THE MUSE DONS KHAKI: AMERICAN SONGS AND MUSIC OF WORLD WAR I

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Thesis submitted to the Faculty of the Graduate School of the University of Maryland in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts
1963

APPROVAL SHEET

Title of Thesis: The Muse Dons Khaki: American Songs and Music of World War I

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Date Approved: April 1, 1963

ABSTRACT

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During the years 1917 and 1918 the United States participated in a "war to end all wars." During the conflict the government deliberately enlisted the power of song both at home and on the fighting front to help in the great task of winning the war.

The idea of organized singing in the training of the U. S. Army was comparatively new at the time America entered World War I, but it soon came to be recognized as an integral part of the training itself. The government encouraged singing in the army both on marches and in leisure-time groups because it contributed substantially to the enjoyment, contentment and efficiency of the soldier.

The ballads, however, that eased tired muscles after a long days march and boosted morale after a day of heavy fighting were not government sponsored songs, but parodies and GI folk songs that the Sammies themselves composed. These ditties gave glimpses of the real army, the friendly rivalry between the various branches and the traditional humor of the service. Such songs, though lusty and bawdy, preserved for posterity the spirit of the A.E.F.

Then, too, songs and music proved to be of great value to the "stay-at-homes" during World War I. Our "army of the interior" responded readily to the stimulus of music. It participated in "Liberty Sings," "Bond Singing," and "Four-Minute Singing" in the nation's theaters. The civilian community wanted to sing popular patriotic songs because it then felt a closer relationship to loved ones who were in service. In addition, song fests satisfied man's natural craving for security and inspiration.

During the American period of the war, Tin Pan Alley rushed to the fore and supplied the country with no less than nine thousand songs from 1917 to 1919. Such ditties buoyed up sunken spirits, boosted morale, and made for a united force on the home front.

Songs are usually a yardstick of the times and give us a clue as to what the entire populace is thinking or how it feels about certain issues. The songs and music of our country from 1914 to 1919 reflected not only the history but moods, manners and impulses that constituted the American way of life. In 1914 and 1915 our songs exhibited a staunch pacifism and a fervent desire to remain aloof from the political entanglements in Europe. However, in 1916, 1917 and 1918 the pacifism which had been exhibited earlier in our songs gave way to a surging pride and a firm determination to win the war. Then in 1919 our songs reflected the relief and happiness that came when the task of war was over.

Music during World War I was not a luxury or a gift but a necessity. Songs were indispensable to our armed forces, but they were also a necessity for those who had to remain behind, to hope, to pray and to wait.

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

In armed conflicts between nations in the past the enthusiasm that sometimes led to victory often emerged from the songs that soldiers sang. Nowhere can this be better illustrated than in World War I when music went to war in the spirit of service to both the doughboy and civilians on the home front and helped to put them "over the top."

This thesis on the songs and music of World War I is an attempt to analyze the music of that era--music which moved the human heart to deeds of daring and caused it to beat fast and true in the spirit of patriotism and freedom. This study will show that for the first time in the history of our country the power of song was deliberately enlisted both at home and on the fighting front in helping to achieve the Herculean task of winning a major war beyond the seas. There developed during World War I a general recognition of music's place in the prosecution of armed conflict and with it came attempts to furnish an abundance of music to the army just as other ammunition was being provided to fight the enemy on the field of battle. So important was music that the National Committee on Army and Navy Camp Music was organized early in September of 1917 to cooperate with Lee F. Hanmer, of the War Department Commission on Training Camp

Activities, in the task of organizing singing in the camps and producing an army and navy song book. As the New York Times reported:

> The long stride that the War Department has taken in recognizing the value of music is summed up in a recent statement by Major Gen. Greene, Commander at Camp Lewis.[1] 'They did not teach us to sing in the old days when I was learning to be a soldier,' said he, 'but we sang anyway. Now the Army has added this new branch, and we expect it will give the men a great deal of happiness and inspiration'.[2]

This thesis will also examine the important role that song leaders played in the winning of the war. These leaders were appointed by the National Committee on Army and Navy Camp Music to lead American soldiers in song. The proficiency, ingenuity, and enthusiasm of the individual song leader brought about the development of not only social but military teamwork. Mass singing was developed as it never could have been without the leaders chosen by the above mentioned committee, an advisory group to the Camp Music Division of the War Department.

The promotion of organized singing in the U. S. Army and in the nation as a whole during World War I went far beyond anything that either soldiers or civilians had ever experienced in American history. Song books were prepared by the Commission on Training Camp Activities and printed in small format so that it could be carried in a uniform pocket. Thousands of pieces of band music were purchased and trained

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[1]In the state of Washington.

[2]November 25, 1917, VIII, 5.

musicians were placed throughout the training camps. There was also a need for mechanical instruments, and as a result many were furnished to the Army largely through the efforts of organizations like the Young Men's Christian Association. In addition, concert artists were called into service and the soldiers heard many a great singer or artist whose name would have been unfamiliar to them were it not for the war. Then, too, a Phonograph Records Recruiting Corps was formed with headquarters at Twenty-first East Fortieth Street in New York City. It undertook the task of coordinating the efforts of other organizations and individuals in supplying the soldiers with records, phonographs and needles.

Everyone did his part in helping to keep the troops supplied with music and song. The National Music Exposition, held in Grand Central Palace in New York in 1918, donated all the proceeds for the purchase of phonographs and records for use in contonments.[1] As Leon R. Maxwell said:

> Thus, in characteristic fashion, the American people, as soon as they learned that music was a war essential, saw to it that nothing the soldiers could want in the way of music was missing, and our army was probably better provided with musical ammunition than any army in the world.[2]

The morale of the American forces and the incentive which made our armies drive forward in World War I was in some

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[1]New York Times, June 3, 1918, p. 20.

[2]Leon R. Maxwell, "Music as War Ammunition," Studies in Musical Education, History and Aesthetics: Papers and Proceedings of the Music Teacher's National Association at its Fortieth Meeting (Thirteenth Series; Hartford, Connecticut: The Association, 1919), p. 69.

measure due to the musical stimulus they had. Music made morale and morale helped to produce a successful army.[1]

Nor did the home front lack for music. Recruiting and bond selling were stimulated by the employment of professional singers in great open air concerts. The salesmen for Liberty Bonds were "gingered up" at their daily sales meetings during the drives by song singing under skilled leadership. Liberty Sings were also fostered on the home front. These festivals of music, which were actually community sings, originated in Philadelphia.[2] Such "song fests" were born of necessity and nurtured by a spirit of helpfulness by the general public. The "Philadelphia Plan" of Liberty Singing whereby both civilians and military joined together gave the people much satisfaction because they then felt a closer relationship to their own loved ones who were in the service. There was urgent need of such sings because they satisfied the people's craving for inner security and inspiration.

Last but not least, this thesis will show that one of the most important by-products of the war was the accelerated growth of Tin Pan Alley as the greatest supplier of "pop songs" to the American public. No less than nine thousand songs were fed to the "stay-at-homes" from 1917 through 1919.

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[1]Gabrielle Elliot, "Music At the Front: An Interview with Walter Damrosch," The Outlook, October 23, 1918, p. 286.

[2]"Philadelphia and the 'Liberty Sing'," The Outlook, September 4, 1918, pp. 13-14.

Indeed, during World War I music became Big Business.

Beginning on April 6, 1917, when Congress declared war on Germany, the questions all America asked were these: How will our young men go forth to war? With what spirit will they face the world crisis? What do our Allies expect of us? What do they need most and how can we best direct our endeavors to meet that need?

Back and forth across the sea we sent our envoys for plans and patterns so that we might mobilize at once our military, industrial and social resources. There was the sharp necessity of organizing every element of our National life for winning the war, of creating vast stores of food, munitions and weapons. On the home front, too, bandages were rolled and knitting needles clicked under deft fingers propelled by quick beating hearts. Scattered over the land a few individuals thought the following:

> Yes; all these things are necessary, I give most gladly of my time and money, but what are the lads really feeling and thinking these days? Is it possible for a nation to go to war without music? Wouldn't these boys of ours like to sing? 'No,' was the superficial verdict of the public. 'We must teach them to fight and equip them to fight while we care for the suffering of the world. Nonessentials must wait for peace time'.[1]

The world, including ourselves, failed to take into account the miracle of training camps all over the country where our boys were being conditioned both mentally and physically to fight the enemy. Over and above the obvious

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[1]United States Commission on Training Camp Activities, Camp Music Division of the War Department (Washington: U. S. Government Printing Office, 1919), p. 7.

side of the military training, the imagination of American youth was finding and fusing itself into the great soul of America. Vague, sensitive and hesitant, it demanded its own medium of expression and the most farseeing of the commanding officers recognized at once that in singing alone they found the true outlet for this new spirit.

Not only in the training camps of World War I but on the home front music was of great value to the war effort. The morale of the "stay-at-homes" was just as important as those toting a gun. War songs were considered so essential to America's war effort that George Creel's Committee on Public Information prepared a collection in booklet form at government expense for use by song leaders when they organized community sings in the nation's film houses. Edward B. Marks, one of the most famous of all music publishers and song-writing giants in the heyday of Tin Pan Alley, commented in his book that community singing became a patriotic function like buying Thrift Stamps or eating repulsive varieties of bread.[1]

During World War I vaudeville houses featured war song contests, in which music publishers were allowed to plug one or two of their war numbers with the audience judging the best. Each publisher, of course, sent along his own callous-palmed claques. At Keith's Fifth Avenue Theatre in New York City, in 1917, the audience selected "Break the News to

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[1]Edward B. Marks, They All Sang From Tony Pastor to Rudy Vallee (New York: The Viking Press, 1934), p. 190.

Mother," a tearful ballad originally published in 1897, "Joan of Arc, They Are Calling You," "Somewhere in France is a Lily," "Send Me Away with a Smile," and "It's a Long Way to Berlin."

Music was considered so much of a "booster" that when the War Industries Board in 1918 made a ruling on paper which forbade the publishing of songs, Major General J. Franklin Bell overruled the decision.[1] The General claimed that music was essential to win the war and enough paper was furnished to print the songs in smaller format. All of the firms sent a great deal of music directly to the Army without payment. They sent not only war songs but copies of old favorites as well. Publishers of these songs were penalized for using the American flag on their title pages. It was a violation of the law but no one minded. Never before had the public taken to mass singing on such a large nation-wide scale.

The demand for music during World War I was sudden and it also came as a surprise. Even the musical people were amazed that our army leaders requested music as a fighting necessity. Newspaper and magazine writers found news value in the discovery that music was so important to the war effort. Music's great part in World War I was not a modern phenomenon, for it had also played a significant role in the Civil War. What was unique was the fact that though people originally failed to recognize the importance of music at the outset of the conflict, in time it became organized on a

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[1] Ibid., pp. 193-194.

vast scale.

Take the question of singing. On this subject, Major General Leonard Wood said:

> It is just as essential that the soldiers should know how to sing as that they should carry rifles and know how to shoot them. Singing is one of the things they all should learn. It sounds odd to the ordinary person when you tell him every soldier should be a singer, because the layman cannot reconcile singing with killing. But when you know these boys as I know them, you will realize how much it means to them to sing. There isn't anything in the world, even letters from home, that will raise a soldier's spirits like a good, catchy marching-tune.[1]

Another officer declared:

> It is monotony that kills the men off. A man gets tired of drill, tired of doing the same thing in barracks, even tired of getting shot at. We need company leaders to teach the men new songs; we need instructors to show the men how to get up their own minstrel shows and dramatic entertainments. Everything that can be devised by way of wholesome amusement toward breaking up the monotony is a direct help in making better soldiers and in keeping the standards high.[2]

The American soldier in World War I was eager for music. He could and would not get along without it. Music was a safety valve in camp life; by means of it the soldier's imprisoned enthusiasms were released and he forgot the monotony, the lack of freedom, the arduous and distasteful duties of camp. On the march it was music in one form or another which kept the men full of life and made them hold the step. At the front too, music proved of inestimable value in World War I. As someone once wrote:

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[1]Edward F. Allen, Keeping Our Fighters Fit for War and After (New York: The Century Co., 1918), pp. 69-70.

