

Uncle Sam as friend to friend! John Harsen Roades, 791 Park Avenue, New York City. Dec. 25, 1927.

Uncle Sam As Friend to Friend!

Uncle Sam—Oh, Prince of Riches! Monied King, the nations o'er, Think full deep, pull in your breeches, And attend your neighbors more.

Sam, you're free and ever ready With your money, with amends, But your brain's a wee bit groggy In the art of forming friends.

Money, money, golden money! There are other gifts in life, Cogent more than potent money, 'Mid the peace or inter-strife.

Forget, not I, the stupid Germans, Chuck a-full of martial spore! Didn't care a damn or demons Where or how they entered war.

Bravely bold, in fearless duty, Fought for flag like men insane, But it's wise to know what's duty, Ere you give your life in vain.

Mother-wit as well as bounty Call upon a Nation's claims, Uncle Sam, you'd best be friendly, Sit with others, search their aims!

Fetid fun to mix with others, Tangle up in their furore, But we've got to live the factors, To prevent a needless war.

Little rows like scintillations Crackled in the underwood, Burst into great conflagrations, Ere we knew or understood.

When it happened, we were busy, Couldn't see our lot or part, But in retrospect, it's easy, It was our war from the start.

This old world is getting smaller, Isolations don't exist! Samuel, you'd best think deeper, Guard those riches and assist.

War is Hell! as has been spoken, Thunder! flame! and poison gas! Women, youth, and little children, Torn and twisted, in the mass.

War may happen, ever happen, Long as love with hatred last, But some wars need never happen If all help—and drop the past.

There's a wondrous flag in vision, Let us call it—Might Have Been— It is white, with plain inscription — “Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men.”

'Tis a dream, it comes from dreamland, But it does and will persist, Guard the peace as done in State-land, Stop the rows, ere they exist!

Such progress might take an eon, But a thought must have its birth, And if true is worth discussion Round a table on the Earth.

Millennium! millennium! The cry of laziness! Dismiss from mind millennium! And fight 'gainst brutality!

Hate and envy—bad, bad business! Though we think we're playing fair; Uncle Sam—to Hell with weakness! Pick your place, and choose your chair!

“This America is only you and me—”

Walt Whitman.

John Harsen Rhoades 791 Park Avenue, New York City.

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