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POEMS THREE

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BY

BENJAMIN NORTH MEAD

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by

BENJAMIN NORTH MEAD

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Lyric

WORLD WAR TWO.

Boys in Khaki, Boys in Blue
Fighting for mother, sweetheart true,
With the Red Cross, Waves and Spars
Living under the blue sky and stars
For a "Home, Sweet Home" for you.

Chorus.

We're marching, flying, sailing on
To get the Huns—the Huns;
They're the ones, shooting rocket bombs
That plunder, kill our dear ones—
We're marching, flying, sailing on.

So blow your good old bugle, boys
For the Red, the White and Blue.
It's traveled Africa, Sicily and Italy, too;
France is crossed in two step time
And it's now unfurled at Seigfried line.

It won't be long till winter's blast
Will shut up Huns at the Brenner Pass
You'll bet they'll run from Tommy guns;
Canon flaming out tons; aeroplane bombs;
For defense of Red, White and Blue.

Over here waiting for you, 'tis true
May be a kid—or love devine
Would be fine, after you're through
With the Huns at the Seigfried line
And have pontooned the River Rhine.

So battle away for day of days
When "Unter den Linden" is your pathway—
Yes, brave boys in Khaki and Blue
We can see you marching, shooting, too
For Uncle Sam's Red, White and Blue.

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Written October 5th, 1944.

He Lived—
And Lives Fore

"Franklin Delano Roose

For twelve long weary years
You've trodden to and fro—
So far, you have made the goal
The Congress has tested time
After time, your ruling on the Rhi
Also old Tojo, Drummer of Hell.
You, commander in chief of
Uncle Sam, found where they dwel
Yes you, a grand old man
I take off my hat; my hand.

Open for any fair play;
Yes you, a better neighbor day by
Because you have given labor bett
Hours, better living, cause better p
I want to go back to Thirty-Four
People hungry, knocking at doors
Bless your soul, that's one goal.
The C. C. C. took many in
With sunken eyes, cheeks thin—
Some even, dropping chins.

Then you named the O. P. A.
They are doing lots of things
These stormy times, immortal days-
They put ceilings on beef and pork
Sugar and corn, wheat and honey
But thanks, not on our money.
We've got more to spend, bless
These days, God paves your way
You even rate, look at the states
Who gave you a four-leaf clover.

Yes, four years more, no poor
As prosperity knocks at our door
I hope, dear man you survive
And four years more, please try
To make, an immortal five
Yes, I've seen old Sitting Bull
He of the Black Foot Sioux
One, who never had a gold rule.

And through Windsor Castle
Long years ago, with Queen
Victoria, Sapphire crown, with
English Greys, her fort around
Had nothing on you these days
With Khaki boys, Marines in Blue
Sailors sailing, flying Hellcats, too

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And, my! Look at our ships
Sailing the oceans and the seas
You Commander in Chief, looking
For Devils, who don't have Liberty.

Yes, you're one, understand, native Son
You look after every, every one
Who try to live the United way.
God grant you more years
And that even stormy days
Will somehow brighten up your
Buture. Blessed be your pathway
It was to the African shore
That opened another mystic people's door
Yes, the sands of ancient time

If they could, would raise Kings
And Queens, even those shrines
Because you showed the way, master mind—
Yet you cannot sit still and pine
Over seas, your ship drives through waves
That lash the prow, as it breaks brine
No lights to guide your path, not even
Buoys to mark thy way, this time
Yonder, yonder, Yalta, by the sea
That's the place made for the mission.

Made with friends, supposed to be
But like the golden honey bees
Marshal Joseph Stalin, wants lend-lease
To guard his country, for everlasting peace
Somehow you know about their shrine
The men that fight, drink vodka wine
United Soviet Russia, no new Palestine
These countries cannot change our rule—
You, master mind, will ne'er be fooled!

As Premier Churchill from England's shore
With tail of the Lion twisted, footsore
Hollered for more of our lend-lease stores
Even Johnny Bull about lost his horns.
If you hadn't sent flyers and bombs
Sailors, some he-fighting men, WAC's,
That built up morale at their backs—
Where would they be today? Windrows—
Like at Dunkerque, rows, human hay.
Yes you dear man that sails the ocean, seas—
Fighting for homes everywhere, U. S. Liberty!

You, Commander in Chief of Army, Navy—
With our pot of gold, fighting souls—
We knew you'd reach the place, the goal
Whether it be the River Rhine
Where the German Hun marks time,
Or to see old Tojo, of slant-eyed race
You one, not afraid to set the pace
O! Yes, you know where they dwell,
Merchants for devils, drummers of hell
You realize, the travel-wide tides.