[2]Ibid., p. 70.

> Music, when men are going into a charge, uplifts the heart and makes it strong. Music, in the intervals between actions, back of the trenches, and in the billets, uplifts the soul of the soldier, acts as a palliative of hardships, and comforts like a mother.[1]

The impact of songs in the Great War can scarcely be overestimated. There were many songs which in themselves were simple and acquired a tremendous power of suggesting home to the soldier. A few examples of these were the well-known English import "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "Save Your Kisses Till the Boys Come Home," "I'm Gonna Pin a Medal on the Girl I Left Behind," "There's a Vacant Chair in My Old Southern Home," and "There's a Vacant Chair in Every Home Tonight." One can scarcely imagine any soldier from any war whose heart was not quickened and whose nerves were not steeled by thoughts of those for whom he fought. Walter W. Connel said in Etude magazine:

> The effect of . . . song was like that of recharging a worn-out battery. Heads were thrown up and chests thrown forward. Snap and pep replaced a listless and disinterested swinging of arms and legs, and the latter synchronized perfectly with the tempo of the song.[2]

Tom Browne in The Metronome music magazine of December, 1914 wrote:

> In a word, the lyric writer or the song maker who wins the soldier's ear with a verse and a melody that shall sing him into the very jaws of death attains a height of genius which the world at large, and least

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[1]C. A. Browne, The Story of Our National Ballads (Rev. and enl. ed.; New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 1931), p. 306.

[2]Walter W. Connel, "What Song Meant to a Soldier," The Etude, XXXVIII (April, 1920), 271.

> of all the world of art, has ever been slow to realize.
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> . . . . . .
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> . . . Each [nation's war song] is inspiriting on bivouac and battlefield according to the temperament of the troops; for the psychology of a nation enters into the war songs of its army. And the spirit of the soldiers' ballad probably gives up the finest key to the spirit that ultimately wins victory.[1]

On this same score Colonel E. M. Markham of the 303d Engineers, Camp Dix, New Jersey emphasized: "Music has always been a force to quicken endurance and to unify the mass spirit of men to the highest degree."[2]

When the enthusiasm of our soldiers for music in World War I was once recognized, there was no limit to the quantity of the songs that were supplied. Neither was there a limit to the quantity the soldiers could absorb. Now what was its quality? What type of music did our soldiers prefer in the First World War?

There was little or no demand for opera or symphonic music. An evenly marked and vigorous rhythm seemed the chief quality which the soldier looked for in his music. Even such songs as "A Long, Long Trail" the men liked best when the tempo was quickened until it had become a marching song. Maxwell felt that the rhythmic appeal of music was the principal reason army officers commanded its general use.

Next in importance to the rhythm in the fighting man's

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[1]Tom Browne, "War Songs of the Five Nations," The Metronome, XXX (December, 1914), 19-20.

[2]Walter R. Spaulding, "Music Necessary in Times of War," The Music Trades, June 29, 1918, p. 21, quoting Colonel E. M. Markham.

preferences were the words. The tunes had to be catchy and simple and sometimes funny, but as long as the swing was there the men would join heartily in any song if the words appealed to their sense of humor or to their patriotism. The ideas of consigning the Kaiser to perdition, of marching into Berlin or meeting the lovely mademoiselles of Parée were always attractive.

Of course, the tunes had to be simple and lilting, but the soldiers were not discriminating. Off duty, groups of men gathered to sing the old songs and the sentimental ballads which everyone knew. In the mass sings too, most of the men sang their best in the pulsating sentimental songs, the "songs of home." However, it was when all the men in all the companies joined in the powerful marching songs that one sensed the real musical enthusiasm of the troops. These songs were sung with conviction. Their commanding officers could then understand why music was an essential factor in the winning of the war.

The report by the United States Commission on Training Camp Activities published in 1919 stated:

> Probably it will never be quite clear why the doughboy took certain songs to his heart and 'packed them in his old kit bag' along with other essentials for overseas, but the secret is usually to be found in the fact that they either 'clicked' exactly with some phase of the military routine or helped him through the maze of emotional experiences which swept over him so overwhelmingly and many times left him dazed and groping. The very flippancy of the song often intensified that surging undercurrent of deep feeling and impending tragedy and at the same time stayed it just at the breaking point. Its poignancy would perhaps mean to the musician the 'negative accent,' to the scientist the safety valve. This

> refers to the actual singing--a song on paper judged from a purely musical standpoint is one thing, but it is quite another when sung by hundreds of men whose world has apparently swung into a new orbit with strange and unknown rhythms. It was certainly for them to decide what they could endure or use in the venture.[1]

In the final analysis the doughboy decided for himself what songs he wanted to sing and pack in his duffel bag. The song leaders soon realized that the songs they chose for the soldiers to sing were sung only after the doughboys had exhausted their own supply of good cheer. First the joy of singing had to be created by letting the men sing the songs they composed themselves or those ballads that appealed to them.[2] The psychology of the popularity of a song during the great conflict defied explanation. Even before the fighting broke out in Europe it was a mystery, a kind of law unto itself.[3]

One type of patriot in World War I, however, was doomed to disappointment. He was the writer of heroic and patriotic songs. Patriotic songs made up a small portion of the music in the First World War for the simple reason that the soldiers did not like them. Harry Barnhart, a well known leader of community choruses, said in the New York Times:

> Soldiers and sailors unite in one common dislike of being sung at or about. They don't want their patriotism waved in their faces; the fact that they

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[1]United States Commission on Training Camp Activities, pp. 41-42.

[2]Ibid., p. 41.

[3]"Music and War," Jacobs' Orchestra Monthly, V (November, 1914), 25.

> are wearing Uncle Sam's uniform is a sufficient guarantee of where they stand. Neither do they like to be pulled out for 'show singing.' They know what they like, and song is their natural emotional outlet.[1]

Soldiers and sailors generally adopted the racy, music-hall songs because they often delivered a poignant message in a quick reassuring way. Songs of patriotism were used primarily behind the fighting lines at patriotic meetings of civilians, or if at the front, in connection with special events. James Stone of Yale University in The Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology has declared:

> It is behind the lines that music may best serve as propaganda; the soldier is put into the groove of military life, and his ideas and actions given him by command. Although non-combatants, theoretically, cannot be commanded, in a nation at war it is as necessary for them to conform to war patterns as it is for the soldier to obey military orders. Thus the role propaganda plays in a civilian population is analogous to that which the command performs in the army. Patriotic songs are one of the ways in which commands to civilians are expressed, and are one of the expressions which will be accepted.[2]

With such an assortment and such an abundance of songs to choose from the soldiers of World War I probably expressed much appreciation to Roy K. Moulton for his verse which appeared in the New York Evening Mail:

> I can not sing the old songs;
> I haven't time to try.
> There are ten thousand new ones
> I've got to learn or die.
> They're so called "patriotic"--
> Put up the hammer. Hush!

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[1]September 30, 1917, VII, 9.

[2]James Stone, "War Music and War Psychology in the Civil War," The Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology, XXXVI (October, 1941), 547.

It's not good form to knock them,
  Tho' they are mostly mush.
The soldiers will not sing them
  Amid the bombs or mines.
They will not chant nor mumble
  The woozy, floozy lines.
They'll sing the good old war songs
  When hiking and in mess,
They "can" the silly flub-dub
  And cheap damfoolishness.[1]

What songs then did appeal to the doughboy of World War I? First, there were the songs which were products of Tin Pan Alley. During a national crisis as in 1917 our Army consisted of a huge number of transmogrified civilians. They preferred to sing the same songs they sang before they put on a uniform. Many of these songs had nothing to do with fighting or soldiering. They were nostalgic, sentimental, and humorous songs of love, life and home.

On this whole score The Literary Digest tells us the following:

> Many of the songs may seem to the fastidious, 'vulgar and cheap,' the New York Evening Post tells us, and no doubt they often are, yet the cheapest song may seem transfigured for singers to whose deepest sentiments it makes appeal, and to some songs of shoddy expression we do injustice unless we admit a truth of feeling. . . . The Post . . . adds that 'we can afford to have the people singing many shabby, faulty songs, along with better ones, but we could never afford to have them singing none at all'.[2]

There has been a broad and general misunderstanding of the songs of World War I--their conception, incentive and reason for composition. It is easy for one to think that

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[1]United States Commission on Training Camp Activities, p. 41.

[2]"Our Fighting Heart in Song," The Literary Digest, August 10, 1918, p. 27, quoting the New York Evening Post.

they were a direct result of inspiration received in combat but such was rarely the case. The majority of the compositions of World War I were born "with" rather than "of" war, war being the putative and not the real parent, while many songs were more often children of commercialism rather than of patriotism. Frequently war songs were born of aspiration and not inspiration, aspiration to fame and fortune through a fictitious relationship with war. During World War I authors and composers intensified or strengthened in musical form what the populace was already thinking and feeling.

The second category of songs and those cherished by the doughboys of 1917 and 1918 were the "Songs-of-Nonsense"--GI folk songs which expressed their real emotions. These ditties were neither nursery rhymes nor that bogus patriotic humbug so frequently heard. Many of these songs were virtually closely guarded secrets--such as the LuLu song. Such ballads may not have passed muster in drawing room circles but they were satisfying and self-expressive to the doughboy. Without a doubt one of the most popular GI folk songs of World War I was "Mademoiselle from Armentieres," a rambling often bawdy satire on our Army and on the Frenchwomen they had crossed the sea to defend or make love to. "Mademoiselle" or "Hinky Dinky," as most people know, exhibited a great relish for certain soldierly adventures not in the line of duty. Hundreds of roving verses of this ditty made an appearance during the Great War and endless nuances of naughtiness were strung out with it.

Just as popular were songs dealing with phases of camp life. The men sang with great gusto such things as:

Some day we're going to murder the bugler;
Some day you're going to find him dead.
And then we'll get the other pup,
The guy that woke the bugler up,
And spend the rest of our life in bed.

Being able to rise and shine early in the morning seemed one of the soldier's greatest hardships in World War I. He enjoyed singing about it, just as he delighted in poking fun at the other disagreeable parts of camp life. Songs of this type caught the fancy of all. At one of the musical evenings in camp, a company introduced this ballad which was sung by all the men with enthusiasm galore:

In the army, the army,
The democratic army,
They call you when they need you,
And this is what they feed you,
Slop for breakfast,
Slop for dinner,
Slop for supper time;
Thirty dollars every month
Deducting twenty-nine.
Oh, the army, the army,
The democratic army,
If you like your beer
You are S. O. L.[1] out here
For you're all in the Army now.[2]

Song texts which described the glories of the men's own branch of the service were always popular, much to the delight of the officers who found such songs great morale boosters. At Fort Monroe no song was more often sung than this one:

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[1]Surely out of luck.

[2]Maxwell, p. 71.

Oh, the infantry's good in the trenches,
And the cavalry out on patrol;
When there's fighting in the air,
The airoplanes are there,
And they're all good as far as they go.
But when the real fight's about to be started,
You will find that they all will agree
That the guts of the whole d___d army
Is the Coast Artillery.[1]

Another rousing song was this one about the Coast Artillery:

Enlisted in the army, turned down the Field,
Almost joined the doughboys--am glad I didn't yield,
Assigned to the Coast, I'm as happy as can be,
For now I'm a member of the Coast Artillery.

CHORUS:

Roarious, roarious, we'll make the Coast Artillery
glorious.
Load her up with shell and we'll give the Kaiser hell,
As we blast the bloody Germans out of France.

On to Monroe, then to France,
Limber up the big boys and make the Boches dance,
We'll clear the way for our gallant infantry,
For we are the gunners of the Coast Artillery.

Says von Hindenburg to Kaiser Bill:
'Damn that artillery, it never will be still.
They're shooting like the devil, and it's very plain
to me,
That we're up against the soldiers of the Coast
Artillery.'

