

The Capital's Greatest Newspaper

AMERICA
FIRST

Washington Herald

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

6 A. M.
FINAL
PRICE
THREE CENTS
26 Pages

THE WEATHER

Partly cloudy today and tomorrow; possible showers. Little change in temperature.

AVERAGE TEMPERATURES

New York	79	Chicago	75
Washington	81	Detroit	76
Boston	77	Seattle	62
Pittsburgh	76	Los Angeles	71
Atlanta	79	San Francisco	69
Baltimore	82	San Antonio	83

VOL. XIII, NO. 265

Entered as Second Class Matter at Post Office at Washington, D. C.

* SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1935

Copyright, 1935, by American Newspapers. Registered at U. S. Patent Office.

Editorial and Business Phone District 5260-5275

PLANE LANDS FOR ROGERS, POST BODIES

Motor Failure Blamed for Accident; Ship Plunged in Bog From Fifty Feet

LAST PHOTO OF ILL-FATED FLIERS



International News Photograph Service
"LOOKS LIKE GOOD FLYING WEATHER, WILL"
Wiley Post and Will Rogers, pictured as they studied weather before flying to Alaska

Natives Only Witnesses
As Two U. S. Idols Die
In Alaskan Wilds

STRUGGLE DESCRIBED
Wiley Tried Desperately
To Bank Balky Craft
To Safe Landing

POINT BARROW, Alaska, Aug. 16.—Joe Crosson, famous Alaska pilot, arrived here by plane at 10:30 p. m. (E. S. T.) to take the bodies of Will Rogers and Wiley Post to Fairbanks on the first stage of their return to the United States. Crosson came from Fairbanks, 1,000 miles south.
His services were arranged for by Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, vice president of Pan-American Airways, and J. T. Trippe, president, in cooperation with Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Stephen B. Gibbons.

By FRANK DAUGHERTY
POINT BARROW, Alaska, Aug. 16. (U.P.)—Will Rogers and Wiley Post, two of aviation's greatest boosters, were dead tonight—victims of one of aviation's most tragic failures.

They died instantly last night when the motor of Post's new streamlined monoplane missed fire a few minutes after take off from an Eskimo village 15 miles from Point Barrow and the pontoon-equipped ship plunged into the boggy tundra.

Always close friends, they had gone on a flying vacation trip prior to Post's projected flight to Siberia.

Motor Sputtering, Natives Say
Rogers, the part-Cherokee Indian boy from Oklahoma who became America's beloved humorist, philosopher and character actor, was hurled from the cockpit as the ship somersaulted among the hummocks near the river they had just left.

Post, the one-eyed Texan who had skyrocketed to aviation's pinnacle, dared death scores of times and come through with greater glory, perished in the wreckage—pinned among the shattered controls by the thrust-back motor.

Natives said the men had paused at the Eskimo village of Walkpi while Post tinkered with the sputtering motor. While the big shiny airplane bobbed at anchor, Rogers and Post ate dinner on the river bank with the wondering tribesmen.

Apparently convinced the engine would take them the few remaining miles to Point Barrow, the men climbed aboard and roared off in a heavy fog.

Post Crushed in Wreckage
Natives said the ship soared easily to 50 feet. Then the motor began missing. Post banked hard to the right in a terrific effort to glide back to the river.

But the heavy ship lost flying speed and dove earthward with terrific force. It struck the boggy terrain near the river bank and bounded over. The pontoons collapsed. The motor crashed back into the cockpit atop the fuselage.

Rogers was catapulted into the open. Gasoline leaked out and burned around the wreck but the bodies were not seared.

Post's watch stopped at 8:18 p. m. (1:18 a. m. Washington time.)

Sergt. Stanley Morgan of the U. S. Signal Corps, Point Barrow, and this correspondent brought the bodies out in a whaleboat manned by Eskimos.

Rogers' watch was still running when we reached the scene.

It was necessary to tear the wreckage apart to reach Post's body.

The bodies were wrapped in blankets and placed in the

**Rogers' Kin Leave
Maine Resort**

Wife, Daughter Board
Train on Word
of Tragedy

LAKEWOOD, Me., Aug. 16 (U.P.)—Mrs. Will Rogers and her pretty actress daughter, Mary, motored tonight from Lakewood to Oakland, a distance of about 35 miles, and boarded the "Down-easter" express for New York city.

The train reaches Grand Central Station at 6:52 a. m. (E.S.T.) tomorrow.

With them was Mrs. Rogers' sister, Miss Theda Blake, of Beverly Hills, Cal., who has been chaperone for 19-year-old Mary at the Lakewood Summer Theater here. The three women had planned to board the train at Waterville, but to escape the curious there they met it at Oakland, six miles south.

Mary Rogers resigned her role as feminine lead in "Ceiling Zero"—a thrilling aviation drama involving a fatal plane crash—today to join her mother in mourning the death of the cowboy humorist.

Bearing up bravely under the shock of the tragic news flashed across the continent, the mother and daughter remained in seclusion at their cottage on Lake Wesserunsett, a quarter mile from the theater, while arrangements were made for the trip to New York. There they will join Mary's brother, Jimmy, who was to have arrived here tomorrow. Will, jr., an older son, is in California.

LANNY ROSS WEDS

NEW YORK, Aug. 16 (I.N.S.). Lanny Ross, movie and radio tenor, and Olive White, for three years his personal representative and business manager, today revealed their marriage at Millbrook, N. Y., July 29.

**Car Thief
Murders**

G-Man

Another Department of Justice agent died yesterday before a gangster's blazing gun, but before he died he wounded the killer, who was captured.

At College Corner, Ohio, Nelson B. Klein, special agent attached to Cincinnati division, was killed by George Barrett, sought for violation of the National Automobile Theft Act, Edgar A. Hoover, director of the bureau announced here last night.

With Donald McGovern, another agent, Mr. Klein cornered Barrett and ordered him to surrender. Barrett's answer was gunfire. Mr. Klein fell, fatally wounded, but shooting. Mr. McGovern fired too, and Barrett dropped, wounded in the legs.

Mr. McGovern took Barrett into custody, as his companion died.

Agent Klein is survived by a widow and three children. Since no Government compensation is provided for the family of a G-Man who dies in the line of duty, his companions contribute \$10 each when one is killed. Thus the widow receives between \$5,000 and \$6,000. Repeated efforts to obtain legislation to provide some form of Government pension have failed.

With the death of Mr. Klein, the Department of Justice may have to place a new plaque on the wall of Director Hoover's ante-room. On the plaque are the names of "G-Men" who died fighting, and the plaque is now full, top to bottom. The last names added were those of Sam Cowley and E. D. Hollis, killed by "Baby-face" Nelson.

