

**BRISBANE**  
THIS WEEK

Nobody Was Frozen  
One Strike Subsides  
The Emperor Has Lions  
1,000,000 Tiny Pigs

Several have written to this column offering to let themselves be

"frozen stiff and then returned to life" in the interest of science, as suggested by a Los Angeles chemist, R. S. Willard. They will be sorry to hear that the American Medical Association calls Mr. Willard's alleged freezing "a vicious hoax."

It accuses Willard of freezing a dead monkey and then substituting a live one, supposed to have been frozen and thawed out.

Doctor Fishbein, editor of the American Medical Association Journal, says anybody frozen stiff would surely die.

It was an interesting yarn while it lasted.

New York's strike of union men against President Roosevelt, General Johnson and the WPA ("Works Progress Administration") seems temporarily to have collapsed. Mr. Meany, New York labor leader, said all union men would go out and stay out and nonunion men would follow. The news is that the nonunion men did not follow, and the union men went back to work.

Robert Moses of the park department, who employs 25,000 workers on park projects, reports only 10 deserters.

An interesting photograph from Addis Ababa shows two servants of the Ethiopian emperor riding on lions, one female, one male, in the palace garden. The emperor's lions are trained in this fashion for use as "watch dogs." You can easily believe that intruders "keep out."

For war purposes, however, lions are not particularly valuable. Tear gas and deadly poison gas would discourage the lions, as they would men, and lions cannot jump as high as an airplane.

In Chicago's stockyards half the hog pens are closed, prices are soaring, men have lost jobs, all for lack

of hogs to push around and butcher. The yards are suffering.

And only a little while ago an earnest government, determined to help the farmer and promote prosperity, was butchering tens of thousands of "farrow sows" to get rid of them before their little pigs could be born. "Too many little pigs will make too many big hogs," said the government.

You can imagine the ghosts of a million pigs floating over the stockyards, squeaking in their baby voices, "We told you so."

War talk continues. Mussolini announces a new air weapon "overwhelmingly powerful," but does not say what it is. Plain TNT and poison gas are powerful enough.

Hitler announcing that his country is "ready to meet any outside peril," adds: "No power on earth can attack us." That seems a little overconfident.

Uncle Sam, with all his spending, makes a little something for himself. His money-issuing privileges, paper dollars worth about 50 cents, and silver coins containing less than half their value in silver, have given the treasury a profit of about \$3,000,000,000.

And at this moment it does not appear to have hurt anybody. Who understands money?

Stocks are better, prices higher, in London and Wall Street. The London Daily Mail says: "A stock exchange boom seems to do more for world trade than anything. The reason is that it gives confidence everywhere."

Strange and powerful is "confidence." You cannot see it, feel it, weigh it, but you can easily destroy it.

Lovely woman, led by Paris fashion designers, is still trying to find out what she really wants. Universal Service dispatches from Paris describe "dresses as transparent as lace curtains from the knee down; skin-tight evening gowns with cut-out designs as big as elm leaves from under the arms to the hip-line; Cape coats of white fur, slit wide open on both sides." One gown is made entirely of "plaited gold braid."

When will women settle down finally to some one style, as men have done?

Interesting item in taxation news. For instance, government will collect income tax on "public relief." If your generous Uncle Sam gives you \$84 a month, the amount that unions now spend, he will take back \$13.12 in income tax.

That seems like giving your little boy a stick of candy and biting off the end of it.

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# THE ALLEGHANY TIMES MAGAZINE SECTION

**WILL ROGERS**

Will Rogers, Oklahoma cowboy whose homely philosophy endeared him to the hearts of millions, is dead. The wreckage of the plane in which he and Wiley Post, famous flier, were seeking new adventures was found where it had fallen about 15 miles south of Point Barrow, Alaska, northernmost white settlement in America.

Thus ended in tragedy the career of the ranch hand who had made millions laugh—probably the greatest and best known comedian of his day. His intense interest in aviation caused him to undertake the hazardous flight with Post over the wilds of the Far North. For many years he had traveled the skyways, and in his newspaper column had been one of commercial aviation's strongest supporters. That flying should have caused his death is one of fate's grim ironies.

Rogers' career reads almost like fiction. He was born at Ologah in Indian territory, November 4, 1879. He attended the Willie Hassell school at Neosho, Mo., and also the Kemper Military academy at Boonville for a short time. From that humble beginning he rose to become the intimate companion of the great men of the world.

His stage career began in vaudeville at the old Hammerstein roof garden in New York in 1905. At first his act was purely a routine of rope tricks, and he is still consid-

ered one of the world's rope experts. Finally he began to insert homely observations on current events into his act, and enthusiastic audiences begged for more.

