

The world has no need of W. B. D. if
 the lowdown + cowardly act of
 keeping the # R 4199 Bill in a hole by use of
 Yes men in a statement
 while the poor lost homes and nest eggs
 young girls sold their bodies
 The Pope of Rome is President of A.S. today
 and ordered war vessels to delay to
 meet the R.P. Cardinal with a million of \$ for
 life with nuptial of Bunt on her
 in the Parliament in U.S. of Hungary
 and Latvia has become

And a Spooked Mason who deals with money
 A stranger stood at the gates of Hell,
 And the Devil answered the door bell,
 He looked him over from head to toe,
 And said, my friend, I'd like to know,
 What you have done in the line of sin,
 To entitle you to come within,
 Then Franklin D. with his usual guile,
 Stepped forth and flashed his usual smile,
 When I took charge in Thirty Three,
 A Nation's faith was mine, said he,
 I promised this, and I promised that,
 And I calmed them down with a fireside chat,
 I spent their money on fishing trips,
 I fished from the deck's of their battle ships,
 I gave them jobs on the P. W. A.
 Then raised their taxes and took it away,
 I raised their wages, and closed their shops,
 And killed their pigs, and burned their crops,
 I double crossed both old and young,
 And still the folks my praises sung,
 I brought back beer, and what do you think,
 I taxed it so high they couldn't drink,
 I furnished money with Government loans,
 And when they missed a payment, I took their homes,
 When I wanted to punish the folks, you know,
 I put my wife on the radio,
 I paid them to let their farms lie still,
 And imported food stuff's from Brazil,
 I curtailed crops when I felt real mean,
 And shipped in corn from the Argentine,
 When they would worry, stew, and fret,
 I'd get them to chanting the alphabet,
 With the AAA and the NLRB, the WPA and the CCC,
 And with these many units I got their goats,
 And still I crammed it down their throats,
 My workers worked with the speed of snails,
 While the taxpayers chewed their fingernails,
 When the organizers needed dough,
 I closed up the plants with the C.I.O.,
 I ruined jobs, and I ruined health,
 And I put the screws on the rich's wealth,
 And some who couldn't stand the gaff,
 Would call on me, and how I'd laugh,
 When they got too strong on certain things,
 I'd pack up and head for good Old Warm Springs,
 I ruined their country, and homes, and then,
 I placed the blame on the Nine Old Mean,
 Now Franklin talked both long and loud,
 And the Devil, he stood with his head bowed,
 And at last he said, "Let's make it clear,
 You will have to move, you can't stay here,
 For once you mingle here with my mob,
 I'd have to hunt myself a job."

I hope to buy
 9 Masonic
 trial run
 as also the
 subject may
 have some things

The Home Springs for next is a prison of slaves
 The R.P. Bill in face you could do for him the news
 he says you get a best name. The R.P. Bill is by order
 of Pope & over here there and is no good

There is no more of one dollar spent
 for the war since they are trying to
 work up the R.P. caused war of 1861
 and caused us to fight in civil war "Linnell"