Black Jack Pershing, he says, says he,
'Send along another bunch of Coast Artillery,
They'll blast us a path through the line of Huns,
So bring along the mortars and the twelve-inch guns.'[2]

Last but not least were the parodies. These were adaptations of old songs that were made to fit new conditions. Of all the songs sung by United States soldiers in the Great War the parodies seem to have appealed to him most. In the first place the parodies fitted into the soldiers mood, no

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[1]Ibid.

[2]Ibid., pp. 71-72.

matter the place, the time or the conditions. No task, event or person escaped. They were all mimicked in song. There were parodies about training, rations, women, leaders, airplanes, and a score of other subjects--even "old man death." The parodies were alive with interest, fun to sing, and appealed invariably to all the soldiers. Though many of them were unprintable, they accomplished their purpose--they lifted up the spirits of the soldiers and helped them to meet the grim and ugly task of war.

The Officers' Training Camps naturally came in for their share of ridicule and probably no parody was sung more by these "future leaders" than this one adapted to the tune of "Smile, smile, smile,":

> There's a long, long trail a-winding
> Into No-Man's Land in France:
> There the shrapnel shells are bursting.
> But we must advance.
> There'll be lots of drills and hiking
> Before our dreams all come true.
> But we're going to show the Kaiser
> How the Yankee boys come through.[1]

One of the unique features of World War I then, was the official recognition, encouragement and support which the United States Government gave to songs and music as one of the instruments of war. Once our Government saw the inseparable relationship between music and the great conflict in Europe, it gave the command "Everybody Sing," as the order of the day to both civilian and military alike. Music became a valuable ally, a morale builder and as such was in part

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[1] New York Times, September 30, 1917, VII, 8.

responsible for the surge of national unity in the United States. It also instilled in many Americans the spirit of victory.

CHAPTER II

TIN PAN ALLEY AND THE EARLY WAR YEARS: 1914-1916

Broadway's a great street when you're going up.
When you're going down--take 6th Avenue.

Wm. Anthony McGuire

Approximately fifty nine years ago, a reporter, Monroe Rosenfeld, strolled into the New York office of Harry von Tilzer. The latter was a noted music publisher and one of the most prolific and successful song writers of his day. Rosenfeld lingered patiently while the Broadway maestro thumped the keyboard of his upright. He was in the process of writing an article on popular music for the New York Herald and he knew that von Tilzer could give him the leads he needed to write a successful story. The journalist, who himself was a writer of sentimental ballads, realized there was no better place to initiate his search for first hand information than in the area of 28th Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. This segment of Gotham was the new center of activity for our nation's tunesmiths. Union Square had been the center of the song publishing industry, but when the theatrical world moved up town shortly before the close of the nineteenth century, the songsters and publishers followed the trend and did likewise.[1]

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[1]David Ewen, Panorama of American Popular Music (Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1957), pp. 164-165.

While Rosenfeld waited to be heard, he realized that the piano which von Tilzer was plunking, produced an odd tinny sound. The tunesmith had wedged pieces of paper between the strings giving the music the effect of a jazz orchestra. The reporter asked the maestro what kind of a tin pan was that. Von Tilzer jokingly replied that the street must have sounded like a tin pan alley with so many pianos making a din. It was from this historic interview that the fabulous street of song was christened Tin Pan Alley.[1] From the time Rosenfeld's article was published, 28th Street and the American popular music industry came to be known as Tin Pan Alley--Heart of the Amusement World.

Today Tin Pan Alley is largely mythical. It passed out of existence in or about 1930. During the turn of the century, however, it was real enough. Maxwell F. Marcuse has written of the "Alley": "It was the pulsating, throbbing heart of the world of popular song, propelling through the arteries of that world a steady, unabating flow of refreshing and stimulating melody."[2]

On the question of song writing the New York Times has this thought to offer: "Of all literary forms, a song is perhaps the most difficult to write because the writer is not permitted to use the subtle shading available to a novelist or editorial writer. He has a limited time in which to say

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[1]Frankie Sabas, Tin Pan Alley (Lansford, Pa.: Frankie Sabas Publisher, 1953), inside cover.

[2]Maxwell F. Marcuse, Tin Pan Alley in Gaslight (Watkins Glen, New York: Century House, 1959), p. 5.

what he has to say, a small frame within which to paint his picture."[1]

Oscar Hammerstein II, one of the greatest lyricists in the musical theater has emphasized the function of the song writer in this way: "He does not tell his countrymen or the world what they should think. He senses what they are thinking and possessing a craftsmanship which they do not, he expresses their thoughts as they would, if they could."[2] And the United States songwriters from that turbulent period in history--1915 to 1919--did just that and more.

By the time of World War I, Tin Pan Alley had become a well organized, efficient industry, capable of producing songs almost on an assembly line basis and on every conceivable subject. Then when the United States entered the conflict in Europe in 1917, the street of song geared itself for war production. Tin Pan Alley met the huge demand for war songs by producing them at a feverish pace. There were some to fire the fighting spirit, to inflame patriotic ardor and to arouse hatred for the enemy. There were songs of optimism, hope, sentiment and nostalgia for home. There were lighthearted songs, too, and these were triumphant among our soldiers. Europeans were puzzled because our doughboys seemed to treat the war as a great adventure. Perhaps it was because World War I was fought on foreign soil and to aid the European powers. C. A. Browne has written as follows:

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[1]May 5, 1957, VI, 76 and 78.

[2]Ibid., p. 78.

"Men fighting 'foreign wars' are comparatively undedicated and inclined to sing only those tunes which give them personal pleasure and make the grim business of war, for which Americans are constitutionally unfitted, a little more bearable."[1] Hidden under the gloss of their "I don't care" attitude was a genuine and warm feeling in the hearts of our doughboys during World War I. They were not as hard boiled as they might appear.

The "stay-at-homes," too, were worried and lonesome. Every home was proud to display a service flag in the window, its blue star signifying that a son, husband, or father was serving in the armed forces. Keeping up morale was a constant problem. The separation from home created heavy hearts. The home front was proud of its soldier boys and many of the popular songs of the day were directed to it rather than to the men in uniform. The civilians felt closer to their absent loved ones when they sang the same songs, and as a result many of the songs of the soldiers became the songs of the people.

As was mentioned before, songs were produced on every imaginable subject. Songs of sentiment and belligerency littered song counters everywhere. "Sob songs" centered around the home left by the soldier and the soldier's loneliness. Parodies and GI folk songs covered a wide variety of topics. Of approximately nine thousand songs published by

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[1] C. A. Browne, The Story of Our National Ballads (Rev. by Willard Heaps; New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 1960), p. 240.

Tin Pan Alley from 1917 to 1919, some could not help being vulgar and cheap. What songs were meaningless and crude to some individuals, however, probably made an appeal and were genuine to others. On this matter of crude music produced during the war, The Literary Digest of August 10, 1918 emphasized: "Yet we must not sneer at what the song-writers produce simply because they do it crudely; what catches the popular fancy may do it for superficial reasons, but the reasons are worth analysis."[1]

World War I songs were not specifically written for future generations. They were written for the immediate hour and were not supposed to survive their own period. If some did it was all well and good, but of course they accomplished their purpose if they sustained the morale of the troops and buoyed up their spirits at the time. The main purpose of our songs in World War I was to keep our troops and civilian population cheerful. That this purpose was well accomplished is indicated by the record of our soldiers and civilians on the fighting front and at home.

Few times in United States history did our fighting men and civilians take to popular song as they did in World War I. Many of the hits had nothing to do with war but they coasted to extra popularity on the singing wave of the day. Pop songs may have had a short livelihood but they served their purpose. Their motto could well have been--"It is

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[1]"Our Fighting Heart in Song," The Literary Digest, August 10, 1918, p. 27, quoting the New York Evening Post.

bought today and burned to-morrow."[1]

Until the year 1915 the war had no commercial application for Tin Pan Alley. Public sentiment was too evenly divided for the introduction of sentimental songs about either the Allies or the Central Powers. The cause of the Allies was not too popular in this country. Americans expressed deep concern over the world situation but they were not greatly excited. If many Americans sympathized with the Allies before 1917 the vast majority was not pro anything European. The feelings of the people in this country were expressed in just a few words, "It's our good fortune that we're not mixed up in it."[2]

An important minority group, led by William Jennings Bryan, President Wilson's Secretary of State, continued to lead a dramatic fight for isolationism. Then came frightful news. The Lusitania, a British liner homeward bound from New York, was torpedoed off the west coast of Ireland on May 7, 1915, by a German submarine, with the loss of about one thousand two hundred lives. Approximately one hundred twenty eight of the casualties were American citizens. The United States was shocked. The fact that the vessel was carrying munitions did not lessen the villainy of the deed. As a result of the sinking Wilson asked Bryan to write a stern note of protest to Germany. Bryan refused to sign the

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[1]Graydon La Verne (Larry) Freeman, The Melodies Linger On (Watkins Glen, New York: Century House, 1951), p. 5.

[2]Abel Greene and Joe Laurie, Jr., Show Biz from Vaude to Video (New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1951), p. 112.

note because in his opinion it would lead to war.[1] Soon afterward Bryan resigned his place in the President's Cabinet in the cause of peace.

Bryan, after his last Cabinet meeting said, "I must act according to my conscience."[2] President Wilson delivered a public address to the people in which he said: "There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight."[3] While some people objected to Wilson's "wait and see attitude" the President was actually voicing the sentiments prevalent in our country at that time. The people were beginning to believe the worst about Germany but the populace showed a noticeable willingness to postpone judgment.[4]

Variety, the magazine considered to be the bible of the amusement world, also went right along with the prevailing pattern of neutrality. In the belief that the war would not last long, song writers manufactured songs which echoed the people's sentiments. America did not want to be dragged into the war and our attitude in 1914 was expressed by the songs "Are We Downhearted, No," and "I Don't Want To Go To War." The American people took a cursory view of the conflict in Europe, and busied themselves with events in their own country.

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[1]Eric F. Goldman, Rendezvous with Destiny (Rev. ed.; New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., Vintage Books, 1956), p. 183.

[2]Ibid.

[3]New York Times, May 11, 1915, p. 1.

[4]Thomas A. Bailey, A Diplomatic History of the American People (6th ed.; New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc., 1958), p. 578.

As far as Tin Pan Alley was concerned the war reached home when Charles Frohman, one of the most lavish producers of Broadway musical shows died on the Lusitania. Even with the sinking of the liner, the exposure of Germany's spy network in America, and the death of Frohman, the song crop of 1915 was still largely anti-war and pro-neutrality. We were, in Wilson's words, "too proud to fight." It appeared that songs which did not have the word Wilson or President in the title were doomed to obscurity. The country was bombarded with such ditties as "We're All with You, Mr. Wilson," "Go Right Along, Mr. Wilson," and "Stand by The President."

America was reluctant to take a stand either way and our feelings were expressed in the songs "Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You," and "Don't Blame the Germans." In 1915, as the Kaiser's armies continued to occupy Belgium and British Tommies and French Poilus dug in behind the trenches of No Man's Land, America sang "Don't Take My Darling Boy Away," and "I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier." These two songs were designed primarily to appeal to a very lucrative market--the mothers of America.[1] "I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier" was a definite protest against universal militarism.[2] Eric Goldman commented in his book Rendezvous with Destiny that former President Theodore Roosevelt

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[1]Green and Laurie, Jr., p. 124.