Rogers began to receive national recognition when he was engaged by Ziegfeld for the Follies and the Night Frolics in 1914. The ever present chewing gum, his crooked grin, and the lock of hair which dangled in his eyes were known to everyone. Whether he talked to audiences of thousands, to Presidents and cabinet ministers, or to a group of ranch hands he still had the manner of the Oklahoma cowboy sitting on a corral fence and commenting on the weather and the affairs of the nation.

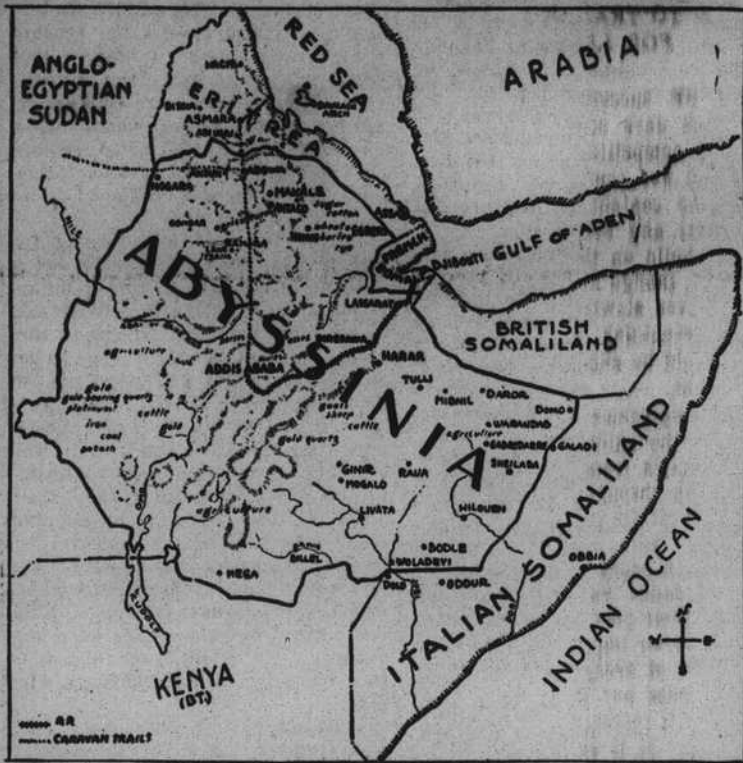
It was through his writings, however, that he was best known and loved. His daily newspaper feature was read by millions, and his weekly column carried by the nation's largest dailies and also syndicated to weeklies by Western Newspaper Union carried his observations into the majority of American homes. No matter how busy he might be, or what affairs were pressing he always took time to prepare his column himself. A motion picture might be in the making, with expenses of hundreds of dollars each minute going on, but Rogers never failed his newspaper readers. Each day he would retire to some corner of the set, and while directors fumed and producers wailed, he turned out his regular stint.

Few people today realize the extent of Rogers' writings. Among the books he wrote were *Rogerisms—The Cowboy Philosopher on Prohibition*; *Rogerisms—The Cowboy Philosopher on the Peace Conference, 1919*; *Rogerisms—What We Laugh At*; *Illiterate Digest*; *Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat to His President*; and *There's Not a Bathing Sult in Russia*.

His writings were unique. Under their cloak of humor there was an underlying common-sense that came from a man raised close to the soil. He knew the people of America and his sage comments—often only a few lines—often carried more wisdom and more weight than pages by another. Although his fame was world-wide, and his income enormous, he never lost the common touch. To the end he was Will Rogers, and his line "All I know is what I read in the newspapers" became almost a trademark.

