

Half-submerged in the shallow water, pontoons clumsily sticking up in the air, license numbers on the wings revealing how it turned over in crashing, the plane of Wiley Post, is shown here

at the spot near Point Barrow, Alaska, where it crashed, killing instantly both Post and Will Rogers. This picture was brought by special plane from Point Barrow to Seattle and San Francisco.

## PLAN ROGERS, POST TRIBUTE

Pair Parted for Last Time As Body of Flier Is Brought To Oklahoma City

By United Press.

HOLLYWOOD, Cal., Aug. 20.—Will Rogers and Wiley Post, who flew the airways of the world together and died together in a crash near Point Barrow, Alaska, parted company for the last time today.

Post's body was removed from the Forest Lawn Mortuary, where it had rested beside that of Rogers since arrival here late yesterday, and placed aboard a Pan-American Airliner bound for Oklahoma City. The plane landed at Albuquerque at 12 noon to refuel.

Rogers' body remained in the mortuary, preparatory to being placed in state under the trees of Forest Lawn Cemetery near the Kirk o' the Heather where funeral services will be held Thursday.

### Texan at Controls.

At the controls of the plane taking Post back home was William A. Winston, lanky Texas flyer, who piloted the hearse-plane from Seattle to Los Angeles on the last leg of the return journey from the northern wastes where the pair fell to their deaths.

Also in the party were Co-Pilot Joe Fleming; Joe Crosson, Alaska "Mercy" Flyer, who piloted the bodies from Point Barrow to Seattle, Tom Ward, chief engineer of the Pan-American Company, I. W. Dowling, assistant superintendent of communications, and Clarence M. Young, western division manager of the airways.

The plane was expected to reach Oklahoma City about 3:30 p. m. (C. S. T.)

### Will Lie in State.

Mr. Post's body will lie in state Thursday in the capitol at Oklahoma City, where thousands of his admirers will pay their last respects to the hero of two flights around the world.

At approximately the same time Mr. Rogers' body will lie in state at Forest Lawn Cemetery, Glendale, while more than 20,000 persons will gather in Hollywood

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## Stories Conflict in Fatal Shooting On Country Road

R. O. Henderson Makes Bond On Charge of Slaying Carl Hardy Over Wife

Conflicting statements by R. O. Henderson, 48, a farmer, and his wife, today confronted officers investigating the slaying of Carl Hardy, 43, a vegetable peddler, yesterday.

Henderson killed Hardy after he found the man and Mrs. Henderson together in a car near the Federal Narcotic Farm site, southeast of Fort Worth.

A charge of assault to murder filed against Henderson in Justice Marvin Beaty's court shortly after Mr. Hardy was shot in the back, was changed to murder today and filed in Justice Hal P. Hughes' court. He made \$3500 bond. Henderson will be given an examining trial Thursday.

Henderson told Luther Swanger, assistant district attorney, he and his wife had been separated for eight months, but that she returned home three weeks ago and everything apparently was patched up between them.

Last Saturday, Henderson said his 8-year-old daughter told him Hardy and Mrs. Henderson had gone out together.

Yesterday afternoon Henderson said he quit his farm work and went to his house, near the narcotic farm site. Not finding his wife there, he started looking for her.

"As I drove up to the spot where my wife and Hardy were sitting in his car, Hardy got out and started running around the car. I fired at him and missed him. He yelled to my wife to hand him a gun from the car. I saw my wife hand him something, but could not see what it was."

### Fires With Shotgun.

Henderson said he then fired twice from a 12-gauge shotgun. One of the shots took effect in the small of Mr. Hardy's back. The shooting was at 4 p. m. Mr. Hardy died an hour later in City-County Hospital.

Henderson left, he said, and went to the home of his father-in-law, H. S. Wilson, 710 Mason St. From there he called the sheriff's office and surrendered.

Mrs. Henderson, 39, who rode with Mr. Hardy to the hospital, told a different story concerning details leading up to the shooting.

