Whitef - Whiting

Thanks

Library

NOTE:

Please see Memorial tribute on page 1 of this little brochure. I hope it may interest you, even though somewhat belated.

BY

--The Author

CHARLES H. WHITEHOUSE
PORTSMOUTH
OHIO

1946

Whitehouse

# SELECTIONS FROM PUBLISHED POEMS

BY

CHARLES H. WHITEHOUSE
PORTSMOUTH
OHIO

1946

Dedicated to
My Children and Grandchildren
In Memory of the Many Eventful
Changes of a Lifetime

December 24, 1946
(Golden Wedding Anniversary)

With Sincere Best
Wishes from
C H Whitehouse
12/24.46

**IN MEMORIAM**
**To**
**FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT**

How like a giant oak he stood
 Upon the brink of life's great stream,
Yet no shadow cast of morbid gloom
 But gave forth instead a mellow sheen.
How like the oak in stature large
 His hope and faith a bulwark made
A haven safe for mortal man--
 A thing of life and timely aid,
This haven safe a beacon shone
As the love of God he made his own.

To all mankind this faith and hope
 He pledged to us as gospel truth.
And set for man within his scope
 A path to tread to gain his faith,
A cloud of sorrow now descends
 Upon a world that knew his aims,
And shared his hopes this war would end
 Such horrors spawned by tyrant men.
"Dust unto dust" is not the end
But life immortal for him: Amen."

Portsmouth Times - April 16, 1945

(Read at joint Memorial Services
held in Bigelow Church)

## ANOTHER FOURTEEN POINTS

I.

We stretched our hands across the sea
 To end the conflict raging there.
Our boys endured dire misery
 On land and sea and in the air.

II.

Some did not return but paid the price;
 They gave their lives--a gift supreme
To gods of war in sacrifice
 To human lust and crowned scheme.

III.

They gave in blood, while we in gold
 Receive the fruits of strife and toil.
They paid a debt a century old
 But we to Mammon gave a foil.

IV.

The strife is ended over there--
 At least the blood has ceased to flow--
The fearful carnage and the blare
 Of cannon hushed to accents low.

V.

The aftermath is over here;
 A bloodless battle rages now
To gain the crown and sceptre where
 It rests upon official brow.

VI.

Bloodless! Yes, but the carnage roars:
 A barrage of words comes raining down
On house and senate chamber floors
 To gain possession of the crown.

VII.

Issues are sought on which to wage
 Quadrennial wars for party gain.
The "outs" want in at every stage
 And the "ins" want right back in again.

## ANOTHER FOURTEEN POINTS (Cont'd)

VIII.

World issues sink to nothingness
 When party strife is in turmoil,
And higher powers oft times stress
 A hybrid point a foe to foil.

IX.

The war was won on issues clear--
 "To make the world more safe and sane."
But is it safe while over here
 Our nation divides itself in twain?

X.

What is this word "Democracy",
 For which was fought our gallant part?
Does it denote hypocracy
 As stamped upon our nation's heart?

XI.

Shall great ideals become but dross,
 And we the frightfulness condone?
Shall right remain upon the cross
 And wrong forever on the throne?

XII.

Arise ye Legion everywhere
 And smite this dragon hip and thigh.
Lose not the gains made over there,
 But raise your country's sceptre high.

XIII.

Make the issue all your own,
 Couched in words and accents clear.
Let not tyrants now enthrone
 Standards false in hearts that fear.

XIV.

Put down barrages with your votes.
 Answer again your country's call.
Peace with victory denotes
 Democracy for one and all.

Columbus (Indiana)
Ledger, 1919.

## THE PRICE OF VICTORY

An end to war in part has come,
And the cruel Huns have learned apace
Their master minds are lacking some
In what it takes for a super race.
Their super-duper power is gone
The way of all that's blood and steel,
As their dogs of war chewed flesh and brawn
Down to the bone of their Achilles heel.
That war don't pay may dawn at last
On clouded minds under hats of brass.

That war don't pay, let's shout acclaim,
As winners lose a staggering array
Of manhood's flower and youthful aims
Before clouds of war are swept away.
Its horrors grow each time on earth
The gods of war are loosed again.
All gains are but the bubbling froth
That crowns the cup of human pain.
Let's pray that lasting peace may come--
A peace that failed in World War One.

