

Ode to the Welfare State

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ODE TO THE WELFARE STATE

Mr. Truman's St. Paul, Minn., pie-for-everybody speech last night reminded us that, at the tail-end of the recent session of Congress, Representative Clarence J. Brown (R-Ohio) jammed into the Congressional Record the following poem, describing its author only as "a prominent Democrat of the State of Georgia":

DEMOCRATIC DIALOG

Father, must I go to work?
No, my lucky son.
We're living now on Easy Street
On dough from Washington.

We've left it up to Uncle Sam,
So don't get exercised.
Nobody has to give a damn—
We've all been subsidized.

But if Sam treats us all so well
And feeds us milk and honey,
Please, daddy, tell me what the hell
He's going to use for money.

Don't worry, bub, there's not a hitch
In this here noble plan—
He simply soaks the filthy rich
And helps the common man.

But, father, won't there come a time
When they run out of cash
And we have left them not a dime
When things will go to smash?

My faith in you is shrinking, son,
You nosy little brat;
You do too damn much thinking, son,
To be a Democrat.