**Mrs. Post to Meet
Funeral Ship**

Widow to Hop Today
to Claim Wiley's
Body

MAYSVILLE, Okla., Aug. 16 (U.P.)—Wiley Post will be given a simple, old-fashioned funeral service under the trees in the front yard of his father's farm home, his widow and parents decided tonight.

Mrs. Mae Post, the widow, will leave tomorrow for Seattle by plane.

Post probably will be buried in the country cemetery near this central Oklahoma farm town. His aged father, W. F. Post, told friends:

"We're going to give him a simple funeral in the yard of the home under the trees in an old-fashioned way."

Mrs. Post, the slim Texas girl Post married in an airplane elopement in 1927, agreed. So did the flier's mother.

"I wish to God I had been with him when he crashed," Mrs. Post cried out when informed of the tragedy.

She abandoned the Post-Rogers Alaskan trip last week at Seattle, friends said, because Post had a premonition something might happen.

SUED FOR \$60,000

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 16 (I.N.S.)—Snowden Fahnestock, New York and Washington socialite and second in command of the Lost Battalion in the World War, was sued for \$60,000 by Benjamin Bernard, New York associate, today. Bernard was injured in an automobile accident on December 3, 1934.

LINDBERGH SENDS AIRPLANE TO BRING BACK 2 HEROES KILLED IN ALASKAN CRASH

Ship Crashed in Bog From Height of 50 Feet After Experiencing Motor Trouble; Village Natives Only Witnesses of Tragic Accident At Point Barrow; U. S. Mourns Victims

(Continued from First Page)

whaleboat for the return trip. They were turned over to Dr. Henry Griest, superintendent of the Presbyterian Mission Hospital.

A piece of paper fell from Rogers' pocket as natives struggled to beach the heavy whaleboat here. It was a newspaper picture of his daughter, Mary, who has been playing in "Ceiling Zero"—an aviation play—at the Lakewood, Me., summer theater.

An Eskimo fell between the heavy rollers being used to beach the whaleboat and was crushed. He was badly hurt.

Many hours after the crash, bits of wreckage were seen floating downstream toward the Arctic Ocean.

Sergeant Morgan filed a complete report to officials at Washington. It follows:

"At 10 p. m. a native runner reported a plane had crashed 15 miles south of Barrow. I immediately hired a fast launch and proceeded to the scene. I found the plane a complete wreck and partially submerged in two feet of water.

Post Trapped

"I recovered the body of Rogers and then found it necessary to tear the plane apart to extract the body of Post from the water.

"Brought the bodies to Barrow and turned them over to Dr. Griest; also salvaged the personal effects, which I am holding.

"Advise relatives and instruct this station fully as to procedure.

"Natives camping on the small river, 15 miles south of here, claim Post and Rogers landed, asked their way to Barrow and, on taking off, the engine misfired on a right bank while only 50 feet over the water. The plane, out of control, crashed, tearing the right wing off and then toppling over, forcing the engine back through the body of the plane.

"Both apparently were killed instantly. Both bodies were bruised. Post's wrist watch was broken and stopped at 8:18 p. m.

Murky fog hampered the natives and two white men in their efforts to remove Post's body from the wreckage. A flashlight found in the cabin threw dim light on the shattered plane.

Many books and wet papers were found. They included Russian dictionaries and translations Post had intended using on a flight to Siberia.

Both bodies were clad in light sports clothes, with rubber boots. The clothing and personal effects were dried carefully at the Mission hospital.

Bodies Mangled

Almost the entire population of Point Barrow, including 290 Eskimos and 10 white persons, went to the scene of the crash in boats.

There was no souvenir hunting. The natives knew nothing of the fame of the crash victims. Many picked up pieces of the broken plane and carried them reverently to the Arctic Ocean beach at Point Barrow. The small dark men worked solemnly, and silently, carrying tins of emergency rations, and personal effects of the dead men.

The bodies, covered with sheets by Dr. Greist, lay tonight in the tiny Mission hospital—the same hospital that was crowded to capacity this spring with 200 influenza sufferers.

Dr. Greist said both Rogers' legs were broken, his face and head cut badly and his skull crushed. Post's body was crushed and his legs and arms broken. Both bodies had been submerged.

Clearing weather indicated it might be possible to fly the

bodies to Fairbanks within one or two days.

The message was relayed to Washington through the Signal Corps station at Seattle, Wash.

Rambling Trip

The cowboy-humorist and the aviator had been on a rambling trip. It started at Los Angeles and there was a lengthy stop at Seattle while the retractable landing wheels were replaced by pontoons for Arctic travel.

After several hunting and fishing expeditions during one of which Post received a ducking when he fell from a slippery pontoon, the men visited the Government's farm colonization project in the Matanuka Valley.

They returned to Fairbanks yesterday and set out for Point Barrow.

Army officials sent word of the tragedy to Rogers' family and to Mrs. Post, at Ponca City, Okla. Mrs. Post originally had intended to make the trip but changed her mind at Seattle.

(Copyright, 1935, by United Press)

Hollywood Mourns Rogers' Death

Film Stars, Prop Boys Show Grief for Old Friend

HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 16 (U.P.).

Will Rogers left here for the Alaska flying adventure in which he died with an expression of faith in his pilot, Wiley Post. He told friends:

"I don't know much about airplanes, but if Wiley is the pilot I don't need to know much."

The film colony read accounts of Will's death tonight with sorrow. As his homely humor touched all—from Presidents and kings to the humblest toiler—so tonight his death shocked not only producers and stars but prop boys, extra girls, studio carpenters.

Fred Stone, Rogers' closest personal friend, wept. Mr. Stone said:

"The world has lost a great man and I have lost my best friend."

Billie Burke, widow of Flo Zeigfeld who "discovered" Rogers, said:

"He was the kindest man in the world. I had known him for so many years—just starting out in the Follies. When my husband died Will was like a brother to me."

(Continued from First Page)

periments with dogs were shown."

"Dr. Vorobyev paralleled what has been done at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore by inserting a small spool in the dog's skull with wires that went deeper. By the application of electric current from a battery the animal was induced to move its feet or go through other motions, according to the nature and locality of the stimulus."

All this will be valuable to science, perhaps save human lives later, but it is gruesome now.

Referring to John D. Rockefeller, jr.'s, recent generous gift of millions, to education and other purposes, it was stated here that Mr. Rockefeller had sold certain oil stocks. Information from the Stock exchange is to the effect that Mr. Rockefeller gave away the stock, itself, many millions worth, directly to

Thought of His Comfort

Mrs. Post might have been killed with her famous husband. She is quoted as having stayed home so he "could be more comfortable."

Rogers' Tribute to Wife

"Well she is about everything. You can't live with a comedian long without being mighty forgiving."—From Will Rogers' article in today's Herald.



