

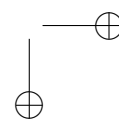
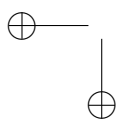
**LEADING WITH MY LEFT**

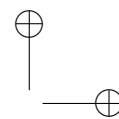
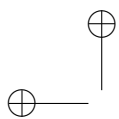
*Richard Armour*

With an Introduction by

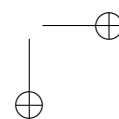
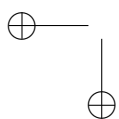
*Max Eastman*

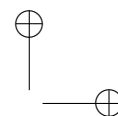
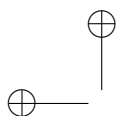
*IWP*





2026  
First Published, 1946





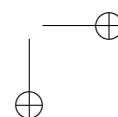
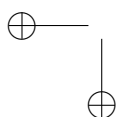
## INTRODUCTION BY MAX EASTMAN

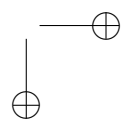
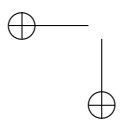
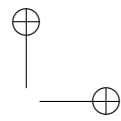
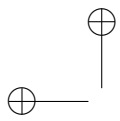
What pleases me most in Richard Armour's humor is the delicate balance he keeps up between playful and serious. He will be called a satirist, I suppose, but he is not one of those crusading jokers who think that humor must always have a sting, and that laughter is identical with "showing your teeth." On the other hand, he is not of the "goofy" school who, in their reaction against meaningful wit, went in during the twenties for unregulated geysers of pointless, and not even ludicrous, nonsense.

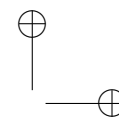
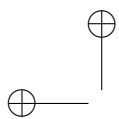
I find it interesting that the extreme exponents of this school – which they themselves once described as "humor gone nuts" – became, when their laughter dried up, doctrinaire defenders of the Moscow party line. Nonsensical in play, in serious life bigots: there seems to be a natural connection here. The brain is rigid in both cases, jiggling all to pieces when it gets jolly, and deducing fact from dogma with mechanical infallibility when solemn. Intelligence never gets a look-in either way.

Armour, with his highly civilized mixture of thoughtfulness and play, turns up quite naturally in the opposing camp. He contributes much of his very best verse without compensation to *The New Leader*, a paper that for twenty years has been leading the fight for flexible scientific thinking as against the bigotry of the Moscow gang.

Mr. Richard Armour packs a demolishing wallop when roused to anger, as may be seen in such terse strophes as those called "Grave Situation." But when moved to pure mirth, as he is by his old dilapidated car or by Hirohito's modest disclaimer of godhood, he can "make merry" without bite or sting. That is in the best tradition of American humor, and ought to insure this book a genial reception.



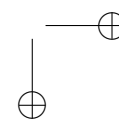
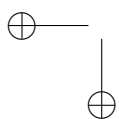


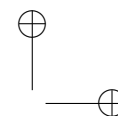
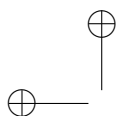


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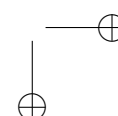
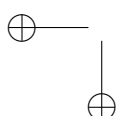
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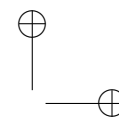
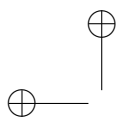
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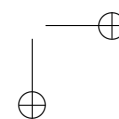
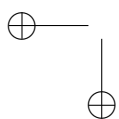


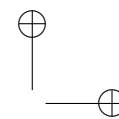
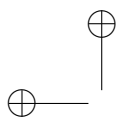


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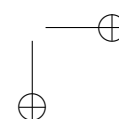
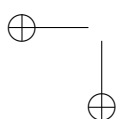
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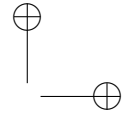
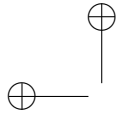
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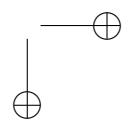
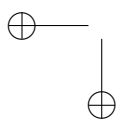


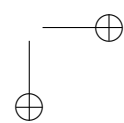
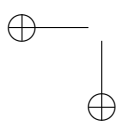
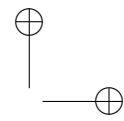
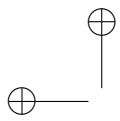
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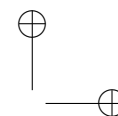
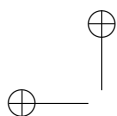




1941-1942







## HAIR APPARENT

*Speaking before the Queens chapter of the America First Committee, Senator Nye reiterated, "There is not an anti-Semitic hair in the head of Senator Burton K. Wheeler." — NEWS ITEM.*

Senator Nye, with loving care,  
Studies his colleague, hair by hair,

Much like a youth with love half crazy,  
Plucking the petals from a daisy,

Seeking, the while his passion's hot,  
Whether she loves him or loves him not:

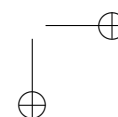
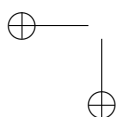
This hair is curly and that one's straight,  
This hair is long, that close to the pate,

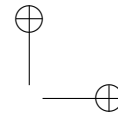
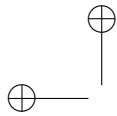
This hair is brown, that one is gray. . . .  
So he examines them all the day,

Finding, after his search analytic,  
Nary a hair to be anti-Semitic.

Probing, inquisitive Senator Nye,  
When will they ever get that guy?

Pending, however, the day he's sat on,  
Let me advise you to keep your hat on.





## BOTTLENECK

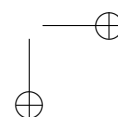
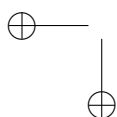
*The Navy is getting so many new ships these days, President Roosevelt said, that it is hard to find names for them. — NEWS ITEM.*

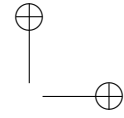
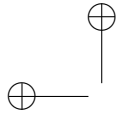
We've got the ships; we've got the men,  
We've also got the money,  
And yet it seems that even then  
Things really aren't so sunny.

What good are keels and armor plate  
And guns and ammunition,  
And cunning means to calculate  
The enemy's position?

Two-ocean navy? Watchdogs in  
Atlantic and Pacific?  
Time races on, the margin's thin,  
The struggle is terrific.

For though men work with right good will  
And though we all acclaim them,  
Our ships can't put to sea until  
Officialdom can name them.





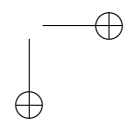
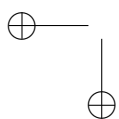
## SAVING GRACE

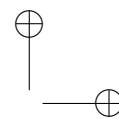
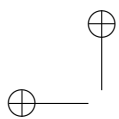
To hedge against inflation or  
An economic crash,  
We cannily are looking for  
A place to put our cash.

We've thought of buying common stocks  
And gilt-edged bonds and such,  
We've contemplated business blocks  
And goods that we can touch.

A farm would furnish food and drink,  
A house would save us rent,  
While U.S. bonds, we're led to think,  
Would help the government.

But while we wonder where to stow  
Our savings, come the worst,  
Perhaps it would be apropos  
To try to get some, first.



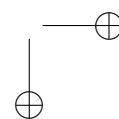
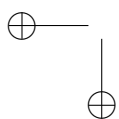


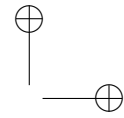
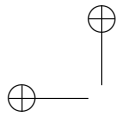
### VALENTINE IN TIME OF WAR

I'm short of rubber and of tin,  
I'm short of oil and gas,  
I've given up a lot to win,  
I've reached a sorry pass,

I'm short of cash, I'm short of time,  
I'm pinched in many ways,  
In fact, I can't begin to rhyme  
My shortages these days.

But I am not complaining, dear,  
This please don't get me wrong on,  
Since love for you, you need not fear,  
Is one thing I'm still long on.





## CONGRESSIONAL CONFESSIONAL

*"I wouldn't know Nazi propaganda if I saw it because I don't know anything about it."* — REP. HAMILTON FISH, QUOTED IN THE NEW YORK TIMES.

How well has Dr. Goebbels wrought  
To camouflage his poisoned thought.  
To be so bold, and yet invisible!  
It ought to strike the Doc as risible.

