

HERBERT HARTLEY  
OPELIKA, ALABAMA

Aug 23/35

Dear friend Amos:-

We have lost one of  
the best boys God ever  
put on this earth...

Little did we believe  
the shock would  
have hit us "the way  
it did."

Our love to you  
and all friends

Herbert Hartley

RECEIVED

AUG 26 1935

Every Afternoon except Sunday, the Daily News brings you latest news service of The Associated Press.

# OPELIKA DAILY NEWS

WEATHER FOR ALABAMA  
Mostly cloudy tonight and Sunday,  
scattered showers Sunday.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

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## PLANE BEARS BODIES ROGERS AND POST HOME

# PLANE SOARS TOWARD SOUTH, THOUSANDS WAIT PAY FINAL TRIBUTE TO FAMOUS PAIR

## Veteran Northland Pilot At Controls Of Plane Bearing Bodies Homeward, Entire World Mourns Death Of Pair

Point Barrow, Alaska, Aug. 17.—(AP)—The bodies of Will Rogers and Wiley Post started for home today in a plane piloted by Joe Crosson, veteran northland pilot. Crosson took off at five o'clock Alabama time this morning for Fairbanks with the bodies of the two international figures, wrapped in snow white linen, on the return trip home.

The bodies of Post and Rogers, killed in the crash of their plane on the desolate tundra 15 miles south of here yesterday, were carefully laid away in the plane, and Crosson, a friend of Post, soared away on the journey south to where thousands waited to pay a last tribute to the popular pair.

Fairbanks was the first stop on the southward journey for Rogers and Post who were making a leisurely vacation tour to supposedly Siberian points. The entire world mourned Rogers, humorist and philosopher, and Post, famous world girdling airman.

### ROGERS LEFT WORLD RICH LEGACY HUMOR

New York, Aug. 17.—(AP) — Will Rogers left the world a rich legacy of spontaneous humor.

He expressed the hope a few years ago that his gravestone would bear this epitaph: "I joke about every prominent man of my time, but I never met a man I didn't like."

"And when you come around to my grave," he added, "you'll probably find me sitting there proudly reading it."

Some of his recorded "wisecracks" follow:

"We landed at Cairo but I didn't go out to see that thing—what do they call it, the Sphinx. I figured anyhow I had just seen Cal Coolidge not long ago."

"The Republicans have a habit of having three bad years and one good one, and the good one always happens election year."

"Argentina exports wheat, meat, and gigolos, and the United States puts a tariff on the wrong two."

Describing the London naval conference of 1930:

"We stood through one speech, sat through eight, slept through 12, and in three solid hours of compliments not a rowboat was sunk."

### DAILY NEWS SCOOPS OTHER PAPERS COMING INTO CITY, AP SCORES ANOTHER BEAT

Again the Daily News scored another beat on a news story of nation wide importance Friday, carrying a more detailed story on the tragic crash of Will Rogers and Wiley Post than any other city paper coming into this territory. Through the facilities of the Associated Press the News was able to give its readers in East Alabama the first concise details on the cause of the fatal crash and how it happened.

Seattle, Aug. 17.—(AP) —News of the death of Wiley Post and Will Rogers in an airplane crash near Point Barrow Alaska Friday was first flashed to the world by the Associated Press.

Its report at 8:48 central standard time from the United States Army Signal Corps was 40 minutes or more ahead of all other news associations.

(Copyright, 1935, By The Associated Press.)

Point Barrow, Alaska, Aug. 11.—(AP)—Death racing through an Arctic fog, overtook Will Rogers, peerless comedian, and Wiley Post, master aviator, as their rebuilt airplane faltered and fell into an icy little river Thursday night near this black outpost of civilization.

They had just taken off for a trifling 10-minute flight from their river position to Point Barrow. Sixty feet in the air the motor misfired. The plane heeled over on its right wing.

The lives of both the gentle master of the wisecrack and the champion aerial globe trotter were crushed out instantly as the impact drove day, he said he hoped to return the fuselage.

The bodies rested last night in the Presbyterian mission warehouse here, to be flown to Fairbanks by the flying friend of both men, Pilot Joe Crosson. Leaving Fairbanks yesterday the heavy motor back through the bodies today.