## DRYS HAVE EDGE AT GLEN ROSE

But Somervell County, Like Many Others, Does Not Show Much Interest

By C. L. DOUGLAS

Press Staff Writer

GLEN ROSE, Aug. 20.—Once upon a time, during that period when the so-called "Noble Experiment" had just begun to flower, the blue smoke of many whisky stills curled from the "hotters" and gullies of Somervell County.

The county of Somervell, as you may know, is second smallest in the state—its area exceeding that of Rockwall by only a few square miles—and since it is dotted by rocky hills and cut by three meandering streams (the Brazos River, the Paluxy River, and Squaw Creek) only 10 or 15 per cent of its land is tillable.

Well... people must eat; and so, back in 1922-23 at least one-tenth of Somervell's voters (the greatest polling strength is about 1100) were engaged, directly or indirectly, in the manufacture and

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## HELM BLACKLISTS RELIEF ALLIANCES

Says Groups Only Promote Dissatisfaction

## TARRANT ASKS MORE U. S. CASH

3 Additional Requests, For Road, Bridge Projects, Total \$301,628

Tarrant County today filed three more applications with the PWA for road and bridge projects estimated to cost \$301,628.26.

The applications are in addition to those filed with the PWA and WPA last week in which \$233,260.04 was asked.

Largest of today's applications was for a bridge over Eagle Mountain Lake on the Azle-Boyd and Hicks-Eagle Mountain roads. It would be 2290 feet long and cost \$159,692.76, of which a grant of \$71,861.74 is sought.

Paving of the Pipe Line Rd. from Highway 121 north of Birdville to the Dallas County line, a distance of 11.56 miles, is another project in today's list. This project is estimated to cost \$66,130.51, of which \$29,758.73 would be a grant.

Two projects are included in the third application. One is for the paving of Wichita St. from the Rosedale project to Everman, a distance of 7.2 miles. The other is for surfacing of a road from Crowley to Highway 2, a distance of 2.25 miles. Both are estimated to cost \$75,804.99, of which \$34,112.25 would be a grant.

The Wichita St. project would serve as an alternate entrance for Highway 34.

W. L. (Doc) Kelly, county engineer, said one more PWA application remains to be filed. This will be for an underpass on the Arlington-Grapevine Rd.

Several other WPA applications are to be filed. These are for projects estimated to cost less than \$25,000, and in which labor will predominate.

## FIND PLANE WRECKAGE

By United Press.

GLENDO, Wyo., Aug. 20.—The tangled wreckage of the missing Indianapolis airplane was located today high on the northeast side

# LAST TRIBUTE TO ROGERS AND POST PLANNED

## 20,000 Gather in Hollywood Bowl for Public Services

(Starts on Page 1).

Bowl to join in a great public funeral service.

Flags throughout Southern California were at half mast and will remain so until after the funerals. Hollywood was in the deepest mourning, affected by death as it hasn't been since the passing of Marie Dressler. Sorrow was not confined to the movie studios where Mr. Rogers was a shining figure, but filtered down to the man in the street who loved him well. Hollywood residents predicted his funeral would be the greatest manifestation of public grief over the passing of a motion picture character since the death of Rudolph Valentino.

Services at the Wee Kirk chapel will be attended only by members of his family and his more intimate friends. The chapel seats but 125. The Hollywood Bowl services, with the major personalities of Hollywood taking a leading part, will be held at the same time. A third service will be held in the Community Presbyterian Church at Beverly Hills, Mr. Rogers' hometown, which the dead actor and humorist helped build.

### Family Is Enroute

Mr. Rogers' widow and their three children will arrive Wednesday at 3 p. m. by train. They were joined by Oklahoma relatives at Kansas City last night.

Several hundred persons were at Burbank airport when the gray funeral plane arrived last night. Not a sound came from them when the plane landed and taxied into a hangar without stopping. The only untoward incident was discovery of a news photographer in the rafters of the hangar. He was ejected and the bodies then were transferred to hearses that took them to the chapel where they were prepared for interment.