Capital Mourns 2 Dead Fliers

Commerce Inspectors to Conduct Probe of Fatal Crash

A pall of grief, seldom equalled in this city of famous figures, fell on Washington yesterday with the news of the death of America's "Unofficial Statesman," Will Rogers, and the nation's peer of long-distance fliers, Wiley Post.

From Vice President Garner and Speaker Byrns down to the page boys, the National Capitol paid them heart-felt tribute.

The Air Commerce Division of the Commerce Department at once ordered a formal investigation of the crash and dispatched department inspectors to the scene. While they withheld official comment, they privately ascribed the crash to one of the most treacherous of aviation's dangers—motor failure in a takeoff.

Since the year when Will Rogers toured Europe as "unofficial ambassador at large" for President Coolidge, the famous humorist and humanist has been a familiar figure in the exclusive social circles of the nation's notables here. Presidents have confided in him, statesmen have sought the advice of his homely philosophy.

Puerto Rico Pays Tribute to Rogers

SAN JUAN, P. R., Aug. 16 (U.P.).—Gov. Blanton Winship cabled Puerto Rico's sympathy to Mrs. Will Rogers today over her husband's death in Alaska. Rogers visited here shortly after the hurricane in September, 1932, and gave a benefit performance to aid the needy the night of his arrival. He also came to Puerto Rico while Col. Theodore Roosevelt, jr., was Governor.

Sorrow Expressed By Roosevelt

HYDE PARK, N. Y., Aug. 16 (U.S.).—President Roosevelt expressed profound sorrow today at the deaths of Will Rogers and Wiley Post. He said:

"I was shocked to hear of the tragedy which has taken Will Rogers and Wiley Post from us.

"Will was an old friend of mine, a humorist and philosopher, beloved by all.

"I had the pleasure of greeting Post on his return from his 'round-the-world' flight. He leaves behind a splendid contribution to the science of aviation.

"Both were outstanding Americans and will be greatly missed."

Home Folks Mourn Post, Rogers

Flags of 2 States at Half-Mast; Indians to Honor Will

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 16 (U.P.).—The home folks of the Southwest today mourned the death of Will Rogers and Wiley Post, who never outgrew being old-time friends and neighbors.

Governors Allred of Texas, Marland of Oklahoma and Landon of Kansas issued public expressions of their States' loss.

Flags flew at half-staff in Oklahoma and Texas, their native States.

At Oklahoma City three memorials bear Post's name, the Wiley Post Aircraft Corporation, the Wiley Post Airport and the Wiley Post Municipal Park.

At Ardmore, Okla., Arthur Oakley, who taught Post to fly, was shocked:

"Post learned to fly in exactly one hour and 45 minutes of instruction. Then he made his first solo flight. He was the best student pilot I ever had."

Post's Air Record Nearly Perfect

Commerce Bureau Shows Only Two 'Pink Slips'

The Air Commerce Bureau record for one of America's greatest fliers—a record without a single "ticket" for violation of regulations—yesterday was closed, and taken from the active files of the department.

Government officials, usually prone to view such matters with routine formality, agreed the record of Wiley Post is one of the most remarkable ever to hold space there.

With white slips of "physical waiver" attached to every medical examination certificate since he obtained his first license—a transport pilot's permit granted September 17, 1928—Post had to fight a constant handicap in the loss of one eye, suffered years before.

Otherwise he was so perfect as a flier that Government officials felt themselves bound to overlook this defect.

There were two "pink tickets" in his record—reports of accidents. One was when his stratosphere plane cracked up on a dry lake bed near Muroc, Calif., February 22, 1935. The other was at Quincy, Ill., September 21, 1933—in which he was slightly hurt.

Transport Pilot's License, No. 3259—bearing the name of Wiley Hartman Post—was last renewed July 1, 1935, at which time Post had 4,250 hours in the air.

Lindbergh Directs Funeral Plane

Colonel Maps Course for Joe Crosson to Fly Bodies

NORTH HAVEN, Me., Aug. 16 (U.P.).—From this island where he and his wife hopped off for Alaska and the Orient four years ago, Col. Charles A. Lindbergh today directed arrangements for return of the bodies of Will Rogers and Wiley Post from Point Barrow.

Familiar with the hazardous Alaskan Airways by reason of his flight to China, Colonel Lindbergh mapped out the routes to be taken by Joe Crosson, Alaskan pilot who will fly the bodies to the United States.

Servants at the Morrow estate insisted throughout the day that Colonel Lindbergh was not here, but it was learned that both Colonel Lindbergh and Mrs. Lindbergh were here, with members of the Morrow family, for little Jon Lindbergh's third anniversary.

The plans for the return of the bodies were made in long-distance conversations between Colonel Lindbergh and J. T. Trippe, vice president and president, respectively, of Pan-American Airways, it was understood.

It was in August, 1931, that the Lindberghs visited the several ports on their memorable trip to the Orient, which Mrs. Lindbergh has described in a recent book. The couple left North Haven on July 30, and flew across Canada, Hudson's Bay, to Alaska, thence over the Bering Strait to Asia, Japan and China.

Rogers' Widow to Set Rites

HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 16 (U.P.).—Fox studios tonight said "No plans have been decided upon as to funeral for Will Rogers."

Plans would depend on Mrs. Betty Blake Rogers, the widow, now en route West, studio representatives said. It is expected the funeral will be in Hollywood.

The wife and daughter, Mary, boarded a train at Oakland, Me., last night, to begin their long journey back to the West Coast.

TODAY

beneficiaries, putting no stocks on the market.

This to reassure those who speculate, which Mr. Rockefeller does not do.

Mme. Jeritza, opera singer, landed in an airplane at Newark, minus her new husband, Winfield Sheehan, movie director. Asked where he was, she answered:

"He is flying in from Pittsburgh on a train. He did not like the appearance of the flying weather."

Have we not told you that women are more courageous than men? For them, a risk is a pleasure.

"Trotter Clips Record." A two-year-old mare trots a mile in "two flat," and nobody cares. Any little automobile can roll a mile in ONE flat and keep it up all day if you choose.

How different from when old William H. Vanderbilt—with his fine sidewhiskers, leaned over the dashboard driving Maud S.

and Jay Eye See, a great horse named for J. I. Case—traveled almost as fast as an electric automobile can go, and the father of J. E. Uihlein, of Milwaukee, would have thought nothing of paying \$50,000 for a horse that could trot in two flat.

Are you a U. S. financier, or only a relic of 1929? If you are a U. S. financier, you learn from Moscow that you are engaged in promoting fascism in this country. Some U. S. financiers, about as scarce now as the dodo or the great auk, would not know how to go about financing fascism, what to do with it if they got it or how to select the Fascist dictator. What name would you select? "Huey Long" may rise to your lips, but he does not want a dictatorship, and says so. All he wants is the right to boss everybody, with everybody doing just as he says. Surely that is reasonable.

