

KODAKS

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Kodaks by Guy Alby Buell

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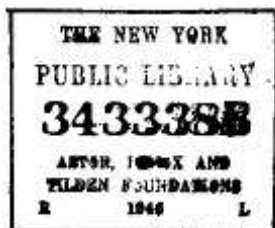


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BY
GUY ALBY BUELL

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This volume is respectfully dedicated to the various personalities whose idiosyncrasies are ever an inspiration, to immortalize them in "verse and worse."

Thomas F. S. 1946



MY AMERICA.

Grand, all so grand, my America,
Thy fertile valleys, thy rolling plains,
Teeming with wealth and happy homes,
Reaches from main to main.
The pilgrim, battling for freedom's right,
Planted his banner on thy rocky strand,
Bent on his knee and thanked his God
Who guided him unto this glorious land.
Built he a temple in the forest wild,
Tilled he the rich, prolific land,
Fought he for principle and right,
Died he with sword clenched in his rigid hand.
Then torn with jealousies of self,
This nation rocked on a wave of civil strife,
Upon the altar of fair fame,
Gave up its youth for Freedom's sacrifice.
At last, this inward conflict quelled,
Hope, with its guidon held on high,

KODAKS.

Waved forth the olive branch of peace,
And pointed to a haven in the starry sky.
Though hearts were sore and seemed forsaken,
They strove to honor our old flag;
They built their faith upon its stars and stripes;
Its folds in infamy they'll never drag.
As years rolled by the spirit of the vanquished,
Embittered by those years of war and pain,
Was soothed and calmed by lapse of time,
Though pent up anguish in their hearts re-
mained.

But lo, behold, from out the ocean foam,
Comes call so plaintive from a race of slaves,
That every heart bounds with a fierce resolve
To crush the life from domineering knaves.
From North to South, from East to West,
The call to arms is answered with a will;
The Blue and Gray, shoulder to shoulder stand,
The slave to save, the tyrant's hand to still.
Once more the calm of peace steals o'er our land,
United in our hearts we stand to-day.
No North, no South, no East, no West,
All with one flag and one country.
Grand, all so grand, my America;
From ocean to ocean you stretch your arms,
And cluster in them reunited children,
Shielding them from all harm.

IDEALITY.

Men and women, each and all, seek happiness, and their ideality paints for them a butterfly they name Pleasure. Some paint it in a grotesque combination of colors and turn it loose, then try to catch it again, but they forget to tie a string to it and away it soars out of their reach. They try in vain to paint another like it, but cannot attain the proper coloring, and finally give it up, spending their allotment of years in endeavoring to capture the gay butterfly that is ever just out of reach. There are others who paint their moth a hue that matches their nature, and its colors harmonize with their circumstances. It never attempts to leave them, and day by day they enjoy its tints and draw a pleasure from its companionship that could never be gleaned were the colors brighter. Each and every day they live and enjoy life, and the life turned from the