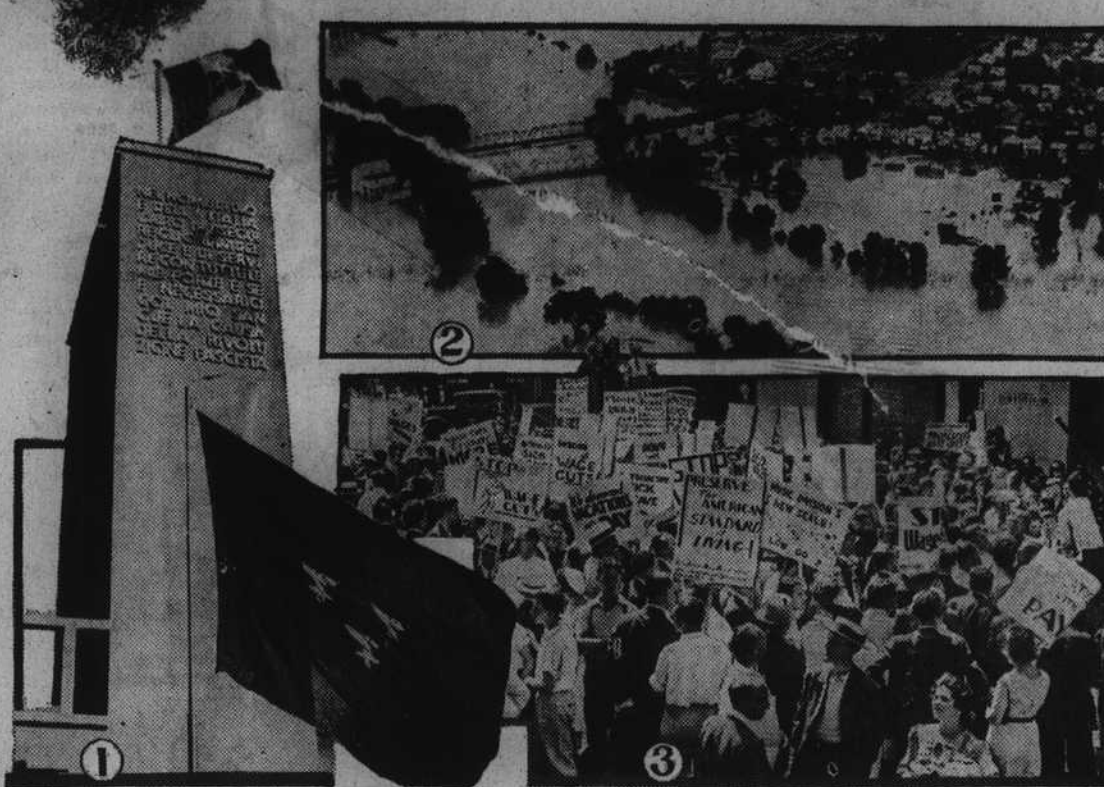
Just before he left on the fatal flight, he told correspondents that he was going to spend the winter with some of Alaska's old sourdoughs—swapping stories, hearing their tales of adventures—and finding in their association the old pioneer humor of his boyhood days. And because he was Will Rogers he would have found it just as entertaining as though he had never been the confidant of Presidents and statesmen.

**Map of the Land Il Duce Covets**



This map of Ethiopia shows the wild terrain which, in case of war, the Italian army will have to master to conquer the loyal troops of Haile Selassie. Valuable deposits of minerals and oil are guarded by lofty mountains and dry, oven-like deserts, which in the rainy season become dripping and morass-like. Roads are few and there is but one railroad.

**Scenes and Persons in the Current News**



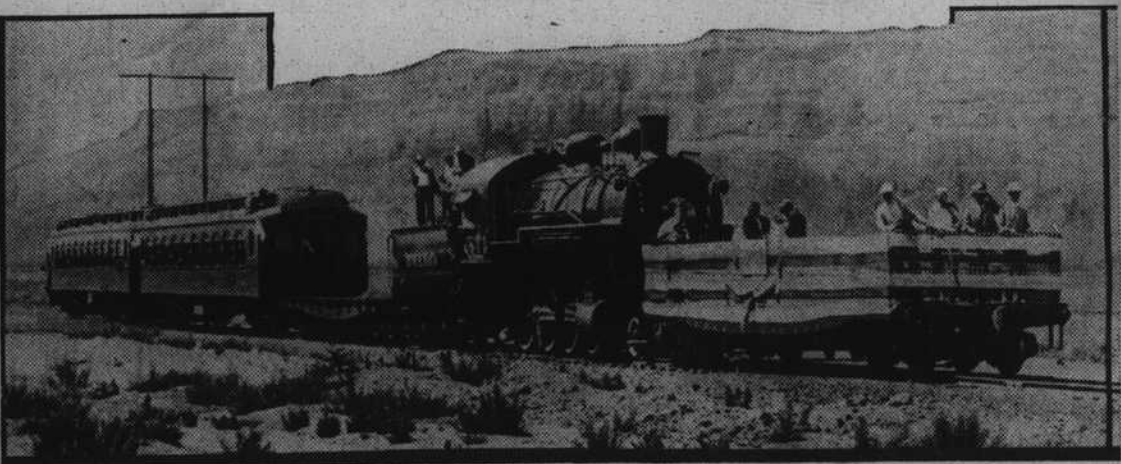
1—Italy's Tower of Faith in Rome, where Fascist soldiers repeat the oath inscribed near the top, pledging their lives to the country and Mussolini. 2—View of the inundated village of Coshocton during the disastrous floods in eastern Ohio. 3—New York strikers against the security wage paid by WPA demonstrating in front of the office of Gen. Hugh S. Johnson, administrator for that area.