ROGERS TO GET MEDAL

Honor Award for Aviation

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 16 (U.P.).—The "Spirit of St. Louis" medal for outstanding contribution to aviation will be awarded posthumously to Will Rogers, it was announced today.

The award was originated in 1929 by the aeronautics division of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, which will hold its next meeting here October 10, 11 and 12.

Mr. Rogers was selected for the honor weeks ago, it was said. The announcement originally was to have been withheld until the October meeting.

Damon Runyon Says:

**WILL ROGERSKNEW
U.S. HEART BEAT**

"Most Typical American Spokesman of People"

By **DAMON RUNYON**

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—Will Rogers was undoubtedly America's most complete human document.

His place in this country was unique, amazing. At home he was a sort of unofficial prime minister of the people.

He reflected, in many ways, the mind, the heartbeat of America.

Abroad, he was our ambassador without portfolio.

In thought, and manner of expression, in appearance, and in his daily life, he was probably our most typical native born, the closest living approach to what we like to call the true American.

His vocation was that of an entertainer, a public jester.

It made him a rich man, perhaps one of the richest actors that ever lived.

But America never regarded Will Rogers entirely in that light, or as a humorist of the written word. He was too great a public character. He made himself the spokesman of the common people.

Behind his jesting was nearly always the expression of the thought of the people, none the less effective because he turned it into a laugh.

He stood before kings and queens in his time, before the rulers of the money world, and great scientists, and before society men, and women, and politicians of high and low degree, and he spoke to them all, unabashed, in the simple homely language of the American people, "kidding" them, telling them startling truths with a grin on his face, and his jaws generally working lustily on a wad of gum.

The gun was part of his showmanship, adopted in his early days on the stage to hide genuine embarrassment, but continued on into the days when he was the greatest and surest showman of our times.

Had he been a politician, Will Rogers might have aspired to the greatest heights. He might have been President of the United States.

He was an amazing student of American and world affairs. He had great depth of character. And more than any other man

in this country, he knew the throb of the American pulse.

When he spoke over the radio, millions of people listened to him.

They looked for laughs from him, to be sure, but his laughs were always ingrained with shrewd common sense.

In 1932, he stood before the Democratic Convention in Chicago to offer the perspiring delegates a little diversion during a wait on some business or other, and he held them in the hollow of his hand for upwards of an hour.

Without oratorical pretense or flourish, without prepared notes, he was one of the greatest public speakers this country has ever known.

He was absolutely without "side." He loved mixing with crowds of any nature. A political convention, a world series, a county fair, all had the same appeal to him. He rarely missed the big baseball series. He liked to hang out with the baseball writers, and the oldtime ball players.

He never forgot a friend of his earlier days. He was fond of going around visiting old pals of his Oklahoma career. He had a marvelous memory for faces. Across a big hotel dining room, he would spot some chap he hadn't seen for 20 years or more, and let out a whoop of recognition.

He would never wear a dinner jacket, even for the most high and mighty affair. His only concession to conventionality was a double-breasted blue serge coat, and he didn't care how it fitted or whether his tie was neatly arranged or not. He preferred eating his meals while perched on a stool at a counter.

He knew all manner of sport, and polo was perhaps his favorite because he was a good polo player himself. Next to that came baseball. He was personally acquainted with all the sports celebrities, and sometimes he surprised them by his knowledge of their game. He was fond of football, of everything that interests the run of people.

He knew plenty of hard luck

**Typical
Native
Born**

**Loyal
To His
Friends**

**Knew
Nation's
Pulse**

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 1)

Open today 'till 6 p. m.

GROSNER
of 1325 F Street

Choice
of the house
SALE

Every **\$19.75**

SUIT Were \$29.75 & \$35

Remaining From Clearance Selling

\$29.75

**IN TWO
REDUCED
GROUPS**

Were \$40, \$45 & \$50

Alterations At Actual Cost

IT'S AIR COOLED TO 75° AT GROSNER'S

THOUGHTS WHILE FLYING; WILL ROGERS' OWN STORY OF LAST TRAGIC AIR VOYAGE

Wife's Fears for Him Quieted by Knowledge He Was With Post; Finds Mount Shasta Is Beautiful From Air, Too Big To Be Hidden By Plane Wings; Describes Raging Forest Fire

This vivid and characteristic article was one of the last written by Will Rogers. In it he described his flight from Southern California to Seattle—the prelude to the series of Alaskan air jaunts with his friend Wiley Post, which was destined to end so tragically near the shores of the Arctic Ocean. Mr. Rogers met Mr. Post at Seattle and in Mr. Post's plane they embarked upon their Alaskan flights. In another article, to be published in tomorrow's issue of the Washington Herald, Mr. Rogers described their preparations for their hop off northward from Seattle.

By WILL ROGERS

Odd McIntyre is always writing "Thoughts While Strolling." Well, suppose you are not a "Stroller." I am what you might call a mighty poor "Stroller." The feet are bad and the legs are worse, so I take mine out in riding. So with all due apologies to Odd this is "Thoughts While Flying."

Away here a week or so back I went out to the flying field at midnight in Los Angeles to catch the plane for Seattle. You see, day or night means nothing to 'em now. With the courses all lighted they run schedules in the night time the same as in the day. Bill, that's the first born, and his Mother were with me, and I was off on a little sight-seeing trip with Wiley Post. When my wife knew it was with Wiley, it didn't matter where it was we was going and she was mighty fine about it.

Mighty Forgiving

Well she is about everything. You can't live with a comedian long without being mighty forgiving. The same field a couple of years or more ago she had seen me off to Vancouver to catch a boat to go to the Japanese-Manchurian War, and then fly on round the world and meet her in Geneva, Switzerland, at one of those Disarmament Conferences where I used to always go for my amusement.

Then around South America on 21-thousand-mile jaunt one time—and, by the way, she is no mean aviation enthusiast herself.

She will make all the short trips with you. In fact, she was flying the next night after I left on this trip clear back to New York and to Maine to see our Mary.

But this has nothing to do with "Air Strolling" as I haven't started strolling yet. Pretty night, nice stars, I dropped off in Frisco to tend to some business early the next morning and caught a plane out of there at 11 the next morning, and then to Seattle at five in the afternoon. That's a pretty trip.

Scraped Mt. Shasta

The pilots in the big Boeing just scraped Mt. Shasta. Snow all over the old ant hill. We flew right up and over what I think they call the Redwood Highway. Lots of pretty little towns nestled back in little valleys and canyons. First stop out of Sacramento was Medford, Oregon, where a few days before some ambitious reporter had sent out a U. S. dispatch that he had seen Wiley Post and I

flying over there, when we were at that time crossing Arizona. So this time he is liable to report that I arrived there by horse and buggy.