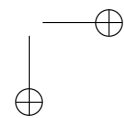
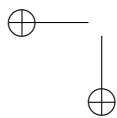
Particularly when a gent  
Who's picked and paid to represent  
His people in their legislature  
Has such an unsuspecting nature.

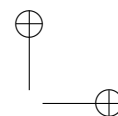
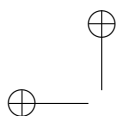
If one who draws a cool ten grand  
For knowing things, can't understand  
The Goebbels *modus operandi*,  
The rest should be just sugar candy.

And Goebbels' boss was right, perhaps,  
When in his book he sounded taps  
For all his democratic readers  
Who'd vote themselves such witless leaders.

MORAL

If what you don't know, doesn't hurt you,  
Then knowing nothing's quite a virtue.





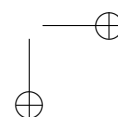
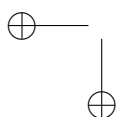
## EXCEPTION

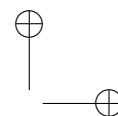
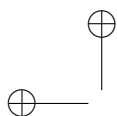
*Bronx Blacked Out Except for Moon.* — NEWSPAPER HEAD-  
LINE.

In homes, hotels, and honky-tonks  
The lights go out throughout the Bronx,  
And darkness, absolute and thorough,  
Should now descend upon the borough.

A silver glow, however, still  
Makes plain each building, street, and hill,  
Each soaring spire, each smoking stack,  
Each power line, each railroad track.

And air-raid wardens, with command  
Writ large upon their striped band,  
Gaze upward, feeling lonesome, chilly,  
And for a moment, rather silly.





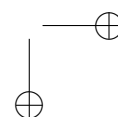
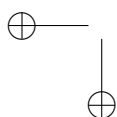
## VIRGIN IDEA

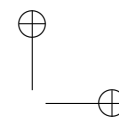
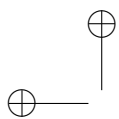
*Conch shells are used for warning the Virgin Islanders of enemy raids. — NEWS ITEM.*

Experience with air-raid sirens  
In New York City and environs  
Leads some of us to wonder why  
They don't give things like these a try.

If Virgin Islanders can use  
This simple means for spreading news,  
Manhattan Islanders had best  
Give mollusk shells an early test.

For, though a warning blast on conchs  
Might not be heard in farthest Bronx,  
It should at least a block be audible,  
And that we would consider laudable.





## GIRDLING FOR WAR

*Women in Army Corps to Get Two Girdles Each* — NEWS-  
PAPER HEADLINE.

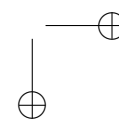
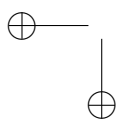
For girls in service of their nation,  
Two girdles are the regulation,

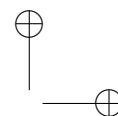
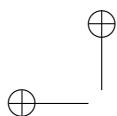
A minimum supply, but still,  
Enough, if husbanded with skill,

To last the thrifty Amazon  
As long as war is going on.

So, with this taken care of, we  
Can hail the coming victory,

In toast to which we lift the cup:  
Our woman's army's shaping up!





## AMENDMENT

*In the King's Regulations it is specified that the first six bars of God Save the King must be played softly. The instructions are being amended, and they will be played "fortissimo" when circumstances make it desirable. — NEWS ITEM.*

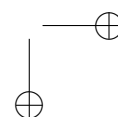
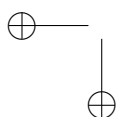
The Empire has been shaken,  
The Colonel Blimps bestirred,  
A step has now been taken  
From which there'll much be heard.

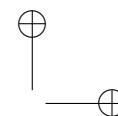
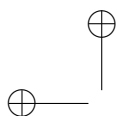
The war may not be ended,  
But we've begun to fight,  
A rule has been amended,  
And victory's in sight.

"God Save the King," we're happy,  
As you will be, to know,  
Will be more loud and snappy  
When played fortissimo.

And citizens may proudly  
And legally now sing  
The first six bars as loudly  
As any for their King.

Not always, though (advances  
Must slowly be acquired),  
But just when circumstances  
Make such a change desired.





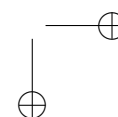
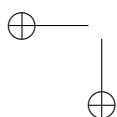
## ACH, HIMMLER!

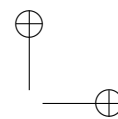
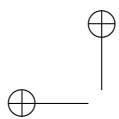
*Mixed Bathing in Nude Decreed by Himmler.* — NEWSPAPER  
HEADLINE.

While Hitler leads his saintly life  
Above the merely mortal,  
And scorns to take himself a wife,  
And checks the vulgar chortle

At Goebbels' more indecent jokes,  
And spurns the alcoholic,  
And never swears and never smokes  
Nor has himself a frolic,

Herr Himmler gives the youngsters rope  
*Zusammen nackt zu baden.*  
(But who's that with the telescope  
Up there at Berchtesgaden?)



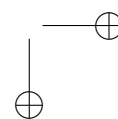
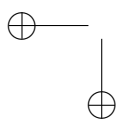


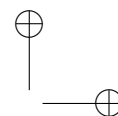
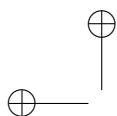
### QUICK CHANGE

*Here is a scarf that may be worn as a turban and, in an emergency, whisked off and turned into a neat bandage to hold splints or make slings. — ADVERTISEMENT,*

In circles both urban  
And rural this turban,  
So swiftly and neatly unfurled,  
Gives hope to our nation  
And bold declaration  
To enemies over the world.

To heart, all you doubting,  
Discouraged, and pouting,  
Beware, ill-advised, rash invaders.  
Our yesterday's Minute  
Men simply weren't in it  
Compared with our turbaned first-aiders!





## BROTHERHOOD

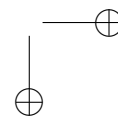
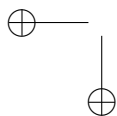
*Japan's new empire will be founded on the principle of universal brotherhood, with all peoples in their proper places. —*  
JAPAN TIMES AND ADVERTISER.

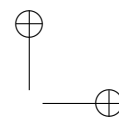
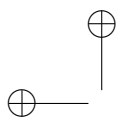
How brotherly the Japanese,  
How thoughtful of their fellows.  
They have in mind  
All humankind,  
The browns, the whites, the yellows.

They make their good intentions heard  
Above the rattling saber,  
Proclaiming far  
And wide they are  
The genuine Good Neighbor.

And dreaming dreams of rosy hue  
They see with utmost clarity  
An empire vast,  
Quite unsurpassed,  
And full of co-prosperity,

Wherein they designate the spheres  
Of all the varied races.  
(And we can guess  
With some success  
Just what OUR proper place is.)





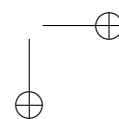
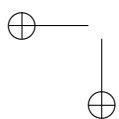
## HOME BREW

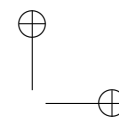
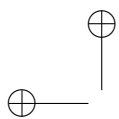
*Most people don't realize it, but it is quite possible today to  
make rubber in your own bathtub, using isobutylene as a base.*

— DREW PEARSON IN WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND.

I see a vision of my needs  
Of rubber amply cared for,  
And by my scientific deeds  
A long war well prepared for.

I also see (and it is then  
My zeal is much diminished)  
A vision of my bathtub when  
The rubber-making's finished.





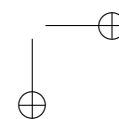
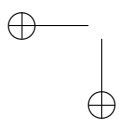
## WEED IN

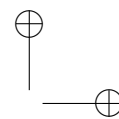
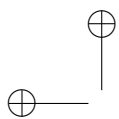
*The Gestapo is said to have supervised the psychoanalysis of every soldier now on the Eastern Front. The purpose of these examinations was to weed out those who were incapable of understanding the Nazi ideology. — NEWS ITEM.*

Here once again  
Is evidence  
That Himmler's men  
Have little sense

Of right and wrong  
Or good and bad  
And that they've long  
Been slightly mad.

For lo! indeed  
His mental power  
Who'd choose the weed  
And spurn the flower.





## HORSE AND BOGEY DAYS

*Racehorses Now Wearing Steel Instead of Aluminum Horse-shoes Because of War Shortage.* — NEWSPAPER HEADLINE.

