Can of Political hopes.

Well I hate to rattle Skeletons in my own Living room, But ain't the old State of Oklahoma just taking the prize for continuous humor in Government. I don't know this fellow Johnston personally.² But I used to hear my Daddy talk about him.³ They were both on the Constitutional Convention for a long time together. And Papa thought he was a mighty promising young man at that time. And when I heard about him going to be Governor I thought, "Well at last we got one that will go out of office 'Purposely.'" I don't believe yet that he really has done anything dishonest. But nowadays it's about as big a crime to be Dumb, as it is dishonest.

I don't know what all this mystery thing is he is mixed up in. They claim he consults the Stars and is guided in his actions by the Zodiac. I don't know what the Zodiac is, and I had no idea that any other old time Oklahomian did.

Lord the thing might be a new “Mammy” song, or a Flesh remover, for all I know, but from what I can gather in his case it’s a “Mrs. Hammond,” she is the Zodiac.⁴ And Boy if you ever get mixed up with a female Zodiac that is one of the worst Zodiacs there is.

I can remember out in Los Angeles when Aimee McPherson first started “Zodiacing” around.⁵ She dived down on a California beach and come up in a Franklin Sedan five hundred miles away. People love high Ideals. But they got to be about 33 percent plausible. So when the Gov. went out to see if the “Stars” was right before he signed a Bill, and it would be on a night when there was no Stars, the people just kinder suspicioned that that Mrs. Hammond had been “Pinch Hitting” for the Stars.

Boys, if the word ever gets out that some Female is doing a little “Power behind the Throning” you just as well cash in your little chips and call it an evening. For your career is just about over as far as the Political feed trough is concerned. The Madam might have had the best intentions in the world, but if the people get the idea that she has reverted to type, and pulled an Eve and slipped Old “Henry” an Apple, why about the best he can expect is the following, “Among those impeached were the following.” That’s why it’s going to be tough for Women to get into Politics in any kind of a real way, for the wrong kind get in first and crab it for all the rest. They are liable to have more time if not now, why after his term expires to really give the old the Stars some serious consideration. She might have meant well, but she will see where she just Zodiaced herself right out of Free rent.

By the way speaking of Women, there was one convicted here the other day for shooting her Husband.⁶ She was a Big African Game Hunter. She claimed that he charged her in the Jungles. To have made it real good she should have had her Picture taken afterwards, either sitting on his stomach, or standing over him with one foot on his neck. She didnt kill him however, he come to, I guess that’s why she was convicted. She was penalysed for bad marksmanship. If you don’t know the vital spot to shoot your husband in you better not take a chance on a Lion.

Our New Chief of Police here has just about quit raiding the “Speakeasies.” His Squads were just exhausted. It was just like trying to keep dry with nothing but a Lamp Shade over you. About the best he can do now is to try and do what he can to keep ’em from opening ’em up right in the Police Station. The Juries they have had here in New York on all the Night Club cases have all refused to convict. They have just brought in a verdict of “Poor business judgement on the part of the accused for entering a business that is already overcrowded.” In some cases they have opened ’em up right in the Jury rooms for accommodation of the Jurys.

Congress voted 24 million dollars a couple of weeks ago to be used by Mr. Hoover in the enforcement of Prohibition. That was like I remember one

time here in New York they started a fund where every child would donate a dime, to build a Battleship. Now just think 24 million for Prohibition enforcement, and I just read in the Literary Digest this week where rich men had donated two and one half BILLION dollars, that's twenty five hundred million, for educational purposes, and the higher the education the higher priced drinks they become accustomed to. So prohibition will never catch up with education.

320 THE LOW DOWN ON GREAT PRESIDENTS

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers. We are getting down toward the end of Mr. Coolidge's management. Now a little later on I want to touch more intimately on how Mr. Coolidge has handled the old Ship of State. I think he has done a mighty good job.

But today we are to deal with what was practically his last speech. Of course he made one to the Birds in Florida the other day, that was just a light fluffy, feathered affair, about being kind to Birds, and beasts and Politicians. Then on Washington's Birthday he is going to speak to Washington and Jefferson, or Washington and Jackson, or some twin name University down along the Potomac somewhere. It can't be much for they don't play Notre Dame, and they have never gone to the Coast, and we can't even recall the name of the Coach.

But Mr. Coolidge is going to speak to them on Washington's birthday. Our Public men keep Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays alive, just so they can deliver addresses. When a man starts in Public life he gets him an "Address" on Washington, and one on Lincoln, and those two addresses carry him through his public career. They switch 'em around, for instance the paragraph that he opens with this year, he will close with next year. They learn 'em so they can deliver 'em backwards, sideways, or perpindicular. There has been more great ideas blamed onto Washington and Lincoln than they could have possibly thought of during their lifetime, even if they had thought of nothing but great ideas all the time. Course Washington was elected the first President, because he was about the only one had enough money to give a decent inauguration Party. Then every once in awhile he would whip England. But that wasnt an accomplishment. That was a habit.

He really took the job so he could locate the Capitol in Washington. At that time Vare had it located in Philadelphia, but he had an argument with Smedley Butler and they moved it.¹ At one time it was on Wall Street, and Washington was innaugarated there, and he had to stand up all during the Innauguration, for they wanted \$50 for a seat on the Exchange, and he said it wasnt worth it, and he moved the Capitol to Washington where you can sit down for nothing. In fact that is the principal Industry is sitting down.

It was really the first Real Estate promotion scheme. Washington and Jefferson owned practically all the land down that way, and Geographical reasons had nothing to do with our locating the Capitol there. It wasnt the center of the Country, BUT it was the center of George's and Tom's land holdings. Had Coolidge been the first President instead of Washington, Borah's personally conducted Senate would be held in continuous argument at Plymouth, Vermont.² So while you didnt get much money for being President in those days, it wasnt exactly a philanthropic job. George lost no money through the transaction. He and Jefferson landed on two of the best hills in that Country, and the Government got the swamps.

Now you see these are things they won't bring out during those "Addresses." They will tell you how this farsightedness is exemplified, (say that's a pretty agravatin word for me, and I ain't right sure it fits, but it's got to go in somewhere for I heard it and want to cash in on it) in the broad street of Pennsylvania Ave. that he knew that some day the merry Ford and the frolicsome Chervolet would be flitting hither and thither. They credit all these to the foresight of Washington, when as a matter of fact the width of the Avenue was determined to give a Senator or Congressman room to stagger to his lodgings without bumping into a building. Then he always felt that he had made it too narrow, for through their bumping their heads against the buildings he attributed some of the terrible laws that they passed.

He made the Street wide for another reason. He could look from the White House up the Avenue and see when some Congressman was coming to call on him, and would know when to hide. Coolidge has been the most liberal. He has been feeding 'em. Course he only gives 'em breakfast, (that's about the cheapest but that spoils 'em.) You shouldnt feed 'em, the more you give 'em the more they want. Lincoln had the right idea, he would tell 'em a couple of Gags. They would come for an appointment for some Political Accomplice, and go away with nothing but the story about "What is Rigid Economy?" "A Dead Scotchman." He is the one that said, "You can fool all the Democrats part of the time, and part of the Democrats all of the time. But a Republican is the only one you can fool all of the time." That's why he was a Republican.

You know it takes nerve to be Democrat. But it takes money to be a Republican. Now it's as I say, Mr. Coolidge won't tell you all these things about any of our first series of Presidents. He will stick to his old High School days' address of "What Washington's influence has meant to the Sophmores." As though anything would mean anything to a Sophmore. They will need a man to announce who the Speaker is to them.

When I started I was going to tell you about a Speech that he made over the Rodeo about what the Republican Administration had meant to Wall Street. But I will have to keep that till some other time. What he wants to talk

to that Martha Washington School about on the 22nd is "Forward passing." Washington was a Surveyor and he knew the nearest line between two points, and that's what that College needs is, "How to get from the kickoff to their back line accompanied by a Football." But he will stay right with his old "address." Then on the seventeenth of March they will drag out their old Lincoln address. Oh hum.

321 WE'RE BUILDING CLUSTERS

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers. We are mighty mangy with news here the last week. There is an awful lot of stuff of really Big League nature taking place. You see Mr. Coolidge will be getting out in a couple of weeks and he wants as much to happen as possible under his Czarship. Course on the other hand there is a lot of things that he hopes don't happen till he is out of sight of the White House.

Now take for instance those Cruisers that they voted, he wanted them voted under his coaching. But he kinder wants Congress to stall along and not vote the money till after Hoover is in. In other words Calvin wants to buy something for us, but he wants Hoover to pay for it. He is more set on going out of office having his Budget balanced than he is going out with any other one thing.

Now about the Cruisers, a lot of people were kinder against them, but I tell you we pretty near got to have 'em. You see we will be holding another Disarmament Conference pretty soon, and if we don't have something to sink, we will be lost. You see people kinder work this way, that is their minds do. One year they are warlike, they get to thinking, why shouldent we have the biggest Army and the biggest Navy in the World, we are the greatest Nation. Then along come some taxes and bust 'em in the face and they seem all at once to get the Peace fever.

England sees us building these Ships, (and they are smartest Nation in the World). They will gradually start spreading a little talk about what a shame it is to build against each other, and the first thing you know we have fell for it and are just dying to get to a Conference and sink something. Then we go to the other extreme, we sink everything but the Deligates that went, the very things we should sink. Why don't we either go on and build a great Navy, or not have one hardly at all, for running second don't get you anywhere in anybody's war. People are not going to quit fighting any more than Individuals are going to quit fighting. A Nation is nothing but a boy grown up, and he hasent any too good education in growing up.

All our Preachers are doing our principal Legislation for us now. We pick up a paper and it says, "We can't get this Bill through, because Bishop

So and So is against it,” and “We have to pass this as the Federated Parsons of Ossawatomie are behind it.” A Preacher just can’t save anybody nowadays. He is too busy saving the Nation. He can’t monkey with Individual salvation. Every cross road Minister is trying to be a Colonel House.¹ In the old days those fellows read their Bibles. Now they read the Congressional Record.

The Church is in Politics more than the Politician. If Congress met on Sundays, why there would be no services anywhere, all the Ministers would have their eyes on Congress. We got to trust somebody to run our Country, and when we elect ’em why let’s let ’em alone, and see how they do, then if they don’t do why throw ’em out when they come up for re-election. But don’t stand in the wings prompting ’em all the time, that keeps ’em nervous, and besides they never do learn their parts. Now take the case of Senator Jasbo, it’s seems he got in wrong with a lot of his people down there, by being for Smith, for his State come pretty near going for Hoover. So that meant he was all wet with nearly half of them. So to get back in right with that bunch again, he figures he should do something that will show that he is drys although he voted for Smith, why he puts in a Bill voting 24 million for Prohibition Relief. Here is the Farmer starving to death. The wets wetter than they ever was, the Drys dryer than a Tarriff speech. Yet he wants to give ’em 24 million. Now what 24 million would do, nobody has the least idea. It might dry up the East side of Pennsylvania Avenue, but it wouldent be enough to cross the Street. Well now that’s his life’s work, is to BET 24 million dollars of our money that he can get back into the good graces of the extreme Drys that he lost out with last fall.

Now suppose every Senator wanted us to donate that much to his next election. We would like to have ’em around, but they just ain’t hardly worth that much to us. We would rather have a cheaper man that would finance his own election. Now Mr. Coolidge don’t want this 24 million taken out of his Kitty before he hands it over, and twenty four million, there is nothing that Mellon could buy with ONLY twenty four Million.² So we are going to have an extra session of Congress just to see what to do with the 24. It must be a great life if you are bent on staying in there.

Well he has got over two more weeks to go. But I bet you Calvin goes out with the Books balanced. We may be in a terrible lot of scrapes, but we won’t be in the RED.

322 THE LADY MOSQUITO IS BUSY, THANKS

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers. We are always reading statistics and figures. Half of America do nothing but prepare Propaganda for the other half to read. Insurance Companies have Guys figure out the very day you will die. (In fact they won’t insure till they have it investigated and

find out.) Then you like a Sucker go bet them you will live longer than that. The Government can tell you how much wheat is going to be raised next year.

Everything is figured out down to a Gnat's tooth according to some kind of statistics. Course nobody knows if the figures are right or not, you have no way of checking up on 'em. But just the other day a fellow in Atlantic City, New Jersey come through with some statistics that really ought to set us all thinking. It wasent one of those, "The average working Girl makes \$33 a week spends \$10 for board, \$12 for silk stocking and the rest for lip sticks."

This was professor Thomas J. Headlee, Dr. Professor and Chief "Entomologist."¹ (That word will stop you ignorant ones. But we got a fifty-fifty break I don't know what it means either.)

Well he delivered this address at a Convention of the New Jersey Exterminators Association duly assembled in the very heart of the Mosquito belt. So I gather from that that an Entomologist is a man that has devoted his life to a study that must include this Jersey product. He has either given his life's work for or against the Mosquito. Now it's not only what this fellow said that is of such vital interest to all of us. It's the surprise that New Jersey had such an organization called, "The New Jersey Mosquito Exterminators Inc." Anyone who has ever visited that State could not possibly understand how there could be an organization devoted to the annihilation of those Komical little rascals. And if they have got such a Society what have they been doing? Where have they been exterminating and when?

But you see that's what they been doing is holding dinners. All you do in America nowadays is get a name for some kind of an Organization, then you start holding dinners. An Organization without a dinner is just impossible. Now the only Mosquitos exterminated was at the dinner. Well during the scratching and slapping and singing of the mosquitos at this Dinner, Mr. Headlee read off the following authoritative statistics.