Dr. Henry W. Geist, medical missionary, said the rescue party reported "the plane debris was readily removed, as it was torn and broken to fragments by the plunge."

"The bodies," he said, "were dressed by Charles D. Brower, the 'King of the Arctic,' whom Rogers was flying to see; Sgt. Stanley R. Morgan, of the U. S. army signal corps, and myself."

### Eskimo Runs 15 Miles

A terrified Eskimo ran 15 miles to Point Barrow with news of the crash of the flying vacationists. Morgan dashed to the scene, recovered the bodies and brought word of the tragedy that shocked the world.

President and pauper alike expressed sorrow, for both men were known over virtually the length and breadth of civilization.

Hours after the two-star tragedy became known, relatives in the United States made arrangements with Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh and other officials of the Pan American Airways to have the bodies returned home by airplane.

Dr. Geist said both men apparently died instantly. Post's watch stopped at 8:20 p. m. (10:20 p. m., central standard time).

"Both men's limbs were broken and both suffered severe head wounds when they were crushed in the wreckage," said Dr. Geist.

Rogers and Post had landed on the river when the Arctic fog had made them uncertain of their bearings on a 500-mile flight from Fairbanks to Point Barrow.

The Eskimo pointed out the way. A few seconds after the takeoff the

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**PLANE BEARS BODIES  
ROGERS AND POST HOME**

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plane's engine sputtered. The ship dropped into the river, striking first on its right wing and then nosing into the bank head-on.

**No Answer Heard**

"The Eskimo said he ran to the water's edge and called, but there was no answer," said Dr. Greist.

"Alarmed, he turned and ran the 15 miles to Barrow and informed Sergeant Morgan.

"The Eskimo was three hours running the 15 miles to Barrow over the rough tundra, with many small lakes to encircle and many streams to cross.

"Sergeant Morgan immediately set out in a whale boat for the scene but darkness and ice made progress slow.

"By the time he and a companion had arrived, natives had taken the body of Rogers out of the wreckage and salvaged the personal effects they could find.

"Ropes then had to be secured to the wreckage to pull it apart to free the body of Post, which was jammed under the fuselage.

"Both wings had been broken loose from the fuselage and the motor driven back into the cabin by the crash.

"The bodies of the two men and their effects were placed in a skin boat and towed back here."

At the same time it became known in Los Angeles that the multi-millionaire humorist and the famous globe trotter were using a plane made up of second hand parts and operating under a restricted government license.

**Rebuilt Plane Used**

At the Burbank, Calif., plant where the ship was assembled under Post's direction it was said that although the craft had a new 550-horsepower motor, it was not to be considered a new type of ship.

Aviation men said the fuselage was taken from a plane that had ground-looped and damaged its wings. The wings of the Post plane, they said, were taken from a speed ship.

The real aims of the flight and Rogers' actual part in it still were not definitely known here.

**COMMODORE HARTLEY  
REMINISCES OVER  
PERSONAL EXPERIENCES  
WITH ROGERS**

(Continued from page one.)

everything. In fact, he hardly waited until initial greetings were over before the Hartleys were as familiar with the Rogers' ranch as the owner himself. And that was Will's way, all through life. No preliminaries for him; no formalities, or stiffness. This went alike with Will, whether with royalty or rabble".

**Will At His Best**

"Will Rogers, who crossed with me on the Leviathan many times, was on a trip coming west when the devastating storm hit Florida", Commodore Hartley recalled. "We received news of the disaster in detail, just as it appeared in the newspapers ashore. We knew about the suffering—the great losses felt by the people in the flood stricken areas. It touched all of us!

Will Rogers wasn't long putting his feelings into play.

"Call a meeting somewhere on this ship, Cap'n." Will suggested. "I want to talk to the boys. There's some 'rocks' aboard. I think the owners have hearts. If they have, some of them 'rocks' should be sent to Florida. Those people'll need it mighty bad".

"We had a meeting in the concert hall", continued the Commodore, "and when Will Rogers finished with the crowd, he had raised \$65,000 for the flood sufferers of Florida".

**Rogers' Company Sought**

"I reserved always in the main

Washington, 8; Detroit, 1.  
St. Louis, 7; Philadelphia, 2.