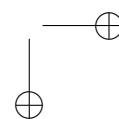
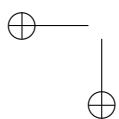
Because of a most bothersome  
Depletion of aluminum,

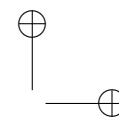
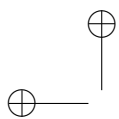
The heavy weight of steel now drags  
Upon the feet of racing nags.

Which means, perhaps, that thoroughbreds  
With narrow odds upon their heads

Will henceforth plod around the track,  
Be quite as long in getting back,

And finish just as woebegone  
As those I'm always betting on.



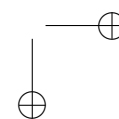
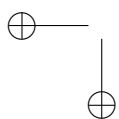


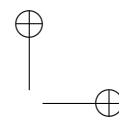
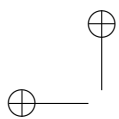
## LIP SERVICE

*A questionnaire, filled out by 201 feminine OPA employees,  
listed lipstick as the most essential cosmetic. — NEWS ITEM.*

Let cheeks from lack of rouge grow pale,  
Let pores expand without astringent,  
Let noses shine as powders fail  
The female OPA contingent.

Let skin go all uncreamed to bed,  
Let lashes lose mascara's luster. . . .  
So long as lips are moist and red,  
The working girl will still pass muster.



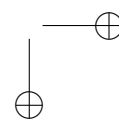
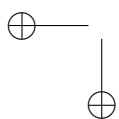


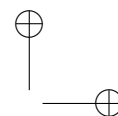
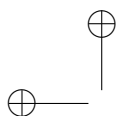
## CASUALTY

*Singing Telegram Is Casualty of War.* — NEWSPAPER HEADLINE.

Add now another to the roll  
Of things of which war takes its toll:  
The vocalized communication  
Is out, it seems, for the duration,  
And telegrams once more can be  
Read to oneself in privacy.

Farewell, then, Happy Birthday greeting,  
Farewell, insistent, raucous bleating,  
Farewell, you Western Union chorus  
Whose vocal chords vibrated for us.  
If it was war that choked your song,  
Then Sherman was, I'm sure, quite wrong.

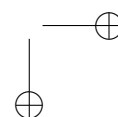
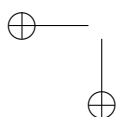


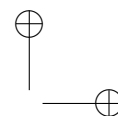
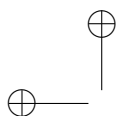


## BARBER POLL

*Barbers at Convention Pledge End to Loose Talk for the Duration.* — NEWSPAPER HEADLINE.

How can a barber who for years  
Has synchronized his tongue and shears  
Abruptly stop the one from wagging  
And with the other keep from lagging?  
Indeed, an over-sudden end  
Of talk conceivably could tend  
To bring on nasty nerve disorders,  
As well as nicks and ragged borders.  
So if there are no rumors started  
While hair is wet and being parted,  
Nor secrets of the High Command  
Divulged around the shoe shine stand,  
Nor probes of Congressmen and jurists  
Near Mata Hari manicurists,  
We hope the barber, sage or kidder,  
Despite his pledge will reconsider.





## DISARMAMENT

*Shorter Nails for Wartime Win Approval in Hollywood.* —  
NEWSPAPER HEADLINE.

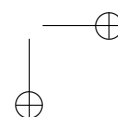
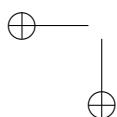
The jungle cat in mortal strife  
Protrudes its nails to fight for life,

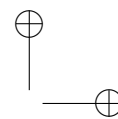
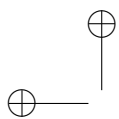
And when the struggle's done withdraws  
Into their sheaths its jagged claws.

But Hollywood, that never fails  
To be perverse, suggests that nails

That grew on ladies' fingers till  
Quite long enough to maim or kill

Should now, amidst the battle's heat,  
Be shorn and scrapped as obsolete.



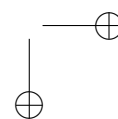
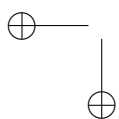


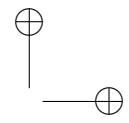
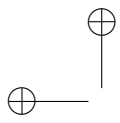
## MARY CHRISTMAS

*Department Store to Have Lady Santa.* — NEWSPAPER HEADLINE.

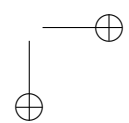
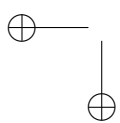
I'm glad I was a child back when  
The Santa Clauses all were men,  
A genial lot of husky chaps  
With ruddy cheeks and ample laps,  
With voices deep and masculine,  
And manly beards upon their chin.

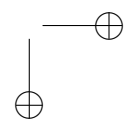
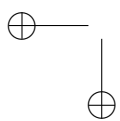
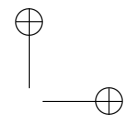
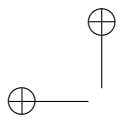
Today, with women in our plants  
In dungarees and workers' pants,  
And with the WACS and WAVES and such,  
It is already far too much  
A woman's world, as is, to trick  
Our youngsters with a lady Nick.

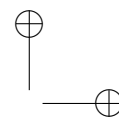
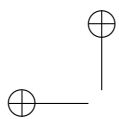




1943



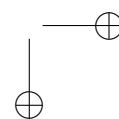
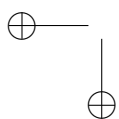


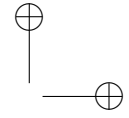
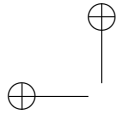


### TO A YOUNG MAN RECEIVING HIS WINGS

When the Junkers are all junk  
And the Messerschmitts are messes,  
When Capronis go kerplunk  
And the Focke-Wulf obsolesces,

When the Heinkels hike for hell  
And the Zeros all are zero,  
When your job is done, and well,  
Come you home, my airman hero.

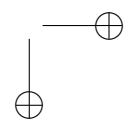
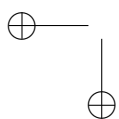


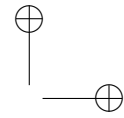
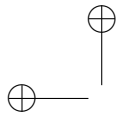


### WRITING A WRONG

If ever you should hear of one,  
Please let me know of it,  
For I believe that there is none  
So rare as he, to wit:

The foreign correspondent who,  
Back from a first-hand look,  
Discovers better things to do  
Than write another book.

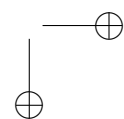
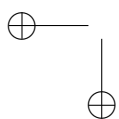


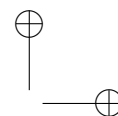
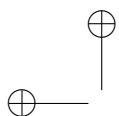


## SUPPLY AND DEMAND

How strange it is and yet how true  
Of me, and probably of you,  
That all the things I've disregarded  
Or done without or else discarded

I suddenly begin to need  
And covet with a miser's greed  
And crave, in fact, with lust impassioned,  
The very day that they are rationed.

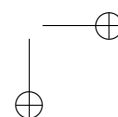
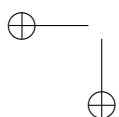


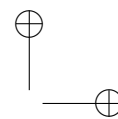
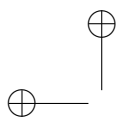


### MOTHER GOOSE RHYME FOR TUESDAYS

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,  
His wife could eat no lean,  
But each could eat one kind of meat,  
So both were quite serene.

But that was long ago. Today  
Still otherwise they do it.  
Now Mrs. Sprat eats lean or fat,  
And Jack is fond of suet.



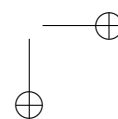
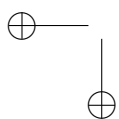


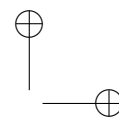
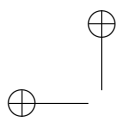
## GOOD EGGS

*War Food Administration Forbids Cold Storage of Eggs to Prevent Hoarding by Speculators.* — NEWSPAPER HEADLINE.

No longer list me with the haters  
Of grasping, selfish speculators,  
Black-marketeers and other hoarders  
Who make their wealth from hungry boarders.

For if, because of them, no longer  
Will eggs be stored for growing stronger,  
I gladly change my erstwhile attitude  
And state, herewith, my heartfelt gratitude.

