

# OFFICE MEMORANDUM

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_

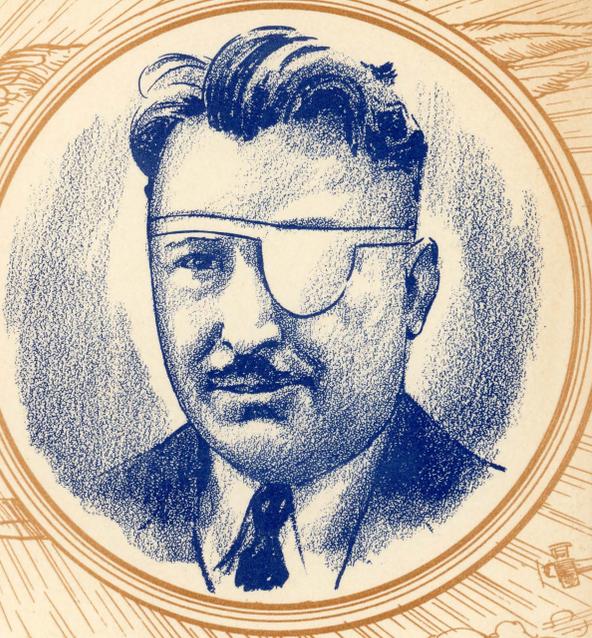
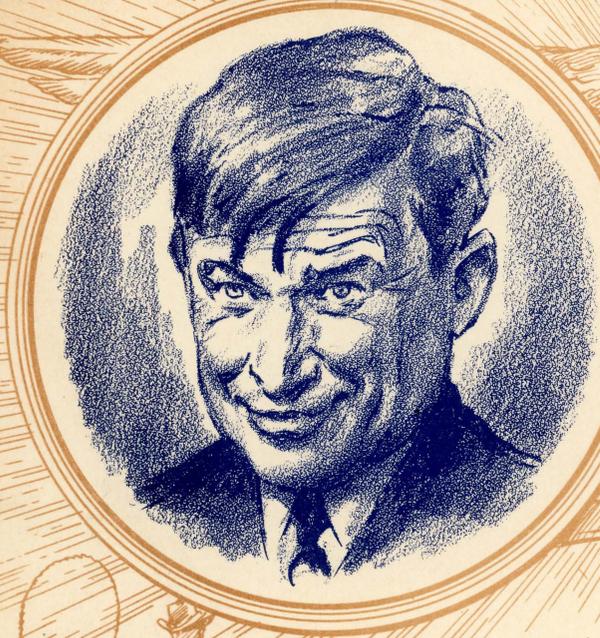
Date \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Department

*Mrs. Deakin*

# In Memory of WILL ROGERS and WILEY POST

By EDDIE DUNN  
Advertising Manager, Burrus Mill



1

Today the world is sad and blue,  
Mourning the loss of those great two.  
Beggars and kings have raised a toast  
To our Will Rogers and Wiley Post!  
For weeks the papers have spread galore  
News of them on our most northern shore.  
They've been all over this world of ours;  
They've known the depths, they've climbed the towers.

2

Of success and fame they've had their share,  
Because world opinion they chose to dare.  
Wiley Post, in the Winnie Mae,  
Made the world sit up one day!  
He'd circled 'round this world of men—  
He'd been in places no other'd been.  
The call of the sky he answered true;  
When he heard of a place right there he flew.  
America loved him as her son:  
We've praised his deeds each one by one.

3

Will Rogers has for many years  
Brought to our hearts both laughs and tears.  
He's been in pictures, on the stage;  
His radio talks were all the rage  
Because men wanted to hear the news  
But also wanted Will's own views.  
A congress, a king, a judge, a prince  
Have all been brunts of Will's comments.  
There's hardly a man who's ever known fame  
But that Will Rogers has used his name  
In some tall tale or joke or sketch;  
He's made us laugh at each poor wretch.

4

Rogers and Post! What a pair!  
A perfect match for them to share  
Each other's fame and glory too.  
Together they've known adventure new.  
They flew up north the other day;  
Didn't know where, just on their way.  
But Alaska soon came into view;  
They landed, to them a place quite new.  
They flew around to here and there,  
Just Airplane-loading, this grand old pair.  
I'm sure we didn't think at all  
That our two friends should ever fall.

5

But American hearts have all been smashed!  
"Will Rogers and Wiley Post have crashed!"  
In every land they had a friend  
But they died alone at earth's far end.  
Wiley has taken his last long flight;  
He'll be at his Maker's airport tonight.  
Will Rogers' alarm clock has rung its last—  
His time is up; his program past!  
No more, Will, shall we hear of your capers;  
Now all WE'LL know is what WE read in the papers.

Dedicated to the memory of WILL ROGERS and WILEY POST

Part of a special radio program August 16, 1935, by

THE **LIGHT CRUST** DOUGHBOYS from the BURRUS MILL & ELEVATOR CO.