Say, there is some mountains over that route. South of Medford, north of Medford, that's the town where they raise the fine pears. I was forced down there on my previous flight to Vancouver and they kept telling me about the fine pears and I afterwards wrote about them, but said they never did offer me any, they just kept telling how great they was. Well, sir, when I returned from around the world, they sent me practically all they raised in the valley that year I think. Every time a box would come it would be more pears, and better pears (if possible).

Saw Forest Fire

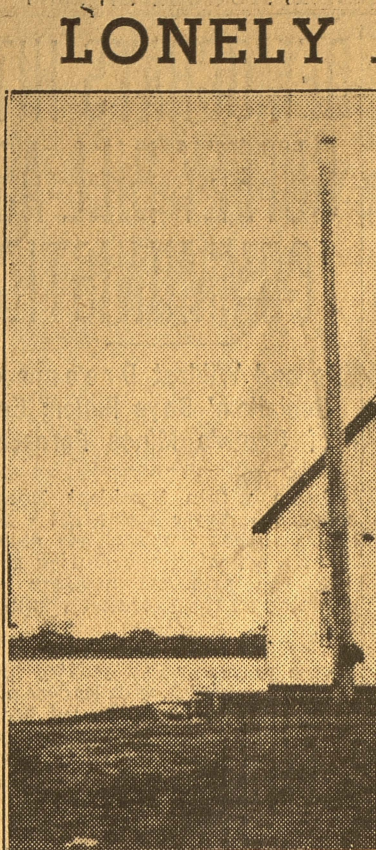
We looked down and saw a big forest fire in the mountains. Pilots said it had been burning for days. Lots of great timber going to waste. Beautiful country, northern California, and Oregon and Washington, everything green, rivers galore. Into Portland, Ore., a beautiful air field on an island, and a beautiful located city. Asked for Tex Rankin, a flier that had hauled me over that country in the early days. He was a fine flier, and is yet, which means that he is good.

If "You are a fine flier" means a lot more than saying "You was a fine flier." Girl stewardess comes along somewhere in the story here with a fine lunch. It had more dainty little sandwiches and knickknacks than I had ever seen in any lunch in my life it was arranged lovely. They say it was made up at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco.

Over Puget Sound

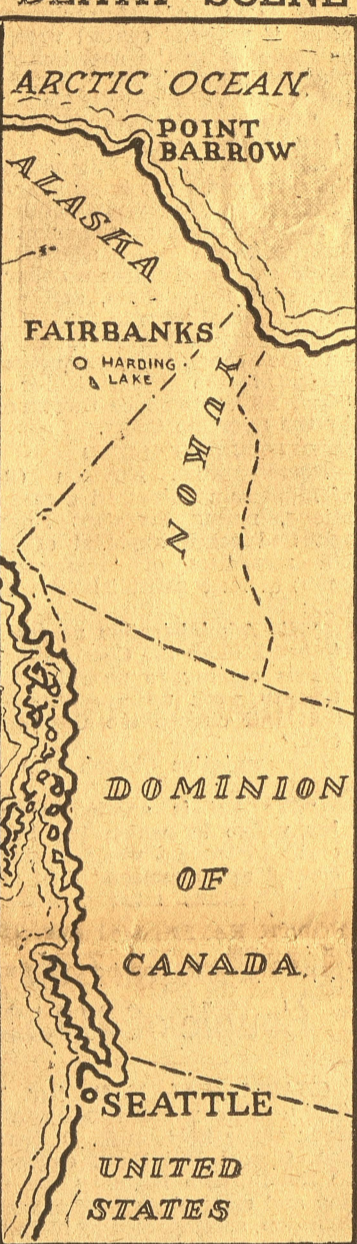
Then into the Puget Sound country, beautiful bays, and islands. Tacoma, who had the first slogan that I can ever remember. It was when I played there in vaudeville about 1908, "Watch Tacoma Grow." I have never watched it much since, but it did. Seattle? That's a whole story in itself. The Gateway to Alaska, to the Orient, to Canada. Have to tell you about that and seeing the big bombing plane they was just finishing for the Army. Biggest in the world.

Yes, sir, a plane is a great place to see anything, only the wings are right under where you want to look and you can't see anything. Did you really see Mt. Shasta. They couldn't hide it under the wings.



THE POINT BARROW S
It was from this stat

DEATH SCENE



FLIGHT ROUTE—The map of the death flight by Will Rogers and Wiley Post, from Seattle to Fairbanks; to Harding Lake and then to Port Barrow where they were killed in a crash, is shown on the map above.

BEERY IS MOVED

LONDON, Aug. 16 (U.S.).—Wallace Beery was deeply affected today by word of Will Rogers' death. The movie actor said: "The world has lost one of its greatest men."

RUNYON WRITES OF ROGERS

(Continued from Page 2)

days. He was doing a little act in vaudeville, displaying the roping tricks of his cowboy days, when, to cover the delay as he was winding his ropes, he began telling a few jokes. His homely manner of narrative, slow, and halting, won the theater goers.

Like the chewing gum, the jokes were at first designed to hide Will Rogers' embarrassment, but when he saw how they went over, Rogers began making a study of jesting. He read the newspapers, and made comments on the happenings of the day, and this was when his natural sense of humor first found full play.

"All I know I read in the papers," said Will.

He was really a great roper and could perform some extraordinary tricks, but the roping was entirely incidental to his comment.

Florenz Ziegfeld, great showman that he was, never had any considerable sense of humor, and at first could not see anything to the Rogers' act.

But he was one of Ziegfeld's greatest assets for years, then went to Hollywood to become at least a million-dollar-a-year property to a movie company. He was one of the most popular stars of the screen, but in the meantime the radio added to his reputation and his income.

With all his success, Rogers never tired of roaming the country mingling with the people. He regarded the airplane as his great-

est boon, because he could travel far and fast. He was one of the first Americans to become a regular patron of the air lines. He probably loved flying more than any other diversion he ever encountered.

He had several minor accidents, but dismissed them as of no consequence. He regarded the airplane as safer than the railroad train. He was very friendly with Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, and Mrs. Lindbergh, and with all the other famous fliers of the country.

He always claimed Oklahoma as his home. He was born November 4, 1879, at Oologah, Indian Territory, now Oklahoma. The son of Clem Van Rogers and Mary Schrimphser Rogers, Christianized William Penn Adair Rogers, his mother wanted him to become a Methodist minister. He was extremely proud of the fact that his father was one-eighth Cherokee, and his mother one-quarter Cherokee, and once he remarked when denying that his people came over on the Mayflower:

"They were waiting to meet the boat."