"The normal productivity of one lone Female house Mosquito in one year is 159,875,000,000 offspring."

Now you statistic hounds get that. (There is four sets of those three figures.) So according to my remembrance of Ray's "elementary" Arithmetic, that runs us up into the Billions.² So that first 159 you see there ain't nothing but BILLIONS. Now just wait and let that soak in awhile, 159 billions of offsprings.

You Mothers that think you have done something for your race when you have brought into the World two to 8 or 10 young Hyenas, you certainly can't boast after reading what the Female Mosquito has done to leave her imprint on the ankles of humanity. Now I don't know what was done at the dinner about it. Perhaps they all signed a pledge to all go out and during the coming year to exterminate as early in the season as possible one Female Mosquito, thereby lessening the yearly yield by 158 billion.

Now wait a minute. You ain't heard nothing yet. "Only half of these, or 79,937,500,000 should be counted as Pests, for they are the active, buzzing, biting, and egg laying females. The others are mere Males which do not bite and are harmless. These figures which are based on the known rate of Mosquito reproduction and which disregard infantile mortality, indicate the urgent need for control measures that begin early in the season."

Now Women what have you got to say for yourselves? Get that, the Males are harmless, they don't bite, Buzz or lay eggs. That's great. It makes me proud I am a Male. That fellow Kipling had it right when he wrote, (or maby it was Shakespeare, or Lady Astor, or somebody over there) "The Female of the Specie is more deadly than the Male."³ Women denied it then and there was a great mess raised about it. But this Jersey entomologist has finally got the dope on 'em.

Now we are getting down to the "Nubbin" or main part and like all Speakers he didnt explain that. It is this. He told you to "go out and exterminate a Female as early in life as possible." But he didnt tell you how to distinguish the female from the Male. You are liable to go out with the best intentions in the World and kill one, and what might it turn out to be but an innocent Male. A poor Male Mosquito, that had never done a soul a wrong in its life. It had never sung to you, it had never bit you, it had never laid eggs on you. In fact it had gone through life acting in a Gentlemanly way, and here it is killed. Why? Because you havent been taught to distinguish the sex. He has given up his life this poor Mosquito has just as a Martyr to the ignorance of the Human race.

What we need is Literature of two kinds. One to teach us readily to realize the sex, and the other is Pamphlets for the Female Mosquitos on Birth Control. Show them that they are not only doing their part but they are going over their Quota. Teach them that the days of the big families in Mosquitos are past, that what we want is "Fewer and better Mosquitos." Try and get 'em to move out of Jersey and to Fifth and Park Avenue New York and let 'em see there that being prolific in offsprings is only for the "Lower Classes."

Don't try to kill off the Females. Educate 'em up to modern ways. They are not so crazy about laying eggs, it's just because they think it's their duty to do it. Course the whole thing is kinder mysterious to me. I don't see how the Female can be the one that lays all the eggs, raises all the young, does all the biting, and still has time to sing. Now some of these must kinder overlap. Now they can't bite and sing at the same time. We know that from experience. They generally don't start singing about it till the biting is over, then they crow about it. If the biting hasent been good they won't sing. I have noticed that.

Now when do they find time to raise all these children? There must be times when they can't be singing or biting. Now the way this Entomologist has

left us now about the only way we have left open to do is watch a Mosquito till he bites you and then destroy him. (I mean her.) in other words, if he bites you he is a Her, and if he sings, he is a Her. Watch him and see if he lays an egg, then it's a Her.

But if he just sits around all day and don't do anything, why about the only conclusion we can come to is that it is a HE. Don't kill him, he does no harm, he just sits and revels in the accomplishments of his Wife. So when you find a Male the best thing to do is just to sit there and wait till his Wife comes between bites. "How does the Male live?" That's what they going to take up at the next dinner.

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COOLIDGE PACKS UP

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers. In Washington things are kinder drawing to a close. Mr. Coolidge was for weeks packing up his "chaps" and spurs and Indian headdresses and sending 'em up to Northhampton. I never saw a man accumulate as much stuff as he seems to have.

I thought Lindbergh accumulated quite a lot of loot, but I saw a picture the other day of four big government trucks loaded plum full headed for Northhampton. Calvin come in here with nothing but one "valise" and a speech on "economy."

But nobody begrudges him what he has been able to save up during these years, and when he is up there in that town there ain't much to look at, only what you bring with you.

Smith College is there. It's an awful common name but a mighty nice college. Then out in the brush somewhere is Amherst, his old college. I was up there a year or two ago and lectured to Smith on "The Advantages of a Successful Marriage," and Annie Morrow who was there then, profited by my advice and grabbed our boy Lindbergh.¹ Wasent that a fine match! You know we all felt like we ought to be the one to kinder pick out the girl. All of us just got enough old women in us to want to kinder run things when it comes to him.

We used to couldent understand England's feelings toward their Prince of Wales till we got ahold of Lindy, now we are like an old hen with one chicken, we go around watching him and "clucking" at everything he does.²

Well, as usual, he did a great job. That's a fine girl, and a great family. No fuss, no frills, rich but you don't know it. Mrs. Morrow is a fine level-headed down-to-earth practical woman, and she has brought her children up the same way.³

I kinder have an idea they are going to get married up here at the home over in Jersey. Course they may get married down there but I think it will be

up here along about June. Course they don't have to worry about a home. All he will have to do is put another seat in the plane. I look for 'em to fly to Tokyo, or Pekin, or somewhere on their honeymoon.

Well, now let's see, that takes care of Lindy and Annie and Calvin in this week's news. Course that brings us to Herbert, now Herbert is sorter like Calvin, he is kinder hard to figure out. Course he is in now. But we didnt know if he was going to have a Cabinet or not? Been a lot of talk lately about getting Borah in there somewhere.⁴

Now if he takes that Attorney General job and they attach prohibition enforcement onto it, he just ain't as smart as we have always figured him. Mellon had it over in his outfit and the only way he got away with it was just to act like it wasent over there.⁵ You see they don't know what department it belongs too. They could put it over in the Post Office Department, for a lot of it is handled through the mails.

They could put it under the Secretary of War for it has caused the nearest thing to war that we have had in ten years. Could put it in the Navy for most of what we make is shipped out by boat. Secretary of the Interior could handle it, as in the "Interior" is where it eventually goes.

Department of Commerce is really where it belongs. For if anything ever come under the heading of Commerce why prohibition is it. Department of Agriculture would be a legitimate place for it. It's made out of corn. And labor. It could appropriately come under that for there is more people engaged in one way or another in it than there is on farms or on railroads.

But each man a head of these various departments is hoping and praying that he don't draw it. It looks like Justice will get it.

Now what Justice can do with it is another thing. Now I think Borah is too smart to figure he can do anything with it so he won't take the job. Now take a man that is running the Senate and he would be foolish to want to miss all those arguments. How could he ever have debated with Jim Reed if he had been Attorney General?⁶

You see the Senate is a show while this other is just a necessity. Now Jim Reed is out, but I believe if he had it to do over again he wouldnt do it. You see he got out away last summer when he thought the party might do something better by him. Well he ought to have known about what a party will do in the way of paying debts.

You just as well be owed by France as a political party. Jim could have stayed in the Senate there for life and had a lot of fun. I sure hate to see him get out of there for he is a great fellow and a good friend of mine. I look for him to come back at the next election. His topic will be livelier than ever in four more years, and as for his age, he will be good at seventy-five.

The trouble with Senators is the ones that ought to get out don't. Well we just got to sit and see what Hoover does for us. We are going to be awful dis-

appointed if he don't fix everything so none of us will have to work. If he don't do that he will be a terrible disappointment.

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THE DINNER

Scene ----- The White House, Washington, D. C.

Play produced under the management of U. S. Government

Characters in the order of their appearance:

Calvin----- Mr. Coolidge

Grace ----- Mrs. Coolidge¹

Lou----- Mrs. Hoover²

Herb----- Mr. Hoover

Supers in mob scene, Congressmen and Senators

CALVIN: Grace, I bet you gone and packed my shirt front.

GRACE: No I didnt Calvin, I didnt touch your old thing. You just about endorsed it, and sent it back with those other bills to Congress.

CALVIN: Well, what am I going to do for a shirt tonight?

GRACE: Wear the one you are going to wear to the Inauguration tomorrow.

CALVIN: I am not going to wear any to the Inauguration tomorrow. It's not my inauguration. Hoover will have on enough for both of us.

GRACE: Well, for lands sake hurry up, they will be coming in a few minutes, cause he is noted for being on time.

CALVIN: From what I hear, he is noted for about everything. Where is my other sock? I bet you packed it around that painting.

GRACE: Calvin I didnt see your old sock. Put on your Cowboy "Chaps" and they won't notice you having one sock missing.

CALVIN: What would I want to put on my "chaps" for? I am not running for anything.

GRACE: You are running for this train tomorrow ain't you? You claim you are in such a hurry to get out of town. Hurry up now, they will be here any minute. They are just the kind that will be on time.

CALVIN: Now I lost my collar buttons. What truck did you pack them on? I had 'em laid out right here. They was the pair that Tom Heflin brought me from Rome.³

GRACE: Well I do wish you would hurry up. I want to straighten this room after you get out, for she will want to look around. By the way, who owns these sheets, us or the Government?

CALVIN: U.S.

GRACE: I've got Emily Post's Book here on "What is proper to carry in and out of the White House."⁴

CALVIN: Well, there is a "Precedent" I reckon, half of Washington does nothing but study up "Precedents." They can tell what color underwear that a retiring President should have on when he turns over the Salary to his successful Competitor. If people of Washington obeyed as many laws as they do "Precedents" they wouldnt even need a Calaboose in the whole town.

GRACE: Well, I know I want to leave the House in good shape. I had the whole place all fumigated after those Senators' breakfasts you had here.

CALVIN: Well, they shouldnt be so particular. They lived in a rented house all their lives havent they?

GRACE: Why no, they got a home in California.

CALVIN: But they was only there the night the election returns come in.

GRACE: Well where was you the night your election returns come in?

CALVIN: I was asleep.

GRACE: Well they have traveled around and seen a lot.

CALVIN: Well I seen a lot right here in Washington without traveling.

GRACE: Why he has been in Siberia.

CALVIN: Yes, and the first time he has a run in with that Senate, he will wish he was back in Siberia.

GRACE: He is an Engineer, he can do lots of things.

CALVIN: Well, he will wish he had studied to be a conductor instead.

GRACE: Listen I hear 'em, or is that them?

CALVIN: It don't sound well enough organized for them.

GRACE: Yes, that's them, hurry up, fasten your suspenders. "Precedent" says we should both meet 'em at the door, and say in unison, "Welcome to your new Home."

CALVIN: Well suppose it was a Democrat, how could you say "Welcome to him?"

GRACE: There has been so few Democrats that there has been no "Precedent" established.

(Lou and Herb in huddle outside of door)

HERB: Now let's don't stay here long for I want to get home and rehearse some Gestures on my speech for tomorrow. I bet they forgot this was the night we was coming.

GRACE: Hello, why it's you all. Come right in, Calvin will be down just as soon as he vetos two more bills.

HERB: Nice place you got here.

GRACE: Yes he thinks so, that is we thought so. It's old but we have managed some way.

LOU: Where is the "Study?" I want to fix up Herbert's study.

GRACE: Well Calvin studied wherever he happened to be. He didnt have any regular place to study, when he studied. He used Public Dinners mostly.

LOU: How is the help, are they dependable?

GRACE: Well they are Government help, and you been here long enough to know what that is, either in Kabinet, Kongress, or Kitchen.

LOU: Oh, but look at those Cuspidors!

GRACE: You have to have those for Congressional receptions.

CALVIN: Hello Herb, glad you come to the wake.

HERB: Well thought we would walk over. Lou wanted to look the place over, the two trunks won't be over till tomorrow.

CALVIN: Well, we are about ready to get out. Oh! We got maby ten or twelve truck loads of little knick knacks around yet.

HERB: How is the place anyhow? I just wanted to ask you about that.

CALVIN: Oh it's all right. But you can't get much of a steady lease on it. The fellow just lets you have it on short term, about four years, then lots of times he don't want to renew, and that's what makes it bad. Come on in and sit down to dinner, we ain't got much, just kinder a little snack. Just sorter cleaning out what little was left in the ice box, and didnt want to get anything. We figured you was like most folks, you liked to come in with all your own stuff. There is a few half jars of some stuff that we didnt think hardly worth while packing, and maby some butter left from Breakfast, and lots of just little small things like that, that we just thought we would leave. I expect there is a little flour in there too ain't there Grace? She will give your wife the name and phone of the grocer and they will send you up what you will need for lunch tomorrow. Just run a charge account there, that's the way I did. But you got to watch the bills. This town is awful slick that way, they just live off such as you and me. You see there is so many of these politicians that get away and don't pay their bills, that they have to make it up on those of us who do.

I don't want to be telling you your business, but don't go and make the mistake I did and start feeding them Senators and Congressmen breakfast. They will eat you out of house and home, and then go right back up on the hill and vote against what you fed 'em for.

LOU: Come on Herb, now we must be going, and let these people get some rest. They got a long hard trip in front of them tomorrow. Thanks for showing me the house, Grace. Herb has to get home and study up a new Cabinet in case the Senate is wise to this one.

