

TEXAS TECHNOLOGICAL COLLEGE

LUBBOCK, TEXAS

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OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT Emeritus

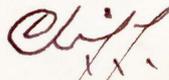
Mr. Amon G. Carter  
Fort Worth, T e x a s

Dear Amon:

Although you probably have seen it, I en-  
close copy of the poem by H. I. Phillips  
with respect to Will Rogers.

With all good wishes,

Sincerely,



Clifford B. Jones  
President Emeritus

CBJ:RJP

Encl.

Permanent home address:  
3501 19th Street  
Lubbock, T e x a s

RECEIVED

JAN 16 1955

WILL ROGERS

Born near Oolagah, Indian Territory, November 4th, 1879. Killed airplane accident with Wiley Post near Point Barrow, Alaska, August 15th, 1935.

H. I. Phillips

Cowboy humorist,  
Apostle of horse sense,  
Court jester to a nation,  
Envoy of the world.  
The Beloved Philosopher.

Dead in the murky tundra....  
The friend of millions,  
Companion of all men,  
Killed in the desolation of  
A forbidding arctic outpost!

Yesterday you were laughing,  
Spreading homespun humor,  
Brightening lives in hut,  
Hovel, home and palace....  
Even now your face grins at us  
From the silver screen  
Which you made wholesome,  
Clean and endurable.  
An Eskimo runner, breathless,  
Gasps the news....  
"Will Rogers dead!"  
The cry of astonishment,  
Of abiding grief  
Rises from the homes of  
The mighty and the meek.  
From village and metropolis....

For you were understood  
In flop house and in castle,  
In the bread lines and at  
The banquet tables.

Public Philosopher No. 1!  
That was you, Will....  
You were no buffoon....  
There was wisdom and truth  
In every utterance....  
Hoboes and potentates  
Saw more clearly through  
Your rural logic.

I'll bet you went smiling, Will,  
To that Last Round-Up....  
A few moments of horror, yes,  
But no declining years  
Of power and health....

No wasting illness,  
No deathbed agonies to erase.  
That great smile.

You went smiling because  
Under the cap and bells  
Was a fine courage....  
It took you from ranch and range  
To the big cities,  
From tent show and  
Vaudeville to stardom....  
From obscurity into  
The hearts of all men!

You knew the perils of the air....  
Death has been close often,  
But it never stared you down....  
In that last terrible moment  
You looked the Dark Angel  
In the eye and grinned!  
Now you're coming home as  
You would want to,  
Through the skies with Wiley....

Dead?  
Not to us, Will....  
But alive and smiling,  
Chewing away and twisting  
That old throw rope  
Forever and forever,  
Down through the ages.

Welcome home, Will!  
Welcome home, Wiley!  
Happy landings through  
All eternity!

Perhaps the most perfect picture of Will Rogers is supplied by his statement on success. "It all goes to show", he once said, "that the success magazines are full of bunk. All of you know, as well as I do, that it was some accident started you on the right track, but you ain't gonna admit it to the reporters."

We always thought one of his most priceless cracks was the one about his Indian ancestors. "They didn't come over on no Mayflower", he drawled, "but they met the boat".