That come and go. Jungles, too, hide
These devils of this mystic race—
But you, our soldiers, Khaki, Blue
WAC's, Nurses, all—know what to do.
While writing on this rhyme today
A flash, my radio beamed, the ether way
That you, noble soul, had given all.
That people o'er the whole world, worn—
Torn by war, should live, shall live
Because you, have given all, spirit of soul
Yes, to every one, knowing well the goal.

So now your mystic cell says farewell—
Farewell to this earthy place, my people
Of this planet, hither, hither, hither, well—
Armies, Navies go; flying bomber, high, low—
His last command, to save human souls.
Go then thou immortal man, you
Live on and on, in this and other lands.
Immortal name, for you immortal fame.
Gone is thy spirit, that mystic cell—
Gone to a Heaven, His home to dwell.

Poem started Jan 20th, 1945; finished April 25th, 1945.

Sunset

"WORLD WAR TWO"

"DEDICATED"

TO THE BOYS THAT HAVE GONE OVER,
AND TO THOSE GONE BEYOND.
TO MOTHERS, WHOSE HEART-THROBS,
CRIES, AND "WONDERS WHY?"—
AND DEAR DAD, WHO WROTE, SAVING
BUSINESS, SOME OTHERS GUERDON WON,
TO SWEETHEART THAT PARTED AT THE
DOOR, HIS FOOT ON THRESHOLD—
"JUST ONE MORE," SHE SIGHS—"OH,
FOR WINGS OF A DOVE, MY DEAR LOVE."

You're waiting for the sunset
With its rays a-beaming through
Mackerel sky, colors rainbow hue
Before my eyes, now growing dim.
A soldier lay on foreign sod
'Twas hell on earth; where is God?
The shot and shell that rained
Near where he lay, in mud, the hole
What, a bayonet thrust, the goal
He's waiting for the sunset—
Angels singing, song of my soul.

You're waiting for the sunset,
With the waves a-lashing foam
Walking deck, a sailor, far from home
He spies a ship, not of the deep
Soon overhead, enemy bombers creep.
With his ack-ack, be backs the attack
Except one, its bomb found our home.

"We're going down," the trumpet sounded
Out the Captain's voice, well known—
In Davy Jones locker, he'll be found.
Yet anchor, tied to chain will ne'er
Hold his ship to face the wind—
No friends, no flowers, no ground
Only imaginative mind will peep
On him, in ship asleep, in water deep.

You're waiting for the sunset.
Your boy that's flying through
The rain, icy wings and snow
Flying, fighting for you and home.
Who is this care-free boy?
Oh, he belongs to you and me
He flys over the Himalayas' hump
Across lands, the deep blue seas
He's dropping bombs on devils
That do not believe in LIBERTY.
But some do not come home—
Some in jungle, some in the sea—
I wonder, when they're going down
Do they think of "GOD" and me?

You're waiting for the sunset
Too, you mothers that've been through
The dreary pace and lost the race
Because, he'll neer come back to you—
This boy, your joy, the only one—
In youth, it's strange he had to go
To fight on foreign soil to show
His mighty hand, how brave he is
When D-day" came he lands
On beaches, from ship of the sea
Brave soldiers fell, he now commands
Through hedge row, near St. Lo he stands.

You're waiting for the sunset
Maybe your heart, maybe your mind
Will be consoled by essence of time
To show his abstract, in death, his shroud.
Maybe you're old and hair now grey
O! God, why not clear the way
Stop the wars, chain the traitors, say—
Make slaves and to the galleys
Man the oars, take them to foreign
Lands or far away shores—
Tell them no more to land
Tell them, this is a sacred place for man.

You're waiting for the sunset
No woman, as you know, ever took a hand
To bring on this world "WAR" Two
Glory be hers, we pray, 'tis true
'Tis for you and you and you
Your time, not far off, that's true
Mark time, that precious space—
You better pray—you do? Pray more!
You'll love the scene, more the place
Your home, GOD'S home, on that Celestial Shore.

Written November 29, 1944.

Junction City, Kansas
July 22nd 1946.

Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt
New York, N.Y.

Dear Madam:

Many thanks
fine "tributary"

I am enclosing "Poems Three"
to you and one each for your daughter
and two sons.

Library

At Topeka, Ks State Fair a few year back
I got to see Mr Roosevelt, admired his
looks, and always enjoyed his radio
fireside broadcasts, which always
inspired me yes I think he did
more for the peoples of the World
than any president who ever lived.
I entended to send him, Mr Roosevelt
the poem of course extended by his
future ideas and labors, but no, the end
I am 70 year old and not able to
do much any more except write poems
Just had 100 of these printed
Hope you all enjoy the "Poems Three"
and oblige:

Yours Truly
Benjamin North Mead
#515 West Chestnut street.

