

"Here you are my man, and when the revolution comes you might—er—remember me."

Garrett Price

# War Fever

LAWRENCE LIPTON

*According to the learned gents who write for the smart sheets and the "quality group" magazines, on "the psychological approach to the problem of war," men fight—*

## 1. Because They're Bored

Jarmin Slite itched to fight,  
Because it drove him to distraction,  
To be a clerk with office work,  
When what he really craved was action;

Half alive, from nine to five,  
He messed with filing guides, and then,  
Put on his hat, went home and sat,  
Grew sleepy and retired at ten;

Yet strange to state he had a trait  
That only certain authors spied—  
He bathed in mud and human blood,  
And plotted wholesale homicide.

For Mr. Slite, one summer night,  
Came home from work all meek and mild,  
Hung up his hat, stroked the cat,  
And kissed his loving wife and child,

Sat down to sup and then got up  
From chicken with old fashioned gravy,  
Went out to sea from sheer ennui  
And sank the whole damn British navy.

## 2. Because They're Really Murderers at Heart

Hermann Blume pushed a broom,  
And gathered papers in a can,  
And seemed to all appearances  
A law-abiding workingman;

But out of sight in dead of night,  
When he thought that no one saw,  
Took Jewish tears and Frenchman's ears,  
And mixed them with his cabbage slaw;

And while he dined he eased his mind  
By sticking pins and needles too  
Into Rand McNally maps  
Of Waikiki and Timbuctu;

Nor did his hate one bit abate,  
But grew and grew and grew until  
His will was powerless to control  
His psychologic yen to kill;

So Mr. Blume snatched up his broom,  
Clicked his heels and swiftly darted  
Through the door and off to war—  
And soon his guts and soul were parted.

# Wall Street's Prayer to Father Coughlin

ALBERT RAFFI

Bless us, father,  
forgive us our sins.

We adore your sweet blather,  
we wish you were twins.

The Committee for the Nation  
invites you to the beach.

Lead us not into temptation,  
but deliver us your speech.

Help us, Redeemer,  
to keep off the cold,  
and to kill the blasphemer  
who would plunder our gold.

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,  
hallowed be thy name.  
When everything we want is won,  
you can take the blame.

Lead us down to quiet waters  
where we may quench our thirst.

The Reds are grabbing off our daughters—  
get in touch with Willie Hearst!

Suffer all the kiddies,  
kiss them one by one—  
dress them up in purple middies,  
and give them each a gun.

Make us worthy of thy love,  
O Prince of Peace, thy tender cares.

While you take care of things above,  
we'll watch the price of silver shares.

Give us this day our daily bread,  
and plenty more.

Pray for us when we are dead,  
but profit us before.

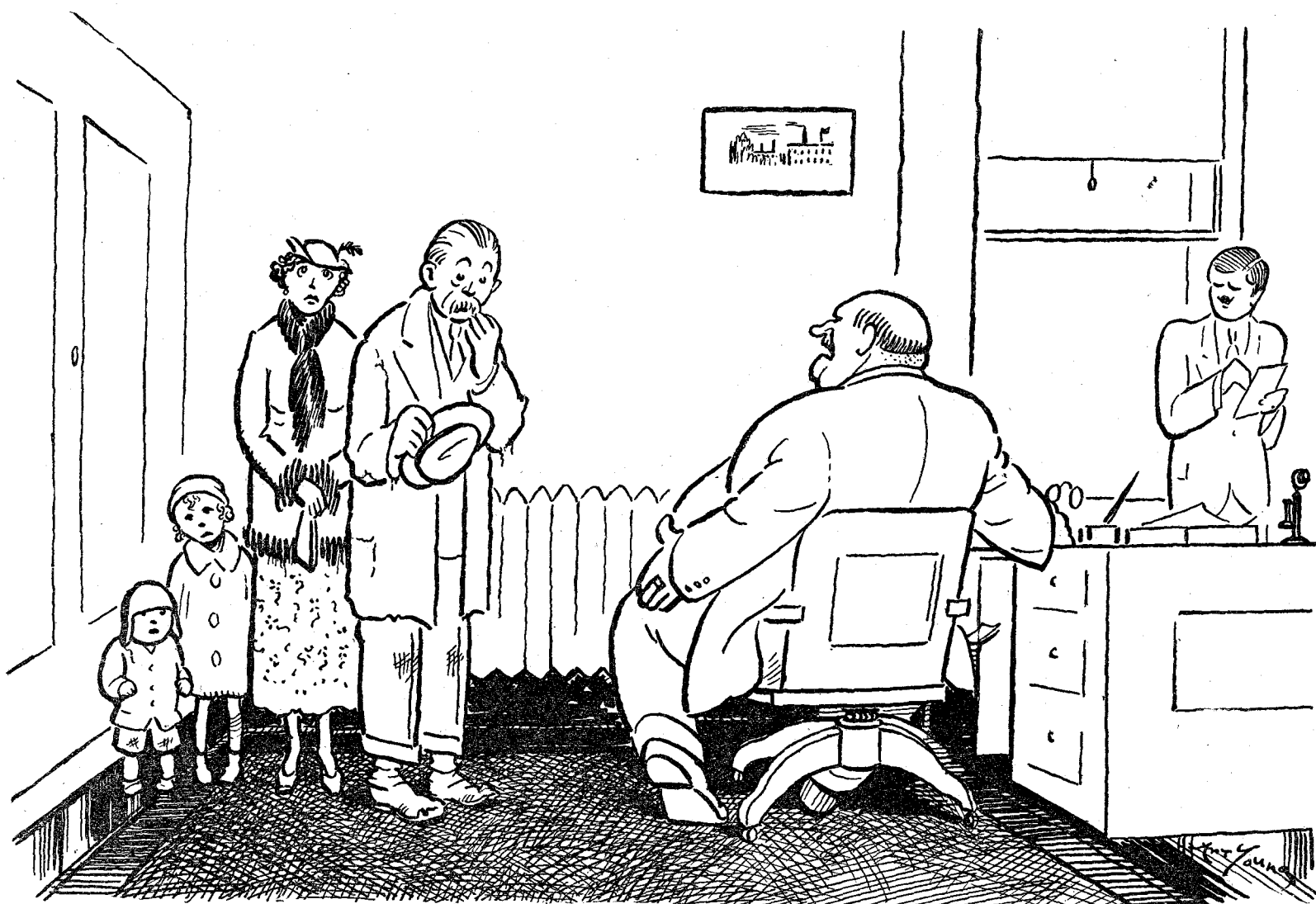
Give us their pay  
the overfed  
give us this day  
their daily bread.

We bow before you, Sage of Sages;  
we bring you gifts of bonds and shares.

Tell those men who want more wages  
to trust in God and say their prayers.

Make us, father, free from worry,  
promise us the sun will shine.

We're in a fix, you'd better hurry,  
and give us proof that you're divine!



"What do you mean—asking for a job and bringing your family with you—collective bargaining, eh?"

Art Young