He was a cowboy in Oklahoma, and a gaucho in the Argentine. He went to school in Neosho, Missouri, and at Kemper Military College, at Booneville, in the same State, though he always liked to pretend that he had very little schooling. As a matter of fact, few men were better educated, or

had more innate culture than Rogers.

The newspaper writing that was eventually syndicated to hundreds of newspapers was born of Rogers' newspaper reading for his stage jokes. When he died, a syndicate was paying him almost as much money weekly as he got at the height of his stage career.

He went to the Argentine as a young fellow of 21 with \$12,000 that he had saved up from cattle deals, to enter the same business down there. He lost his money, and that was when he became a South American gaucho for a time. Then the Boer War broke out, and he went to South Africa and joined the British.

Eventually he drifted back to the United States and joined out with Zack Mulhall in a Wild West show. Rogers made his first appearance in New York at that time as a show-cowboy in the old Madison Square Garden. He generally tried to get on to New York every year when the rodeo was in progress here, to renew old acquaintances and watch the new ropers.

Rogers and his wife, Betty Blake Rogers, celebrated their twenty-sixth wedding anniversary last November. Will met Betty at a taffy pull while he was on a visit to his native Oologah, between stage engagements. Betty was a visitor in town, and although it was love at first sight, Will was too bashful to propose.

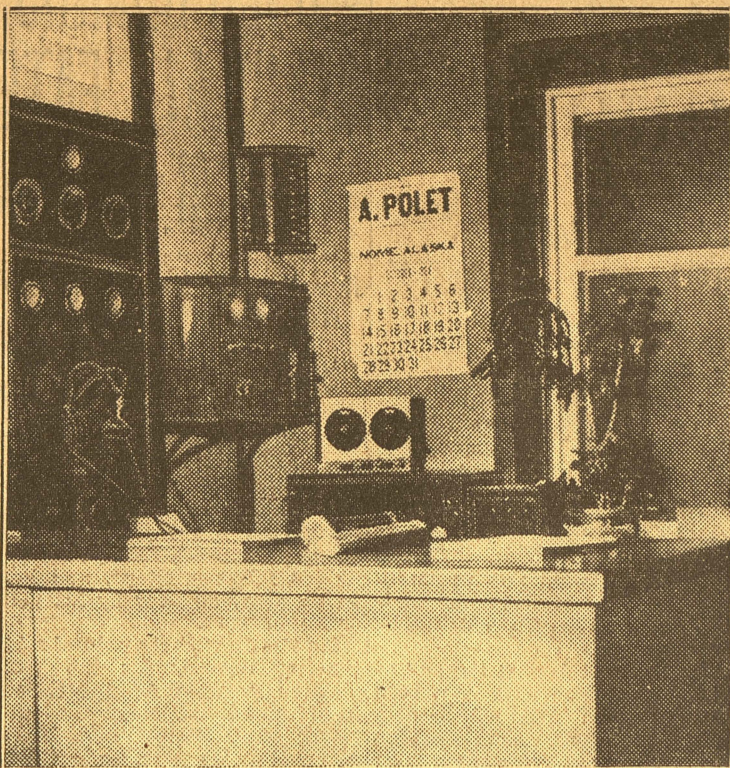
(Copyright, 1935, by Universal Service)

News
Was His
Grist

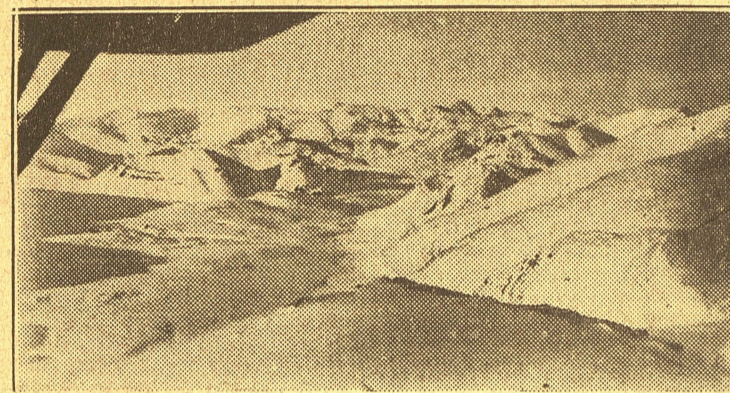
Indian,
Proud
Of It

Wedded
For 26
Years

H FLASHED DISASTER



OFFICE OF THE RADIO STATION
Part of the radio equipment is shown above



Army Signal Corps photo

The wastes of Alaska before famed fliers died

A FLIER'S TRIBUTE

Amelia Earhart Tells Of Post and Rogers

By BOB CONSIDINE

From the boyish, unpainted lips of the world's foremost aviatrix, Amelia Earhart Putnam, came a touching tribute to Wiley Post and Will Rogers yesterday.

Dropping for a moment the hard-shell philosophy which has made her a pilot utterly scornful of fear, Mrs. Putnam stood wearily against the jamb of a door in her apartment at the Carlton and spoke of the dead men in the hushed and halting terms of a grieving woman.

ONE OF THE GREATEST

Her long, strong hands twisted the tassel on her linen robe into an impossible knot as she rambled on, sometimes looking at the person in front of her with the cool grey eyes that have looked upon strange sights from dizzy heights. She mused:

"There never was a flyer quite like Post. Never. Oh, there was some burning spirit in him, something that seized him and sent him off on trips many of us never would attempt. He rose above the handicap of one eye, and almost poverty, and made himself almost indispensable to aviation."

She paused awhile, then added: "His stratosphere flying was about the most important development in recent years. I still can hardly believe that he, well, won't be around to finish that job. He was built for that kind of flying. What endurance he had! I don't know who can take up the job from where he left off."

"I flew with him. I think it must have been in the old Winnie Mae. Good old crate that one was. I didn't see this new plane of his. They tell me it had a Lockheed wing, some other kind of fuselage and a Cyclone engine. Should have been good."

She said almost inaudibly: "I don't know what to say about Mr. Rogers. Only that he was a wonderful person, and no better friend of aviation ever

lived. I've flown with him, too. It's terrible about him."

Then she spoke up more clearly, running one of her slim hands nervously through her tousled hair.

"It'll hurt things for a while, sure. The people won't differentiate between this terrible thing and commercial aviation. I mean it's a little unfair if passenger flying on established lines is hurt by their deaths. Wiley Post was a pioneer. He, well, he flew untracked courses, unlighted, unmapped routes, sort of clearing paths for safer flights to come. He took risks, had to take risks, that established lines never, never have to take."

SHE FLIES AGAIN

"Something will come of it all, though. Oh, it will make us all realize again that flight is incidental after all. I mean the mere miracle of flight is held in too much importance by most of us. We've simply got to concentrate on the beginning and end of flight—I mean the take off and the landing of planes. We're getting somewhere, slowly. The Commerce Department's sponsorship of safe landing planes should be helped by the accident, even if it is a 'pretty awful price to pay for that help. I flew that tail-less plane around Washington yesterday. It's on the right track."

