

President Herbert Hoover

O great was his power to use the loud speaker,
 Profound was his silence when challenged by Smith;
 To some he's a lion, and some think him meeker,
 But still a young leader of excellent pith.



He fought for the job, the gang didn't walk him,
 He faces the group there on Capitol Hill;
 The senate can balk him and maybe outtalk him,
 But maybe it won't, though—and maybe it will.

His habit is system, his mind runs to science
 Applied to the arts—he's a good engineer:
 Disciple of saving and modern appliance
 And things that bring comfort and leisure and cheer.

They thought him a lamb they had led to the shamble
 From task-boy positions he fashioned his fame:
 They scoffed at his work and the way that he ambles,
 But he kept right on working and learning the game.

He kept right on going to where he had started
 And in the convention he had all the votes:
 The gang's vaunted prowess had somehow departed
 And in his corral were all the gang's goats.

He's now in the White House, *their* place is the senate
 High forum and cloakrooms and corridors wide;
 He thinks of the people and honors their penates—
 If the gang doesn't do it he'll *give 'em a ride*.

If the gang doesn't join him in making things over,
 The better to function in times that are now,
 He'll *microphonize* 'em from Spokane to Dover—
 He's slow to get going, but man, he's a wow!
 He keeps right on plugging and never hunts cover,
 The people all like him, and back him—and how!

—W. R.

The Maryland on which Hoover went to South America whence he returned on the Utah, of the same type.