HERB and LOU: Well Goodnight you all. Coming to the Inauguration tomorrow ain't you? Maby we will see you there. Thanks for the dinner. Just leave the Key under the door mat and leave your address and I will send you any little thing you might of left.

CALVIN and GRACE: Goodnight, thanks for coming. Hope you like the place. I will have to mail you the address where we will be. Calvin, can't make up his mind.

NOTES

221 *Tulsa Daily World (TDW)* copy, March 6, 1927. The texts of the Weekly Articles (WA) published herein come from Rogers' original manuscripts when such manuscripts are available. In all other cases, the texts of the Articles are taken from the *Tulsa Daily World*, from some other reliable newspaper, or from the copy issued by the McNaught syndicate (McN). The dates given indicate earliest publication. The headings accompanying the Articles are from the original manuscripts or from the newspaper cited.

¹Robert Charleston Wright, owner, publisher, and editor of the *Columbia* (South Carolina) *Record* from 1916 to 1929; contributor of many articles and poems to newspapers and magazines, including the *Literary Digest*.

²Nicholas Longworth, Republican United States representative from Ohio from 1903 to 1913 and 1915 until his death in 1931; speaker of the House from 1925 to 1931.

Charles Gates Dawes, vice president of the United States from 1925 to 1929. An attorney and a Republican politician, he originated the Dawes Plan for solving the German reparations payment question arising from World War I.

³James Thomas "Tom" Heflin, Democratic United States senator from Alabama from 1920 to 1931.

⁴John Calvin Coolidge, Republican president of the United States from 1923 to 1929.

⁵Bibb Graves, Democratic governor of Alabama from 1927 to 1931 and 1935 to 1939.

William Woodward Brandon, governor of Alabama from 1923 to 1927. Brandon had served as a probate judge in Tuscaloosa County, Alabama, before his election as governor. He returned to the bench following his term in office and served as a judge until his death in 1934.

⁶Byron Patton "Pat" Harrison, Democratic United States senator from Mississippi from 1919 until his death in 1941.

⁷Alfred Emanuel "Al" Smith, Jr., Democratic governor of New York from 1919 to 1920 and 1923 to 1928. Smith, an Irish Catholic and antiprohibitionist, was an unsuccessful candidate for the presidency in 1928.

⁸Benito Mussolini, founder and leader of the Fascist movement; dictator of Italy from 1922 to 1943.

⁹Henry Lewis Whitfield, Democratic governor of Mississippi from 1924 until his death in 1927.

¹⁰In February of 1927 the Arkansas state senate moved to table an antievolution bill that would prohibit the teaching of evolution in tax-supported schools in the state. Arkansas legislators, however, enacted such a law in 1928.

222 Original Manuscript (OM); published: *TDW*, March 13, 1927

¹Rogers toured Europe in the summer of 1926.

For this and all further references to Benito Mussolini see Weekly Articles (WA) 221:Note (N) 8.

²For this and all further references to Calvin Coolidge see WA 221:N 4.

³Irvin Shrewsbury Cobb, American journalist, humorist, and playwright. In 1934 Rogers, a close personal friend of Cobb, starred in the motion picture *Judge Priest*, for which Cobb wrote the screenplay as well as the book upon which the box-office hit was based.

⁴William Edgar Borah, Republican United States senator from Idaho from 1907 until his death in 1940; powerful chairman of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee.

223 OM; published: *TDW*, March 20, 1927

¹Plutarco Elías Calles, president of Mexico from 1924 to 1928 and "strong-arm" leader of Mexico during much of the 1920s and 1930s.

²William Banning Vial, manager and co-owner of the sprawling Empire Ranch in Arizona which his father had founded in 1876. The ranch was sold in 1928.

³C. C. "Bud" Parker, Arizona rancher and cattle dealer who owned El Rancho Nuevo.

⁴Edward Laurence Doheny, American oil producer who organized the Mexican Petroleum Company in 1900 and founded several other oil companies. Doheny was accused in 1924 of bribing Secretary of the Interior Albert Bacon Fall to obtain preferred treatment in the distribution of government oil leases, especially leases in oil reserves at Elk Hills, California. Doheny was acquitted of the charges.

Harry Ford Sinclair, American oil producer with interests in several major petroleum companies. Sinclair also was involved in the oil lease scandals of the 1920s. He was acquitted of conspiracy to defraud the federal government but was found guilty of contempt of the United States Senate in refusing to testify on leases at Teapot Dome, Wyoming.

224 OM; published: *TDW*, March 27, 1927

¹William Gibbs McAdoo, American attorney and Democratic politician who served as United States secretary of the treasury from 1913 to 1918 and as United States senator from California from 1933 to 1939.

²Rogers served as honorary mayor of Beverly Hills, California, from December of 1926 to August of 1927.

³William Vann Rogers, Will and Betty Rogers' oldest child; known as Will, Jr., or Bill.

James Blake "Jimmy" Rogers, Rogers' second son.

⁴George Bernard Shaw, British playwright, novelist, and critic. His first of many successful plays was *John Bull's Other Island*, published in 1904. Among his later works were *Pygmalion* and *Great Catherine*. He won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1925.

⁵For William E. Borah see WA 222:N 4.

⁶Elinor Sutherland Glyn, British novelist whose works included *Three Weeks* (1907) and *It* (1927). The latter, a short novel in an American setting, made the word "It" for many years synonymous with personal magnetism. In 1920 she began a nine-year career as a script writer in Hollywood, where a number of her novels were filmed.

Morris Gest, Russian-born American theatrical producer who introduced Russian ballet into the United States in 1922.

225 *TDW*, April 3, 1927

¹James John "Gentleman Jim" Corbett, American professional pugilist who held the world heavyweight title from 1892 to 1897. One of the first of the modern-day scientific boxers, Corbett retired from the ring in 1903. He later appeared on stage, in motion pictures, and on radio.

Robert Prometheus "Bob" Fitzsimmons, English-born boxer who won the world heavyweight championship from Corbett at Carson City, Nevada, on March 17, 1897. He lost the title two years later.

²Fred Bennett Balzar, Republican governor of Nevada from 1927 until his death in 1934.

³Mark Twain, pen name of Samuel Langhorne Clemens, American author and humorist. Twain resided in Carson City in 1861 and in Virginia City in 1862, during which time he prospected for gold and silver and wrote for the *Territorial Enterprise*, a local newspaper.

226 *TDW*, April 10, 1927

¹Aimee Semple McPherson, American evangelist who preached a Pentecostal, fundamentalist, faith-healing doctrine. McPherson, who enjoyed a great following in the 1920s and 1930s, was the founder of the International Church of the Foursquare Gospel.

²Tacna and Arica, provinces on the border between Chile and Peru, had been occupied by Chile for more than forty years. President Warren Gamaliel Harding, acting as an arbitrator, had failed in 1922 to settle the problem through a plebiscite. The provinces finally were partitioned between Chile and Peru in 1929.

227 *TDW*, April 17, 1927

¹Frank Winfield Woolworth, American merchant who opened the first successful five-cent store in Pennsylvania in 1879. He thereafter expanded his operations until the Woolworth five-and-ten stores became famous in all major American cities. In 1913 he erected the Woolworth Building in New York City, for a time the world's tallest building.

²Major Norton, unidentifiable American serviceman.

³George Armstrong Custer, United States army officer who first achieved fame serving the Union Army in the Civil War. He later served in the West during the Indian wars. Custer and his entire command of 264 men were killed by the Sioux Indians at the Battle of the Little Big Horn on June 25, 1876.

⁴Marcus Albert Reno, American military officer who served in the Civil War and in the western campaigns against the Indians in the 1860s and 1870s. He was charged with cowardice for having failed to support his comrades in the action at Little Big Horn. Other serious charges were lodged against him, and he was dismissed from the service in 1880.

⁵Alfred Howe Terry, American soldier who distinguished himself as a Union officer during the Civil War and later in the Indian conflicts in the West. He was Custer's commanding general during the Dakota campaign leading to the debacle at Little Big Horn.

228 OM; published: *TDW*, April 24, 1927

¹For William E. Borah see WA 222:N 4.

²James Alexander "Jim" Reed, Democratic United States senator from Missouri from 1911 to 1929.

³Nicholas Murray Butler, well-known American educator; president of Columbia University from 1902 to 1945. A close personal friend of Rogers, Butler was awarded the Nobel prize for peace in 1931.

⁴Harold Edward "Red" Grange, All-American football halfback for the University of Illinois. In 1925, in a highly controversial move, Grange left college to sign with a professional football team, the Chicago Bears. He played with the Bears from 1925 to 1934 and later coached football and worked as a sportscaster.

⁵Wayne Bidwell Wheeler, American attorney and professional prohibitionist who acted as general counsel for the powerful Anti-Saloon League from 1915 until his death in September 1927.

⁶Clarence Seward Darrow, prominent American defense attorney and civil libertarian whose court cases were invariably headline material. Darrow served as defense counsel in the famous Scopes ("Monkey") Trial in 1925, involving an antievolution law in Tennessee. Darrow and Wheeler debated the prohibition issue at Carnegie Hall in New York City on April 23. No decision in the debate was announced, but Darrow's frank hostility to prohibition received the greater applause.

⁷For Tom Heflin see WA 221:N 3.

Theodore Roosevelt, Republican politician who held many state and national posts, including the presidency of the United States from 1901 to 1909. Roosevelt died in 1919.

⁸William Ashley "Billy" Sunday, popular American evangelist and former professional baseball player who reached the height of his ministerial career in the 1920s.

⁹James Whitcomb Brounger, Sr., prominent American Baptist minister who served as pastor at Temple Church in Los Angeles from 1910 to 1926.

¹⁰Peggy Hopkins Joyce, American vaudeville, stage, and screen actress whose six marriages and countless engagements brought her much publicity.

¹¹Henry Ford, American automobile innovator and manufacturer. Organizer of Ford

Motor Company, he served as president of the giant automobile manufacturing firm from 1903 to 1919 and 1943 to 1945.

229 OM; published: *TDW*, May 1, 1927

¹Ruth Brown Snyder and Henry Gray, a corset salesman who was Snyder's lover, were brought to trial in New York City in April of 1927 for the slaying of Snyder's husband. The crime was sordid but also so inept that it was labeled the "Dumbbell Murder." The two defendants were found guilty and later executed.

²Francis Heenan "Peaches" Browning, fifteen-year-old New York City schoolgirl who married Edward West Browning, a wealthy real estate operator thirty-six years her elder, in the spring of 1926. The couple lived together for ten months and then, after a widely-publicized trial, separated and eventually were divorced.

³"Bringing Up Father" and "Boob McNutt," cartoon strips popular during the 1920s.

⁴Aaron Sapiro, American attorney and agricultural cooperative specialist. Attacks were made upon the integrity of Sapiro, a Jew, by the *Dearborn* (Michigan) *Independent*, owned by Henry Ford (see WA 228:N 11). The journal charged Sapiro with involvement in an alleged conspiracy of Jewish bankers to control American agriculture and international food markets. In 1925 Sapiro sued the *Independent* for libel, and the ensuing case ended in a mistrial, after which Ford published a complete retraction of all allegations.

⁵Herbert Clark Hoover, United States secretary of commerce from 1921 to 1928. An engineer by profession, Hoover was elected president of the United States as a Republican in 1928. He served from 1929 to 1933.

⁶George Herman "Babe" Ruth, American professional baseball player best known for establishing a season home run record of 60 and a career record of 714, marks that stood for decades before being broken. He spent the most productive years of his career with the New York Yankees (1920-1935).

⁷James Joseph "Gene" Tunney, American pugilist who held the world heavyweight title from 1926 until his retirement in 1928.

⁸For Peggy Hopkins Joyce see WA 228:N 10.

⁹*Elmer Gantry*, a satirical novel dealing with religious shams and hypocrisy in the United States. Written by American author Harry Sinclair Lewis, *Elmer Gantry* was banned in Boston but, nevertheless, was the best selling fictional work of 1926.

230 McN; published: *TDW*, May 8, 1927

¹The Mississippi River, swollen by unusually heavy spring rains in many of its tributary areas, began to flood in early April 1927. Each day brought fresh reports of the crest moving downstream, with new inundations as sodden levees collapsed or had to be dynamited to save riverfront cities. Two hundred and fourteen persons lost their lives in the flooding, which caused more than \$300 million in property damage.

²A devastating hurricane struck Miami, Florida, in September 1926.

³Herbert Hoover (see WA 229:N 5) headed a special federal commission to assist the Red Cross in the Mississippi flood relief drive. After inspecting the situation in the lower valley in late April, Hoover issued a plea for more private donations to the relief fund.

⁴For the Snyder-Gray murder case see WA 229:N 1.

231 *TDW*, May 15, 1927

¹For the Snyder-Gray murder case see WA 229:N 1.

²Arthur Brisbane, widely-read American newspaper editor and columnist. His column "Today" was syndicated in 200 daily and 1,200 weekly newspapers.

³Andrew William Mellon, United States secretary of the treasury from 1921 to 1932; multi-millionaire American financier and businessman who developed interests in min-

ing, manufacturing, and banking; ambassador to Great Britain from 1932 to 1933.

⁴The bodies of the Reverend Edward Hall and Mrs. Eleanor Mills were found in September 1922 in a lovers' lane near New Brunswick, New Jersey. Hall's widow and brothers-in-law were arrested and brought to trial in one of the most sensational murder cases of the decade. The defendants were acquitted in December 1926 on the failure of the state to prove its case.