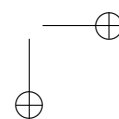
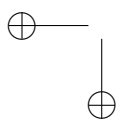


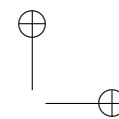
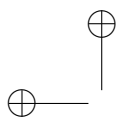


### JUST WHAT THE DUCE ORDERED

Remember, Italians,  
How the Duce once said,  
“Live dangerously,  
Nor fear to be dead.”

Live dangerously  
Was his counsel to you,  
And this, quite obliging,  
We’ll see that you do.





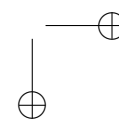
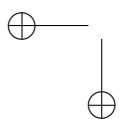
### HANGING TOGETHER

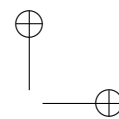
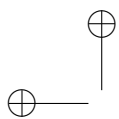
Landlords want to raise the rent,  
Unlike their thrifty roomers.  
Farmers ask for more percent,  
The opposite, consumers.

Employees urge that wages rise,  
Employers call for ceilings,  
Congressmen want new tax highs  
But fear the voters' feelings.

Yet farmers buy employers' goods,  
The landlords' wage bill waxes,  
Employees eat the farmers' foods,  
And Congressmen pay taxes.

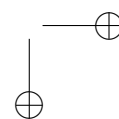
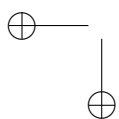
From which it is a sure-fire bet,  
With things so overlapping,  
That we give up each time we get  
And fight ourselves when scrapping.

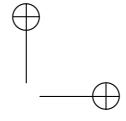
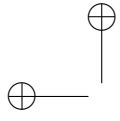




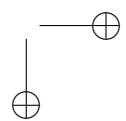
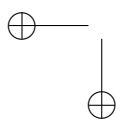
### TESTING MY METAL

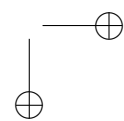
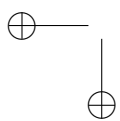
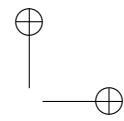
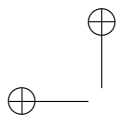
Disappointments I've suffered in days now bygone,  
And yet, I maintain, there weren't many  
That rank with the dime that I counted upon  
Turning out just a copperless penny.

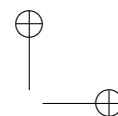
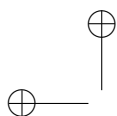




1944





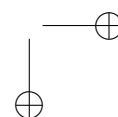
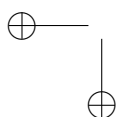


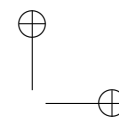
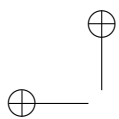
## END MEN

*Adolf Hitler grimly told the German people that “in this war there will be no victors and losers but merely survivors and annihilated.” — NEWS ITEM.*

It may be, Adolf, may well be,  
As you’ve so grimly stated,  
One side will be survivors, and  
One side annihilated.

But now you’ve told us what is what,  
We’ll tell you who is who:  
Survivors, Adolf, that is us,  
Annihilated, you!





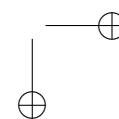
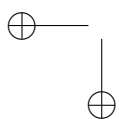
## VIEWED WITH ALARM

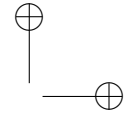
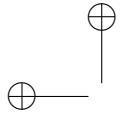
*Critical Shortage of Alarm Clocks Hampers War Production.*  
— NEWSPAPER HEADLINE.

Of all the paradoxes  
And inconsistencies,  
This shortage, now of clocks is  
The winner, in a breeze.

For when there's need of rising  
To outproduce the foe,  
There's no way of apprising  
The time to rise and go.

But when there's end to anger,  
And peace is come to men,  
That early morning clangor  
Will be with us again.

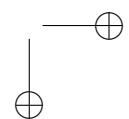
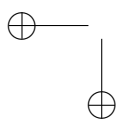


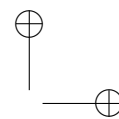
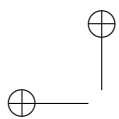


### CONVENTIONAL REMARK

Republicans and Democrats  
Have stated their intentions  
Of meeting in Chicago for  
Political conventions.

It thus appears Chicago will  
Again, and more's the pity,  
Exemplify its title of  
The nation's Windy City.

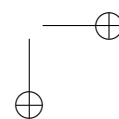
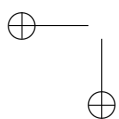


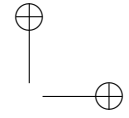
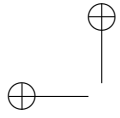


### **WALKING THE PLAN**

They have no lumber, have no nails,  
Have neither saw nor hammer,  
Yet this is when, it never fails,  
The politicians clamor

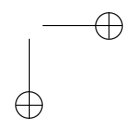
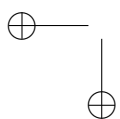
To build themselves, with firm intent,  
From planks they lay a hand on,  
A platform which, it's evident,  
No candidate can stand on.

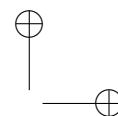
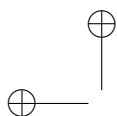




### STATE OF MIND

Gray grow my hairs  
And bald grows my pate  
From the state of affairs  
Of affairs of state.



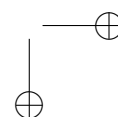
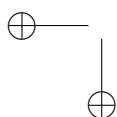


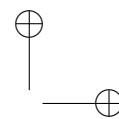
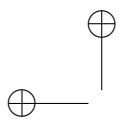
### BARBER SHOP HARMONY

*The Barber's Union of Brooklyn has ruled that barbers shall cease discussing politics and the war with their customers. — NEWS ITEM.*

A wise rule, this, long overdue,  
I hope it goes for peacetime too.  
I've had enough, of late, of shears  
That snip the hair around my ears  
While he who wields the deadly blades  
Discusses last night's bombing raids  
Or, with the straight-edge at my throat,  
Asks me for whom I plan to vote.

As, now, invasion schemes are sped  
And voting days lie just ahead,  
I thank the thoughtful union which,  
Amidst its foamy lathers rich,  
Amidst its tonics, talcs, and strops,  
By legislation sternly stops,  
While yet I'm not beyond repair,  
Cold murder in the barber chair.



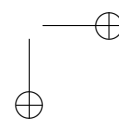
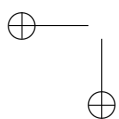


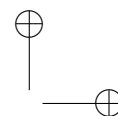
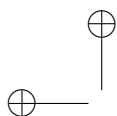
## SHOUTING OVER

The candidates are chosen for  
The first and second places,  
The delegates are home once more  
In towns and open spaces.

Convention halls are void and still  
Concessionaires have vanished,  
Proud oratory now is nil,  
The fight of factions banished.

And after all the flags unfurled,  
The tumult and the riot,  
A calm comes down upon the world,  
The battlefield seems quiet.



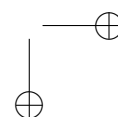
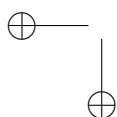


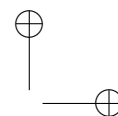
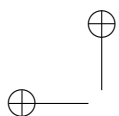
### STRETCHING A POINT

*American women will have their two-way girdles back by Christmas, the WPB promised yesterday. — NEWS ITEM.*

A merry Christmas this will be  
And gay bedecked the yuletide tree.  
Why should the ladies not be pleased?  
One pinch of war is being eased.

By Christmas time those wistful sighs  
Will turn to jubilating cries,  
From woes of war there'll be escape:  
Yes, things will be in better shape.





## GRAVE SITUATION

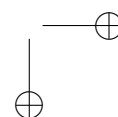
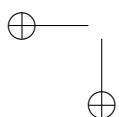
*Nazis Preparing to Go Underground.* — NEWSPAPER HEADLINE.

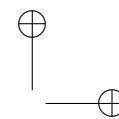
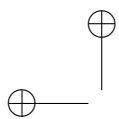
Go underground?  
The notion's sound  
And rather neat.

Go underground,  
You homeward-bound  
SS Elite.

Go underground  
For miles around,  
From Kiel to Crete.

Go underground  
Beneath a mound,  
About six feet.





