

RECEIVED

JAN 5 1937

Cause and Effect
(To Will Rogers)

The golden stairs are dusty;
The stars, not polished bright;
The walls of Alabaster
Are mussed--and such a sight!

The reason for this clutter?
The angels sit about
And listen to Will Rogers
As his jokes come tumbling out.

They sit about in circles
As he shows how may be twirled,
The strong bright strands of sun-beams
Around a bucking world.

They shake with keenest laughter
As he pantomimes the plays
He acted in the movies,
Back in his earthly days.

They sing, and dance, and flutter
In glee and careless play,
And often have the notion
They'll run away some day

To see again the planet
They left with small concern,
Because Will Rogers pictures
Joys they never did discern.

They now want to inhabit
That bright and happy world,
Where life seems so attractive
Under banners Will unfurled.

-Nora Hefley Mahon

215 So. Madera
Eastland, Texas.

Dear Mr. Carter:

Knowing your love for Will Rogers, I ask you to
accept this poem to him. I am a past Chairman of
Poetry in the Texas Federation of Women's Clubs.
Sincerely,
(Mrs. E. W.) Nora Hefley Mahon.