232 TDW, May 22, 1927

¹Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti were arrested in April 1920 for a payroll robbery in South Braintree, Massachusetts, and for the murders of a paymaster and guard. They were tried and convicted in 1921 on evidence that left many doubts. Appeals and requests for a new trial followed, while many people believed that the convictions resulted more from the men's Italian birth, philosophical atheism, and political radicalism than from proven guilt. The appeals failed, and the two men were electrocuted on August 23, 1927.

²Alvin Tufts Fuller, Republican governor of Massachusetts from 1925 to 1929; wealthy member of a prominent New England family. After a special commission ruled that the Sacco-Vanzetti trial had been conducted in a fair manner, Fuller allowed the execution to proceed.

233 TDW, May 29, 1927

¹*Ask Me Another; The Question Book*, compiled by John Spafford and Lucien Esty, with an introduction by Robert Benchley; a bestseller by Viking Press in 1927.

²Adolphe Menjou, American actor of the stage and screen. Dapper and suave, Menjou appeared in more than 100 films between his arrival in Hollywood in 1919 and his death in 1963.

Thomas Edwin "Tom" Mix, American cowboy motion picture star who was one of the greatest box office attractions in the history of the silent screen. He appeared with Rogers, a close friend, in early wild west show productions.

Louis "Bull" Montana, Italian-born American wrestler-turned-actor who was especially active on the screen in the 1920s. He is best remembered as a fierce-faced character actor.

Ben Turpin, American slap-stick comedian best known for his crossed-eyes and large toothbrush mustache. He appeared in hundreds of films from 1907 until his death in 1940.

Thomas "Tom" Meighan, American leading man of the silent screen who from 1915 to 1928 was Paramount Film Corporation's most consistently successful and popular male star.

Edward "Hoot" Gibson, American cowboy hero of silent films. Winner of the rodeo title "World's Champion Cowboy" in 1912, he became the leading cowboy star at Universal Studios during the 1920s.

Lillian Gish, famous American stage and motion picture actress whose film career spanned seventy-five years.

Jackie Coogan, American child star who was immortalized on the screen as "The Kid" in 1921 and subsequently cast in many standard juvenile roles in motion pictures.

Guinn "Big Boy" Williams, American motion picture character actor, usually seen in amiably tough roles. He was active in Hollywood from 1919 until his death in 1926.

Greta Garbo, Swedish motion picture actress. Garbo, noted for her haunting beauty and sultry sexuality, arrived in Hollywood in 1926, where she soon became one of the highest paid performers in films. She retired in 1942 and died in 1990.

Mary Pickford, American film actress who won wide acclaim as "America's Sweetheart." A legendary star, she won the best actress Oscar in 1929 for *Coquette*. She retired in 1933.

Ken Maynard, American cowboy star of more than 300 western films. A rodeo rider, he broke into motion pictures as an "extra" and remained active in the industry until his death in 1973.

Walter Cameron, American motion picture character actor; appeared in *The Great Train Robbery* in 1903 and in many of Will Rogers' early silent films. His stable was a leading supplier of horses for Hollywood film work.

Rin-Tin-Tin, German shepherd dog that, between 1922 and 1931, was the most famous canine star in American motion pictures.

³Chester Conklin, walrus-mustached American comedian who starred in such slapstick films as the Keystone Kops series.

⁴Charles Spencer "Charlie" Chaplin, legendary English-born comedian who starred in several classic American and British films. He was widely known for his portrayal of the "Little Tramp."

⁵For Babe Ruth see WA 229:N 6.

⁶Betty Bronson, American leading lady of the silent screen who starred in such films as *Peter Pan* and *Ben Hur*.

⁷Richard Barthelmess, American actor who went straight from college into silent motion pictures. He was catapulted to enormous popularity by his performance in *Broken Blossoms* in 1919. His last role was in *The Spoilers* in 1942.

⁸Pola Negri, Polish actress who came to the United States in 1923 to star in such films as *Bella Donna* and *Passion*. She was considerably shaken by the death in 1926 of the Italian-American leading man of the silent screen, Rudolph Valentino.

⁹For Mark Twain see WA 225:N 3. The question refers to Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (1889).

¹⁰Colleen Moore, American leading lady of the silent screen who first appeared in motion pictures in 1916 in *Intolerance*.

¹¹For Gene Tunney see WA 229:N 7.

¹²Ricardo Cortez, Vienna-born American motion picture leading man who developed in the 1920s as a "Latin lover." He made his film debut in 1920 in *Children of Jazz*. He retired in 1948.

¹³Florence Vidor, American leading lady of the silent screen who starred in fifty-eight films between 1916 and her retirement in 1929.

¹⁴Sidney "Syd" Chaplin, elder brother of Charlie Chaplin. Sidney, a British comedian, starred in many silent films, including a Keystone comedy series in 1915 and several popular motion pictures in the 1920s.

¹⁵Dorothy Gish, famous American stage and screen star who made her debut in 1912 and who continued to make film appearances until her death in 1968 at age seventy; younger sister of Lillian Gish.

¹⁶Joan of Arc, French national heroine of the fifteenth century.

¹⁷William Harrison "Will" Hays, attorney and Republican politician who served as United States postmaster general from 1921 to 1922. As president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America from 1922 to 1945, Hays became known as the "czar" of the motion picture industry.

¹⁸For Aimee Semple McPherson see WA 226:N 1.

¹⁹Bebe Daniels, American star of motion pictures who made her film debut at age seven. Daniels, a vivacious and versatile performer, starred in such silent films as *Male and Female* and *She's a Sheik*.

²⁰Cecil Blount De Mille, American producer and director whose first film was *The Squaw Man* in 1913 and whose last was *The Buccaneer* in 1959, the year of his death. De Mille was noted especially for his biblical "spectaculars" of the silent era, including *The Ten Commandments* and *King of Kings*.

Jeanie Macpherson, American actress active as a screenwriter in the 1920s and 1930s. Among her works adapted for the screen were *Forbidden Fruit* and *The Buccaneer*. She also wrote the script for De Mille's *King of Kings*.

²¹For the Snyder-Gray murder case see WA 229:N 1.

²²Wallace Beery, American actor with circus and musical comedy experience. He played villains in early silent films and then developed into a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star and one of the studio's greatest box office attractions during the 1930s and 1940s.

Douglas MacLean, American silent screen comedian and leading man from 1917 to

1929. He later became a successful Hollywood producer and writer before his retirement in 1938.

Richard Dix, American motion picture leading man of the 1920s and 1930s. A strong-jawed star, Dix was one of the best representatives in films of rugged masculinity. He was active in films from 1921 until his death in 1949.

234 TDW, June 5, 1927

¹Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr., American aviator who made the first solo nonstop transatlantic flight from New York City to Paris, May 20-21, 1927. He later set other point-to-point records and became an international hero and booster of aviation.

²Orville and Wilbur Wright, American aviation pioneers who made the first successful flights in a power-propelled, heavier-than-air machine at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, on December 17, 1903.

³The *Mayflower* was the presidential yacht.

⁴Marie, queen consort of Romania from 1914 until the death of her husband, King Ferdinand I, in 1927. Queen Marie made a highly-publicized good will tour of the United States in the fall of 1926.

⁵For this and all further references to Henry Ford see WA 228:N 11.

⁶For Mary Pickford see WA 233:N 2.

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., American motion picture actor who starred in such silent adventure films as *The Three Musketeers*, *Robin Hood*, and *The Black Pirate*. Fairbanks' famous marriage with Mary Pickford lasted from 1920 to 1935. The couple were close neighbors of Will Rogers in Beverly Hills.

235 TDW, June 12, 1927

¹Coolidge, a native of Vermont, spent his summer vacation in 1927 at a resort in the Black Hills of South Dakota.

²Sam Bass, native of Mitchell, Indiana, went to Texas in 1869 at the age of eighteen. There he joined forces with a small-time badman named Joel Collins. The two men spent most of their criminal lives in the Dakotas, Nebraska, and Texas. Bass was slain in a hold-up attempt in 1878, and a legendary ballad of his life appeared soon thereafter.

236 TDW, June 19, 1927

¹For this and all further references to Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., see WA 234:N 1.

Clarence Duncan Chamberlin, pioneer American flier who piloted the *Columbia* in a record nonstop flight (with a passenger) from New York City to Eisleben, Germany, on June 4-6, 1927.

Lita Grey, young American actress and wife of Charlie Chaplin (see WA 233:N 4). Lita Grey divorced Chaplin in 1927 after a much publicized, tumultuous marriage.

²For the Mississippi River flood see WA 230:N 1.

³John C. Gotwals, American army officer who served as district engineer with the United States Corps of Engineers at Saint Louis, Missouri, from 1924 to 1930.

Arthur L. McCoy, United States Army officer attached to the Quartermaster Corps.

⁴For Herbert C. Hoover see WA 229:N 5 and WA 230:N 3.

⁵John Milliken Parker, wealthy New Orleans cotton broker who was nominated for vice president on the Progressive party ticket in 1916. Parker, who served as Democratic governor of Louisiana from 1920 to 1924, was in charge of flood relief in the state in 1927.

Theodore Roosevelt (see WA 228:N 7) organized the Progressive party and ran as its candidate for the presidency in 1912 but was defeated. The Progressives renominated Roosevelt in 1916 with Parker as his running mate, but Roosevelt declined the nomination and the party essentially folded.

⁶For Andrew W. Mellon see WA 231:N 3.

No WA appeared on June 26, 1927. Rogers was recuperating from a serious gallstone operation that he had undergone on June 17. The illness, which became complicated when internal poison failed to drain, nearly claimed Rogers' life.

237 TDW, July 3, 1927

¹Gene Bernard, an unidentified admirer of Rogers.

²Nellie MacAleney Revell, American publicist, journalist, and radio commentator who was one of the first women to demand and obtain equal status with men in newspaper reporting.

³Charles C. "Charley" Starr, family friend of Rogers; worked as safety director of the Skelly Oil Company in Oklahoma for thirty years.

⁴Louise Dresser, American motion picture character actress who costarred with Rogers in such films as *State Fair*, *Doctor Bull*, and *The County Chairman*.

⁵Herbert Bayard Swope, executive editor of the *New York World* from 1920 to 1929; author of many books, including *Inside the German Empire*; winner of a Pulitzer prize in 1917 for his coverage of World War I.

⁶Edward Coleman Romfh, Democratic mayor of Miami, Florida, from 1923 to 1927; president of the First National Bank of Miami from 1912 to 1946.

⁷Florenz "Flo" Ziegfeld, Jr., American theatrical producer, best known for the *Ziegfeld Follies*. First produced in 1907, these elaborately-staged musical revues featured a bevy of beautiful chorus girls and many of the leading stage performers of the day. Rogers appeared with the *Follies* from 1916 to 1924.

⁸Ringgold Wilmer "Ring" Lardner, famed American humorist and short story writer. A regular contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post*, Lardner also wrote sketches and lyrics for the *Ziegfeld Follies*.

⁹Ashton Stevens, dramatic critic and columnist for the *Chicago Herald Examiner* from 1910 to 1932. He was married to the former Florence Katherine Krug.

¹⁰Kirk Johnson, an unidentified admirer of Rogers.

¹¹For Will H. Hays see WA 233:N 17.

¹²Forrest Braden, an unidentified admirer of Rogers.

¹³Charles Marion Russell, American painter, sculptor, and illustrator of western scenes, known widely as the "Cowboy Artist." A close friend of Rogers, Russell died in 1926.

¹⁴Will Atkinson, an unidentified admirer of Rogers.

¹⁵Colin Campbell Clements, American playwright and novelist who wrote *Harriet*, *Strange Bedfellows*, and other works. He was active in the late 1920s as a screenwriter in Hollywood.

¹⁶Irving Patrick O'Hay, Irish-born American adventurer, soldier of fortune, actor, and horseman.

¹⁷George Horace Lorimer, editor-in-chief of the *Saturday Evening Post* from 1899 to 1936. Rogers occasionally wrote articles for the *Post*.

¹⁸Leo Antonio Carrillo, American vaudeville performer and stage and screen actor, best remembered for his role as "Pancho" in the popular *Cisco Kid* western films.

No WA appeared on July 10, 1927. Rogers remained incapacitated by his illness.

238 OM; published: TDW, July 17, 1927

¹Sallie Clementine Rogers McSpadden, eldest sister of Will Rogers; wife of John Thomas "Tom" McSpadden, rancher of Chelsea, Oklahoma.

²Coonoochee, Cherokee Indian food made from ground hickory nuts rolled into balls, boiled in water, and often served with beans.

Kurd, cottage cheese made from sour milk.

Cracklings, or cracklins, fried bacon rind.

Chitterlings, or chitlins, hog intestines.

³As a result of the treaties negotiated at the Washington Conference of 1921-1922, the United States and other world powers had to limit the size of their navies.

⁴The Preliminary Disarmament Conference, held at Geneva, Switzerland, in the summer of 1926, ended when the United States, Britain, and other conferring nations could not agree on significant points.

⁵Hugh Simons Gibson, United States ambassador to Belgium from 1927 to 1933 and 1937 to 1938. He also served in diplomatic posts in Poland, Switzerland, and Brazil.

Hilary Pollard Jones, American naval officer. A former commander of the Atlantic Fleet, Admiral Jones served as an American delegate to the Geneva Conference on Naval Disarmament in the summer of 1927. He also attended the Preliminary Disarmament Conference at Geneva the previous year.