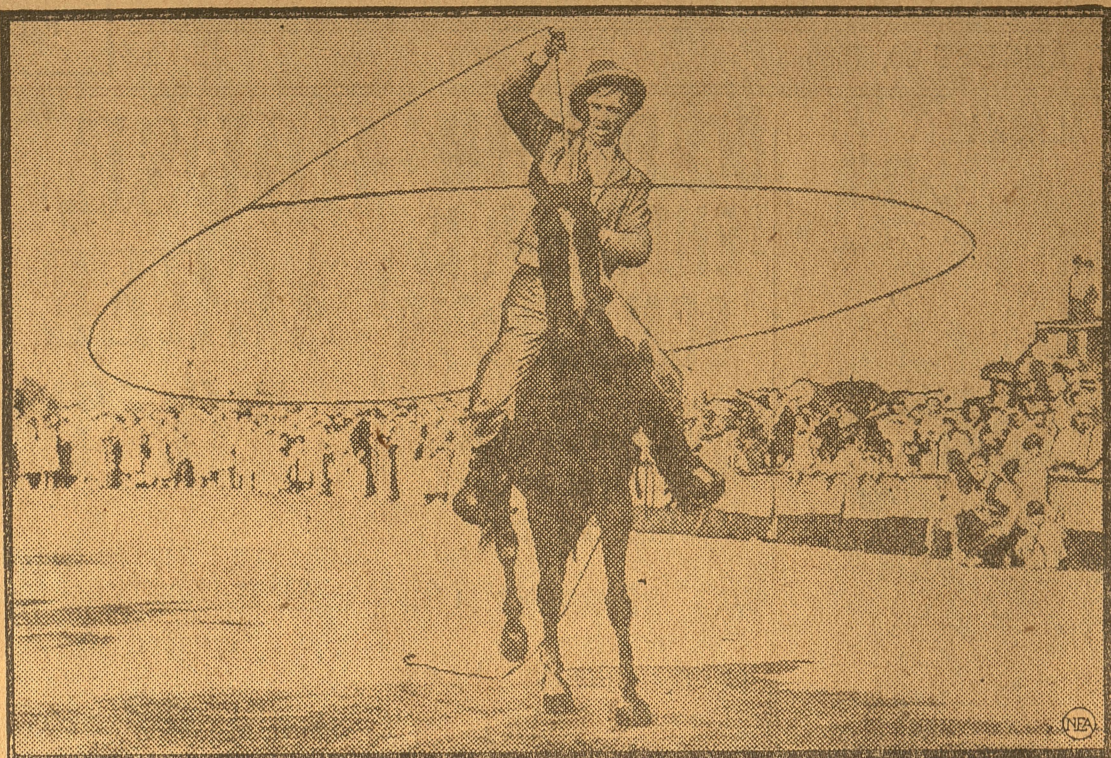
Mr. Rogers' body will be taken to Glendale today. It will lie in state in the cemetery chapel from 7 a. m. until noon Thursday, giving his thousands of admirers the opportunity to pay their respects. The funeral services in the church will be held at 2 p. m. The body will then be placed in the cemetery vault—The same vault that contains the bodies of Florenz Ziegfeld, Marie Dressler, Lon Chaney, Russ Colombo, Wallace Reid, and Jack Pickford. It probably will be taken to Oklahoma later for burial at Claremore, near where Mr. Rogers was born.

Arrival of the funeral plane marked completion of the round trip of the vacation flight of the flier and the humorist. They took off from Burbank two weeks and two days ago in Mr. Post's new plane, a Lockheed "Orphan," so called because it had one type of wings and another type of fuselage, assembled with a new motor.

The bodies were flown to Seattle from Point Barrow by Joe Crosson, veteran Artic flier, in a Pan American plane. He took off from Point Barrow Saturday and landed at Seattle yesterday. The bodies then were transferred to the Douglas and brought here by Pilot William A. Winston. Mr. Crosson accompanied him.