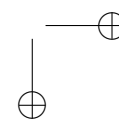
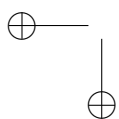
## MADE OF RECORD

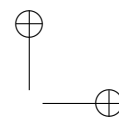
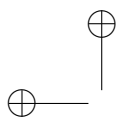
A candidate's speeches  
Of previous years  
Are bound to be quoted  
And dinned in his ears.

A candidate's writings,  
In letter or book,  
Much though he may shake them  
Are never quite shook.

A candidate's friendships  
Of decades ago  
Are always remembered  
By some so-and-so.

And that is the reason  
Why, up to the last,  
A candidate's future  
Is plagued by his past.



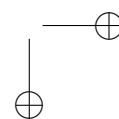
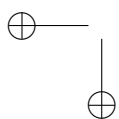


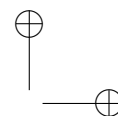
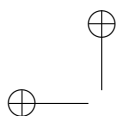
## STEIN SONG

*"This war is far more logical than the last one, and much more interesting."* — GERTRUDE STEIN, ON BEING LIBERATED IN SOUTHERN FRANCE.

At last we hear from Gertrude Stein,  
Set free in France, and doing fine,  
Her head untouched, her villa smokeless,  
And with her, also, Alice Toklas.

The same old girl, the same old Gert,  
Amidst the conflict quite unhurt.  
The one and only, indispensable,  
Still charmingly incomprehensible.





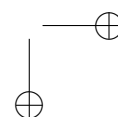
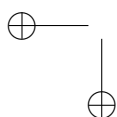
### BRIEF CASE

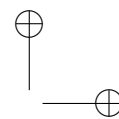
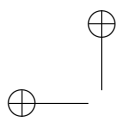
*Hitler is reported to have developed a phobia of briefcases since the attempt upon his life. — NEWS ITEM.*

Gestapo chiefs and diplomats  
Who come to see the Fuehrer,  
Please check your briefcase with your hats,  
And he will feel securer.

For who can tell what lurks therein  
Of bomb, grenade, or hatchet,  
What searing acid, strong as sin,  
With which he's sure to catch it.

There may, indeed, be close to reach  
Some secret weapons medley –  
Or typescript of a Goebbels speech,  
Which would be far more deadly.



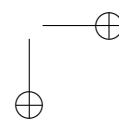
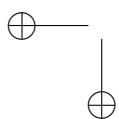


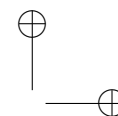
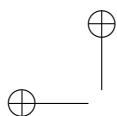
## PRIMITIVE

*Germans Must Go Primitive, Says Goebbels.* — NEWSPAPER  
HEADLINE.

Go primitive, urges Doc Goebbels  
To get the last fraction of toil  
From back-tracking, near-beaten Nazis  
Defending their so-holy soil.

Go primitive? Thinking of Lublin  
And other scenes almost as sad  
In Rotterdam, Warsaw, and Athens,  
I'd say that they already had.





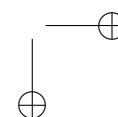
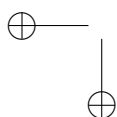
## MESS

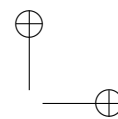
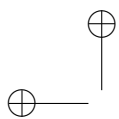
*“If women had run the affairs of the world for the past few thousands of years, they could hardly have made a worse mess of it than men have.”* — DR. ERNEST A. HOOTON, HARVARD ANTHROPOLOGIST, QUOTED IN NEWS ITEM.

What profits it to contemplate  
What might have been our present state  
Had women run the world’s affairs  
And shouldered all its fiscal cares?

What difference to you and me  
With women ruling land and sea  
With lady kings and presidents,  
Instead, as commonly, of gents?

The world, I think, would be a mess  
About the same, no more or less,  
For women may not run the place  
Officially, in every case,  
But this you must admit is true:  
They mostly run the men who do.



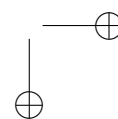
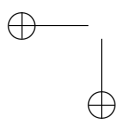


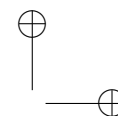
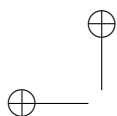
### MATCHLESS SITUATION

*Match Shortage Feared.* — NEWSPAPER HEADLINE.

I must say that I can't attach  
Importance to the dwindling match.  
At times it might have creased my brow,  
But certainly it doesn't now.

A dearth of matches may be near,  
And yet I've not a thing to fear.  
I'm sure I'll get along all right,  
For I've no cigarettes to light.





## NO READING TIME

*A survey of Army camps shows that books on actual war have few readers. — NEWS ITEM.*

War is something, I've no doubt,  
That soldiers seldom read about,

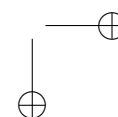
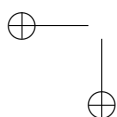
Too busy with a war themselves  
To browse in military shelves,

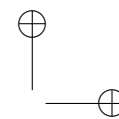
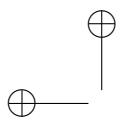
With facing death too occupied  
To read about how others died.

But on the other hand, those men  
Who wield the profitable pen,

The military experts who  
Fill volumes with their points of view,

Are far too busy with their writing  
To have the time for any fighting.





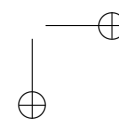
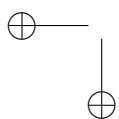
## HOME COMES THE DENTIST

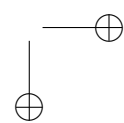
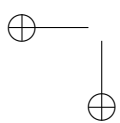
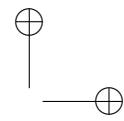
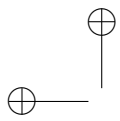
*Army Soon to Discharge Hundreds of Dentists.* — NEWSPAPER  
HEADLINE.

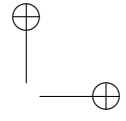
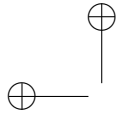
Home comes the dentist from the war,  
Back from his great adventure,  
And to his office goes, once more,  
Who'er desires a denture.

His waiting room is filled again  
With patients pale and fearful,  
Who listen close, and now and then  
Are granted quite an earful.

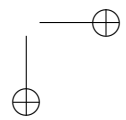
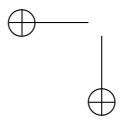
Home comes the dentist with his drill  
And gadgets for extraction,  
While soldier hearts in foxholes fill  
With quiet satisfaction.

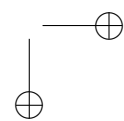
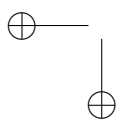
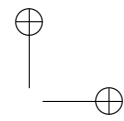
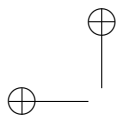


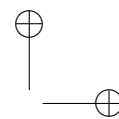
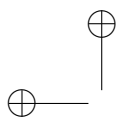




1945





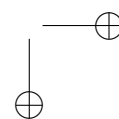
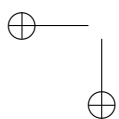


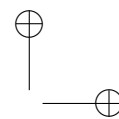
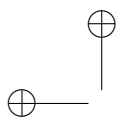
### A WAR BY ANY OTHER NAME

*Historians Differ on What to Call War.* — NEWSPAPER HEADLINE.

Global War, Atomic War,  
Or War Without Successors,  
People's War or Have-Not's War,  
What shall it be, professors?

Come on, you savants, pick a name,  
Or coin a phrase, or mint it.  
I know what I would call it, but  
Of course you couldn't print it!



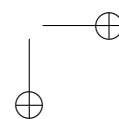
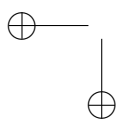


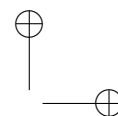
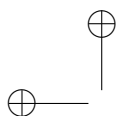
### GOING TOO FAR

*German generals are hit by the latest economy measure – a ban on monocles. — NEWS ITEM.*

Imagine Hitler unmustached,  
And Goering svelte and slender,  
Imagine Goebbels meek, abashed,  
And Himmler looking tender;

Imagine these you may, no doubt,  
By mental efforts drastic,  
But German generals without  
Their monocles? Fantastic!