239 OM; published: *TDW*, July 24, 1927

240 *TDW*, July 31, 1927

¹Charles A. Levine, American businessman who was the only passenger on Clarence Chamberlin's epic flight of June 1927 (see WA 236:N 1).

²Lewis Rodman Wanamaker, member of a prominent Philadelphia and New York City mercantile family. Wanamaker was a noted aviation enthusiast, interested especially in advancing transatlantic flight.

Daniel Guggenheim, American mining and refining magnate who established the Daniel Guggenheim Foundation for the Promotion of Aeronautics in 1926.

William Randolph Hearst, influential American newspaper and magazine publisher and Democratic politician. Hearst-owned newspapers frequently sponsored cross-country and transoceanic flights.

³For Bebe Daniels see WA 233:N 19.

⁴Mr. and Mrs. John Collins of Tulsa, Oklahoma, awakened the Rogers family early in the morning of July 13 to claim first prize of \$500 in Rogers' "nonstop" automobile race from Oklahoma to California.

241 McN; published: *TDW*, August 7, 1927

¹Marilyn Miller, American musical comedy star who was a leading performer with the *Ziegfeld Follies* during the 1920s. A blonde dancer and singer, she made her first motion picture, *Sally*, in 1929.

Jack Pickford, American motion picture actor who appeared in films from 1910 to 1928; younger brother of Mary Pickford (see WA 233:N 2).

²*Sunny*, successful musical comedy play that opened on Broadway in September 1925 and starred Marilyn Miller in the title role. Miller recreated the part in the motion picture version of the play in 1930.

³James "Bud" Stillman, Jr., son of a socially prominent New York City banker, announced his engagement on July 26 to Lena Wilson, described by newspapers as a "child of the Canadian woods." Stillman met Miss Wilson, daughter of a Canadian farmer, while vacationing with his family near the Wilson home.

⁴For Charles A. Levine see WA 240:N 1.

⁵For Clarence D. Chamberlin see WA 236:N 1.

Richard Evelyn Byrd, American naval officer and explorer, best known for his expeditions to the North and South Poles. Byrd made a transatlantic flight with three companions from New York to France on June 29-July 1, 1927.

⁶William Harrison "Jack" Dempsey, American boxer who held the world heavy-weight title from 1919 to 1926; he lost the crown to Gene Tunney (see WA 229:N 7). Dempsey won a controversial bout with Jack Sharkey of New York City on July 22. Sharkey cried foul,

alleging the knockout punch came when he turned his head toward the ring referee to protest Dempsey's below-the-belt blows.

⁷Fred Warren Green, Republican governor of Michigan from 1927 to 1931.

⁸John Hammill, Republican governor of Iowa from 1925 to 1931.

⁹Carol, flamboyant crown prince of Romania who renounced his right to the throne in 1925, deserted his wife, and went to Paris to live in exile with his mistress. He later supplanted his son, Michael, as king and ruled Romania from 1930 to 1940.

¹⁰From Jackie Coogan see WA 233:N 2.

Michael I, king of Romania from 1927 to 1930 and 1940 to 1947. Six-year-old Michael became king under a regency on the death of his grandfather, Ferdinand I. His father, Prince Carol, supplanted him in 1930.

¹¹Broken Bow, a town in southeastern Oklahoma.

¹²For Queen Marie see WA 234:N 4.

242 TDW, August 14, 1927

¹Alice Mary Robertson, Oklahoma educator and social worker who served in the United States House of Representatives from 1921 to 1923.

²Jeannette Rankin, Montana suffragette, social worker, and rancher who served as a Republican in the United States House of Representatives from 1917 to 1919.

³William Electus Halsell, cattleman from Vinita, Oklahoma, whose Mashed O ranches in Oklahoma and Texas comprised one of the largest cattle operations in the Southwest.

⁴The XIT Ranch, established in the Texas Panhandle in the 1880s, encompassed the largest fenced range in the world. Its 3,050,000 acres was patented by the state of Texas to a Chicago syndicate in 1888 in exchange for money to build a capitol at Austin. Pressing obligations during the next twenty years forced the syndicate to sell most of its original holdings.

⁵Charles Angelo "Charlie" Siringo, Texas cowboy and author who trailed outlaws in the West for the Pinkerton Detective Agency for twenty-two years. His autobiography, *Riata and Spurs*, was revised and reissued in 1927, a year before Siringo's death.

⁶Richmond Pearson Hobson, American naval officer, hero of the Spanish-American War of 1898, congressman, lecturer, writer, and prohibitionist. Hobson founded and served as president in 1927 of the World Narcotic Defense Association.

⁷Benjamin Barr Lindsey, American jurist and social reformer. Lindsey drafted several legislative proposals and lectured widely for the juvenile court movement in the United States, but his most controversial stance was his advocacy of "companionate marriage," which called for more easily obtained divorces and for birth control.

243 TDW, August 21, 1927

¹Coolidge, who had been under pressure to run for reelection in 1928, presented reporters at the summer White House on August 2 with a written statement that he did not "choose to run" for president. Some people interpreted Coolidge's message as a willingness to accept a draft.

²For Benjamin B. Lindsay see WA 242:N 7.

³For Aimee Semple McPherson see WA 226:N 1.

⁴For this and all further references to Theodore Roosevelt see WA 228:N 7.

244 OM; published: TDW, August 28, 1927

¹For Aimee Semple McPherson see WA 226:N 1.

²For Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., see WA 234:N 6; for Mary Pickford see WA 233:N 2.

³John Gilbert, American motion picture matinee idol of the 1920s whose major films included *The Merry Widow* and *The Big Parade*.

⁴Gloria Swanson, glamorous American stage and screen star who made her first film in 1913 and continued occasionally to appear on screen in the 1970s.

⁵Lon Chaney, Sr., American character actor, famous for his elaborate make-up in macabre roles; known as “The Man of a Thousand Faces.”

⁶For Pola Negri see WA 233:N 8.

⁷Negri married Prince Segre Mdivani, a member of an exiled Georgian-Russian noble family, on May 14, 1927.

⁸Silsby Spalding, California businessman, rancher, and oilman who served briefly as mayor of Beverly Hills. He owned the Tecelote Ranch near Goleta, California.

⁹George Moran and Charles E. Mack, American blackface comedy partners who appeared on stage, in motion pictures, and on radio as “The Two Black Crows.”

245 OM; published: *TDW*, September 4, 1927

¹For Nicholas Longworth see WA 221:N 2; for this and all further references to Herbert C. Hoover see WA 229:N 5; for Charles G. Dawes see WA 221:N 2.

²For Jim Reed see WA 228:N 2.

³For Andrew W. Mellon see WA 231:N 3.

⁴James John “Jimmy” Walker, dapper and flamboyant Democratic mayor of New York City from 1925 to 1932.

246 *TDW*, September 11, 1927

¹Henry Fountain Ashurst, Democratic United States senator from Arizona from 1912 to 1941.

²John Joseph Pershing, popular American military officer, known as “Black Jack,” who commanded the Allied Expeditionary Force in Europe during World War I and who served as Army Chief of Staff from 1921 to 1924.

³Louis Leon Ludlow, Washington correspondent for the *Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch* and the *Ohio State Journal* from 1913 to 1929; president of the National Press Club in 1927; Democratic congressman from Indiana from 1929 to 1949.

⁴Betty Blake Rogers, wife of Will Rogers. The couple was married on November 25, 1908, at the Blake family home in Rogers, Arkansas.

⁵Harold Duane Jacobs, American newspaperman who founded the *Baltimore (Maryland) Post* in 1922 and served as its editor from 1922 to 1929.

Frank Joseph Hogan, American defense attorney who practiced in Washington, D. C., from 1902 until his death in 1944.

Jerry A. Mathews, American newspaperman, attorney, and cofounder of the National Press Club. Mathews left journalism in 1920 to obtain a law degree; he then practiced law until his retirement in 1939.

⁶For Queen Marie see WA 234:N 4.

247 *TDW*, September 18, 1927

¹For Jack Dempsey see WA 241:N 6.

²For Gene Tunney see WA 229:N 7. Tunney met Dempsey on September 23 at Soldier Field in Chicago in a rematch of their championship bout of a year earlier. Tunney won the fight, which was marred by a “long count,” one of the most famous moments in boxing history.

³George Lewis “Tex” Rickard, famous American sports promoter who arranged and promoted the Tunney-Dempsey rematch.

⁴John Leo “Jack” Kearns, American boxing promoter who managed Dempsey and other champions. Kearns who parted company from Dempsey in 1925 because of personal and contractual conflicts, went to court against his former protégé, claiming to share Dempsey’s earnings.

⁵Jack Sharkey, American prizefighter who held the world heavyweight title from 1932 to 1933. See also WA 241:N 6.

⁶Floyd Fitzsimmons, prizefight promoter from Michigan who was a close friend of Jack Dempsey.

⁷Jerry Invadis, Greek-born American boxing trainer, who acted as a second for Dempsey in his return bout against Tunney.

⁸Leo P. Flynn, American boxing trainer, manager, and promoter. Elynn served as Dempsey's trainer for his bouts with Sharkey and Tunney in 1927.

⁹Jimmy Hussey, American musical comedy and vaudeville performer who was a close friend of Dempsey and other boxers.

¹⁰Robert Tyre "Bobby" Jones, American amateur golfer who was one of the all-time great players of the sport; winner of four United States Open championships, three British Open crowns, and five United States amateur titles.

¹¹John Arthur "Jack" Johnson, black American boxer who was the first of his race to win the world heavyweight title, holding the crown from 1908 to 1915.

248 *TDW*, September 25, 1927

¹For Jim Reed see WA 228:N 2.

²For the Tunney-Dempsey prizefight see WA 247:N 2.

³John Lawrence Sullivan, American bare-knuckle boxer who held the world heavyweight title from 1882 to 1892; later, appeared on stage, in vaudeville, and in motion pictures.

⁴For Bill Rogers, Jr., see WA 224:N 3.

⁵For the Mississippi River flood see WA 230:N 1.

⁶Marcus Loew, American theater owner and motion picture producer who was a co-founder and controller of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation.

⁷Amadee Peter Giannini, Italian-American from California who founded the Bank of Italy and who also was a director of several corporations.

⁸Lee Shubert, American theatrical producer who with his brother, Jacob, Jr., owned a nationwide chain of vaudeville and motion picture theaters.

249 *TDW*, October 2, 1927

¹Oscar Odd McIntyre, American newspaper editor and writer. His column, "New York Day by Day," was syndicated in more than 500 newspapers.

²William Clifford Hogg, Houston attorney and oilman; eldest son of former Governor James Stephen Hogg.

³James Stephen Hogg, Democratic governor of Texas from 1891 to 1895.

⁴Daniel James "Dan" Moody, Jr., Democratic governor of Texas from 1927 to 1931.

⁵Pauline Frederick, American leading lady of silent films and early "talkies"; close friend of the Rogers family.

⁶Max Whittier, California oilman and one of the original developers of Beverly Hills.

⁷McIntyre spent much of his youth in Gallipolis, Ohio.

⁸Corinne Griffith, American silent screen star who made a fortune in motion pictures, real estate, and writing.

⁹For Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., see WA 244:N 6; for Mary Pickford see WA 233:N 2; for Silsby Spalding see WA 244:N 8.

250 OM; published: *TDW*, October 9, 1927

¹McAdoo (see WA 224:N 1), who was a prominent candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1920 and 1924, early took himself out of the race for the nomination in 1928.

²For Al Smith see WA 221:N 7.

³For Jack Dempsey see WA 241:N 6; for Gene Tunney see WA 229:N 7 and WA 247:N 2.

⁴Samuel Morgan Shortridge, Republican United States senator from California from 1921 to 1933.

⁵For Jim Reed see WA 228:N 2.

251 OM; published: *TDW*, October 16, 1927

¹John Trotwood Moore, American novelist, poet, and journalist whose writings stressed life in the South and in his native Tennessee. His *Hearts of Hickory* (1926) was a romantic novel based on the early life of President Andrew Jackson.

²Robert Love "Bob" Taylor, Democratic governor of Tennessee from 1887 to 1891 and 1897 to 1899; United States senator from 1907 until his death in 1912.

³Austin Peay, Democratic governor of Tennessee from 1923 until his death in 1927. Although he was personally opposed to the measure, Peay was pressured to sign an infamous anti-evolution bill in 1925.

252 *TDW*, October 23, 1927

¹For Mary Pickford see WA 233:N 2.

Marion Davies, blonde American comedienne who starred in motion pictures from 1917 until her retirement in 1937.

²For Cecil B. De Mille see WA 233:N 20.

³Samuel Goldwyn, Polish-born American pioneer motion picture producer.

⁴Louis Burt Mayer, Russian-born American film producer who was a cofounder and the first vice president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation.

⁵For Tom Mix see WA 233:N 2.

⁶Irving Thalberg, American motion picture producer who in 1927, at the age of twenty-eight, was the head producer at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, overseeing and controlling all productions.

⁷Rupert Hughes, American novelist, songwriter, playwright, historian, and screenwriter, best known for his multi-volume biography of *George Washington*, which treated the first president as a great man but stripped him of myths.

⁸*We*, Lindbergh's nickname for his plane, *Spirit of St. Louis*, and the title of Lindbergh's book about his epic flight to Paris.

253 *TDW*, October 30, 1927

¹For Arthur Brisbane see WA 231:N 2.