[2]E. M. Wickes, "Fortunes Made in Popular Songs," The American Magazine, LXXXII (October, 1916), 116.

sneeringly implied that "I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier" was comparable to singing "I Didn't Raise My Girl to be a Mother."[1]

A subtle change in America's attitude became evident during 1915, however, when sales of the latter song suddenly dropped off in a month's time. When Germany introduced "poison gas" at Ypres on April 22, 1915, and further German atrocities were reported in Belgium, American sentiments turned against the Central Powers. The Germans first used gas as a means of modern warfare against the French-African troops who were defending the Ypres salient. Favorable winds that day made the experiment with chlorine gas successful.[2] Major General C. H. Foulkes, who was connected in an official capacity with the gas operations of the British Army in France and during the last eighteen months of the war was president of the Chemical Warfare Committee, described the immediate effect of the attack as follows:

> . . . The effect of the gas was so overwhelming that the whole of the positions occupied by the French Divisions was rendered incapable of any resistance. It was impossible at first to realise what had actually happened. Fumes and smoke obscured everything. Hundreds of men were thrown into a stupor, and after an hour the whole position had to be abandoned together with fifty guns.[3]

Then, too, British Red Cross Nurse Edith Cavell was

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[1]P. 189.

[2]Cyril B. Falls, The Great War (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1959), pp. 111-112.

[3]Major General C. H. Foulkes, "Gas!": The Story of the Special Brigade (Edinburgh, Scotland: William Blackwood and Sons Ltd., 1934), p. 19.

shot as a spy by the Germans on October 12, 1915. James Morgan Read in his book on propaganda emphasized:

> . . . in almost any listing of the 'crimes of Germany,' and they were often listed, the shooting of 'Nurse Cavell' was certain to be included . . . . That the official English agencies of propaganda did exploit the story abroad is seen in the defense of its activities issued by the British Embassy in Madrid in 1916 . . . .[1]

There was much propaganda on the part of the British to color the American mind--so much so that eventually Americans viewed the war through Allied spectacles.[2]

Songs now made an appearance which were a sort of stimuli to patriotism. Among these were such tunes as "We'll Never Let Our Old Flag Fall," "Under the American Flag," "In Time of Peace, Prepare for War." The same people who vehemently sang they "didn't raise their boy to be a soldier" in the early part of 1915 discovered that they now were proud to have him shoulder a gun. Accordingly they gave full voice to "I'd Be Proud To Be the Mother of a Soldier." The chorus of this particular song echoed the sentiments of all Americans, "It would be a different story if they trampled on Old Glory--then I'd be proud to be the mother of a soldier." Unsophisticated hearts began to wonder if they could adhere to the prophetic advice of another popular tune, "Save Your Kisses Till the Boys Come Home." And the ditty "Don't Sit under the

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[1]James Morgan Read, Atrocity Propaganda, 1914-1919 (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1941), p. 210.

[2]Bailey, p. 566. For further information on British propaganda in World War I see the following: Horace C. Peterson, Propaganda for War (Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press, 1939); Harold D. Lasswell, Propaganda Technique in the World War (New York: Peter Smith, 1938); and Read.

Apple Tree with Anyone Else But Me" was World War II's answer to "Save Your Kisses Till the Boys Come Home."

Another of the "patriotic pop hits" of the early war years was "America, I Love You." This was written by Archie Gottler while still in his teens. A product of New York's Bowery he jumped on the bandwagon while everyone was talking patriotism and preparedness. The Bowery cradled so many of our early song writing greats, among them Harry von Tilzer, Gus Edwards and Irving Berlin. Gottler had very lean days at first and had a difficult time getting started in the musical field. When he wrote this tune the consensus of the musical prophets of Tin Pan Alley was that it would never hit the public. They thought the melody was too strange and the range too wide. As a result Gottler and his partner delayed publication. But good fortune came Gottler's way when he met Anna Chandler, one of the popular stars of the day, and she mentioned she was in desperate need of a strong song to close her act. As a joke more than anything else, Gottler sang his patriotic song for her. She was enthusiastic about it but it was the famous Eva Tanguay, a nationally known theatrical figure who sang the song into prominence.[1] The "rank and file" of comedians as well as many headliners clamored to sing the following message to America:

AMERICA, I LOVE YOU

America, I love you,
You're like a sweetheart of mine!

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[1]Wickes, The American Magazine, LXXXII, 115-116.

From ocean to ocean,
For you my devotion
Is touching each boundary line.

Just like a little baby
Climbing its mother's knee,
America, I love you
And there's a hundred million
others like me![1]

As an added inducement for all Americans to get on the patriotic bandwagon some of the other tunes of the time were "When the Lusitania Went Down," and "Played by a Military Band." Not all the songs of 1915, however, were ballads with Mars-tinted lyrics. Among the hit tunes of that year were: "There's a Broken Heart for Every Light on Broadway," "Song of the Islands," "There's a Little Lane Without a Turning on the Way to Home Sweet Home," and "Beatrice Fairfax, Tell Me What do Do." Songs with short titles were also in vogue: "Fascination," "Siam," and "Memories." All were best sellers. Songs of every sort flooded the market and included "Neal of the Navy," "Sunshine of Your Smile," "Hello, Frisco!," and "If I Were a Bee and You Were a Red, Red Rose." Irving Berlin, despite his pro-Allied sympathies, echoed the sentiments of most Americans that year when he wrote "When I Leave the World Behind."

The year 1916 in the United States was an ominous one. America reacted to the world crisis with a feeling of uncertainty, unrest and nervous tension. The country was following the "middle of the road policy"--we were not at war but at

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[1]Found in the World War I Music Collection in the Library of Congress--M1573G.

the same time we were no longer "too proud to fight." Even so the American people were busily absorbed with events on the home front that year.

A constitutional amendment providing equal suffrage for women, for example, was reported to be looked upon favorably by the Senate. Jeannette Rankin of Montana was the first woman to be elected to Congress. On the labor front the Child Labor Law passed the Senate on August 8. In early October a strike occurred at the Standard Oil Plant in Bayonne, New Jersey, causing two deaths and injury to sixty others.[1]

Disasters also highlighted the year 1916. New York City was struck hard by an infantile paralysis epidemic in the middle of June and by the middle of August 4,500 cases had been reported. There were approximately two hundred and seventeen cases a day in the City. New Jersey was the next state to feel the "paralysis panic" and 1,400 were struck low with the disease there. New York was also the scene of a maritime disaster which occurred at the New York Navy Yard. A gas explosion rocked the United States submarine E-2 killing four people. Across the country on the West coast, Southern California was battered by a series of floods accounting for sixteen deaths and the loss of much property.[2]

Across the Atlantic in France in December of 1916

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[1] New York Times, December 31, 1916, III, p. 4.

[2] Ibid.

Generalissimo Joseph Joffre was made Marshall of the French Republic and adviser to the new War Council. In Germany on August 29, Field Marshall von Paul Hindenburg replaced Field Marshall Erich von Falkenhayn as Chief of the German General Staff. Closer to home in Mexico, there was still much disorder because of the instability of the Carranza Government. So Wilson took an attitude of "watchful waiting."[1]

Among those prominent in public life who died in 1916 were Seth Low, former Mayor of New York and President of Columbia University; Horace White, eminent New York journalist; James J. Hill, railroad magnate and promoter of the Northwest and Colonel John Singleton Mosby, famous Confederate Cavalry officer.[2] In the sports arena in 1916 Boston of the American League walloped the Brooklyn "Bums" in the World Series four games to one. In addition, six day bicycle races at Madison Square Garden were the rage of the day.[3] In the entertainment field, the famous Annette Kellermann appeared in the Broadway film spectacular "A Daughter of the Gods." Along the Great White Way, Maude Adams headlined the stage comedy "A Kiss for Cinderella," while at Cohan's Theater, Ruth Chatterton was featured in the hit show "Come Out of the Kitchen." Ironically enough in 1916 at the Strand Theater in New York City a special treat was given the American public. The Imperial German Government gave the United States

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[1]Ibid., p. 3.

[2]New York Times, December 31, 1916, III, 4.

[3]Ibid.

permission to present the movie "Germany and Its Armies of Today," which showed the Kaiser inspecting and reviewing troops.[1] Little did the people of the United States realize that these same German troops would within one year be fighting against their own sons.

On the military scene in 1916 much was done toward "preparedness." Major General Leonard Wood testified before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs that this country was defenseless against an invasion of trained troops and he advised compulsory service. On March 14, an emergency resolution to raise the regular army to full strength of 100,000 men by recruiting 20,000 was adopted by the House. The next day the Senate adopted a similar resolution. On June 3, Wilson signed the Army Reorganization Bill. The month of June also saw "preparedness parades" in many cities. In the latter part of December, Major General Hugh L. Scott, Chief of the General Staff, told the House Committee of the War College's scheme for universal military training. By the end of 1916 America was well on her way to being prepared "just in case" there was a conflict with Germany.[2]

When the Germans torpedoed the liner Sussex in the English Channel in March of 1916, and when they allegedly caused the Black Tom explosion at the docks of Jersey City in July, the people of America began to see the handwriting

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[1] Ibid., II, 5-6.

[2] Ibid., III, 3.

on the wall. Tin Pan Alley was now standing in the wings ready to supply the country with the war tunes they wanted and appropriately enough new songs now flooded the country. Jingoistic ditties included "Follow the Flag You Love," "Stand by Your Uncle Sam," and "I'm Gonna Raise My Boy to be a Soldier and a Credit to the U.S.A." Young men sang regretfully "I've got the Army Blues," "Soldier Boy," and "My Country I Hear You Calling Me." Other appealing numbers were "I Ain't Got Nobody," and "What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes at Me For." George M. Cohan, not to be outdone when it came to waving the flag, gave America "There's Only One Little Girl."

In 1916 one year before our country had its first draft act, the young women of America were already wishing their doughboys a bon voyage by singing "I'm Proud Of You Laddie," and "Goodbye, Good Luck, God Bless You." From England in 1916, we wholeheartedly accepted that appealing war ballad "Roses of Picardy." As Sigmund Spaeth mentioned in his fine book, "We were now so close to the war ourselves that the tragic implications of 'Roses of Picardy' made a deep and lasting impression on our entire population."[1]

Non-military songs also made an appearance at the time. Some representatives of musical America of that year were: "If I Knock the 'L' out of Kelly," "I Can Dance with Everybody But My Wife," "Since Maggie Dooley Learned the Hooley Hooley,"

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[1]Sigmund Spaeth, A History of Popular Music in America (New York: Random House, 1948), p. 401.

"Give a Little Credit to Your Dad," "There's a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl," and "Ireland Must be Heaven For My Mother Came from There." Then, too, in 1916 the Hawaiian craze hit our country and the guitar became our national musical instrument. "Oh! How She Could Yacki, Hacki, Wicki, Wacki, Woo," "They're Wearing 'Em Higher in Hawaii," and "Yaaka Hula Hickey Dula" brought much in the way of royalties to the American songwriters who cashed in on the craze with these novelty numbers. A reminder to President Wilson of the debt he owed the Golden State was included in the 1916 post election song, "Be Good to California, Mr. Wilson, California Was Good to You."

BE GOOD TO CALIFORNIA, MR. WILSON,
CALIFORNIA WAS GOOD TO YOU

Refrain

We thank you California for the thing that
you have done,
Tho' he's not a native son
You have treated him like one
The nation takes its hat off
To the great and golden West
California you have stood a mighty test.

Chorus

Be good to California, Mr. Wilson,
California was good to you,
And don't forget 'twas votes for women,
Helped to win the vict'ry, too,
For when the tide was turning fast against you,
She made your dream come true,
Be good to California, Mr. Wilson,
California was good to you.

Refrain

From Maine to California they went rolling on
with Hughes,
And we waited for the news
For we know we couldn't lose
The answer will go thund'ring down

the corridor of fame
California answer "Wilson" is his name.[1]

Songs are usually a barometer of the times. Generally they give us a clue as to what the entire populace is thinking or how it feels about certain issues. Nowhere was this more evident than in the years preceding America's entrance into World War I when the popular songs of the hour reflected the reversal of opinion of the majority of our people. In 1914 woe to anyone who expressed a desire to become enmeshed in the troubles of another continent. Our country sang loud and clear "I Don't Want to go to War." In 1915 the mothers of our boys united in song and sang "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," but in 1916 America began to realize that she would have to make a decision. When alleged German wrongdoings were publicized, our sentiments crystallized in favor of the Allies and by 1916 the people were now only too happy to sing "Stand by Your Uncle Sam."