Let's count the cost in human grief,
And not alone in dollars spent.
Then add the loss in lives so brief
Of those who gave their full extent,
Let's add the woes of those at home.
Who loved and grieved for all who fought
Against tyranny we can't condone--
For our liberty so dearly bought.
War does not pay, but we saw it through
For peace and freedom in World War Two.

Portsmouth (Ohio) Labor Review, May 18, 1945

## THE CHANGEFUL SEASONS

The charm of Spring, with budding trees
Tenderly unfolding their soft green leaves,
Holds a glad glow for me.
But the charm of change to golden hue
When Autumn comes, with skies of blue,
Is an equal delight to see.

The warm spring breeze, and carpets soft
For tread of feet, and the clouds aloft
Hold an appeal for me.
But cannot excel the azure tints
Of Nature's dress when summer sprints
Into the great South sea.

The Spring of green and Autumn's gold
Are seasons that have a breathless hold
On Life and Death for me--
The Spring of life and Autumn's death,
With hidden meanings on zephyr breath--
What can their secrets be?

The life we live and the death we die,
As seasons change and our days go by,
Ne'er lose their hold on me.
I love Spring's life, nor fear the death
Changeful Autumn brings on its breath,
For I know these things must be.

The green leaves come and the brown ones go,
But our lives must reap just as we sow--
But no terrors bring to me.
All Nature holds its rythmic course,
Nor e'er unfolds its mystic source,
While changing incessantly.

Elwood (Indiana) Press, October 1921

## OUR LIMITATIONS

"My, oh my!" the economist wails,
As he contemplates his world of woe;
"Lost in a fog without sextant or sails,
We're blown by the winds wherever we go.
Our gold is dross, yet its glitter we love
When fortune bestows its fickle caress.
The touch of Midas is forgotten above
By people who covet its meed of success.
We buffet the waves, with no rudder to guide
The moneyless people who drift with the tide,"

"Alas and alack!" the wise man mused,
As he gazed out into space sublime;
"How easily we become confused
While searching for ends in Space and Time.
We've measured the distance from earth to sun,
And know its orbit to the nth degree.
But when that's said we've only begun
To satisfy our curiosity.
How was it made and started to roll?
When was it formed and whence is its goal?"

"O tempore, O mores!" the linguist said,
As he leafed thru his book, then closed it again;
"I speak s'teen languages, living and dead,
But there are hundreds more I do not ken.
The Tower of Babel confused men's minds
And has given us endless work to do.
There are countless words of different kinds
That keep us forever in a stew.
What is the power beyond our lungs
That wiggle-waggles the ends of our tongues?"

## OUR LIMITATIONS (Cont'd)

"Oh, woe is me!" the chemist confessed,
After making analyses galore;
"We're only beginning to see the rest
When component portions we explore.
Why does a body fall to the ground
In response to gravitation's Law?
Why don't the oceans spill around
Whenever the moon the high tides draw?
Why don't the oceans spill out instead-?"
And perplexedly scratched his learned head.

"Fie, oh fie!" the little man sighed;
"All that we've gained of knowledge supreme
Is a drop in oceans of things allied
To man's estate, or of other realms.
Why do we live, and why do we die?
How, when and whence do we go from here?
What chance have we whenever we try
To peer into the state of future spheres?
It vexeth my soul", the little man cried—
But couldn't find out why he lived till he died.

Columbus (Indiana) Ledger, 1920

## THANKSGIVING SANS TURKEY

How dear are the prices of choice meats and turkey,
When the butcher and grocer present them to view;
The sugar, the oyster and lowly cranberry,
And all the delicacies my infancy knew.
The vanishing meal, and the money to buy it,
Are sources of gloom and my poverty foretell.
Corn's out of reach and wheat is still higher,
And e'en the old cow I've been forced to sell.
The coal and the gas, or the wood that we burn
Are all out of joint with the coin that we earn.

The Moss-covered job I hailed as a treasure,
In the shop, or the mine, or the hot, burning field
Is no longer the source of an exquisite pleasure
Because of the limited returns it will yield.
So, the old turkey gobbler no longer can tempt me
To buy him or raise him on feed that's so high.
But I look all in vain for a substitute cheaper
That my shriveled-up, crumpled-up money will buy.
The coal and the gas, or the wood that we burn
Are all out of joint with the coin that we earn.