Club—	Won	Lost	Pct.
Detroit .....	68	39	.636
New York .....	61	44	.581
Boston .....	57	50	.533
Chicago .....	53	50	.515
Cleveland .....	53	53	.500
Philadelphia .....	46	54	.460
Washington .....	46	61	.430
St. Louis .....	37	68	.346

**NATIONAL LEAGUE**

(Yesterday's Results)

St. Louis, 1; New York, 0.  
Brooklyn, 2; Chicago, 1.  
Cincinnati, 3-4; Boston, 1-3.  
Pittsburgh-Philadelphia, (rain).

Club—	Won	Lost	Pct.
New York .....	69	40	.633
St. Louis .....	65	42	.607
Chicago .....	68	46	.596
Pittsburgh .....	61	52	.540
Brooklyn .....	51	58	.468
Philadelphia .....	49	60	.450
Cincinnati .....	49	64	.434
Boston .....	30	72	.275

dining salon on the ship what I was pleased to call the Congressional table", stated Commodore Hartley. "Here I always placed Senators and Representatives in Congress, diplomats and other dignitaries of note. Will never wanted to sit at this table, though I invariably invited him. But he didn't like the formal dress; he preferred his checkered suit to evening clothes, and sat away off in some corner".

"When Will was aboard, those at the Congressional table would insist that he come over and visit awhile. Calling the waiter, I would send my compliments, asking that he come to our table, just to meet the boys and chat a bit. He would saunter over. Every dignitary would rise, each hoping that Will might sit beside him. Always, he came to the head of the table, slapped me on the back and said: "I'll just sit here by my old friend, the skipper".

"And the way Will would light into those Senators and Congressmen. Their questions, he'd answer almost before they finished asking them—always producing hearty laughs. It wouldn't be long before the party became a hilarious affair. Will was always a show—and a good show".

"Out in California we learned about something that Will Rogers did—something that to me furnishes the truest possible picture of the man we mourn today. On the highway between the Rogers home and Santa Monica, there developed a serious washout, during a heavy rainstorm. Fully eight feet of the road was carried away and to the right, there was a deep ravine extending nearly a hundred feet down the mountain side. Will happened along after the rain. He knew the highway and was treading slowly. He came upon the washout!

"Getting out of his car, he stood guard for seven hours at night, waiving down oncoming motorists. There was no wreck; Will Rogers had probably saved lives. He never mentioned it. The incident was told by those who came along.

"I don't know of a man so universally loved by everyone, as was Rogers. We will miss him; Europe will miss him. Even the Orient will miss him."

Commodore Hartley, during his thirty-three years at sea, carried many notables across, along with others of more humble stations in life. Now, in the eventide of life, he sees them drop out of the current—one by one. He loves to scan back over the pages of time and recount the incidents; recall the faces; retell the anecdotes. He spent many pleasant hours; he met many wonderful people. None, he says, was more delightful than Will Rogers. Of that, he is certain.

# COMMODORE HARTLEY REMINISCES OVER PERSONAL EXPERIENCES WITH ROGERS

Grieved and dejected, an Opelikan today mourns the death of Will Rogers, famous humorist, as a real personal loss. Commodore Herbert Hartley, veteran of the seas and friend and confidant of notables, knew Will as few knew him. He had sat for hours in friendly chats with the noted "cowboy" in his cabin at sea; he had met him in travel—and in the Rogers home in California.

"The loss is just too great to try to measure in words", the Commodore declared this morning as he sipped his coffee in the living room of his home. "I have seen Will Rogers at his best; I have seen him jest—I have seen him cry".

Commodore and Mrs. Hartley and little son visited Rogers in his home near Santa Monica, California, about eighteen months ago. It was in February of last year.

The comedian had sent his car for the Hartleys, who were stopping at a hotel in Santa Monica, with instructions to his driver that they be brought right out to the Rogers ranch, seven miles in the country.

And when the car came to a stop in the drive-way, Will was there to extend the glad hand of hospitality. He came rushing up, dressed in his everyday ranch clothes—a suit of overalls and an old sweater with a hole in the back as large as a cocoonut. "Get out and stay—we're just plain country folks, you know, but you are welcome".

## Home Of Saddles

Will Rogers' home was a rambling ranch house of many saddles. In the spacious living room, there were saddles on the wall; saddles in the corners; saddles almost on the ceiling. By actual count, there were eighteen of 'em—beautiful glistening saddles of silver and gold, nearly all resting on dummy horses.