²Henry Ford issued a public apology on July 8, 1927, for anti-Semitic remarks published in his journal, the *Dearborn Independent*. See also WA 229:N 4.

³For William Randolph Hearst see WA 240:N 2. Brisbane wrote for Hearst's newspapers and was a business associate of the publisher.

⁴Grace Anna Goodhue Coolidge, wife of President Calvin Coolidge.

⁵For Andrew W. Mellon see WA 231:N 3.

⁶Charles Evans Hughes, former Republican governor of New York, associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, United States secretary of state, and 1916 presidential candidate. He served as chief justice of the United States Supreme Court from 1930 until his death in 1941.

For Al Smith see WA 221:N 7.

⁷Otto Hermann Kahn, German-born American financier who was a partner in the powerful banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company of New York City from 1897 until his death in 1934.

254 *TDW*, November 6, 1927

¹For Andrew W. Mellon see WA 231:N 3.

²Dwight Whitney Morrow, United States ambassador to Mexico from 1927 to 1930. A New York City attorney and banker, Morrow later served in the United States Senate.

³John Pierpont Morgan, Jr., chairman of the board of J. P. Morgan & Company, one of the most influential banking firms in the world.

⁴Leon Trotsky, Russian Communist leader who served in various posts in the Communist party and the Soviet government. Trotsky was expelled from the party and the government in 1927. He was assassinated in Mexico City in 1940.

⁵Joseph Stalin, Russian Communist leader who from 1927 until his death in 1953 ruled as a virtual dictator of the Soviet Union. After he assumed power, Stalin banished his chief rival, Trotsky.

⁶Nikolai Lenin, Russian Communist leader who seized power in the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917, remaining in control until his death in 1924.

⁷David Lloyd George, British politician and statesman who served as prime minister of Great Britain from 1916 to 1922.

⁸William Hale "Bill" Thompson, Republican mayor of Chicago from 1915 to 1923 and 1927 to 1931. In the mayoral election of 1927, Thompson attacked his opponent, incumbent William Dever, for permitting the use in Chicago public schools of history textbooks seemingly favorable to King George III of England.

George V, king of Great Britain and Northern Ireland from 1910 until his death in 1936.

⁹For Benjamin B. Lindsey see WA 242:N 7.

¹⁰Richard "Dick" Turpin, eighteenth century English robber, smuggler, and highwayman.

255 *TDW*, November 13, 1927

¹For Bill Thompson see WA 254:N 8.

256 *TDW*, November 20, 1927

¹For this and all further references to George V see WA 254:N 8; for Bill Thompson see WA 254:N 8.

²Charles Pelot Summerall, American military officer who served as Army chief of staff from 1926 to 1930; later served as president of The Citadel. Summerall was recalled from a speaking tour in the West in October 1927 because he had criticized the Army for its reduced expenditures for personnel housing.

³Thomas Pickett Magruder, rear admiral in the United States Navy, Magruder was relieved of his command on October 25, 1927, because he had criticized the Navy for economizing at the expense of naval strength.

⁴Carter Glass, Democratic United States senator from Virginia from 1920 until his death in 1946.

257 *TDW*, November 27, 1927

¹Frederick Henry "Fred" Harvey, American restaurateur, most famous for his Harvey Houses, rest and eating stops along western railroad routes.

²For Jim Reed see WA 228:N 2.

³Ruth Elder, American flier who made a well-publicized but unsuccessful bid in October 1927 to become the first woman to fly across the Atlantic Ocean; later, enjoyed a lucrative film career.

Lyle Womack, electrical sign salesman from Florida; husband of Ruth Elder. Womack was in the Canal Zone on business when his wife attempted the transatlantic flight.

⁴For Babe Ruth see WA 229:N 6.

⁵Harry Rickenbacker, New York City press agent and personal manager for Elder and other public figures.

⁶Edward Albert, the prince of Wales and the bachelor heir apparent to the throne of Great Britain. He reigned as King Edward VII from 1936 to 1937.

⁷Louisa A. Condit Smith Wood, widow of General Leonard Wood, American military officer, physician, and colonial administrator. A hero of the Spanish-American War, General Wood served as military governor of Cuba from 1899 to 1902. He died in August 1927.

⁸For William E. Borah see WA 222:N 4; for Carter Glass see WA 256:N 4.

258 *TDW*, December 4, 1927

¹For Andrew W. Mellon see WA 231:N 3.

²For Aimee Semple McPherson see WA 226:N 1.

259 *TDW*, December 11, 1927

¹John Davidson Rockefeller, Sr., American oil magnate who organized Standard Oil Company in 1870 and who dominated the petroleum industry until his retirement in 1891.

²Ernest G. Liebold, private secretary to Henry Ford from 1910 to 1944; wielded considerable influence in the Ford Motor Company.

³Greenfield Village, an historical preservation project that Henry Ford began at Dearborn, Michigan, in 1928.

⁴Ford introduced the long-awaited Model A on December 1, 1927.

⁵Edsel Bryant Ford, son of Henry Ford; president of Ford Motor Company from 1919 until his death in 1943.

260 *TDW*, December 18, 1927

¹Heywood Campbell Broun, American journalist and writer; on the staff of the *New York World* from 1921 to 1928.

²For Rupert Hughes see WA 252:N 7; for Samuel Goldwyn see WA 252:N 3.

³For Irvin S. Cobb see WA 222:N 3; for Ring Lardner see WA 237:N 8.

⁴William Holmes McGuffey, nineteenth century American educator, best known for his series of *Eclectic Readers* for schoolroom instruction.

⁵Albert "Al" Jolson, American actor and singer in vaudeville, legitimate theater, and motion pictures, best known for his blackface act.

⁶Clement Lawrence "Clem" Shaver, American attorney, farmer, and politician; chairman of the Democratic National Committee from 1924 to 1928.

261 OM; published: *TDW*, December 25, 1927

¹Kelly Field, located near San Antonio, Texas, was the largest flight training center in the world during World War I. It was also the site of the Army Air Corps Flying School for Advanced Instruction from 1922 through World War II.

262 *TDW*, January 1, 1928

¹For Dwight W. Morrow see WA 254:N 2.

²Evangeline Lodge Land Lindbergh, Detroit schoolteacher; mother of Charles Lindbergh.

³For Andrew W. Mellon see WA 231:N 3.

⁴Governor Henry Simpson Johnston of Oklahoma clashed with the state legislature in 1927 over his reputed inaccessibility to lawmakers because of the actions of his private secretary, Mrs. O. O. Hammonds. The state house eventually voted eleven charges of impeachment, and after a lengthy senate trial Johnston was ousted in 1929 for "general incompetency."

263 *TDW*, January 8, 1928

¹William Hickman was charged with the kidnapping and murder of a twelve-year-old Los Angeles girl. His two-week trial, replete with sensational newspaper headlines and pictures, ended in a conviction on February 9. Hickman was later executed.

²For Charles G. Dawes see WA 221:N 2.

³Frank Orren Lowden, attorney and Republican politician. A former Illinois congressman and governor, Lowden was a leading candidate for the Republican presidential nomination in 1920 and 1924.

⁴The McNary-Haugen farm relief bill was designed to ease a post-World War I depression in agriculture by providing such federal assistance as the control of surpluses and the stabilization of prices. Coolidge twice vetoed the legislation.

⁵For Red Grange see WA 228:N 4.

⁶For Charles Evans Hughes see WA 253:N 6.

264 *TDW*, January 15, 1928

¹For this and all further references to Al Smith see WA 221:N 7.

²For Dwight W. Morrow see WA 254:N 2.

³For Plutarco E. Calles see WA 223:N 1.

⁴Alvaro Obregón, Mexican soldier and political leader; president of Mexico from 1920 to 1924.

265 OM; published: *TDW*, January 22, 1928

¹For Ernest G. Liebold see WA 259:N 2.

266 OM; published: *TDW*, January 29, 1928

¹On January 4, 1928, Rogers acted as the master of ceremonies for the "Dodge Victory Hour," an innovation in radio programs that featured entertainers broadcasting on a three-city "hook-up." It was on this program that Rogers did an imitation of President Coolidge that created considerable publicity.

²For Al Jolson see WA 260:N 5.

Paul Whiteman, American bandleader who became famous in the 1920s for pioneering "sweet style" as opposed to traditional "classical" jazz.

Edward George Wilmer, president and chairman of the board of Dodge Brothers Motor Car Company from 1926 to 1928.

³Fred Andrew Stone, well-known American stage and screen actor who in 1903 created the Scarecrow role in the theatrical production of *The Wizard of Oz*. Stone was one of Rogers' dearest friends.

⁴Graham McNamee, popular radio announcer for National Broadcasting Corporation; covered presidential conventions, sporting events, and various news shows.

267 *TDW*, February 5, 1928

¹Thomas Jonathan "Stonewall" Jackson, American army officer, remembered best for his gallant service with the Confederate forces during the Civil War.

²For John D. Rockefeller, Sr., see WA 259:N 1; for Edward L. Doheny and Harry F. Sinclair see WA 223:N 4.

Socony, trade name for Standard Oil Company of New York.

³Tyrus Raymond "Ty" Cobb, star baseball player for the Detroit Tigers from 1904 to 1926 and the Philadelphia Athletics from 1926 to 1930; known as the "Georgia Peach."

⁴For Tom Heflin see WA 221:N 3.

⁵Charles Curtis, Republican United States senator from Kansas from 1907 to 1913

and 1915 to 1929. Curtis, who claimed Kaw Indian ancestry, served as vice president in Hoover's administration.

⁶For Jim Reed see WA 228:N 2.

Alvin Victor Donahey, Democratic governor of Ohio from 1923 to 1929; prohibitionist and potential presidential candidate in 1928.

Albert Cabell Ritchie, governor of Maryland from 1920 to 1935; frequent candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination.

268 OM; published: *TDW*, February 12, 1928

¹The sixth Pan-American Conference was held at Havana, Cuba, in January 1928.

²For Dan Moody see WA 249:N 4.

³The Houston ship channel, opening the inland city to ocean-going traffic, began operations in 1914.

⁴Jesse Holman Jones, Houston oilman, land developer, newspaper publisher, civic leader, and Democratic party booster.

For Andrew W. Mellon see WA 231:N 3.

⁵For the Hickman murder trial see WA 263:N 1; for Tom Heflin see WA 221:N 3.

⁶For Frank O. Lowden see WA 263:N 3.

⁷For Charles G. Dawes see WA 221:N 2.

⁸For Charles Curtis see WA 267:N 5.

⁹For William Randolph Hearst see WA 240:N 2. Rogers reported that he had wagered \$5,000 with Hearst that Coolidge would run for reelection.

269 OM; published: *TDW*, February 19, 1928

¹For Flo Ziegfeld see WA 237:N 7.

²Champman, unidentifiable.

³Robert Lee Bullard, American army officer who saw service in the Spanish-American War, the Philippine insurrection, the Mexican border conflict, and World War I. After his retirement in 1925, he served as president of the National Security League until his death in 1947.

⁴For Gene Tunney see WA 229:N 7.

⁵For Jack Dempsey see WA 241:N 6.

⁶For the Prince of Wales see WA 257:N 6.

270 OM; published: *TDW*, February 26, 1928

¹John Davison Rockefeller, Jr., son and namesake of the Standard Oil Company magnate; specialized in managing the family philanthropies. The younger Rockefeller testified in February 1928 before a Senate committee investigating the Teapot Dome oil lease scandal.

²For the Hickman murder trial see WA 263:N 1.

³Charles Evans Hughes (see WA 253:N 6) was the chief United States delegate to the Pan-American Conference of 1928.

⁴Edward Eugene "Gene" Buck, American lyricist, comedy sketch writer, and director. Buck began to write for the *Ziegfeld Follies* in 1912; he later became Flo Ziegfeld's assistant.

271 OM; published: *TDW*, March 4, 1928

¹Hoover was chairman of the Commission for Relief in Belgium from 1915 to 1919 and directed various economic programs in Europe during the Armistice.

²For Will H. Hays see WA 233:N 17.

³Thomas Woodrow Wilson, Democratic president of the United States from 1913 to 1921.

⁴Warren Gamaliel Harding, Republican president of the United States from 1921 until his death in 1923.

⁵For Jim Reed see WA 228:N 2.

⁶For Frank O. Lowden see WA 263:N 3.

⁷For Charles G. Dawes see WA 221:N 2. On one famous occasion while presiding over the Senate, Dawes left the Capitol, went to a nearby hotel, and took a nap, thus missing the opportunity to cast the deciding vote on a crucial bill.

272 OM; published: *TDW*, March 11, 1928

¹Albert G. Myers, Chicago flier; pilot for Boeing Air Transport Company.

²William John Bulow, Democratic governor of South Dakota from 1927 to 1931. Bulow's election in 1926 broke a quarter-century of Republican rule in South Dakota.

273 OM; published: *TDW*, March 18, 1928

274 OM; published: *TDW*, March 25, 1928

¹For Andrew W. Mellon see WA 231:N 3.

²Hays (see WA 233:N 17), who served as Republican National Committee chairman from 1918 to 1921, testified on March 1 that oilman Harry Sinclair had given him \$260,000 in bonds while he was party chairman, \$75,000 of which was a personal contribution and the remainder a "loan." Hays returned \$100,000 of the bonds to Sinclair and later claimed no knowledge of the certificates being part of the Teapot Dome payoff.

³William Morgan Butler, chairman of the Republican National Committee from 1924 to 1928; Boston manufacturer, presidential adviser, and former United States senator.