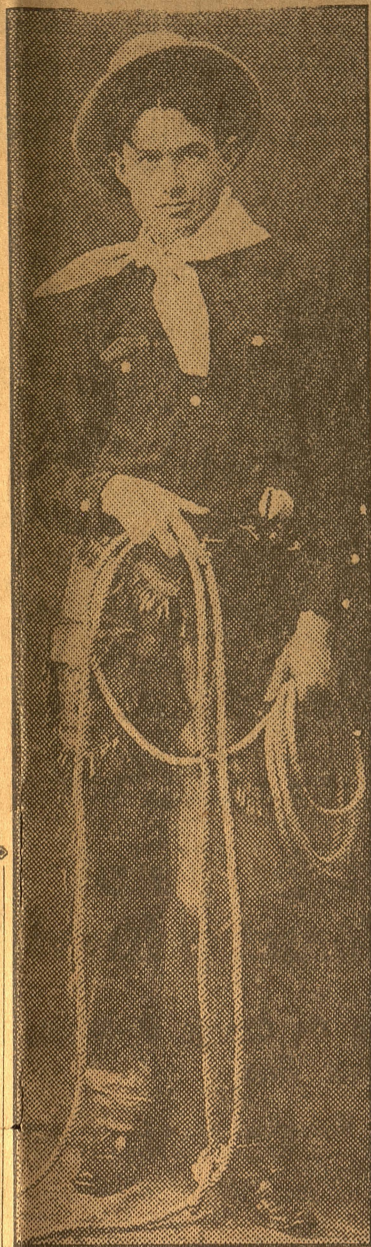
# Will Rogers.. .A Regular Guy

## 'I Was Born Bowlegged So I'd Fit On a Horse'



Will Rogers' skill with the rope and on horseback was no bluff. He really knew the cow-punching game on the range as well as on the

stage. Here he is twirling a lariat in the "Old Spanish Days" fiesta at Santa Barbara, Calif., a few years ago.



Here you see Will Rogers, at 23, all dressed up the day he was to take his first job on the stage which later was to make him one of the world's greatest humorists and homespun philosophers. The picture was taken in New York City. A few hours later, he was being applauded by a packed house at Madison Square Garden. (Editor's Note: This picture was loaned The Press by Frank Stine, White Settlement Rd., brother-in-law of the famed humorist).

she supervised his wardrobe and made him the sort of a home he loved—simple almost to the point of barrenness in appointments, but designed for comfort.

Three children were born to the Rogers—Will Jr., recently a student at Stanford University; Mary, who has been playing in stock preparing herself for the stage, and Jimmy, who attends Claremont School in California.

Until very recently, when his children began to strike out in the world on their own, Rogers always kept his family in the background and refused to let them be exploited. Once they had proved their ability to take care of themselves, he proudly sat back and let them go ahead.

"They're not the kinda kids who want to get by on anything I may have done," he often said. "And I won't let anyone exploit them simply because they're my children."

It was for that reason, two years ago, that Mary Rogers, then just 17, sought out David Butler, director, and B. G. Desylva, Fox producer, when she heard they were casting for a musical and asked for a job. She introduced herself to them as Mary Blake, made a successful screen test and had been put to work before either they or her father discovered her little plot.

Will was inordinately proud of Mary's exploit, but refused to help her with her career. However, he didn't interfere when she went East to dramatic school and was very proud of her success in the few plays she has done as member of various stock companies.

When they picked up Will Rogers' bruised body from the Arctic tundra where it had been catapulted when Wiley Post's plane crashed, rescuers found a smudged clipping gripped in his lifeless hand. It was a picture of his daughter Mary, recently published in a newspaper in Juneau during his visit to the Alaskan capital city.

### WRITER WAS CLOSE TO FAMED HUMORIST

Perhaps no other person outside of Will Rogers' family has been as closely associated with the beloved humorist as was Robert Burkhardt.

Burkhardt's articles will include many incidents of Rogers' career with which only Burkhardt is familiar.

In addition to his newspaper work and his writings for Fox Films, where Mr. Rogers was under contract, Burkhardt, in conjunction with his wife, Eve, has authored some 20 popular novels under the pen name of Rob Eden.

being a "hillbilly cowboy," had graduated from Oxford University summa cum laude, and this caused no end of embarrassment to Will.

### Denied Oxford Gag

"Nothin' to it." "I always thought Oxford was the name of a shoe till I visited England several years back, and was dragged out to look at the college."