How sweet is the dim, misty past as I view it,
When the luxuries of now were so commonplace then.
E'en the Nectar of Jupiter is no more, lest we
brew it,
And the full-blushing goblet is all we have left.
So, now in the midst of a cursed price inflation
A tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to our old habitation,
And sighs for the times we all loved so well.
The coal and the gas, or the wood that we burn
Are all out of joint with the coin that we earn.

Columbus (Indiana) Ledger, November 27, 1919.

## YULETIDE GIVING

As I passed on my way through a valley today
Where the hill slopes were covered with trees
evergreen,
All musings turned gay, and work became play,
Bringing visions of Yuletide that before were
unseen.

From Santa Claus' land there comes a glad band,
Distributing good cheer with their presents
galore.
They give out of purse, out of heart, out of hand.
For the day we've turned child again, just as of
yore.

The trees I had seen, with their glittering sheen
Of tinsel and ornament delightful to see--
In millions of homes from Norfolk to Nome,
Became laden with gifts--it is our Christmas
tree.

Glad hosannas ring, children shout and sing;
We are living in the land of "Make Believe".
Let us then also bring our White Gifts to the
King,
For 'tis more blessed to give than it is to
receive.

Columbus (Indiana) Ledger, December 1920.

## IN REFLECTION

Many people have a notion
 That the public wants to know
All their troubles and their trials
 And accumulated woe.
But the public has sufficient
 Tribulations of the kind
To deny itself the pleasure
 Hearing what is on their mind.

Then another kind of nuisance
 Is the man who makes a show
Of the knack that he possesses
 Deprecating what we know.
It don't take so much gray matter--
 Very little brains 'tis true--
To point out the faults of others
 As the cirtic loves to do.

When we're watching much too closely
 For the flaw in act or word
Of the men who make industry
 Hum its merry, tuneful dirge.
We're forgetting our omissions,
 And commissions just as crass;
We can only see and find them
 Peering from our looking glass.

Columbus (Indiana) Ledger, 1916

## HIS MESSAGE

I hear the muse calling to me again,
 As the end of the year is drawing near.
It tells of the slips of tongue or pen;
 Of the faded hopes and vanished feer.

This muse of mine has a way at times
 Of whispering to me of things undone,
And its softest notes are as loud as chimes
 From the old church tower of famed Verdun.

What have I gained in the year that is gone
 That sets me nearer the goal of life?
What have I said or what has been done
 That will add to the world's turmoil and strife?

What is the voice I so frequently hear
 That comes from the stillness on wings so light?
Is it angels speaking through sage or seer,
 Or only the promptings of truth and right?

Are the habits we form, whether bad or good,
 A controlling force our whole lives through?
What are the rules, if understood,
 That would give our consciences less to do?

Let us train our minds, our hearts and hands
 To a steady purpose and honor true,
In the path of life to keep His commands
 As our Bible has taught us we should do.

Elwood (Indiana) Press, December 1921

## CHRISTMAS CHANGES

The old fashioned log cabin,
Mud chinking and all,
With old fashioned stick chimney
Outside of the wall,
Is my recollection
Of Christmas perfection
For Santa's inspection,
When I was quite small.

The old fashioned great fireplace,
Green log fire and all,
With old fashioned yarn stockings
Hung up on the wall.
And Kris Kringle would come
To such fireside home
With his dolls and drum,
Top, whistle and ball.

In his old fashioned sleigh,
High runners and all,
And old fashioned fur coat
On his body so small,
Old Santa came 'round
And most always found
In sleep very sound
All the kids, short and tall.

## CHRISTMAS CHANGES (Cont'd)

In the new fangled home,
With furnace and all,
And new fangled riff-raff
In parlor and hall,
It is hard to believe
Old Santa will have
Any chance to deceive
Even children quite small.

But our new fangled ways,
With railroads and all,
And the new parcels post
With bundles so small,
Has got a new style
Making not worth his while
Santa's trip down the tile
Of chimneys so tall.

So, we old fashioned folk,
With old-timey ways,
To the new fangled class
And their new kind of plays,
Confess our regret
That Santa can't get
A very safe bet
In these modern days.

Columbus (Indiana) Republican, 1915

Note:

The Columbus (Indiana) Ledger, in which several of these poems were published, was owned and edited at the time by my friend Don R. Mellett. He was killed in Canton, Ohio, in 1926 by political gangsters.

An annual Mellett memorial lecture is delivered by a newspaper publisher chosen for the occasion before students and faculty of a university selected by the Mellett Foundation of New York, sponsor of the lectures on freedom of the press.