⁴For Jim Reed see WA 228:N 2.

Thomas James Walsh, Democratic United States senator from Montana from 1913 to 1933. Walsh served as chairman of the Senate committee investigating the oil lease scandals.

275 OM; published: *TDW*, April 1, 1928

¹John Philip Sousa, American bandmaster and composer, known as the "March King." Sousa, who had received decorations from most European countries, composed such well-known march tunes as "Washington Post March" and "Stars and Stripes Forever."

²The Teapot Dome scandal involved bribery of public officials and the leasing of federal naval oil reserve lands to private concerns. It occurred during Harding's administration, but court battles and congressional investigations dragged on for years.

276 OM; published: *TDW*, April 15, 1928

¹Charles Michael Schwab, American industrialist and steel magnate who founded the Bethlehem Steel Corporation in 1904.

²Frank Robert Gooding, Republican United States senator from Idaho from 1921 until his death in 1928.

³For Nicholas Longworth see WA 221:N 2.

Campbell Bascom Slep, former Republican congressman from Virginia who served as secretary to President Coolidge from 1923 to 1925. On March 21 Slep announced his support for Hoover.

⁴Frank Bartlett Willis, Republican United States senator from Ohio from 1921 to 1928. A former governor of Ohio, Willis had been touted as a candidate for the Republican presidential nomination in 1928. He died shortly after this Weekly Article was written.

⁵Robert Marion La Follette, Sr., United States senator from Wisconsin from 1906 until his death in 1925. A maverick Republican, La Follette ran for the presidency in 1924 on the Progressive ticket.

⁶For Jim Reed see WA 228:N 2.

⁷Joseph Taylor "Joe" Robinson, Democratic United States senator from Arkansas from 1913 until his death in 1937.

⁸James Eli "Jim" Watson, Republican United States senator from Indiana from 1916 to 1933.

277 OM; published: *TDW*, April 15, 1928

¹George Ade, Indiana humorist, newspaper columnist, author, and playwright; author of the plays *The County Chairman* and *The College Widow*.

²Chauncey Mitchell Depew, American attorney, Republican politician, and railroad tycoon; United States senator from New York from 1899 to 1911; known for his witty after-dinner speeches. He died on April 5, 1928, at the age of ninety-three.

³For Jim Watson see WA 276:N 8.

⁴For William Randolph Hearst see WA 240:N 2.

⁵William Allen White, owner and editor of the *Emporia (Kansas) Gazette* from 1895 until his death in 1943; Republican; recipient of a Pulitzer prize in 1923. Rogers often interchanged Hearst and White's middle names.

⁶Edgar Watson "Ed" Howe, journalist and writer from Atchison, Kansas, who edited and published *E. W. Howe's Monthly* from 1911 until his death in 1937; author of *The Story of a Country Town*.

Henry Justin Allen, Kansas newspaperman and Republican politician. A former governor of Kansas, he later served in the United States Senate.

⁷Flemon Davis "Flem" Sampson, Republican governor of Kentucky from 1927 to 1931.

278 OM; published: *TDW*, April 22, 1928

279 *TDW*, April 29, 1928

¹For William Allen White see WA 277:N 5.

²Two Germans, Captain Hermann Koehl and Baron Gunther von Huenefeld, and an Irishman, Major James C. Fitzmaurice, landed on Greenly Island, a lighthouse station off the coast of Labrador, on April 13, completing the first transatlantic flight from east to west.

³For Jimmy Walker see WA 245:N 4.

⁴Frederick Albert Cook, American physician and arctic explorer. On his return in 1909 from a two-year arctic expedition, Cook announced that he had reached the North Pole on April 21, 1908. The claim was denounced and rejected on the grounds of insufficient evidence.

280 OM; published: *TDW*, May 6, 1928

¹For Bill Thompson see WA 254:N 8.

²Chicago Mercantile Exchange Building.

³William Wrigley, Jr., Chicago industrialist who founded William Wrigley, Jr., and Company, manufacturers of chewing gum.

⁴For Benjamin B. Lindsey see WA 242:N 7.

281 OM; published: *TDW*, May 13, 1928

¹For Charles G. Dawes see WA 221:N 2.

²For Jim Reed see WA 228:N 2.

³For Thomas J. Walsh see WA 274: N 4.

⁴For Jim Watson see WA 276:N 8.

⁵For Charles Evans Hughes see WA 253:N 6.

282 OM; published: *TDW*, May 20, 1928

¹For the McNary-Haugen farm relief bill see WA 263:N 4.

²Anthony Joseph Drexel "Tony" Biddle, Jr., Philadelphia and Palm Beach society figure who had widespread interests in nightclubs. He also served as an American diplomat to several European governments.

283 *TDW*, May 27, 1928

¹Harry Osborne, unidentifiable.

²Carry Amelia Moore Nation, Kansas temperance agitator of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries who became notorious for her wrecking expeditions through the saloons of the state.

³For Emporia newspaperman William Allen White see WA 277:N 5; for Charles Curtis see WA 267:N 5.

Arthur Capper, Republican United States senator from Kansas from 1919 to 1949; editor and owner of the *Topeka (Kansas) Daily Capital*, *Kansas Farmer*, *Capper's Farmer*, and other publications.

⁴Robert William Service, English-born Canadian writer, best known for his ballad, "The Shooting of Dan McGrew."

⁵Charley Featherstone, oilman and automobile insurance executive from Wichita Falls, Texas. A former cowboy, Featherstone owned a string of polo ponies and occasionally competed against Rogers at polo.

284 OM; published: *TDW*, June 3, 1928

¹For Charles Curtis see WA 267:N 5.

²For William Allen White see WA 277:N 5.

³Madison Square Garden in New York City was the scene of the Democratic National Convention of 1924, which lasted a record seventeen days.

⁴For Graham McNamee see WA 266:N 5.

Henry Clay, American lawyer and statesman who served several terms in the United States Senate and House of Representatives between 1806 and his death in 1852; United States secretary of state from 1825 to 1829; unsuccessful candidate for president in 1824, 1832, and 1844.

Daniel Webster, American lawyer and statesman of the early national period. Webster, a renowned orator, served several terms in both houses of Congress and as United States secretary of state from 1841 to 1843 and 1850 to 1852.

John Caldwell Calhoun, famous American lawyer and statesman of the early national period who served at various times as United States congressman, senator, secretary of state, secretary of war, and vice president. A South Carolinian, he was a leading champion of slavery and the southern cause.

⁵For Ben Turpin see WA 233:N 2.

285 *TDW*, June 10, 1928

¹*The Great Train Robbery* (1903), an eleven-minute western film that has been inaccurately hailed as the first story-length motion picture. It was the longest film of its time and was one of the most successful of the early narrative movies.

²*The Lion and the Mouse* (1928), one of the first attempts by Warner Brothers film studios to produce a motion picture with sound. The movie was produced only partially with sound.

³Lionel Barrymore, celebrated American character actor; member of a famous American stage and screen family. He began his film career in 1909 and continued to appear on screen until shortly before his death in 1954.

Alec B. Francis, veteran English-born barrister and stage and screen actor. He appeared in more than seventy American films from 1911 until his death in 1934.

⁴Fritz Kreisler, Austrian-born American violinist and composer, noted for his many original violin pieces and the operetta *Apple Blossoms* (1919).

John Francis McCormack, successful Irish-born operatic and concert tenor. A naturalized American citizen, he appeared regularly with eastern opera companies and on radio.

286 McN; published: *TDW*, June 17, 1928

287 OM; published: *TDW*, June 24, 1928

¹George Higgins Moses, Republican United States senator from New Hampshire from 1918 to 1933; leading adviser to President Coolidge.

²Robert Marion La Follette, Jr., Republican United States senator from Wisconsin from 1925 to 1947. Young La Follette succeeded his father (see WA 276:N 5) as senator upon the latter's death.

For William E. Borah see WA 222:N 4.

³For the McNary-Haugen farm relief bill see WA 263:N 4.

288 OM; published: *TDW*, July 1, 1928

289 OM; published: *TDW*, July 8, 1928

¹*King of Kings*, biblical motion picture spectacular of 1924, produced by Cecil B. De Mille.

290 OM; published: *TDW*, July 15, 1928

¹Claude Gernade Bowers, American journalist, historian, Democratic politician, and diplomat; on the staff of the *New York World* from 1923 to 1931; author of *Jefferson and Hamilton* (1925); ambassador to Spain and Chile.

²Frank McKinney "Kin" Hubbard, Indiana humorist, journalist, and caricaturist. Hubbard's "Abe Martin Sayings" were widely syndicated.

³For William E. Borah see WA 222:N 4.

⁴For Robert M. La Follette, Jr., see WA 287:N 2.

⁵Thomas Pryor Gore, Democratic United States senator from Oklahoma from 1907 to 1921 and 1931 to 1937.

⁶Nellie Taylor Ross, Democratic governor of Wyoming from 1925 to 1927.

291 OM; published: *TDW*, July 22, 1928

¹King Ranch, a 1,250,000-acre ranch in southern Texas; founded by Richard King in 1852.

²Henrietta M. Chamberlain King, wife of Richard King and owner of the King family properties after her husband's death in 1885. She was one of the world's richest women at the time of her death in 1925 at the age of ninety-three.

³Robert Justus Kleberg, Sr., Texas attorney who was retained by Mrs. Henrietta King to manage the King Ranch after the death of her husband in 1885. He remained as manager until his death in 1932. In 1886 Kleberg married Alice King, the only child of Richard and Henrietta King, and thus united the two families whose descendants still control the ranch.

292 OM; published: *TDW*, July 29, 1928

¹For Charles G. Dawes see WA 221:N 2.

²For Charles Curtis see WA 267:N 5.

³For Jackie Coogan see WA 233:N 2.

⁴John Henry Coogan, Irish-American vaudeville and burlesque performer; father of child movie star, Jackie Coogan.

⁵Tom P. Morgan, regional humorist from Rogers Arkansas, who regularly contributed to Curtis publications and who wrote a daily humorous column for the *Kansas City (Missouri) Star* until his death.

293 OM; published: *TDW*, August 5, 1928

¹For Fred Stone see WA 266:N 3.

²Arthur Harry Moore, Democratic governor of New Jersey from 1926 to 1929, 1932 to 1935, and 1938 to 1941; the first governor in the history of New Jersey to be elected to a third term.

294 OM; published: *TDW*, August 12, 1928

¹For Billy Sunday see WA 228:N 8.

²Homer Alvin "Rody" Rodeheaver, popular songleader and musician in the Billy Sunday revival organization.

³For the Klebergs see WA 291: N 3; for the King Ranch see WA 291: N 1.

295 OM; published: *TDW*, August 19, 1928

296 OM; published: *TDW*, August 26, 1928

¹Amasa Leland Stanford, Sr., nineteenth century California merchant, governor, and railroad magnate who founded Leland Stanford University in 1885.

²Glenn Scobey "Pop" Warner, famous American football figure who coached at Carlisle from 1899 to 1903 and 1907 to 1914 and at Stanford University from 1924 to 1932.

³Calvin Coolidge and Dwight W. Morrow (see WA 254:N 2) were classmates at Amherst College.

⁴William Henry "Will" Irwin, American journalist and writer. Irwin, a schoolmate of Hoover at Stanford, published a sympathetic biography of Hoover in 1928.

⁵James Boswell, Scottish lawyer and biographer.

Samuel Johnson, English lexicographer, critic, writer, and conversationalist, known as Dr. Johnson, the "Great Cham of Literature." Boswell's celebrated *Life of Samuel Johnson* was published in 1791.

⁶For the McNary-Haugen farm relief bill see WA 263:N 4.

297 OM; published: *TDW*, September 2, 1928

¹For William Allen White see WA 277:N 5.

John Roach Straton, Baptist ministerial leader from New York City who gained national prominence as a fundamentalist, prohibitionist, and strident opponent of the presidential candidacy of Al Smith.

²Arthur "Art" Goebel, American motion picture stunt flier and free-lance pilot.

³George Brinton McClellan Harvey, American publisher and diplomat; United States ambassador to Great Britain from 1921 to 1923.

⁴Brandon Tynan, Irish-born American actor, dramatic author, and impersonator. A *Ziegfeld Follies* regular, he also wrote such plays as *The Passion Flower* and *The Melody of Youth*.

⁵For Tom Mix see WA 233:N 2. Tony, Mix's horse, was one of the first of the motion picture animal stars. Fox Films terminated Mix's contract in 1928, but the cowboy actor later made several films with Universal Studios, appeared on radio, and operated a successful circus before his death in 1940.

⁶Monte Blue, American leading man of the silent films. Blue long maintained that *White Shadows of the South Seas*, a silent film of 1928 with added sound (a high-pitched voice dubbed in for his), destroyed his starring career.

⁷For John Gilbert see WA 244:N 3.

⁸Will Morrissey, American vaudevillian, silent film actor, theatrical producer, composer, and comedy writer.

298 OM; published: *TDW*, September 9, 1928

299 OM; published: *TDW*, September 16, 1928

¹For Andrew W. Mellon see WA 231:N 3.

300 OM; published: *TDW*, September 23, 1928

¹Dorothy Stone, American theatrical and motion picture actress; eldest daughter of Rogers' close friend, Fred Stone. The Stones were to open in the East in *Three Cheers*, but Fred suffered serious injuries in an airplane accident and had to withdraw from the production. Rogers volunteered to take his place, although at great personal financial sacrifice. The show was a success.

