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
1936
SELECTIONS FROM
PUBLISHED POEMS

BY
CHARLES H. WHITENHOUSE
PORTSMOUTH
OHIO

1948
Dedicated to
My Children and Grandchildren
In Memory of the Many Eventful
Changes of a Lifetime

December 24, 1946
(Golden Wedding Anniversary)

...
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 shine
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.

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 hypocrisy
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.
FOR POACE AND FREEDOM IN WORLD WAR TWO.

For more information, please visit our website at www.freepeace.org.

For more help, call 1-800-FREEPEACE.


t, 1945

THE PRICE OF VICTORY

October 2

i

THE CHANGING SEASONS

Green leaves come to me, and they never go back.

Do not be afraid of the winter, for it is not permanent.

But in spring, the leaves return, and they are always beautiful.

The seasons change, but the spirit of life endures.

The sun rises, and the sun sets.

And the seasons change, but life goes on.

And the leaves fall, but they return in spring.

Into the Great South Sea

The changing of the seasons.

The sun rises, and the sun sets.

And the leaves fall, but they return in spring.

And the leaves fall, but they return in spring.

And the leaves fall, but they return in spring.
OUR LIMITATIONS

"My, oh my!" the economist wails,
As he contemplates his world of woe,
"Lost in a fog without sextant or sail,
We're blown by the winds wherever we go.
Our gold is dust, yet its glitter we love
When fortune bestows its fickle carress.
The touch of Midas is forgotten above.
By people who covet its seed 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 tempor, o mores!" the linguist said,
As he leafed thru his book, then closed it again;
"I speak as'teen languages, living and dead,
But there are hundreds more I do not ken.
The Tower of Babel confused man'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.

"Pee, oh fie!" the little man sighed;
"All that we've gained of knowledge supreme
Is a drop in oceans of things alluded
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 foretells.
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 shrieved-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
brow 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;
Become 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,
Born as we that Christmas day.
For 'tis more blessed to give than it is to receive,

Columbus (Indiana) Ledger, December 1920.
THE MESSAGE

December, 1921

In the path of life to keep the commandments
To a steady purpose and sober tone
Let us train our minds and hearts and hands
That would give our consciousness deep to do
A consultations to our minds through
Are the habits we form, whether bad or good?

When we are not speaking of truth and right
It is more so plain for me to hear
That comes from the pulpit on which so bright
What is the voice I so frequently hear
That road we never to the world's counsel and strike
Where the purest words are often

I hear more of what has been done
And the most of what has been done
Or good and evil
It tells of the year is drawn to near
As the end of the year is drawn to near
I hear the same calling to me again

COLUMBIA (Indiana) Teacher, 1916.

IN RECEPTION

Feast the eyes from our looking glass
We can not see and understand
And we forget to see our own
Not the eyes but the heart
Of the man who make instances
For the law in one or word

When we are wandering much too often
An other joy to do
To point out the cause of others
Very little by the time
It don't last so much every matter

Depression what we know
Of the man that he possesses
Then another kind of instance

Hatred were to an eager end
To every instant the presence
And the public has submitted
And accomplished was
All their troubles and their faults
Take the public want to know
Many people have a notion

IN RECEPTION
CHRISTMAS CHANGES

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 parcel 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 (Indians) 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.