

This Clipping From

DALLAS (Tex) NEWS

AUG 20 1935

Date.....

Margaret METCAL LOWERS.

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The State Press

LAST POST.

Fort Worth Star-Telegram: Two men who had gained fame, each in his separate field, both natives of Oklahoma and warm friends, lost their lives when their plane crashed in the isolated region of Northern Alaska Friday. Wiley Post, around-the-world flier, was one of the most skilled and noted pilots of the Nation; Will Rogers, its first ranking moving picture actor, humorist and entertainer.

You see, it is this way, Will. You didn't have to start on that sort of lazy flight around the world, you nor Wiley either. But something called to both of you. It was not the restless feet of you, the eternal inquiring mind of you. Perhaps it was that the Great Creator thought that those who have gone before have grown tired of the old humor of the ages and needed among them your refreshing and homely philosophy, the genial sort of mirth without an unkind thrust in it that has kept the people of this world laughing and in better humor, forgetful of their cares and a bit more mindful of the ills of others because of the leavening that you brought into their lives. Maybe the boys and girls who dwell where the land is flowing with milk and honey have become tired of their harps, of the eternal refrain of cherubim and seraphim so that the Master thought they needed a little cheering up. And what kindlier thought could He bring to all eternity than to call Will Rogers, Will and his lariat, Will and his bright snap to the current news of heaven as of earth, Will and his Oklahoma drawl, his kindly perception and his unflinching good humor? It is kind of rough on us, Will, rougher on us than it is on you for Him to call you home. But here on earth we are sinful and perhaps we were not entitled to as much fun and happiness as you contrived to bring to us, when we heard your voice spreading its genial glow of wit over the ether. Up there, they are entitled to a little more, we know. So long, Will. We will miss you. And down in our hearts, Will, is just a sneaking little hope that amounts almost to a certainty, that even up there, you will miss us, too. So long, Will!

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