

WILL ROGERS

Just one year ago today he went away
Across the green behind the screen
There to smile no more upon this mundane
shore;

And since he's gone to realms beyond
We miss him so, he'll never know
Nor could he guess the happiness
He brought to earth,
The joy and mirth

He took away that fatal day,
Nor the sorrow left in every breast
North, South, East and West;—

In whispers still, we speak of Will
And what he said, and still might say,
If he was with us here today.

RECEIVED

AUG 20 1936

My dear Mr. Carter:— I am sending a poem I have
written in memory of our friend, and the world's friend,
Will Rogers, whom I have known for years through
the columns of your splendid and most exceedingly
interesting paper, The North Star Telegram.
It might be appropriate for you to use next Monday
when you gather together to pay him all due honors.
I am a constant reader and friend to you and your paper.
Sincerely, Mrs. D. M. Hlatt Cleburne Texas.