

Ode to the Welfare State

*Published in the Daily News,
Friday, November 4, 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, Rep. Clarence J. Brown (R-Ohio) jammed into the Congressional Record the following poem, describing its author only as "a prominent Democrat of the [s]tate of Georgia":

Democrat 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.