Rogers was proud of the fact that he was part Cherokee Indian, and delighted in puncturing the pretense of snobbishly inclined persons who boasted of their Mayflower ancestry by remarking, "Shucks, that's nothing. My folks was on shore awaitin' for your ancestors with meat axes in their hands."

One of the funniest scenes Rogers ever made in a picture incorporated in "So This Is London," his second talkie, concerned his difficulties in getting a passport because he couldn't produce a birth certificate.

"Can you prove you were born?" asked the passport clerk.

"Well, you're lookin' at me—what do you think?"

"Can you produce any witnesses?" demanded the exasperated official.

"Nope. You see in those days, such things was sorta private. Wasn't nobody there but jes Ma and me."

### Told Yarns on Father

Rogers never would say whether this incident, which he wrote into the script himself, actually happened to him when he first started traveling.

"Well, it mighta," he drawled, noncommittally.

To his intimates, Rogers delighted in telling yarns about his father to whom he always referred as "The Chief." The old gentleman laid out Rogers County when Indian Territory became the State of Oklahoma, and the comedian always insisted that his Dad arranged it so that he'd always control the Indian vote.

At 17, Will became a cowpuncher. Restless, and feeling a bit cramped on the vast Oklahoma acreage, he and another youngster bought third class tickets to Argentina to seek their fortunes.

### Chaperoned Mules

But the best they could earn as gauchos was \$4 a month and that didn't go very far toward establishing the fortune they were looking for. It wasn't nearly so romantic, either, as the story books had made out. His pal gave up the struggle and shipped aboard a freighter for New Orleans and thence home, leaving Will stranded in Buenos Aires.

Still afflicted with "itchy feet," he wangled a job chaperoning a cargo of mules destined for the British troops who were fighting the Boers.

Will was fired with the idea of shouldering a rifle and doing a bit of soldiering, but the war ended the day after he landed in Cape Town. Again stranded, he joined a traveling "wild west" show and speedily became its star under the name of "The Cherokee Kid." His lariat spinning and fancy riding astounded the South Africans. Becoming homesick, Rogers left the show in England and returned to New York and thence to Oklahoma.

### Fell Madly In Love

About this time he met Betty Blake and fell madly in love, but she had many other suitors and he was too shy to propose. He joined another "wild west" show in Oklahoma and went tramping through the Southwest. Later, he left the show and went into vaudeville with his horse and lariat.

"I played only tank towns, and used to ride my horse from place to place because I couldn't afford to ship it by train," Will recalled.

His rope spinning reached near-perfection at this time and a booking agent, seeking novelties for the 1905 horse show at Madison Square Garden, signed Rogers to put on his act in the ring. Always on the lookout for something new, Oscar Hammerstein booked him for Hammerstein's Roof, and he had his first taste of "big time."

With a comfortable salary reasonably assured, Rogers took time off to return West, looked up Betty Blake and after cutting up capers on a bicycle in front of her house for several days to attract her attention, finally became bold enough to lay serious suit for her hand. Much to his surprise she promptly accepted and they were married on Nov. 25, 1908.

"It was the luckiest thing that ever happened to me," he frequently said.

From the day of their marriage, Mrs. Rogers took complete charge of Will and until the day of his departure on his last tragic flight

## 3 TARRANT COUNTY PROJECTS SOUGHT

Three Tarrant County work projects, estimated to cost \$70,730 and furnish jobs to 144 men, today were filed in the district WPA offices here with Dean George L. Dickey, director.

### The projects:

Arlington—City street improvements, including grading, graveling, paving and sidewalks, \$38,724, to employ 55 men for nine months.

North Texas Agricultural College, Arlington—Athletic field improvements, sodding and construction of a stone wall, \$25,300, to employ 56 men for eight months.

Pantego School—Building addition to contain two classrooms and gymnasium, native stone construction, 38 by 40 feet, \$6736, to employ 34 men for three months.

## Adventure Came Early To The Cherokee Kid As Did Wise-Cracking

The following is the second of a series of six stories on the life of Will Rogers, written by Robert Burkhardt. Burkhardt, one-time newspaperman, a scenario writer and novelist, was associated with Rogers for six years.

By ROBERT BURKHARDT

(Copyright, 1935, by United Press.)

