

A farewell tribute to Will Rogers and Wiley Post

Poetress, Mrs C. G. Herndon

"Adios"

All we know is what we read in the papers; but, oh, how much each can tell.
A place in far off Alaska, two men we knew and loved so well,

"Wiley Post and Will Rogers," headlines of the papers read,

"An airplane accident in Alaska! Plane destroyed! Both flyers dead!"

The whole world's stunned. No one can realize. Surely such news can't be true.
Two such men as Will and Wiley----their work here----it CAN'T BE through.

The papers say they dined with Eskimos, and had f/low'n the highest peak;
All who met them made them welcome. Scores of friends they made each week.
Now their flying days are over. Mountain peaks no more to scan.
Unexpectedly, God has shown us that He had another plan.

So we say, "Adios, Will Rogers." as our eyes are filled with tears,
"The' you're gone, we won't forget you. Memory will linger through the years,
Memory of N. B. C. announcing, 'Will Rogers is on the air!'
Memory of your splendid acting in the picture called 'State Fair!'"

And the Senate and the Congress, why, when they get into a jam,
We won't know a thing about it. It was Will who told on them.

We have memories of a fellow with his hair half in his face,
Chewing gum and wise-cracking, as he goes from place to place
Spreading good will to the Norweigan, the Russian, The Frenchman and Eskimo!
Making everybody happy, anywhere he happened to go.

But, Will, the old alarm clock has given the signal.
The curtain has fallen for you and Post,
The sage from Claremore, Oklahoma, and Ace of flyers,

Adios!