## DOWN AND OUT

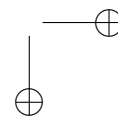
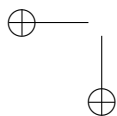
*Now that Mrs. Vanderbilt has sold her Fifth Avenue home, the only considerable Vanderbilt structure in New York will be Grand Central Station. — NEWS ITEM.*

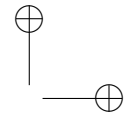
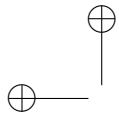
Oh, it happens at times here in town,  
And it's tragic indeed, is it not,  
That we hear of a family down  
To its last, or its next to last, yacht,

Or reduced from the way things once were  
To a skeleton staff of aides:  
A butler, two cooks, a chauffeur,  
And a meager assortment of maids.

But here is the nadir of want,  
The depth of despair and of rue,  
A tragedy such as must daunt  
Almost all but the hardiest few.

Come, let us then solemnly mourn  
This sad, oh so sad, situation:  
The Vanderbilt family shorn  
Of all save a Grand Central Station.



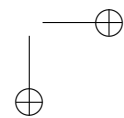
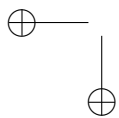


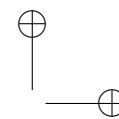
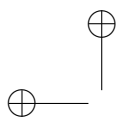
### **FRIENDS, ROMANS, ETC.**

*Goering Said to Wear Toga at Tea.* — NEWSPAPER HEADLINE.

Who is this paunchy publican,  
This roly-poly Roman?  
Look to your books, historian,  
And see in this an omen

Which, should it end in Roman style  
Most certainly will suit us,  
So long as Hitler's Caesar, while  
The togaed Goering's Brutus.



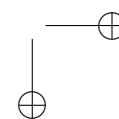
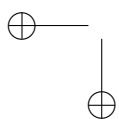


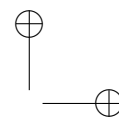
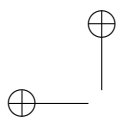
## ASSURANCE

*The authoritative commentary, Dienst aus Deutschland, said official assurances that Germany would not use poison gas "hold as good today as ever." — NEWS ITEM.*

When German commentators quite  
Officially assever  
That Nazi oaths are every mite  
As good today as ever,

Some may consider this a sign  
That all is fine and dandy,  
But pardon me if I incline  
To keep my gas mask handy.



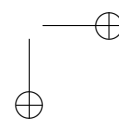
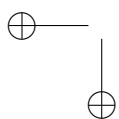


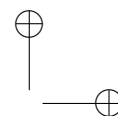
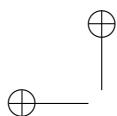
## SPIRITS

*“We are filled with the same spirit as the valorous Japanese People.”* — DR. GOEBBELS, QUOTED IN NEWS ITEM.

A single spirit fills them both,  
The Germans and the Japs,  
It’s valor, Dr. Goebbels quoth,  
Unless, of course, it’s schnapps.

A single spirit warms the two  
And makes them very cocky,  
To bravery it may be due,  
Or possibly to sake.





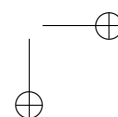
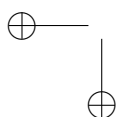
### SMALL CHANGE

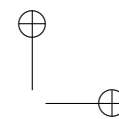
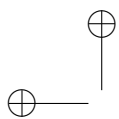
*The bulk of mankind does not change its ideas after 25, according to Dr. Gilbert Taylor, head of the language department at Westminster College. — NEWS ITEM.*

When he was four and twenty,  
He was not thought reliable,  
Although his mind was then inclined  
To be still slightly pliable.

When he was five and twenty,  
And loudly argumentative,  
The law decreed he might proceed  
To be a Representative.

When he was grown to thirty,  
And never changed a tenet,  
They found him more than ready for  
Election to the Senate.



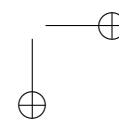
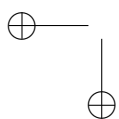


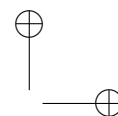
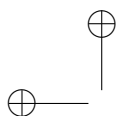
## NOTHING TRIVIAL, I HOPE

*Hitler Rumored Undergoing Throat Operation.* — NEWSPAPER  
HEADLINE.

What a throat for screeches,  
What a throat for heils,  
What a throat for speeches  
Packing in the aisles.

What a throat for rasping,  
Cancered nearly shut,  
What a throat for gasping,  
What a throat to cut!





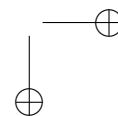
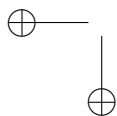
## LEFTOVERS

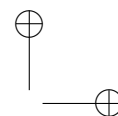
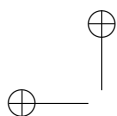
*Mayor La Guardia has designated Mondays for saving leftovers. — NEWS ITEM.*

The Mayor, in a moment rash,  
Officially approves of hash  
And gives his tacit blessing to  
The varied, all-inclusive stew.

The culinary jig is up.  
The veil is drawn from plate and cup.  
The housewife now no longer can  
Deceive her unsuspecting man.

Pretense is over. Now we see,  
At last, the grim reality:  
The food we eat upon a Monday  
Depends on what we didn't, Sunday.





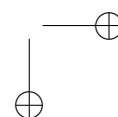
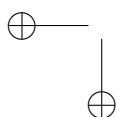
### WRIT OF HAGEUS CORPUS

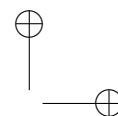
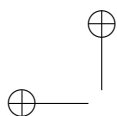
*In Miami Beach, Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City, defendant in a \$2,000,000 slander suit, contends he was ordered by his physician not to return for some time to the "rigorous climate of New Jersey." — NEWS ITEM.*

On doctor's orders, Mayor Hague,  
Not feeling very vigorous,  
Avoids New Jersey like a plague.  
Its climate's far too rigorous.

Upon the southern shore he basks,  
A happy politician,  
And sheds his coat (and civic tasks),  
And praises his physician.

A paradox it is, I say,  
That, warming as Florida,  
For Hague, just now, up Jersey way  
It's definitely torrid!



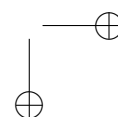
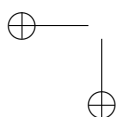


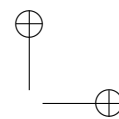
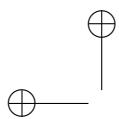
## MAKING CAPITOL OF IT

*“The old, dilapidated, dirty Capitol building in Washington is fit for nothing except to house relics in a kind of national hall of fame.”* — SENATOR BILBO, QUOTED IN NEWSPAPER ITEM.

Fit to house relics of days of yore,  
Political souvenirs,  
Ideas we hope are not held any more,  
Strange tenets of previous years. . . .

We're all for a move to a clean, modern place  
So long as, on some dingy shelf  
Of the musty museum, there still is a space  
For Senator Bilbo himself.



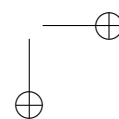
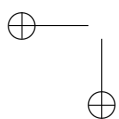


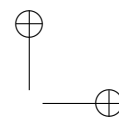
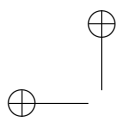
### THEIR MASTER'S VOICE

*Hitler's speech seemed, to some listeners, to come from a large, empty room. — NEWS ITEM.*

Out of a large empty room,  
    Laboring onward wearily,  
Hateful words of Teutonic gloom  
    Echo drearily, drearily.

There in that large but empty room  
    Antichrist, true to his part,  
Forces the words of a fearful doom  
    Out of an empty heart.



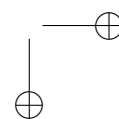
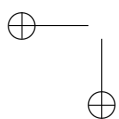


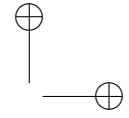
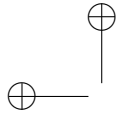
## SEEING ISN'T BELIEVING

*Baruch Sees Five-Year Period of Prosperity After the War.*  
— NEWSPAPER HEADLINE.

After the war is over,  
After the shooting's done,  
Everything's gonna be clover,  
Everything's gonna be fun.

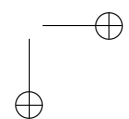
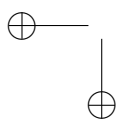
Everything's gonna be blarney,  
Everything's gonna be jake.  
Look again, won't you please, Barney.  
I'd hate it to be a mistake!