After a while the woman the world will never forget, nor perhaps never know as anything but hard and unemotional, shook herself slightly, and the surge of warmth and sympathy that had been hers dropped abruptly. She said, a little crisply:

"You must excuse me now. I have to pack."

She was asked:

"It's none of my business," but where are you going?"

"I'm flying out to Los Angeles tonight."

CONGRESS PAYS ROGERS, POST HIGH TRIBUTES

'Great Americans Host' Says
Robinson; House Members
Also Shocked at Tragedy

The Senate took time from the hurly-burly of legislative rush today to bespeak an impressive and heartfelt memorial to two famous men who lost their lives in the cause of the air.

In an informal ceremony not unusual at deaths of their own colleagues, but with few precedents for private citizens, Senator Joe T. Robinson of Arkansas, majority leader, opened the Senate's proceedings with a personal tribute to Will Rogers and Wiley Post—declaring that both will live on despite their physical deaths.

ROBINSON'S TRIBUTE

Before a packed gallery, and with a well-filled chamber sitting in deepest silence, Senator Robinson said:

"Probably the most widely known private citizen of the United States and certainly the best beloved, met his death some hours ago in a lonely far away place.

"We pause for a moment in the midst of our duties to pay brief tribute to his memory and that of his gallant companion, Wiley Post.

"I do not think of Will Rogers as dead. I shall remember him always as a sensible, courageous, loyal friend, possessed of unusual and notable talents. He made fun for all mankind. In nothing that he ever said was there an intentional sting. He was kind, generous, patriotic.

"His companion was a courageous representative of a gallant group who on the wings of adventure sought remote places and conquered long distances.

"All the nation mourns the loss of these great citizens. They were both representative of the highest type of manhood. Peace to them."

SENATOR McNARY GRIEVED

When Senator Robinson had finished, Senator McNary, of Oregon, minority floor leader, said:

"I am in accord with the sympathetic statement made by the Senator from Arkansas and I know that every Republican member of the Senate shares the feelings expressed by him.

"I have known Mr. Rogers for many years, not intimately but more than casually. His philosophy and good humor have brightened the pages of the press for many years. We shall miss the many bright and clever and entertaining things he has said.

"He has brought happiness to his fellow citizens and more than that, he has brought happiness and joy and good feeling to the hearts of millions of Americans. In common with all his fellow citizens, I regret his tragic end."

Senator McAdoo (D.) of California, president of the National Aeronautic Association, was visibly shocked. Declaring himself unable to understand the accident, he said:

"This is a most tragic thing. I am grieved beyond words. Will Rogers was a unique character in American life whose loss will be felt by millions. Post was a most able aviator."

Senator Copeland (D.), of New York, chairman of the special committee investigating the death of Senator Cutting in a recent airplane accident, said:

"Post and Rogers were both great men. Aviation is still a hazardous business. We have gone far enough into the Cutting death to realize there is great room for development of safety devices."

GORE IS SHOCKED

Senator Gore (D.), of Oklahoma, long a close personal friend of both men, said:

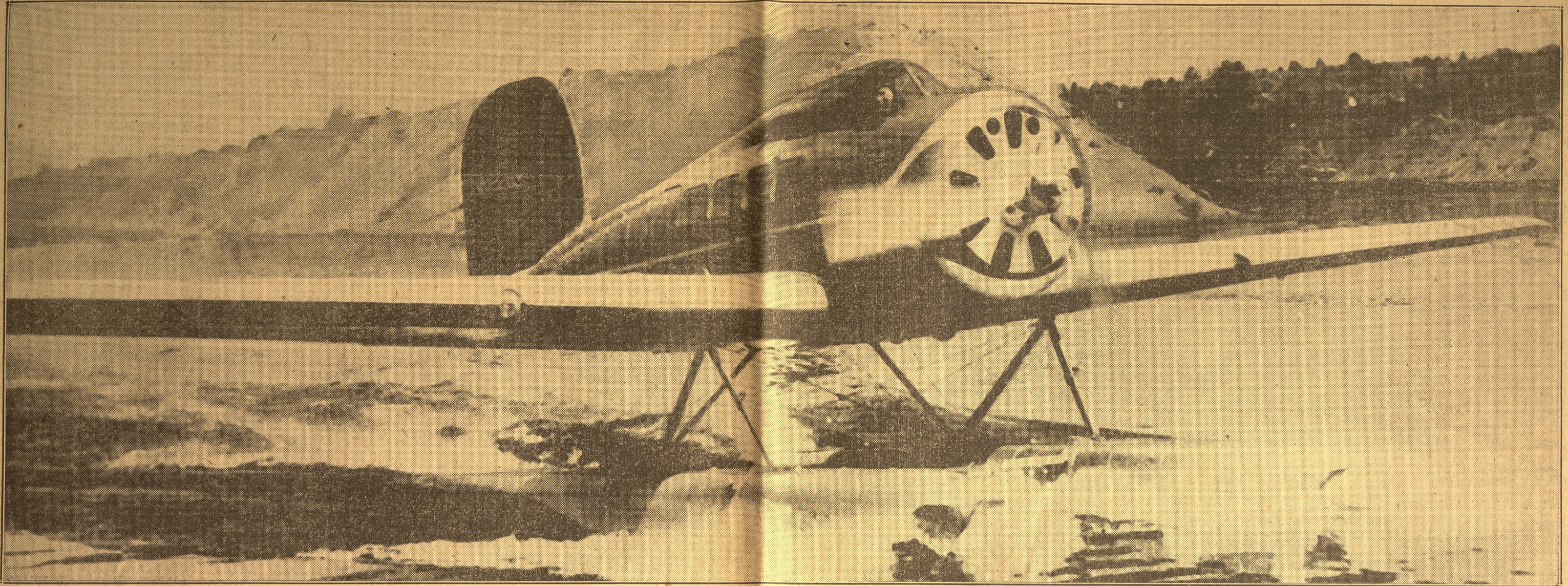
"The death of Will Rogers and Wiley Post comes as a personal loss to every citizen of Oklahoma. They were both native Oklahomans. They both shed great luster on their native land.

"They have gone to the last roundup together. This is a double tragedy. I knew Rogers from his youth up. His father was a special friend of mine in the early days."

The blind Senator from Oklahoma concluded, impressively:

"Will Rogers' death leaves less sunshine in the world."

Senate Passes Bill To Buy Winnie Mae



International News Photograph Service
THE LAST FLIGHT—With Wiley Post at the controls and Will Rogers, passenger, the plane in which the two crashed to death is shown taking off at Seattle.



