

AMERICA HAS JUST BEGUN

We've got six per cent of the acres that God put into this earth.
We've got more than our share of its sunshine, its fellowship, its mirth.
We've earned our right to be happy; we've declared our right to be free.
We've paid the toll and won the goal of American liberty.
We've wiped out class distinction; we are all on an equal plane.
Life in this grand old land of ours is just an intriguing game.
We dare to talk out in public; we can whistle or dance or shout;
So what's the matter and why the chatter and what are we crying about?

We've got the seashores and mountains, the valleys, the deserts and plains.
Our orchards resemble great forests; our fields are symbols of grain.
We've got the climate that's hot or cold; we've got it sunny or mild.
We've got cities where art becomes the chief part; we've frontiers untraveled
We pump out our oil like water; gold dust floats in our streams. land wild.
We work but thirty-odd hours a week, and the rest is play and dreams.
On top of the world we are sitting, through a rainbow looking down.
So turn the dial and start the smile, for there's no excuse for a frown.

We've millions of 'phones to talk on, as well as the right to talk.
We've millions of cars for travel; in America nobody walks.
We've twenty-two million pantries, where the arctic temperature reigns;
And with all their gold, no king of old could take a ride in a plane.
We've forty-six million receivers, the news of the world to glean;
And around every other corner, there's life on the silver screen.
Here man in the ranks of labor lives like the former king;
And instead of a groan and a critical moan, he ought to stand up and sing.

We've licked every job we've tackled, and many against great odds.
We've won by our diligent efforts the favor of the gods.
We've a cherished Constitution that never old-fashioned will grow.
It will light the way to a better day, as along life's road we go.
We've the men, the money, the resources; we've the brains to accompany the brawn.
Out of America's resources new dreams and hopes are drawn.
We've fought our way through dirt and sweat to reach this place in the sun;
So let's quit crying and keep on trying, for AMERICA has just begun.

A. A. Nichoson.