



(Courtesy of U. S. Rubber Co.)

## I want to preach a sermon.....

I have no explanation for turning this family pew into a pulpit, except, just now, the spirit moved me. With your permission, I want to say what others, later on, may say better, but what I feel must be said now!

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The time I lost my job we ate beans  
six weeks in a row.  
But I got back on a payroll!  
The day the banks closed, I felt like I'd been hit  
with a ton of bricks.  
But I got up and dusted my pants off!  
The year I worked my fingers to the bone,  
and took a cut instead of a raise, I swore I'd quit.  
But I stuck!  
The night we got the telegram about our boy,  
we thought the sun would never shine again.  
But . . . we're carrying on!

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It seems to me, somebody's got America  
sized up wrong.  
This country was born at Valley Forge!  
This country outgrew the grief of Gettysburg!  
This country came to manhood at the Marne, and in  
the shattered forest of the Argonne!  
The point I want to make is . . .

We've been through the hardships and the  
heartaches all before!  
Our only trouble is that when it comes to making  
war, we're a little short of practice.  
But what we haven't any shortage in is courage . . .  
fighting spirit . . . and the will to win!  
That's why we want to know the truth about this war,  
The whole truth and nothing but the truth,  
plain . . . unvarnished . . . with the bark on!  
That way we all can figure out how big the job is  
and buckle down to lick it.  
So, let's have it!  
If we need sugar to win this war, take it.  
If we need rubber to win this war, take it.  
If we need steel to win this war, take it.  
If we need cash to win this war, take our money  
and buy War Savings Stamps and Bonds!  
Take everything we've got to win this war,  
and welcome!  
Because there's one thing no one's ever going to take  
from you and me, so help us God,  
And that's America!

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I'm not talking for myself alone, or for my family.  
I'm talking for all Americans.  
So, the words could just as well be yours as mine,  
And I say: We'll live on bread and water,  
if we have to,  
And we'll like it . . . fine!