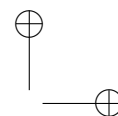
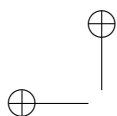




### REQUIRED READING

The ration book is a book you'll see  
In mansions and hovels and joints,  
One book that all manner of persons, agree  
Is certainly full of good points.





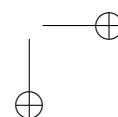
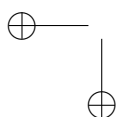
## ROBES OF OFFICE

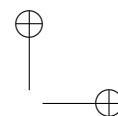
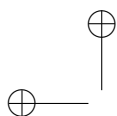
*Supporters of a bill to increase Congressional salaries from \$10,000 to \$12,500 state that Congressmen no longer can afford striped breeches and cutaway coats. — NEWS ITEM.*

Inevitably we expect  
The Congressmen whom we elect  
To dress themselves, whate'er their means,  
In cutaway and pin-striped jeans.

Constituents, in fact, demand  
Their Congressmen to have on hand  
Some flowing ties and broad-brimmed hats  
And ample stocks of pearl-gray spats.

Our Congressmen, both fat and lean,  
Are duty-bound to grace the scene,  
And though it's but the merest start,  
They ought at least to *look* the part!



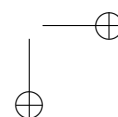
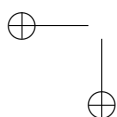


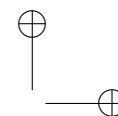
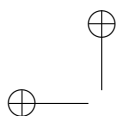
### WHAT THIS COUNTRY DOESN'T NEED

*The old five-cent cigar now sells for 7½ cents. — NEWS ITEM.*

I do not smoke cigars, and so  
    To me they do not sell them,  
But others do, and puff and blow,  
    And therefore I must smell them.

But this I fear, to be precise,  
    For I'm a dire foreboder:  
Five-cent cigars at higher price  
    Will have the same old odor.





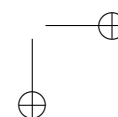
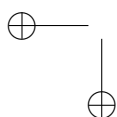
## FARM BOY

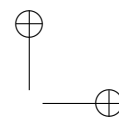
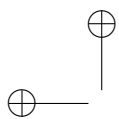
*Mrs. Truman didn't raise her son to be President. She brought him up to be a good farmer. — NEWS ITEM.*

What better way to rear a lad  
For landing in the White House?  
Although the manor's not so bad,  
The farmer's is the right house.

That this is true, there is no doubt,  
In fact there's ample reason:  
The farmer battles flood and drought  
According to the season,

And with erosion, bugs, and weeds  
And kindred tribulation,  
Who runs a farm has what he needs  
With which to run a nation.

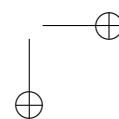
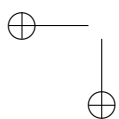


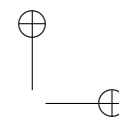
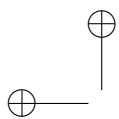


## TWO BAD

Black marketeers are called up short  
And hotly deprecated  
And when they're caught, haled into court,  
Fined, or incarcerated.

All well and good. I'm nothing loath,  
Just so, with prices higher,  
We don't forget the fault's due both  
To seller and to buyer.



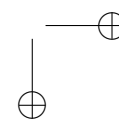
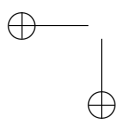


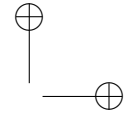
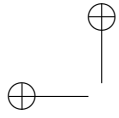
## MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

*Restrictions have been lifted on the production of typewriters.*  
— NEWS ITEM.

Having vanquished, now, the Hun  
And smashed his works unholy,  
Our reconversion has begun,  
Albeit somewhat slowly.

Less now machine guns' rat-tat-tat  
And big guns' booming medley,  
But louder click the keys, and that  
May well be far more deadly.



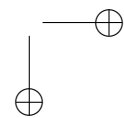
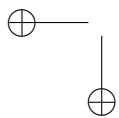


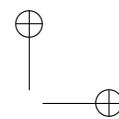
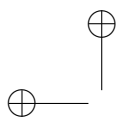
## FUNNY BUSINESS

*Mayor LaGuardia Reads Funnies Over Radio During Newspaper Delivery Strike.* — NEWSPAPER HEADLINE.

The funnies didn't come today;  
But, kiddies, don't you fret,  
The Mayor, I am glad to say,  
Will read them to you yet. . . .

The kids are quiet, parents spurned,  
It is an answered prayer,  
And happiest of all concerned  
Is — yes, of course — the Mayor!



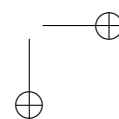
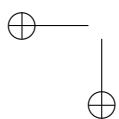


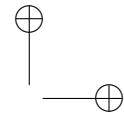
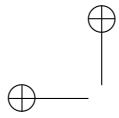
### QUISLING IN THE DARK

Now is the time when gallows beckon.  
And, as the hour grows later,  
The patriots begin to reckon  
With tyrant and with traitor.

Now is the time of innocence,  
Surprise, and injured feelings,  
Forgetfulness of past events,  
And bended-knee appealings.

Now is the time when cowards such  
As the Norwegian Quisling  
Protest, in fact protest too much,  
Before they start their sizzling.



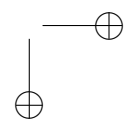
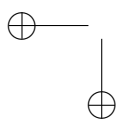


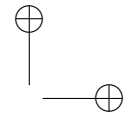
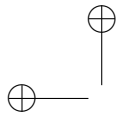
## CALLING BORIS KARLOFF

*Nazi Murders Bared by Idiot Gravedigger.* — NEWSPAPER  
HEADLINE.

A pretty tale of death is this,  
For madman's leer or villain's hiss.  
Not merely murder brought to light —  
A wormy, gruesome sort of sight —  
But told by one whose daily toil  
Is digging in the graveyard's soil.  
And just to make it really pat,  
The chap an idiot, at that.

Time was, when this was stuff and diction  
Of tragic plays and horror fiction.  
Today, to every word and comma,  
Life measures up to melodrama.



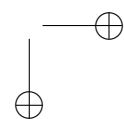
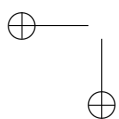


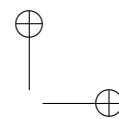
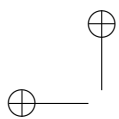
## THE FILIBUSTERER

The filibusterer depends  
Upon his voice to gain his ends,  
Nor need his monologues be deathless  
So long as he is never breathless.

He holds the floor as if he thought  
It had, by him, been wholly bought,  
And lends it as he chooses to  
Supporters of his point of view.

The filibusterer has won  
When he assures that nothing's done  
By colleagues who, it can be trusted,  
Would like the filibuster busted.

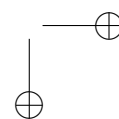
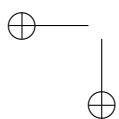


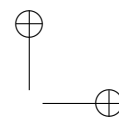
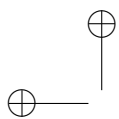


### SHAPING UP

*LaFollette-Monroney Committee Studying Ways to Streamline Congress.* — NEWSPAPER HEADLINE.

Consider the streamlined congressman,  
Symmetrical fore and aft. . . .  
You write the rest of this if you can —  
I dropped my pen when I laughed.



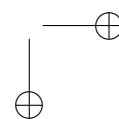
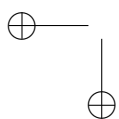


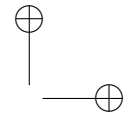
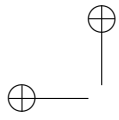
## FOOTWORK

*The Senator who is fastest on his feet will get the floor, the president pro tem has ruled. — NEWS ITEM.*

The Senator who gets the floor  
More frequently and freely  
Is not a fellow who has more  
To say than others, really.

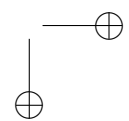
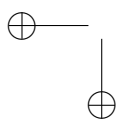
He hasn't more upon his mind,  
He's not more prone to bicker,  
But when he rises, you will find,  
He does it somewhat quicker.

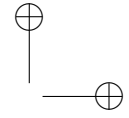
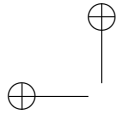




### CONSERVATIVELY SPEAKING

The Tories watch Great Britain go  
To left, and rue their plight.  
Apparently they do not know  
That left is sometimes right.

