

## Ode to the Welfare State

*The following article was published in the Daily News on November 4<sup>th</sup>, 1949.*

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".

*[AOA: Please note that this applies to all political parties and politicians and "redistribute-the-wealth" voters for rent control and the many other programs that our government cannot afford to pay for but must keep borrowing and pretending all is well as they buy our votes with their outlandish promises. Pay for all of us to someday retire? Cover all of our medical bills and make out as if it's all free and paid for by government? Write and let us all know what **YOU** think!]*

### 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 nosey, little brat;  
You do too [darn] much thinking, son,  
To be a Democrat. [Or a Republican who wears the same hat!]