"The newest one just came yesterday", announced Will. "It was sent by Fred Stone".

Now Fred Stone, the actor, was a long-time friend of Rogers. One of Will's most gracious acts was to rush to New York from California by plane in 1931, to take Stone's part in a play following the latter's serious injury in an airplane crash. And incidentally, it proved one of Will's biggest stage hits.

## Loved Flowers

Commodore Hartley, pausing from his descriptive trend in his talk about the Rogers home as if he thought of something, said: "It was not generally known, but Will Rogers loved flowers. In fact, he told us then that the two things closest to his heart were horses and flowers. To prove it, he took us out into his flower garden and it was one of the most beautiful I had ever seen. He planted and worked the flowers himself; no hired man dared tread there".

"Will took Herb, Jr., (the Hartley son) to his stables and showed him

(Continued on page two.)

# AFTERMATH OF TRAGIC CRASH

## LOG OF FATAL FLIGHT

By The Associated Press

Aug. 7—Flew from Seattle, Wash., to Juneau, Alaska.

Aug. 9—Hopped 475 miles to Dawson Yukon territory.

Aug. 10—Went on 300 miles north to Aklavik, Y. T.

Aug. 12—Arrived at Fairbanks for plane overhaul.

Aug. 14 — Visited Matanuska colony via transport plane.

Aug. 15—Hopped for Barrow, 500 miles distant, but landed on Harding Lake, 50 miles from Fairbanks, in heavy fog. Later resumed flight, alighting at Eskimo camp 15 miles south of Barrow, asking directions. Crashed on takeoff at 8:20 p. m. (10:20 p. m., Montgomery time.)

## WIFE APPREHENSIVE

Burbank, Calif., Aug. 17—(AP)—“Don't go, Will. Please don't go!”

This was the plea of Mrs. Will Rogers, when she and their son, Will, Jr., were at the Union Air Terminal to see him off as he took an airliner to meet Wiley Post in Seattle, terminal attendants recalled today.

They said she pointed to the dangers of flying over icy waters in Alaska and Siberia and begged him not to make the trip.

## DIED AS HE WISHED

Baltimore, Aug. 17— (AP) — Will Rogers died the way he said he wanted to die—“in an airplane.”

The Evening Sun quote Baltimoreans as recalling today that the humorist in the midst of his radio broadcast early this year turned from fun to gravity to eulogize his friends in the Army flying service. One of them had just lost his life.

Rogers spoke of the fascination of flying and the high quality of courage it requires.

“Flying is dangerous,” listeners quoted him, “but man will overcome its dangers . . . . When my time comes to die, I want it to be in an airplane.”

## MRS. POST PROSTRATED

Ponca City, Okla., Aug. 17—(AP)—“I wish to God I had been with him when he crashed,” Mrs. Wiley Post, widow of the famed globe flier cried

# Worn Out? ————— ————— Need A Rest?

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TALLADEGA, ALABAMA

here Friday as she received word of her husband's death in Alaska.

Prostrated by grief, Mrs. Post went to bed for several hours, then left by airplane for Oklahoma City on her way to Maysville, the Post family home.

Mrs. Post arrived here Monday from California after leaving Post and Will Rogers in Seattle and planned to undergo an operation.

The Posts had no children.

## ROGERS' WIDOW LEAVES

Skowhegan, Me., Aug. 17—(AP)—Mrs. Will Rogers, widow of the famous actor who with Wiley Post aviator of international fame, was killed in an Alaska air crash, left Lakewood late Friday for her California home.

Mrs. Rogers was accompanied by her daughter, Mary, 19, a member of the Lakewood summer theatre company whom she came here to visit last Tuesday. Also with her was her sister, Miss Theda Blake.

The first leg of the journey from Lakewood to Waterville where they were to take a train for New York was by automobile. It was believed Mrs. Rogers' plans provided for a stop of a few days in New York before she began the transcontinental journey to her Santa Monica home.

Half of the 32 presidents of this country was soldiers during their careers: Washington, Monroe, Jackson, W. H. Harrison, Tyler, Taylor, Buchanan, Lincoln, Pierce, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, B. Harrison, McKinley, and T. Roosevelt.