HOLLYWOOD, Cal., Aug. 20.—Will Rogers always said he was born just like all other Oklahoma kids, "bowlegged so I'd fit a horse," and it is a fact that he owned a pony before he could walk.

With the exception of when he was aboard ship on his frequent travels, and in later years when the airplane threatened to supplant a horse as his favorite means of transportation, scarcely a day passed in his long and vigorous life but that he found opportunity to spend some time in the saddle.

Born on his father's big cattle ranch in Indian Territory on Nov. 4, 1879, he always gave Oologah, the nearest village to his father's rolling acres, as his birthplace.

### Learned to Rope Early

Before he was old enough for school, he was an expert rider and already had started to "fool around" with the lariat which was later to twirl him to the dizzy heights of world-wide fame and fortune.

At the age of 14, competing against skilled horsemen many years his senior, he made his first public appearance and won a riding contest.

Despite Rogers' deliberate disregard for grammar in his speech and writings, he was a highly educated man who knew much more than "what I read in the papers." His early education was obtained at Neosho, Mo. Later he attended the Kemper Military Academy at Boonville, Mo., and while he won no medals for scholarships, he outshone all his schoolmates as a horseman.

Someone once, for a gag, started the story that Rogers, far from

ices, announced two famous fliers, Bennett Griffin and Jimmy Matern, who attempted to break Post's 'round the world record, had sent word they would attend the services.

A company of National Guard engineers from Norman will be the guard of honor for Post's body when it reaches Oklahoma.

Plans were being considered for a short service on the Capitol steps at noon Thursday, at the time the Will Rogers funeral is being held in Los Angeles (12 noon, Fort Worth time). The services may be placed on a nationwide broadcasting hookup.

In Claremore, home town of Will Rogers, services will be held at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon, at the time final funeral services are to be held at the First Ban-

# U. S. Is Bereaved

We Want Rogers Back Again,  
Johnson Writes; Was Old  
Chum of Comedian

By HUGH S. JOHNSON

**N**EW YORK.—To almost everybody, Will Rogers' death will come as a poignant personal loss of something good taken right out of his heart. There is no mystery about that. It is an unconscious trick of the human animal to see his own thoughts and emotions somehow "play-acted" in a public character.

If it is a prizefight, he may be Caspar Milquetoast, but, some way, some little spark of savagery in him is in there bravely trading wallops with Primo Carnera or Joe Louis.



If it is a melodrama, a little of the good in the spectator is on the stage triumphing with virtue in the play. Some actors on the broader stage of our national life express great chunks of what most of us would like to think and be—and some only a little. We love them more as they express more.

Will Rogers came nearest of all to being the very incarnation of what is good, homely, honest, fair and strong in the simon-pure oldtime American native, and that is why he was better loved by more people than any man whose name and face is known to everybody. That is why his loss is going to go awfully hard with most of us.

\* \* \*

**T**HAT may sound pretty high-brow, but it is true. Our people loved Teddy Roosevelt. If there were any bunk about him, it was good old American "business" that we all secretly condone with affection and amusement, even if we like to show how smart we are by pointing it out. That, too, is part of us. We loved him because his virtues were typical American virtues, just as his faults were characteristic American faults.

There is a lot of that in different ways about Senator Borah, Jack Dempsey, Charlie Lindbergh. They are part of everybody's Americanism. Will Rogers was a bigger part than anybody.

His father was a buddy of my father's from the earliest boomer days of Oklahoma. Our homes in Oklahoma were within a few miles of each other. He was my friend for many years.

\* \* \*

**F**OR this reason, I used to speak and think of him as a type of the rough, homey people of that wild and woolly frontier which, as a boy, I had known—until I began hearing people from New York, Indiana, California, Texas and other points north, east, south and west, all saying exactly the same thing.

Then I realized what I have written here—that he was actually a big piece of the better part of the elusive, indefinite and almost meaningless thing that we like to call Americanism.

The value of such a man to a country or even a race of people is great beyond any device for measurement. The only comfort is that such an influence does not weaken with death. It grows stronger—but that also is bunk. This damnable accident has knocked a great big hole in our national life. We want him back again.