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[1]Found in the World War I Music Collection in the Library of Congress--Copyright number E 392460.

CHAPTER III

YEAR OF DECISION--1917

The year 1917 was America's year of decision. On January 22, Wilson spoke before the Senate and made a stirring appeal for the settlement of the war issues at once.[1] His proposal for "peace without victory," however, fell on deaf ears. The Allies were not interested in accepting a stalemate. Germany's answer to his appeal was her proclamation on the resumption of unrestricted submarine warfare. Disregarding the Sussex pledge it made in May of 1916, Germany now stated that she would sink all ships in the war zone whether they were neutral or belligerent, passenger or merchant.

The British blockade had brought shortages and hunger to Germany. By using their submarines Germany's military leaders thought they had a chance to win the war. Without the U-boat they believed their chances slim. It was necessary for them to cut off England's supplies from all over the world, including munitions from America. The German Government was well aware that unrestricted submarine warfare would bring the United States into the conflict. They were of the opinion, however, that Britain could be forced out of the war

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[1] New York Times, January 23, 1917, p. 1.

before America could have an opportunity to raise, train, and ship sufficient troops overseas to tip the balance. As Professor Bailey has emphasized: "With an eye to the tremendous traffic in munitions financed by American loans, the Germans reasoned that the Americans could scarcely help the Allies more as co-belligerents than they were doing as neutrals."[1]

After Germany's announcement of unrestricted submarine warfare, President Wilson appeared before Congress on February 3, 1917 and announced the severance of diplomatic relations with Germany. On February 26, the President also asked Congress for authority to arm our merchant ships and to employ methods that were necessary to protect our ships and people in peaceful pursuit on the high seas. Congress agreed to arm our merchant ships, but many of its members were not completely in favor of Wilson's second request. So, on March 1, the President released the famed "Zimmermann Note." Its story is quickly told. On January 16, 1917, German Foreign Secretary Alfred Zimmermann sent a secret message to Mexico suggesting an alliance with Germany with the prospect of recovering Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona if Germany won the war. This note had been intercepted and deciphered by British authorities and turned over to the United States on February 26. Wilson in turn kept it from the American public until March 1. As a result of the "Note" a tremendous wave

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[1]Bailey, p. 591.

of anti-German sentiment swept over the country.[1]

During March of 1917 German U-boats sunk three American ships flying the American flag with a heavy loss of life. Still America and Wilson wanted peace. But from March 12 to March 20 Wilson suffered his Gethsemane. Slowly but surely events lead the nation into a war it did not want.[2] On April 2, 1917, Wilson, facing a jam-packed House of Representatives, advised our lawmakers to recognize the status of belligerency which had been forced upon this country. Congress responded promptly to this appeal. On April 4, the Senate passed a war resolution by a vote of eighty two to six.[3] At 3:12 a.m. on April 6, the House of Representatives after a sixteen hour debate, gave its approval by a count of three hundred and seventy three to fifty.[4] Wilson immediately issued a proclamation of war against Germany.

As a result of the declaration of war, teachers could no longer teach the German language in the New York public schools and the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City banned German opera.[5] With our entry into the conflict mothers and sweethearts knitted woolen wristlets, helmets,

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[1]Arthur S. Link, Woodrow Wilson and the Progressive Era, 1910-1917 (New York: Harper and Bros., 1954), pp. 271-273.

[2]Ibid., pp. 275-278.

[3]New York Times, April 5, 1917, p. 1.

[4]Ibid., April 6, 1917, p. 1.

[5]Julius Mattfeld (comp.), Variety Music Cavalcade (New York: Prentice-Hall, 1952), p. 357.

and khaki colored squares for blankets. Nor did they forget the navy. For the bell-bottoms they knitted "midnight blue" heavy duty turtle neck sweaters. Everyone who could "knit one, pearl two" contributed to the war effort. Churches and business firms proudly exhibited plaques bearing the names of those serving in the armed forces. The civilians gladly observed meatless, wheatless and fruitless days in order to save food for consumption by our fighting forces.[1]

By now "Neutrality" and "Preparedness" were no longer the order of the day. The United States was in the fight and ready to see the war through to the finish. So, song-writers produced war songs at a lively pace. Americans sang to each other "What Kind of An American Are You?" and "America Needs You Like a Mother--Would You Turn Your Mother Down?" There was an individual in this country who did not turn America down and was the first to volunteer to shoulder a gun. This was none other than Theodore Roosevelt. Even though the World War to Wilson meant suffering and death, to Roosevelt it aroused the dormant traits of his adolescent life.[2] In February of 1917 Roosevelt wrote to Secretary of War, Newton Baker, and appealed to him to raise a Roosevelt Division. This was reason enough for the tunesmiths to write a hit tune of that year "If We Had A Million More Like Teddy": "The War Would Be Over To-day."

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[1]Ibid.

[2]Henry F. Pringle, Theodore Roosevelt: A Biography (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, Inc., Harvest Book, 1956), p. 414.

IF WE HAD A MILLION MORE LIKE TEDDY
(The War Would Be Over To-day)

The curse of war is at our door,
And if you haven't thought of it before,
It's time to put your grudges and politics aside,
A square deal for your countrymen must never be denied.
There's one who volunteered and he's in tip top fighting trim,
And there's a hundred thousand more who want to go with him.

Chorus:

If we had a million more like Teddy,
The war would be over today,
He's willing to risk his life and fight across the sea
Don't you realize the chance he'd take would be for you and me.

He went up to Mister Wilson and gave him his hand
And said I'll gladly help you and our dear old Yankee Land
We would have a dandy chance to pay a debt we owe to France,
If we had a million more like him.[1]

It was impossible for Wilson to allow Roosevelt to have his division. Roosevelt would have been a source of friction and would have placed General John Pershing in an awkward position. Then, too, his division would have drawn heavily from the civilian officer-material which was needed to build up a prepared force in America. In addition, war had changed since Roosevelt led his charge up San Juan Hill. Of course, Roosevelt thought that Wilson rejected him for political reasons.[2]

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[1]Found in the World War I Music Collection in the Library of Congress--Copyright Number E 403402.

[2]Pringle, p. 419.

With so many boys going overseas, the song writers tried to provide them with cheerful farewell ballads, hoping that they would be sung not only by the men in uniform but by the "stay-at-homes" as well. Flag waving songs of 1917 included "For Your Country and My Country," "Root for Uncle Sam," "America First," "America Goes Forth to War," "For the Freedom of the World," "Liberty Bell, It's Time to Ring Again," "The Story of Old Glory, the Flag We Love," "(The) Unfurling of the Flag," and "We'll Sing of the Stripes and Stars."

People all over the United States desired to sing such numbers as "Lets All Be Americans Now," and "Do Your Little Bitty Bit Right Now." Men who were not in service were advised in song "Don't Try to Steal the Sweetheart of a Soldier." Recruiting stations urged men to enlist with "I'm in the Army Now," "Dixie Volunteers," "It's Time For Everybody to Be a Soldier," and a hillbilly song designed to appeal to the people of the hinterlands, "Good-Bye Ma! Good-Bye Pa! Good-Bye Mule." The words to this rousing song are as follows:

GOOD-BYE, MA! GOOD-BYE, PA! GOOD-BYE, MULE
(With Yer Old Hee-Haw)

He was just a long, lean country gink
From 'way out West where th' hop-toads wink;
He was six feet two in his stockin' feet,
An' kept gittin' thinner th' more he'd eat.
But he was as brave as he was thin,
When th' war broke out he got right in.
Unhitch'd his plow, put th' mule away,
Then th' old folk heard him say:

Refrain:

Goodby, Ma! Goodby, Pa! Goodby, Mule, with yer old hee-haw!

I may not know what th' war's about,
But, you bet, by gosh, I'll soon find out.
An, O my sweetheart don't you fear,
I'll bring you a King fer a souvenir;
I'll get you a Turk an' a Kaiser too,
An' that's about all one feller could do.[1]

The United States made plans for troops to be sent to France immediately after the proclamation of war, but the U-boat menace delayed such action. The French military authorities were annoyed because the United States was so slow in sending replacements. This did not phase the song writers one bit. When American troops began to arrive in France songwriters responded with such ballads as "Somewhere in France is Daddy," and "When Yankee Doodle Learns to Parlez Vous Francais." Nor did our tunesmiths forget those who fought on the home front. They pacified them with "(The) Man behind the Hammer and the Plow."

A "sure hit" song of the day was any ballad that had mother appeal and there were many on the "mother market" in 1917. Some of the more well known ones were "America, Here's My Boy," "So Long, Mother," "There's a Vacant Chair in Every Home Tonight," "If I had a Son for Each Star in Old Glory," "Good Bye, Mother Mine," and "(The)Mothers of Our Nation Are Crying For Peace Not War."

With so many "hailing and farewelling of our troops" one of the most successful parting songs was "Goodbye Broadway, Hello France," sung in the Passing Show of 1917. This song was written on an impulse. C. Francis Resiner, a songwriter,

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[1]Found in the World War I Music Collection in the Library of Congress--M1646W.

told his partner, William Baskette, one day in 1917 that he had a good title for a patriotic song--"Goodbye Broadway, Hello France." Almost on the spot a new tune was born. In retrospect this is how Baskette tells the story:

> The construction of the song began that very moment, for the title sounded wonderful to me. Perhaps I worked under that inspiration. At any rate, while I have written a number of other songs, patriotic and otherwise . . . this one seems to have carried me away somehow--and apparently it has affected other people in the same way. That experience, however, is not at all an unusual one in the life of a song-writer. He may write twenty-five songs, all apparently equally good; then comes the twenty-sixth, and behold! for no special reason that he can see, it is the 'hit' of his life.
>
> Owing to the fact that the majority of our soldiers and sailors must pass through New York city before taking their leave across the waters, and that millions of boys were saying good-bye to their loved ones, as well as their country, some of them never to return again, was the cause of the inspiration . . . .[1]

The doughboy only had a vague idea as to where he would be sent and how long he would be there. In all sincerity they sang "I Don't Know Where I'm Going But I'm on My Way," and "I May Be Gone For a Long, Long Time." The reluctant volunteers (the draftees) summed up their sentiment when they sang "Everybody Has His Troubles and I'm Having Mine," "Good-bye, Mother, So-long Dad, Hello Uncle Sam," and "We're Going Over."

A song in a serious vein, however, did make an appearance in 1917--"Joan of Arc, They Are Calling You." The patron saint of France was the inspiration for America's contribution

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[1]American War Songs (Philadelphia, Pa.: Private Printing, 1925), pp. 183-184.

to the musical munition of the Allies.[1] Alfred Bryan, Willie Weston, and Jack Wells wrote this inspiring ballad. Strange as it may seem, Bryan was also the author of "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier" which appeared in 1915 and which found a home wherever German sympathizers and pacifists gathered. When we declared war, however, it disappeared from the song counters and Bryan as quickly changed his sentiments and came up with "Joan of Arc, They Are Calling You." As the New York Times has written: "It is irritatingly commonplace in words, but the music by Jack Wells is inspiring."[2] Another Gallic ditty for 1917 was "Lorraine, My Beautiful Alsace Lorraine."

Sentimental sob songs were the voice of the home people and easily could have sent the whole country on an emotional spree for the duration of the war. "Send Back Dear Daddy to Me," "Send Me Away with a Smile," "Sweet Little Buttercup," "Laddie Boy," "Somewhere in France is the Lily," and "Au Revoir But Not Goodbye, Soldier Boy" really tugged at the heart strings. The flood of this type of song never abated.

One of the most rollicking, rowdy songs of '17 was "It's a Long Way to Berlin, But We'll Get There" written by Arthur Fields. Leon Flatow provided the music. Fields was a well-known recording figure while Flatow was a former vaudeville performer from Chicago. Both were members of the

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[1]Robin Bailey, "Songs Our Soldiers Sing," Sunset, XL (May, 1918), 23.

[2]New York Times, December 8, 1918, III, p. 1.