**Starting Work on Homestead Project**



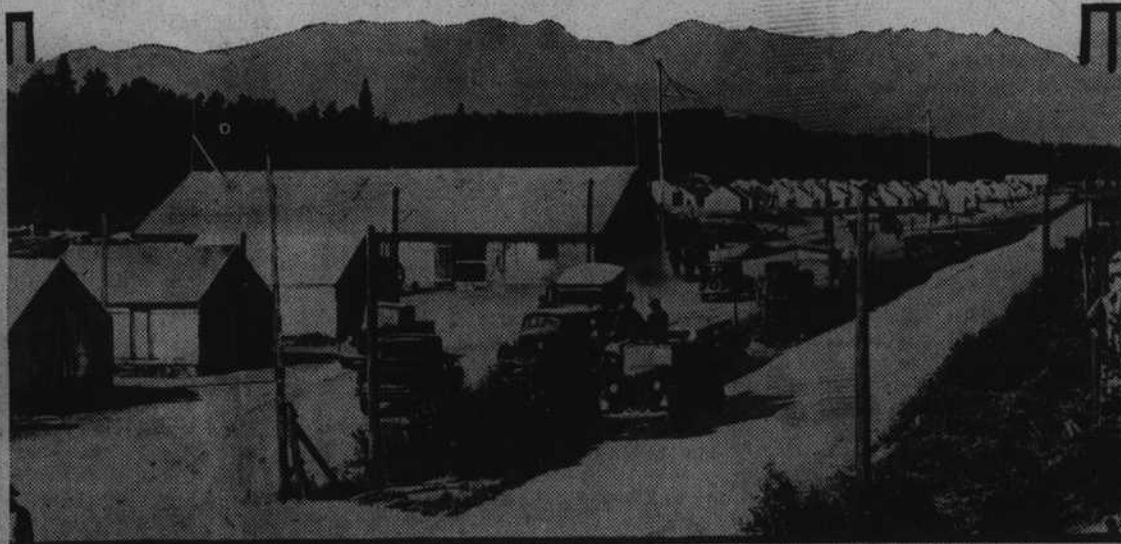
Workers are shown digging a water-line ditch, as work started on the housing project at Hightstown, N. J., where 200 subsistence homes are being erected on a 1,270 acre plot by the Federal Housing Administration.

**First Passenger Train in Upper Grand Coulee**



The first passenger train to travel the newest railroad in the land, built for the United States bureau of reclamation at the Grand Coulee dam project, 92 miles west of Spokane, is shown half way down the 30 mile gorge. The governor of Washington, Clarence D. Martin, acted as engineer.

**Town of Palmer Springs Up in Alaska**



The town of Palmer, being built in Matanuska valley, Alaska, by colonists from the Middle West, is pictured here on a busy day. In the foreground are the administrative headquarters of the Alaska Rural Rehabilitation corporation. The long building is the warehouse which also houses the telegraph and radio offices of the United States army signal corps. Tents of the colonists are to be seen in the background.

**Italy's Camouflaged Tents in East Africa**



Enemy planes would have a difficult time spotting these Italian tents which are camouflaged the color of the terrain. The tents are erected in Eritrea, not far from the Ethiopian border. The men are awaiting Mussolini's "Go" before starting their invasion.

**High Jumper Jumps Into Matrimony**



Jean Shiley, holder of the world's high jump record for women, Olympic champion and noted track star, is pictured after taking a leap into matrimony. Her groom is Michael Rens, Philadelphia attorney. They were married at the Church of Conciliation in Brookline, Pa.

**"Old Men of the Trees"**

Natives of Borneo call orang-utans "the old men of the trees." That, in fact, is what orang-utan means in the language of the Borneo bushman.

Scandinavia and Roman Empire  
Coins of Emperor Nero's time found in north Jutland, show that Scandinavia had connections with the Roman empire earlier than was supposed.

**Localisms**

Localisms are much the same as provincialisms, except that the area of the use of the terms or expressions is more confined. Thus, for instance, in Providence, R. I., a person speaks of having his shoes "tapped and heeled." Elsewhere in the United States it would be "half-soled and heeled." The term espartoon is nowhere heard in the United States except in Baltimore, where it means a policeman's billy. —Literary Digest.