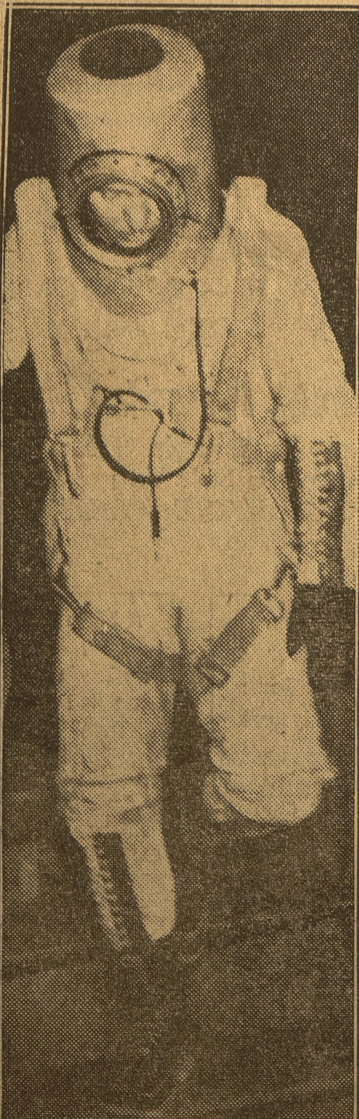
International News Photograph Service
FUELED FOR THE HOP-OFF—Will Rogers and Wiley Post, supervising the fueling of their plane by a mechanic, at one of their stop-off points on the flight to Alaska.



International News Photograph Service
AMBASSADOR OF MIRTH—was the title Will Rogers won on both the stage and screen. He even had John D. Rockefeller chucking on a visit a few months ago.



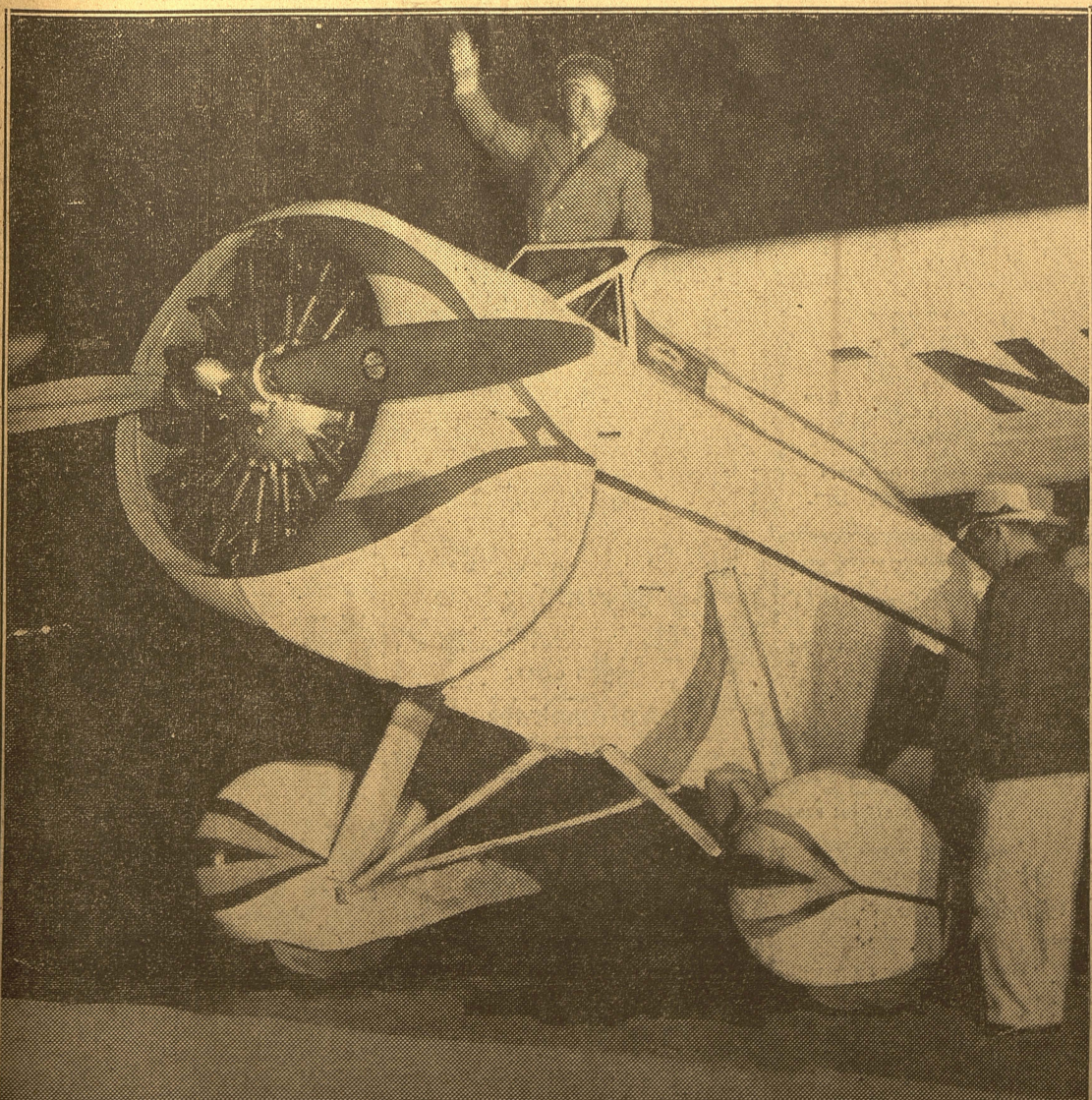
International News Photograph Service
WHEN PLEASURE LOOMED AHEAD—With never a thought of disaster, but one of a few weeks of comradeship hunting and fishing, Will Rogers and Wiley Post are shown in one of the last pictures taken before they crashed to their death near lonely Point Barrow, on the fringe of the Arctic Ocean.



International News Photograph Service
HIGH FLIER—Wiley Post, in the grotesque equipment he wore while flying in the stratosphere. Amelia Earhart Putnam, famed woman flier claimed Post did more to advance the art of flying than any other member of the air force.



International News Photograph Service
BROADWAY GREETING—Wiley Post, pictured at the left as he started up the Broadway canyon to receive the greetings of New York's teeming millions with Harold Gatty, after their record-breaking flight around the world in 1931. The welcome, Post declared, was the outstanding event of his life.



International News Photograph Service
PLANE A MEMORIAL—The Winnie Mae, the plane in which Wiley Post soared to a world speed mark on his globe-circling flight, is to find a last resting place alongside Lindbergh's Spirit of St. Louis in Smithsonian Institution as a memorial to Post's adventures in the air.



International News Photograph Service
SHOCKED—Miss Mary Rogers, daughter of the famous humorist, was speeding westward from Maine with her mother to meet the body of her father.