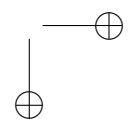
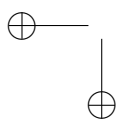


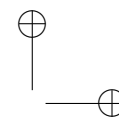
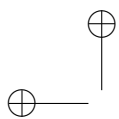


## TRAVEL TRAVAIL

Travel broadens, we were told  
In the happy days of old,  
Long before the scarcity  
That evoked the ODT.

Now, however, crushed and crammed.  
Crowded in and tightly jammed,  
Those who travel find it harrowing  
And, they tell us, rather narrowing.



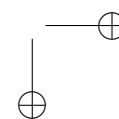
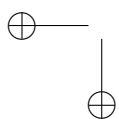


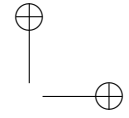
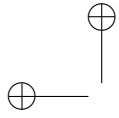
### ILL WIND

*Goering, Ill, Becomes Heart-Conscious.* — NEWSPAPER HEAD-  
LINE.

So Goering doesn't feel so good  
And for his health is fearing,  
A fact that can be understood  
Now that his trial's nearing.

The thing that's strange, however, is  
That this fat Nazi bad one  
Is conscious of that heart of his —  
We didn't know he had one!



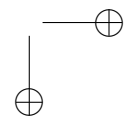
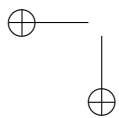


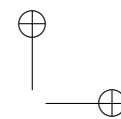
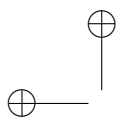
## POWER LINES

*Struggle for Power Between Eastern and Western Blocs.* —  
NEWSPAPER HEADLINE.

The war is hardly over when  
The nations start to tussle.  
They choose up sides like kids again  
And feel each other's muscle.

They find out who is weak, who's strong,  
And then they start to knock heads.  
It's just what you'd expect, so long  
As we've so many bloc heads!

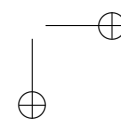
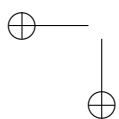


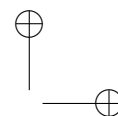
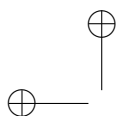


### **RESIGNATION ACCEPTED**

The cabinet is changing fast,  
Each week someone replaces  
Another of the dwindling cast  
Of old, familiar faces.

Gone are the if's and when's and why's  
That formerly perplexed one.  
The only thing left for surmise  
Is who will be the next one?





## DIVINITY? FUDGE!

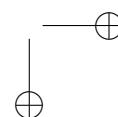
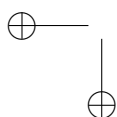
*Hirohito Says He Is Really Not Divine.* — NEWSPAPER HEADLINE.

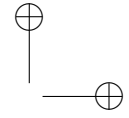
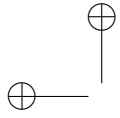
Please do not bow before me,  
Oh, good people, don't adore me!  
    Just a nod would be quite fine.  
I want no genuflection  
Nor low bends in my direction,  
    For I'm really not divine.

I don't know how it got started  
Or by whom it was imparted,  
    But the notion wasn't mine.  
It occurred that, rather oddly,  
People thought that I was godly,  
    Though I'm really not divine.

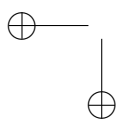
My great granddad or his pappy  
May have been the guilty Jappy  
    Who began the sacred line  
And somehow got us into  
All this mix-up over Shinto  
    Yet *I'm* really not divine.

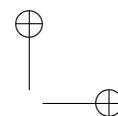
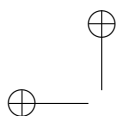
I'm an ordinary mortal  
Who can cry and who can chortle.  
    To be more, I've no design.





I am friendly and forgiving  
And quite happy to be living,  
But I'm *really* not divine!





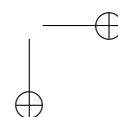
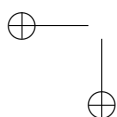
### SOCKS APPEAL

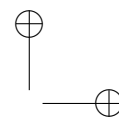
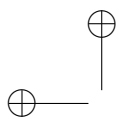
*In England, the wartime regulation limiting men's socks to not more than four inches above the ankle has been abolished. Manufacturers will now make socks that average ten inches above the ankle. — NEWS ITEM.*

The shift from war to peacetime brings  
A change in many, many things,  
Some good, some bad, some great, some small,  
And some you would not guess at all.

For instance, who would think that such  
A thing as length of socks means much.  
And yet to war-worn British, who  
Have had their share, and more, of rue,

And maybe wonder, now it's done,  
Just what it is that they have won,  
Six inches more of socks remain  
One evidence of solid gain.



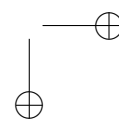
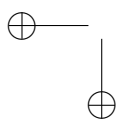


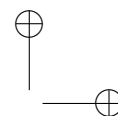
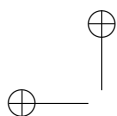
## DEAD LEVEL

*Rumored Hitler Made Last Stand Beneath Berlin Zoo.* —  
NEWSPAPER HEADLINE.

Among the rumors freely penned  
Comes one I hope is true:  
They say that Hitler met his end  
Beneath the Berlin Zoo.

It's just the sort of proof one needs  
That justice has not ceased:  
It means his death was, like his deeds,  
A bit below the beast.





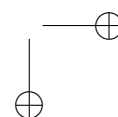
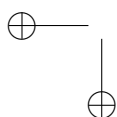
## LINGUIST

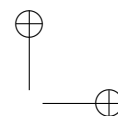
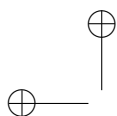
*Byrnes Learns to Say "I Agree" and "No" in Russian.* —  
NEWSPAPER HEADLINE.

It would appear the Secretary  
Has not a large vocabulary.  
The range is great, that's plainly seen,  
But still, there's not much in between.

He lacks the words for "maybe" and  
"Perhaps," and "on the other hand."  
He cannot say, in accents pure,  
"That may well be, I'm not quite sure."

With only "I agree" and "no"  
With which to handle Uncle Joe,  
With heads he wins and tails he loses,  
A lot depends on which he chooses.



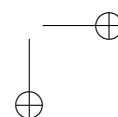
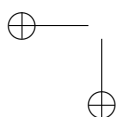


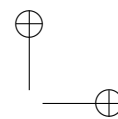
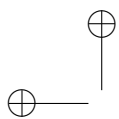
## AUTO MOTIVE

*New Cars Will Be Smarter, Stronger.* — NEWSPAPER HEAD-  
LINE.

My car grows more decrepit yearly,  
Its days of use are over, nearly.  
The tread upon each tire's diminished.  
The paint grows dull, its finish finished,  
The bumpers show results of bumping,  
And where they weren't, there's been some thumping.  
The windshield wiper's ceased its wiping,  
Upholstery has lost its piping.  
The dashlight's off, or flickers barely,  
And windows raise, but rather rarely.  
The fan belt's worn and pretty tattered;  
Corrosion's doing for the battery.  
A screw's gone from the carburetor,  
Another's loose, and going later.  
There's less, by month and day and minute,  
Of cloth and steel and rubber in it,  
And more of scars of parking battles  
And rips and rust and squeaks and rattles.

Bring on those new cars – smarter, stronger.  
I can't hold out with mine much longer!



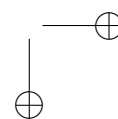
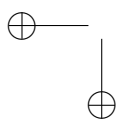


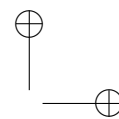
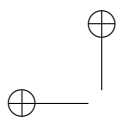
### **SPECIAL DELIVERY**

*Laval, on trial, said that if he had known the address of the devil, he would have gone to see him in order to keep peace. —*  
NEWS ITEM.

We thought he knew the devil well,  
They seemed, in fact, like kin.  
Besides, his many friends in hell  
Could all have shown him in.

But if he didn't know, we hope  
To give him, nonetheless,  
By way of guillotine or rope,  
The devil's home address.





### ALL OF A PEACE

A soft peace is the choice of some,  
While others want a hard one.  
We can't have both – the time has come  
To pick one and discard one.

Which peace is right, I do not know,  
Nor which one is the wrong one.  
Of this I'm very certain, though:  
I'm sure I want a long one!