New York 71st Regiment and they collaborated on this song for the express purpose of recruiting as many men as possible. Fields sung this war song on August 1, 1917 from a truck in New York City in an appeal for recruits. The original title was "I'm Feeling Fit to Do My Bit and Am on My Way to Do It."[1]

The line, "When the Boys Come Home," already suggested by "Keep the Home Fires Burning," served as a title for a song in 1917 for John Hay and Oley Speaks. John Hay, Secretary of State under President William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt, wrote a war poem during the time of his incumbency as President Lincoln's private secretary. Speaks decided to put it to music because he thought it one of the finest of all military poems inasmuch as it was not somber and doleful, but dealt with the cheery side of war. The public of America first heard this poem put to music at the Hippodrome Theatre in New York City when John Philip Sousa conducted his band in the accompaniment on this occasion.[2]

So many melodies of mirth flooded the song counters in 1917 that the American public experienced a year of indecision as to what they should purchase. Songs made an appearance which expressed sentiments of sacrifice, of yearning for absent ones, of loneliness for those left behind in the security of our country. "Apres La Guerre," "Aviators Hymn," "Can the Kaiser," "Have You Seen the Lad Called a Slacker" all appealed to those on the home front. Patriotic

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[1]American War Songs, pp. 171-172.

[2]Ibid., pp. 173-174.

pride was expressed in such songs as "Good Luck to the U. S. A.," "We're Going to Hang the Kaiser under the Linden Tree," and "Prayer for America." One song even prayed for a short war and this was certainly the hope of all Americans. The tune was "Tom, Dick, Harry and Jack": "Hurry back, hurry back, be quick; do the trick, get it over--then don't even stop to pack."

The sale of Liberty Bonds was encouraged by the tune "Buy a Liberty Bond for the Baby." Not even the ladies who fought the war with knitting needles were forgotten. "Listen to the Knocking at the Knitting Club" was their theme song. It was reported that the Fulton Theatre in New York City on Forty sixth Street, posted a notice at its box office asking that this Knitting Corps not knit during the action of the play as it disturbed other patrons.[1]

America's barrage of tunes in 1917 included a song which did so much to stimulate the hopeful enthusiasm of the doughboys. This was the cheerful ballad, "Where Do We Go From Here?" The catchy words and lilting air resulted in the tune being called "America's Tipperary." Howard Johnson, the author of this well-known song explained how he came up with such a title.

> I wanted to get a happy-go-lucky song that would take the boys' minds off the war . . . . A man who is going to the front often wants to leave the thought of war behind him for a while. So I wrote the first two stanzas of my song around a Broadway cabman and made the refrain one that everybody on Broadway knew, and used with a smile: 'Where Do We Go From Here?'

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[1]Green and Laurie, Jr., p. 127.

> Most of the men who sung my song didn't in the least know where they were going--whether they were headed for a training camp in the east, the south, or the west, or whether they were going direct to France, and of course, when they got to France, they knew, if possible, still less about their goal.[1]

One of the most rollicking songs of World War I and perhaps liked best by the doughboys because its singing could release accumulated tensions was "Hail, Hail, the Gangs All Here." This song has always been a "must" with large groups of men, and it has been told that our marines charged the enemy lines at Chateau-Thierry singing "Hail, Hail . . . ."[2] On that crucial July day over 6,200 of our doughboys were either killed or wounded. This fierce and bitter battle at Chateau-Thierry marked the beginning of the German strategic retreat and was the turning point of the fighting in 1918. Originally written by Theodore Morse in 1904, "Hail, Hail . . ." was an instant hit with the troops. They particularly liked to boom out the phrase "What the hell do we care," and because of this it never appeared in many song books. If it found its way into some song collections, the word deuce was usually substituted for hell.[3]

One ballad appeared in 1917 which produced a record by selling a million copies in its first year and then coming back twenty-two years later on even a larger scale.[4] This

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[1]Bailey, Sunset, XL, 23.

[2]Edward A. Dolph, "Sound Off!" (New York: Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., 1942), p. 95.

[3]Browne, 1960, p. 262.

[4]Spaeth, A History of Popular Music in America, p. 403.

was the ever popular "Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny, Oh!" Originally a war song it extolled the wonder of Johnny's fighting ability, but ended up by changing "how you can fight" to "how you can love."

Perhaps even more popular was the familiar "Smiles" written in 1917 by J. Will Callahan and Lew Roberts. Kenneth Clark has said the following in his well-known book on American songs:

> Something in the cheery lilt of the music, as well as the mild sentimentality of the words, made 'Smiles' a war-time favorite with the men in the A. E. F. no less than with the folks at home . . . . Among the A. E. F. the song was not only sung in its original form but with numerous parodies.[1]

At one time Roberts heard a speaker stress the importance of a smile and this idea remained with him and gave him the title for the song. In the space of a few minutes he wrote the melody.[2] Roberts soon followed with the lyrics. Both writers, of course, were trying to create a song that the troops would like to sing. They definitely came up with a winner in "Smiles." The Independent, a periodical of the times, said, "'Smiles' was Young America, cocky, laughing, a little vulgar, and just full of beans."[3]

In 1917 the mobilization of our resources and our man power was not the whole story of the nation's preparation

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[1]Kenneth Clark, Stories of America's Songs (4th ed.; New York: National Bureau for the Advancement of Music, 1941), p. 22.

[2]Cassie Burk, Virginia Meierhoffer, and Claude Phillips, America's Musical Heritage (New York: Laidlaw Bros., 1942), 325.

[3]Chanticleer, "Songs of War," The Independent, November 8, 1924, p. 372.

for war. Wilson's administration had to enlist the aid of that intangible force--public opinion. Realizing that many in this country were opposed to the war, Wilson created a Committee on Public Information headed by George Creel, a former journalist. He had the task of "selling the war" to America and mobilizing the minds of the people. One of the ways this could be accomplished was through the power of song. Creel's Committee on Public Information knew that songs were important to the war effort and to the maintenance of morale. This Committee prepared a collection in booklet form for use in community sings in the nation's film houses. Song leaders chosen by Creel's Committee led these song fests and encouraged the movie audience to participate en masse in this "Four-Minute Singing."[1] Right from the beginning this venture was a huge success.[2] Creel's organization made sure there were sufficient songs glamorizing all the branches of the service. They saw to it that local bands serenaded draftees off to training camps. Nothing the soldiers or civilians could want in the way of music was lacking. When the European war became America's war, music was one of the first volunteers to don khaki for Uncle Sam.

In April of 1917 George M. Cohan wrote the song of the war (perhaps of all wars)--"Over There." It was

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[1]U.S., Complete Report of the Chairman of the U.S. Committee on Public Information: 1917: 1918: 1919 (Washington: U. S. Government Printing Office, 1920), p. 27.

[2]George Creel, How We Advertised America (New York: Harper and Bros., 1920), p. 93.

introduced by Charles King at a Red Cross benefit at the Hippodrome Theatre in New York City in the fall of 1917.[1] The frenzied reception it received left no doubt in anyone's mind as to the effect of Cohan's contribution to the war effort. Feist's publishing firm paid Cohan $25,000 for the song and in less than a year sold 440,000 copies at a dime each.[2] Cohan donated all the royalties to various war charities. President Wilson said that Cohan's song was "a genuine inspiration to all American manhood."[3] Both the words and music of "Over There" was created for the express purpose of helping the Allies win the war. Browne has written: "The sentiment, 'We'll be over, we're coming over, and we won't come back, till it's over, over there,' together with the swift action indicated and the blithe, yet menacing melody, put the entire situation in a nutshell, from the American point of view."[4] On the same score Marcuse has emphasized:

> That this great composition . . . measures up to the highest popular concept of good music, is evidenced by the fact that it stiffened the morale of millions of soldiers, quickening their step and adding zest to their determination 'to make the world safe for democracy.'[5]

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[1]Ewen, Panorama of American Popular Music, p. 30.

[2]Green and Laurie, Jr., p. 126.

[3]Ewen, Panorama of American Popular Music, p. 30.

[4]Browne, 1931, p. 296.

[5]Marcuse, p. 425.

"Over There" meant France or any place in Europe where the job needed doing. The word was sent out that the Yanks were coming and that they were not going to return until 'it was over, over there.'

Oscar Hammerstein II in the New York Times has said:

> This last line [of the song] was not only an example of good songwriting, it was a timely stroke of international diplomacy. It was important to say we were coming over to aid our allies, but even more important to tell them that we were not coming over with any token aid or on any temporary basis. We did not intend to leave the job half done. We would not come back till it was 'over, over there.'[1]

It was ironic that the first time Cohan tried out the song it received only a lukewarm reception. He happened to play the song at the conclusion of a camp show at Fort Myer, Virginia. The soldiers accepted it somewhat unenthusiastically. Cohan, feeling a little dejected, came to the conclusion that the critics were right--it was just a bugle call. Little did he realize that within a few weeks every American would know the words of this immortal war song by heart. What else he was unaware of was that the doughboys he had asked to pass judgment on the song had just returned from a day "in the field," and were in no mood to judge anything or anybody, much less a song. So the song that received one of the coldest receptions in history became the military anthem of World War I.[2] As Sigmund Spaeth has emphasized, "It was the only song of the First World War

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[1]May 5, 1957, VI, 72.

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that clearly maintained its popularity through the second, and it has already been admitted without question to the Hall of Fame representing America's patriotic music."[1]

But "Over There" was only one of a number of climaxes in the life of George M. Cohan. He was born in Providence, Rhode Island, the offspring of two troupers in the vaudeville circuit. He had an explosive personality and stood for the symbol of a new era in our country. He was brash, arrogant, cocksure and egocentric. Not only was he a showman but he was a performer second to none. His bad feature was that he let everyone know just how good he was.

He first appeared on the stage at the age of eight as a child hoofer in an act entitled the "Four Cohans." By the time he was nine this precocious, cocky youngster was so obnoxious that most vaudevillians expressed a great dislike for him.[2] He spent all his time on the stage and never bothered to attend school like other boys his age. Most of Cohan's education consisted of reading the bibles of the show world--The Billboard, The Clipper, and The Police Gazette and by exercising collosal curiosity.[3] He published his first song when he was fifteen. Soon more followed. To receive ten and twenty dollars for these minstrel songs was no mean accomplishment for a fifteen year old when it was usually

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[1]Spaeth, A History of Popular Music in America, p. 343.

[2]Jack Burton, The Blue Book of Tin Pan Alley (Watkins Glen, New York: Century House, 1950), p. 72.

[3]Ibid., p. 73.

limited to the few big wheels of the Alley. However, he was so bold that people referred to him as "that Cohan brat." Women Gothamites, nevertheless, found little Georgie quite charming and captivating and referred to him as the "little angel in the Lord Fauntleroy suit." But, as Jack Burton stated, "to the rest of the world he was a pain in the neck and points further south."[1]

Because of his overbearing attitude people avoided Cohan. He soon was jolted into an awareness of his own short comings and realized he would have to change his manner if success was to come his way. By the time he was seventeen he took over the family bank roll and managed the Cohan enterprises. In the years following he wrote, produced and directed many of the Gay White Way's musical comedies. Needless to say, he was the star in these productions and his hero and heroines were bona fide Americans. Many critics scoffed at his flag waving and patriotic commercialism but New York City audiences demanded more. Cohan brought to the stage something new, a light, jaunty air--uniquely American.[2]

Cohan was the Yankee Doodle Boy of the theater. Everything about him was personalized. People came from far and near to see him perform. He had his trademark--a derby cocked over one eye, a bamboo cane in hand, an eloquent manner of pointing his forefinger. Only Cohan could sing

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out of the corner of his mouth with a nasal twang and have his audience clap for more. He danced with a halting kangeroo step and strutted up and down stage in such a manner as to create an immediate bond between himself and his audience.

