

TEXAS TECHNOLOGICAL COLLEGE

LUBBOCK, TEXAS

January 14, 1954

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT Emeritus

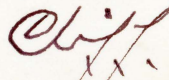
Mr. Amon G. Carter
Fort Worth, T e x a s

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 enduring.
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".