Puerto Plata R.D.
16th September 1946.

Mrs. Franklyn Delano Roosevelt,
Hyde Park, N.Y. U.S.A.

Dear Mrs Roosevelt :-

Last night I had a visit from a veteran newspaper man of Puerto Plata, and old acquaintance of my late husband, who looks me up occasionally .

Quite suddenly he asked me if I knew where you lived ? It would appear that a Dominican, señorita Reyes , daughter of Doña Antera Mota de Reyes, who directed the principal school for girls here for many years, had written to him to ask him for information with regard to Puerto Plata " for Mrs. Roosevelt " . La señorita Reyes it would seem, had not given him any idea as to what information was required . He said that he intended to write and enquire, after which he would possibly refer her to me .

On considering the matter, I decided to write to you on the matter, because if you are interested in having information with regard to Puerto Plata or any other part of this lovely isle of the Caribbean, I would be glad to give you such information as lies within my power . Though I am in my eightieth year, and am longing to exchange a wheel chair and bed for "fresh fields and pastures new " I might still have time to interest you in this little bit of Gods earth where I myself have spent well over fifty years . I came here for the first time in December 1889 .

I am presuming you might have wanted some information with regard to the earthquake of the 4th August last . It was reported with some exaggeration in the foreign press as is very of-

LMEARS, M.

ton is the case . The shock was felt very strongly in Puerto Plata, being in the zone where the greatest force seemed to be concentrated, but with the exception of some of the older stone buildings, there was no other damage done, and no lives lost . Among the buildings very badly damaged, was our old Methodist church, which has been under the auspices of the "Board for Christian work in Santo Domingo " since the year 1933, when it was handed over to them after the retiral of my husband in 1930.

The greatest damage was on the north coast coast of the peninsula of Samana, nor very far from the neck of the peninsula . There was some loss of life through a tidal wave, and quite a number of people injured, perhaps some 200 in all . In the south of the Dominican Republic there was as much alarm, but not the very severe effects felt in the N.E. of the Republic, and I have heard of no buildings there being destroyed . In a town some half hours distance by rail in the interior, from the Bay of Samana, there were some 90 buildings destroyed and the Catholic Church fell down, the tower falling into the centre of the church, had it fallen ourwards it would have been disastrous for it is surrounded by inhabited buildings . From Hayti I have only had mentioned, in a letter from a friend, one of our ministers there . He said that in the south, although they felt it, the earthquake did no damage, but that he understood that there had been considerable damage and loss of life on the northern coast of Hayti ."

I am taking the liberty of sending you a book published lately by Dr. Catts Presoir, of Port-au- Prince " Le Protestantisme Haitien " . It will be a surprise to you doubtless, as it was to me . I had sent on to Port-au-Prince, to our minister of the first Methodist church there, asking fo a criticism of a M.S. of "Historic Data" with regard to missions in Española during part of two centuries . It has struck me that this book which I then got to know, for the first time, would interest you as it would have done the late President of

the United States . When you have read this book I would be very much interested in having your opinion as to the convenience of having it published in English, for circulation both in England and the United States . It seems to me that it is impossible that this book should not go farther than Port-au Prince .

Dr. Catts Pressoir bears a name which has fifured in the membership of the Methodist Church in Port-au Prince Haiti since the first church founded by Methodist missionaries of the "Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society of London" in the year 1817. His greatgrandfather, ~~since~~ mother was an African slave of high lineage, property of a French Colonist, who, after she had had a child by him, freed her . She with her son, the first "Catts pressoir", were of the very firt converts of the two methodist missionaries who landed in Port-au- Prince Haiti in January 1817. The first Pressoir was of the few Haytians who, after the two methodist missionaries were obliged to abandn Hayti in account of persecution, continued to keep the work of the mission going, for some nine years, with increase in numbers, and that in the face of severe persecution . It was only after that the Haitian Minister, St. Denis Baudui, who had gone to England in 1823 for ministerial training, that there was a second missionary, ordained under the English missionary Soecity, in charge in Port au- Prince .

If you read many years ago the book Stephen Leacock published entitled "farther foolishness" you will be able to comprehand from the caricature of a Haytian president therein, the rediculously stupid ideas of quite well read and well educated people about this little Republic to the west of the island Columbus called La Española .

And now with sincere apology for taking this liberty but considering that you will be able toundcrstand and possibly appreciate my motives I beg to remain very sincerely yours Margaret J. H. Mears