In 1906, when he introduced a certain song to the American public, he instituted a routine which was to become famous. He ran up and down stage singing the praises of flag and country with an American flag draped around his body. He introduced this gimmick when he sang his hit song "You're a Grand Old Flag" in his hit show George Washington Junior. After his opening performance there was somewhat of a scandal concerning this song about the flag. The idea for this song occurred to him when he heard a G. A. R. veteran tell him that he had been a color bearer during Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. The veteran proudly pointed to the stars and stripes and said she was a "grand old rag." When he decided to write a patriotic number he used the expression--"grand old rag." Several Veteran organizations censured Cohan for insulting the flag. Only a veteran could use this term and not appear disrespectful. When Cohan substituted flag for rag the furor subsided, and all was forgiven.[1]

Cohan brought into the theater a gust of fresh wind. He swept away everything reminiscent of the "old country" and guided the musical theater to new heights. He called himself the Yankee Doodle Boy. People were somewhat disgusted with

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When America went to war in 1917 Cohan proved that his flag waving was not of a superficial nature. His patriotism went much deeper. Men mobilized all over the country. Our doughboys marched, trained, and prepared to give up their lives for the freedom of the world. They fought to the call of the bugle. Cohan's patriotism enabled him to write the stirring song "Over There." "Over There" was just as singable up to the very day of the Armistice as it was when our troops first began to cross the Atlantic.

The Literary Digest has stated that when George M. Cohan wrote "Over There" he had his hand on the people's pulse--that he had the knack of being an interpreter of their

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moods during the turbulent era of World War I.[1] "Never was a plant more indigenous to a particular part of the earth than was George M. Cohan to the United States of his day," wrote Oscar Hammerstein II in the New York Times. "The whole nation was confident of its superiority, its moral virtue, its happy isolation from the intrigues of the 'old countries' from which many of our fathers and grandfathers had migrated."[2] Hammerstein went on to say:

> . . . George Cohan was 'slick.' Higher praise had we for no one. That was the word of the day. There is always one word which means 'best.' 'Slick' has since been supplanted at various times by 'keen,' 'hot,' 'cool,' 'terrific,' 'the most.' In those early days of Cohan's stardom (circa 1905), 'slick' was the adjective for him. He had to share it with lots of other people. The Yale football team was 'slick.' . . .[3]

The word was coined especially for Cohan. He was indeed a smooth article on the stage. Jack Burton has written of the famous song and dance man:

> Probably when St. Peter cued him through the Pearly Gates, George M. Cohan, his grey derby cocked on one side of his head and his bamboo cane swung over his shoulder, took a big bow and gave his old curtain speech in the nasal twang millions had applauded:
> 'I thank you for myself. I thank you for my mother. I thank you for my father. And for my sister in vaudeville.'[4]

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[1]"Two Wars in Song," The Literary Digest, December 28, 1918, p. 31.

[2]May 5, 1957, VI, 14.

[3]Ibid.

[4]Burton, p. 75.

CHAPTER IV

WHEATLESS AND MEATLESS DAYS

In 1918 the World War entered its last year. On January 8, Wilson appeared before Congress and delivered his "Fourteen Points of Peace." Meanwhile, in Russia, the provisional government which had been set up by the revolution in March of 1917 collapsed and the Bolshevik group led by Nikolai Lenin and Leon Trotsky seized power on November 6, 1917. They tried to make peace with Germany and finally accepted the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk in March of 1918. Now that Russia was out of the war Germany could shift the masses of her troops to the western front for an all out effort against the Allies.

In the war zone, the campaigns of 1918 revealed a new quality of leadership on both sides. Supplies of men and ammunitions ceased to be a problem for the Allies. The British army began to use tanks as a weapon of war. Ferdinand Foch was made commander of all Allied forces in France. By the end of July, 1918, twenty-seven divisions of American troops had arrived overseas.[1] Our doughboys fought in the Marne Valley and in the assaults on the German lines between Soissons and Chateau-Thierry. Pershing, who was the Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces, determined

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[1]Falls, p. 353.

to put an end to the use of American troops as "fillers" and ordered an "American" offensive at all costs.[1] This first "American" offensive in September of 1918 reduced the salient at Saint-Mihiel, which the Germans held since the beginning of the war. The Germans were caught off guard because they were in the process of pulling out of the salient. The Americans routed the Germans and took 15,000 prisoners and over 450 guns.[2] In October of 1918 an American force broke through the German lines at Meuse-Argonne and hastened Germany's plea for an armistice. On November 11, 1918, the armistice was signed in a railway car near Compiegne, France.

The American public greeted the announcement of the armistice with wild and noisy demonstrations. Ticker tape parades in New York City alone produced one hundred fifty-five tons of paper that had to be swept from the streets. Proclamations and signs everywhere read: "Closed for the Kaiser's funeral" and "Too happy to work; come back tomorrow."[3]

The fact that the armistice was signed in November of 1918 allowed ample time for war songs. As usual the doughboys chose those songs that made little or no mention of war. If songs had comic overtones they enjoyed it even more. Such songs made an appearance as "If He Can Fight Like He

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[1] Ibid., p. 356.

[2] Ibid., p. 381.

[3] Mattfeld, p. 365.

Can Love, Good Night, Germany!," "Keep Your Head Down, Fritzie Boy," "Oh! Frenchy," and "When Alexander Takes His Ragtime Band to France." Other hits of 1918 were: "The Farther Away from Broadway, the Closer to Berlin," "If You Can Hear Them Calling Clancey": "He's My Boy," "The Little Good-for-Nothing's Good for Something After All," "Oui, Oui, Marie," "Pick a Little Four Leaf Clover and Send It Over to Me," and "You'll Find Old Dixieland in France."

Tunesmiths kept beating the big bass drum with patriotic numbers--"Let's Keep the Glow in Old Glory," and "America, Make the World Safe for Democracy." Shortages of food and fuel in our country were reflected with such songs as "We Don't Want the Bacon, What We Want is a Piece of the Rhine," "Keep Cool, the Country's Saving Fuel," and "(The) Devil has Bought Up All the Coal." The rationing of food and its effect on the breakfast tables all over America caused The Stars and Stripes to declare:

> The flapjack has tottered to its fall. Deprived of its necessary accompaniments of sugar, butter, syrup and so forth by a heartless food administration, it is now wheat rationed, and thus robbed of its pristine strength and vigor. The breakfast food of our fathers, the blanket like, batter-made beatitude of our boyhood, is threatened with extinction. It will soon wither and die.[1]

The bulk of the war expenses was met by borrowing money from the public. Four "Liberty Loan Drives" and a final Victory Loan were floated to the tunes of "What Are You Going to Do to Help the Boys," "Don't be a Slacker," and

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[1]The Stars and Stripes, March 1, 1918, p. 4.

"Everybody's Swatting at the Same Big Fly." The country reassured the soldiers as to the spirit of the "stay-at-homes" with "We'll Do Our Share While You're Over There." Such ballads as "That's a Mother's Liberty Loan," "Mother, I'm Going Over," and "Be Brave, My Boy, Be Brave," appealed to the mothers of America. Irving Berlin made a contribution to the war effort in the way of song with his "They Were All Out of Step But Jim," "Oh! How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," and "I'm Gonna Pin My Medal on the Girl I Left Behind." The French craze entered into songs of 1917 vintage with "Lafayette, We Hear You Calling," and "Somewhere in France is My Laddie."

Lieutenant Gitz Rice wrote one of the most popular songs of 1918--"Dear Old Pal of Mine." He was a Canadian officer serving on the field of battle and when the opportunity presented itself he wrote many songs in which he attempted to explain the thoughts and emotions of his men. "Dear Old Pal of Mine" perhaps was considered his most famous song.[1] The thought for this song occurred to him in April of 1915--after the first gas attack and second battle of the Ypres salient, after the sinking of the Lusitania and the death of the noble British soldier--Lord Herbert Horatio Kitchener. Rice thought that the song was a bit maudlin and that the public would not be interested in the loss of a buddy. Certain people encouraged him to publish it and the reaction of the American people proved how wrong he was.

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[1]American War Songs, p. 156.

Its popularity was assured after John McCormack, the great concert artist, sang it.[1]

A good bet with any singing crowd in 1918 was the stuttering song "K-K-K-Katy" which gave rise to numerous parodies such as "K-K-K-P" and "K-K-K-Kootie."

K-K-K-KATY

Jimmy was a soldier brave and bold,
Katie was a maid with hair of gold,
Like an act of fate, Kate was standing
at the gate,
Watching all the boys on dress parade.
Kate smiled, with a twinkle in her eye,
Jim said "Meet you b-b-bye and bye."
That same night at eight, Jim was at
the garden gate,
Stuttering this song to K-K-Kate.

Chorus:

K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,
You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore;
When the m-m-m-moon shines,
Over the wood-shed,
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen
door.[2]

The New York Times stated that the presence of so many sentimental and worthless songs was a result of the shortness of the war. As for our doughboys, they flatly refused to sing martial songs.[3] Other nonsense songs which were popular were "Good Morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip" and the famous "Mademoiselle from Armentieres."

In 1917 and 1918 two rambunctious hits of Tin Pan Alley

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[1]Lieutenant Gitz Rice, "Dear Old Pal of Mine," The Delineator, XCV (July, 1919), 8.

[2]Found in the World War I Music Collection in the Library of Congress--M1646.0.

[3]December 8, 1918, III, 1.

were banned by the Government--"I Don't Want to Get Well": 'I'm in Love with a Beautiful Nurse," and "There'll Be a Hot Time for the Old Men While the Young Men Are Away." As Green and Laurie emphasized: "Considering these tunes 'opposed to the best interests of the draft,' Federal officers forbade them to be sung, and compelled Feist [music publisher] to destroy all copies of the sheet music. The year following, all songs with the theme of 'peace' were barred, under suspicion of being German propaganda."[1]

Humorous songs that tickled the funnybone rode high in 1918--some examples of these were: "When I Send You a Picture of Berlin": "You'll know it's 'over, over there'," "What An Army of Men We'd Have If They Ever Drafted the Girls" and "Would You Rather Be a Colonel with an Eagle on Your Shoulder, Or a Private with a Chicken on Your Knee?" The words to this rousing tune were sung with much gusto not only by the military but civilians as well. The doughboys reminded the sweethearts they left behind "Your Lips Are No Man's Land But Mine." The girls in return woefully sang "A Good Man is Hard to Find."

A scattered melange of 1918 hits included: "Bing! Bang! Bing 'em on the Rhine," and its chorus, "While we go swimming in the Rhine, We'll hang our clothes on Hindenburg's old line," "Dear Little Cootie," "When Rascus Johnson Cake Walks Through Berlin," and "We'll Win the Victory." The last

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[1]Green and Laurie, Jr., p. 192.

song was dedicated to President Wilson.

Some "patriotic ditties" were "Liberty Statue is Looking Right at You," and "Stand By Your President." Even Uncle Sam got into the act with "Uncle Sam is Calling Now" and "Uncle Sam is Calling Me." Songs were written as fast as they could be absorbed by the public. "Sentimentality" was the theme of the hour. We had in 1918 such songs as "There's a Little Blue Star in the Window," "Your Boy and My Boy," and the rather distressful "Hello, Central, Give Me No Man's Land." But sentiment in some instances did not go too far. For one writer who would "Like to See the Kaiser with a Lily in His Hand," there were scores who would have liked to see him where lilies never grow.[1] Some song writers even wished to "Hang the Kaiser to a Sour Apple Tree"--other tunesmiths voiced the sentiments of the people with "We're All Going Calling on the Kaiser," and "Everyone Can Lick the Kaiser If He Wants To."

Other ditties popular in 1918 were "Come On America," "Here We Come, America," "My Bit of a Girl" and "When Pershing's Men Go Marching Into Picardy." The latter song was introduced by John McCormack at a great gathering in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York on September 28 when Wilson made his address on our War Aims which prefaced the beginning for the Fourth Liberty Loan.[2] "My Belgian Rose,"

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[1]Guillermo M. Tomas, Invincible America: The National Music of United States: In Peace and At War. (Havana, Cuba: "El Siglo XX," 1919.

[2]"Music and War," The Musician, XXIII (November, 1918), 756.