²Zachary "Zack" Mulhall, Oklahoma cattle baron of the 1890s; pioneer rodeo and wild west showman.

³For Tom Mix see WA 233:N 2.

⁴Benjamin Franklin Keith, American theatrical manager who opened a chain of vaudeville theaters in the early 1900s.

⁵William "Willie" Hammerstein, picturesque American theatrical producer and manager whose Roof Garden Theater in New York City featured some of the most unusual and popular acts in vaudeville.

⁶Buck McKee, cowboy and reputedly one-time sheriff of Pawnee County, Oklahoma, who joined Rogers' vaudeville act in 1905.

⁷Teddy, Rogers' beloved trick show horse.

⁸John Jakob Raskob, American industrialist who resigned his executive position with General Motors Corporation in 1928 in order to serve as Democratic national chairman for the Smith campaign.

⁹For George H. Moses see WA 287:N 1.

301 *New York Herald-Tribune*, September 30, 1928

302 OM; published: *TDW*, October 7, 1928

¹For Jim Reed see WA 228:N 2; for Thomas Walsh see WA 274:N 4.

²John William Davis, former United States congressman from West Virginia and ambassador to Great Britain; unsuccessful Democratic candidate for president in 1924.

³For Joe Robinson see WA 276:N 7. Robinson was Al Smith's running mate in 1928.

For Charles Curtis see WA 267:N 5.

303 *TDW*, October 14, 1928

¹Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Democratic governor of New York from 1929 to 1933; president of the United States from 1933 until his death in 1945.

²Albert Ottinger, former Republican attorney general of New York who ran unsuccessfully for governor in 1928 against Roosevelt.

³*David Harum, a Story of American Life*, a novel by Edward Noyes Westcott, posthumously published in 1898. Harum is a New England county banker, noted for his sly horsetrading. Rogers starred in the motion picture adaptation of the novel in 1934.

304 OM; published: *TDW*, October 21, 1928

¹For Babe Ruth see WA 229:N 6.

²William Henry "Bill" Sherdel, professional baseball player who pitched for the Saint Louis Cardinals from 1918 to 1930.

³Eliza, a character in the nineteenth century American novel *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. In the book by Harriet Beecher Stowe, Eliza, a mulatto slave, takes her child and escapes from her master by crossing the frozen Ohio River.

⁴For Jimmy Walker see WA 245:N 4.

305 OM; published: *TDW*, October 28, 1928

¹For Charles G. Dawes see WA 221:N 2.

²For Frank O. Lowden see WA 263:N 3.

³Rogers attended Kemper Military Academy at Boonville, Missouri, for two years.

⁴For Jim Reed see WA 228:N 2.

⁵For Andrew W. Mellon see WA 231:N 3.

306 OM; published: *TDW*, November 4, 1928

¹William DeWolf Hopper, noted American comedian and star of vaudeville, theater, and silent films; excelled in such theatrical productions as *Wang*, *Pinafore*, and *The Mikado*.

²For Dorothy Stone see WA 300:N 1.

³Carl G. Fisher, Indiana businessman and realtor who conceived and built the Indianapolis Speedway and who helped to develop Miami Beach, Florida, and other resort areas.

⁴Alexander J. Macnab, American army officer; military attaché at the United States embassy in Mexico City from 1927 to 1930; close friend of Charles Lindbergh.

⁵For Dwight W. Morrow see WA 254:N 2.

⁶Nancy Langhorne Astor, one of the beautiful Langhorne sisters of Virginia; the wife of Lord Waldorf Astor and, as a British subject, the first woman to sit in the House of Commons, serving from 1919 to 1945.

307 *TDW*, November 11, 1928

308 *TDW*, November 18, 1928

¹For Stonewall Jackson see WA 267:N 1.

²For John J. Raskob see WA 300:N 8.

³For Thomas Heflin see WA 221:N 3.

William David Upshaw, Democratic United States representative from Georgia from 1919 to 1927.

⁴For Robert M. La Follette, Jr., see WA 287:N 2.

⁵Albert Cabell Ritchie, Democratic governor of Maryland from 1920 to 1935; states' right advocate and federal prohibition opponent.

⁶For Jimmy Walker see WA 245:N 4.

⁷Josephus Daniels, North Carolina newspaper publisher and politician; United States secretary of the navy from 1913 to 1921; United States ambassador to Mexico from 1933 to 1941.

⁸For Pat Harrison see WA 221:N 6.

⁹For Jim Reed see WA 228:N 2.

¹⁰For Carter Glass see WA 256:N 4.

309 *TDW*, November 25, 1928

¹The *Vestris*, a British-owned luxury liner, sank off the Virginia Capes on November 12, 1928, following a hurricane that had damaged the ship. The accident claimed 115 lives.

²For Pat Harrison see WA 221:N 6.

³For Franklin D. Roosevelt see WA 303:N 1.

⁴Owen D. Young, Chicago attorney and corporate executive; chairman of the board of General Electric Company from 1922 to 1939 and 1942 to 1944.

310 *TDW*, December 2, 1928

¹For John J. Raskob see WA 300:N 8.

²For George H. Moses see WA 287:N 1.

³William F. Kenny, New York City building contractor and stock market speculator; close friend of Al Smith and a leading financial contributor to Smith's campaign in 1928.

⁴For Pat Harrison see WA 221:N 6.

⁵Bernard Mannes Baruch, American businessman, statesman, and Democratic political adviser and financial contributor; confidant of Woodrow Wilson and other presidents; chairman of the War Industries Board during World War I.

⁶For the sinking of the *Vestris* see WA 309:N 1.

311 *TDW*, December 9, 1928

¹Rogers and a fellow cowboy, Dick Parris, went to Argentina in 1902 to find work on the ranches in the country.

²For Bernard M. Baruch see WA 310:N 5.

³For John J. Raskob see WA 300:N 8.

⁴For George H. Moses see WA 287:N 1.

⁵For John J. Pershing see WA 246:N 2.

⁶Paul Ludwig von Hindenburg, commanding general of the German armies in World War I; president of Germany from 1925 to 1932 and 1932 until his death in 1934. Ferdinand Foch, French general who served as supreme commander of all Allied armies in World War I.

⁷Frederick Albert Britten, Republican United States representative from Illinois from 1913 to 1935.

Frank Billings Kellogg, United States secretary of state from 1925 to 1929; corecipient of the Nobel peace prize in 1929.

312 *TDW*, December 16, 1928

¹For Andrew W. Mellon see WA 231:N 3.

²James John Davis, United States secretary of labor from 1921 to 1930; Republican United States senator from Pennsylvania from 1930 to 1945.

313 *TDW*, December 23, 1928

¹William Howard Taft, Republican president of the United States from 1909 to 1913; chief justice of the Supreme Court from 1921 until his death in 1930. Taft weighed in excess of 300 pounds.

314 OM; published: *TDW*, December 30, 1928

¹Charles "Albert" Chief Bender, professional baseball player who pitched for the Philadelphia Athletics from 1903 to 1914 and 1916 to 1917; named to the Baseball Hall of Fame in 1953. Bender was a Chippewa Indian from Minnesota.

²William Jennings Bryan, prominent Democratic politician, known as the "Great Commoner"; three-time Democratic candidate for the presidency; United States secretary of state from 1913 to 1915.

For Carry Nation see WA 283:N 2.

³For Jimmy Walker see WA 245:N 4.

⁴Curtis (see WA 267:N 5) claimed Kaw Indian ancestry.

⁵Harry H. Davis, professional baseball player and coach who starred at first base for the Philadelphia Athletics from 1901 to 1911 and 1913 to 1917.

⁶John Joseph McGraw, "Little Napoleon," professional baseball player with the Baltimore Orioles from 1891 to 1899; manager of the New York Giants from 1902 to 1932; named to the Baseball Hall of Fame in 1937.

Christopher "Christy" Mathewson, professional baseball player, manager, and executive, who pitched for the New York Giants from 1900 to 1916. Mathewson, one of the greatest pitchers of his generation, was elected to the Baseball Hall of Fame in 1936.

Joseph Jerome "Joe" McGinnity, professional baseball player who pitched for the New York Giants from 1902 to 1908. A winner of 247 games, McGinnity was named to the Baseball Hall of Fame in 1946.

⁷John Wesley "Jack" Coombs, professional baseball player who pitched for the Philadelphia Athletics from 1906 to 1914 and the Brooklyn Dodgers from 1915 to 1918.

⁸For Pop Warner see WA 296:N 2.

⁹Jonas Metoxen, American Indian athlete who played fullback at Carlisle Institute from 1894 to 1898.

Bemus Pierce, football player at Carlisle Institute; named second-team All-American guard in 1896; captain of the Carlisle team from 1895 to 1897.

James "Jimmy" Johnson, Carlisle football quarterback; consensus All-American in 1903.

Charles "Charlie" Dillon, American Indian athlete who had a colorful eight-year career at Carlisle.

¹⁰James Francis "Jim" Thorpe, Sac-Fox Indian from Oklahoma who excelled as an all-around athlete. Thorpe played halfback for Pop Warner's football team at Carlisle, where he received All-American honors in 1911 and 1912. He also won the pentathlon and decathlon at the Olympics of 1912 but later had to forfeit his gold medals after it was discovered he once had played professional baseball.

¹¹William Penn, wealthy and influential English Quaker who founded the colony of Pennsylvania in 1681.

315 OM; published: *TDW*, January 6, 1929

¹For Leon Trotsky see WA 254:N 4.

²Chester P. Miles, United States Army officer; federal prohibition administrator in New York City from 1926 to 1927. Miles won the \$25,000 first prize in a national contest for the best plan to make prohibition more effective. A schoolboy from Palo Alto, California, won \$1,000 in the competition.

316 OM; published: *TDW*, January 13, 1929

¹Grover Aloysius Whalen, New York City merchant and civic leader; police commissioner from 1928 to 1930.

317 OM; published: *TDW*, January 20, 1929

¹Walter Percy Chrysler, president of the Maxwell Motor Company and its successor, Chrysler Corporation, from 1921 until his death in 1940.

318 OM; published: *TDW*, January 27, 1929

¹Edward Mandell House, Texas politician and United States diplomat; close friend and confidant of Woodrow Wilson and Wilson's personal representative to European nations during World War I.

²For John J. Pershing see WA 246:N 2.

³For John J. Raskob see WA 300:N 8.

⁴John Smith, English military adventurer who helped found Jamestown, the first permanent English settlement in America, in 1607.

⁵Booker Taliaferro Washington, African American educator who established Tuskegee Institute in 1881. He headed the school, which was devoted to industrial education, until his death in 1915.

⁶Robert Russa Moton, African American educator who served as principal of Tuskegee from 1915 until his death in 1940.

319 OM; published: *TDW*, February 3, 1929

¹For Dwight W. Morrow see WA 254:N 2.

²For Henry S. Johnston see WA 262:N 4.

³Clement Vann Rogers, early-day Indian Territory rancher, banker, and Cherokee tribal leader; father of Will Rogers.

⁴For Mrs. O. O. Hammonds see WA 262:N 4.

⁵For Aimee Semple McPherson see WA 226:N 1.

⁶Esther Evans Wilson, a New York City socialite, was charged with the near-fatal shooting of her estranged husband, Dallett Wilson, an attorney and Republican party official. She was convicted of assault and given a three-year prison sentence.

320 OM; published: *TDW*, February 10, 1929

¹William Scott Vare, United States representative from Pennsylvania from 1923 to 1927. Vare, the Republican "boss" of Pennsylvania, was elected to the United States Senate in 1926 but was never seated because of charges of excessive campaign expenditures.

Smedley Darlington Butler, major general in the United States Marine Corps; director of the Department of Safety in Philadelphia from 1924 to 1925.

²For William E. Borah see WA 222:N 4.

321 OM; published: *TDW*, February 17, 1929

¹For Edward M. House see WA 318:N 1.

²For Andrew W. Mellon see WA 231:N 3.

322 OM; published: *TDW*, February 24, 1929

¹Thomas Jefferson Headlee, professor of entomology at Rutgers University from 1912 to 1943; organizer of the New Jersey mosquito control program.

²Joseph Ray, nineteenth century American educator and physician; wrote a popular series of arithmetical and algebraic schoolbooks.

³Rudyard Kipling, English novelist, poet, short-story writer, and journalist whose works include *The Jungle Book*, *Barrack-Room Ballads*, and *Captains Courageous*; awarded the Nobel prize for literature in 1907.

For Nancy Langhorne Astor see WA 306:N 6.

323 McN: published: *TDW*, March 3, 1929

¹Anne Spencer Morrow, daughter of Dwight W. Morrow (see WA 254:N 2); aviator and author whose books include *North to the Orient* and *Listen, the Wind*. Anne Morrow and Charles Lindbergh were married on May 27, 1929.

²For the Prince of Wales see WA 257:N 6.

³Elizabeth Cutter Morrow, American writer, educator, and charity worker; wife of Dwight W. Morrow.

⁴For William E. Borah see WA 222:N 4.

⁵For Andrew W. Mellon see WA 231:N 3.

⁶For Jim Reed see WA 228:N 2.

324 McN; published: *TDW*, March 10, 1929

¹For Grace Coolidge see WA 253:N 4.

²Lou Henry Hoover, wife of Herbert Hoover.

³For Tom Heflin see WA 221:N 3.

⁴Emily Price Post, American writer and columnist, famous for her advice on manners and social etiquette; author of the best seller *Etiquette* (1922).