"Rose of No Man's Land," and "Say a Prayer for the Boys Over There," were also high on the hit parade. "Rose of No Man's Land" was the best seller of the war years with some five million copies having been printed.[1]

After the novelty songs had worn off, tunesmiths rushed to the front line with cheer-up numbers. The best known of these was "Cheer Up Father, Cheer Up Mother." Tin Pan Alley also gave our Allies the tender advice, "Belgium, Dry Your Tears." At the same time songwriters invited a flood of tears with "Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight," "Do not Shun Your Uncle Sam," "(The) Soldier's Pledge," "Say Au Revoir, But Not Goodbye," and "In Flanders Fields." Clever performers frequently chose opening songs which would make audiences cry, and for a booming finish would select songs which would bring down the house in a thunderous roar of approval.[2]

Song after song voiced in bellicose language such declarations as these: "Just Like Washington Crossed the Delaware, Pershing Will Cross the Rhine," and We'll Knock the Heligo into Heligo Out of Heligoland!"

One writer even wished to "Move a Little Bit of Broadway to Paris" to make the boys feel right at home. The Allies were not forgotten and "Cheer Up, Tommy Atkins" stood shoulder to shoulder with "When Yankee Doodle Learns to

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[1]Willard A. Heaps, The Singing Sixties (Norman, Okla.: University of Oklahoma Press, 1960), p. 5.

[2]Green and Laurie, Jr., p. 127.

Parlez Vous Francais." George M. Cohan dug deep into his song bag and came up with another hit tune in 1918 entitled "When You Come Back and You Will Come Back, There's the Whole World Waiting For You." Little did he know that when the Bonus Expeditionary Force would march to Washington some fourteen years later it would find the United States Army waiting with tanks and tear gas.[1]

Another of the hit songs of 1918 was "Land of Our Hearts."

LAND OF OUR HEARTS

> Land of our hearts, upon whose bounteous breast
> Earth's weary sons from many lands find rest,
> Bind us in love that we may truly be
> One blood, one Nation, everlastingly.[2]

During World War I it was sung in the Chapel at West Point and became popular in military training camps throughout the United States. It was regarded as an "end of the war" song.[3] The words indicate that love and trust was the only hope for the future.

The songs sung at home were not necessarily the most popular with the soldiers who naturally had their own preferences. They sang, of course, the songs of the field artillery, the coast artillery, the navy, and other branches of the service. The songs they selected from the popular pot

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[1]John D. Hicks, Republican Ascendancy, 1921-1933 (New York: Harper and Bros., 1960), pp. 275-276.

[2]Found in the World War I Music Collection in the Library of Congress-M1646.C.

[3]American War Songs, p. 193.

were generally those with an appeal that rang true in camps and trenches--such as "Madelon." "Madelon" was a great war song of the French Army, written before the war by Louis Bousquet and Camile Robert. The American doughboy very much liked to boom out this particular ballad. In a very short time this song found its way to the United States. As The Independent said:

> A perfect song! Battalions marched to it,. . . in the trenches soldiers hummed it, leaning on their rifles; . . . sabots clacked through the mud to its lilting refrain; . . . men sang it over and over again. And, gradually, it came to be much more than a song. The army learned to love Madelon herself--the girl--the waitress in a soldier's cabaret.
>
> She was more than that. She was a woman, not the wife and mother, the proud guardian of the domestic virtues whom men, in their loftier moments, so much admire, but woman, kindly, laughing, and desirable. She was altogether generous and without meanness or guile.
>
> And if she was not virtuous, it was not because she was lustful or avaricious, but because she was kind, because she loved soldiers, and pitied them and understood them--soldiers who seem half beast and half God, and who are only poor human things who suffer and are lonely . . . .
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Poor Madelon, she had her tragedy. They came, they kissed, and they were grateful, but--they went away. . . .[1]

No song of World War I expressed the sentiments of the "stay-at-homes" better than "Till We Meet Again." As every serious student of American songs knows, Raymond B. Egan wrote the words and Richard A. Whiting composed the music. Today it is still a parting song for all occasions. Its original title was "Auf Wiedersehn," but the publishing

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[1]Chanticleer, The Independent, November 8, 1924, p. 372.

houses said they could not possibly publish a song with a German title during wartime. So the title was changed to "Till We Meet Again." This was the song for those on the home front in World War I while "Over There" was the song for the troops in the trenches. "Till We Meet Again" has since become the unofficial adjournment song of the United States Congress.[1] Kenneth Clark has commented on the tune as follows:

> It possibly possessed too much of the plaintive to be expressive of the men overseas, who usually preferred the rollicking--but its ready acceptance by the people at home made it a permanent favorite. Fortunately, the parting of lovers as epitomized in the text is not exclusively that of war-time and the song therefore means as much today as it did in the demobilization period. However, possibly what has made the song live, even more than its sentimental appeal, is the opportunities that it offers for impromptu part-singing.[2]

Whiting and Egan learned a valuable lesson from "Till We Meet Again"--that the title of a song is extremely vital. Unless the title passes muster people never have an opportunity to hear it. It was fortunate for them that the publishers asked the authors what the title meant in English. When they answered "Till We Meet Again" a hit was born.

During World War I songs were needed to reach people's emotions and to help rouse their patriotism. The theater owners quickly responded to this need. Theaters during the First World War featured war song contests in which music

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[1]Elizabeth Montgomery, The Story Behind Popular Songs (New York: Dodd, Mead and Co., 1958), p. 75.

[2]Clark, pp. 19-20.

publishers were allowed to plug one or two of their war numbers. The audience and their reaction was a yardstick of the songs' appeal. Someone entered "Till We Meet Again" in such a contest. The audience hung on every note of the song. They knew the sorrow and understood the pain of parting which always came about during war time. All America felt the impact of war with most families having someone already in the service or knowing of someone on their way overseas. After the first performance there was never any doubt that "Till We Meet Again" would win the contest hands down.[1]

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

There's a song in the land of the lily
Each sweetheart has heard with a sigh
Over high garden walls
This sweet echo falls
As a soldier boy whispers goodbye--

Chorus:

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu
When the clouds roll by I'll come to you
Then the skies will seem more blue
Down in lovers lane my dearie
Wedding bells will ring so merrily
Every tear will be a memory
So wait and pray each night for me
Till we meet again.[2]

In 1918 one tunesmith appeared on the song market who was second only to George M. Cohan in his ability to keep his fingers properly disposed on the American melodic pulse.[3] He was

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[1]Montgomery, p. 75.

[2]Found in the World War I Music Collection in the Library of Congress--M1646.W--Copyright number E432116.

[3]New York Times, November 17, 1918, VII, 9.

Irving Berlin. His 1918 hits as already mentioned were "Oh! How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," and "They Were All Out of Step But Jim." His rise in the music field was meteoric. Not even Horatio Alger could conceive of a plot that could match Berlin's marvelous saga of "Rags to Riches." No other songwriter has received as many accolades and has earned the respect and gratitude of the American people as Berlin.[1] He made many contributions to the war effort in both wars. During World War I as a private stationed at Camp Upton, New York, he produced the all-soldier show, YIP, YIP, YAPHANK which received plaudits everywhere it was given. Major General J. Franklin Bell, the Commander of Camp Upton, New York, after opening night orated: "I have heard that Berlin is among the foremost songwriters of the world, and now I believe it . . . Berlin is as good a soldier as he is a songwriter, and as popular in Camp Upton as he is on Broadway."[2]

Berlin was born Israel Baline in Tuman, Russia in 1888. When Czar Nicholas II put his radical pogrom into effect his family fled to the New World, and upon coming to America settled on the Lower East Side in New York City. His formal education ended when he was eight years of age. He did "odd jobs" to earn enough money to help support his widowed mother and seven brothers and sisters. When Berlin was seventeen he "went on the Bum" which was an expression used for people

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[1]Marcuse, p. 355.

[2]Green and Laurie, Jr., p. 118.

who drifted to the Bowery.[1] There he plugged songs and worked as a "busker" and as a waiter.[2] Finally, he became a singing waiter and plugged the songs of Tin Pan Alley stalwarts.

His first song was "Marie from Sunny Italy." Berlin had never been to Italy but was trying to cash in on the foreign song rage of the day. This was Berlin's first opus and the published copy had his name in bold print. It was on this occasion that Irving Berlin assumed for the first time the name that he was to make famous. The name became "Berlin" because that was the way the Bowery pronounced "Baline."[3]

Irving Berlin, the troubadour from the twisting side streets of the Lower East Side first made America sit up and take notice when Emma Carus introduced his sensational song hit, "Alexander's Ragtime Band," in Chicago in 1911.[4] Thereafter his rise in the musical world was remarkably fast and Jack Burton tagged him with the title "Cinderella man of music."[5] His songs in World War I were sung by GI's no matter where they were stationed. The melodic happiness he

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[1]Phyllis Cerf, "Irving Berlin's First Job," Good Housekeeping, CXLII (April, 1956), 290.

[2]Ibid.

[3]Sidney Skolsky, Times Square Tintypes (New York: I. Washburn, 1930), p. 78.

[4]Newark Star Ledger, July 21, 1962, p. 9.

[5]Burton, p. 146.

has doled out to the world, especially the comfort and peace of mind brought to dog-tired and incapacitated doughboys on and off the battlefields of both World Wars, have set him apart from others who have made contributions to musical America. Tin Pan Alley has told us that it was Berlin who blazed the path for the writing of popular songs as a big money making institution. Howard Dietz, a noted lyrist has commented: "The words and music of Irving Berlin--like the Ford car and nylon stockings--rank among the foremost commodities in American enterprise."[1]

During World War I when he was a draft recruit and stationed at Camp Upton, New York, he wrote "God Bless America." Berlin felt there was too much chauvinism in the song and saved it for a rainy day. As the "balladist of Bagdad"[2] said:

> . . . I did not use it in the show because every one was emotionally stirred and realized what we were up against. It seemed like carrying coals to Newcastle to have a bunch of soldiers come out and sing it.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The reason 'God Bless America' caught on is that it happens to have a universal appeal. Any song that has that is bound to be a success . . . while song-plugging may help a good song, it never put over a poor one.
>
> The mob is always right. It seems to be able to sense instinctively what is good, and I believe that there are darned few good songs which have not been whistled or sung by the crowd.
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> . . . . . .
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> . . . I have an idea that the popular songs of a country give a true picture of its history. When you hear the 'Marseillaise' you can almost see the French Revolution . . . .
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> . . . . . .

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[1]Howard Dietz, "The Perennial Irving Berlin," Saturday Review of Literature, June 26, 1948, p. 37.

[2]New York Times, July 28, 1940, VII, 9.

> Nothing can rouse the emotions more than music combined with appropriate words. Stirring marches give new pep to the tired feet of soldiers, songs of the homeland imbue them with 'new spirit' . . .[1]

Berlin kept his new song in storage for twenty years. As the Saturday Review of Literature has stated: "Some years later the time for it became ripe, when democracy needed reaffirmation and when the nation was crying for this touch of assertive adrenalin."[2] In 1939 on Armistice Day, Kate Smith introduced the song to the country and everyone in the U. S. A. has been singing "God Bless America" since.

Berlin has been an American institution since 1911. He went from the Bowery to Beekman Place in New York City and to this very day is in charge of the Irving Berlin Music Corporation at 1650 Broadway, and is still co-owner of the Music Box Theater in New York City.[3] Berlin's songs have been heard all over the world for so long that people have a feeling he will go on writing forever. Again in the Saturday Review of Literature: ". . . Berlin goes on, perhaps with even greater persistence than Tennyson's brook, vital and successful, and at the worst pretty darn good."[4]

Many songs in our history that were popularized during a war were sometimes written well in advance as in the case

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[1] Ibid.

[2] Dietz, Saturday Review of Literature, June 26, 1948, p. 38.

[3] Ward Morehouse, "The Berlin Baedeker," Theatre Arts, XLII (February, 1958), 27-28.

[4] Dietz, Saturday Review of Literature, June 26, 1948, p. 38.

of "Dixie" (1860) popularized during the Civil War, "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," (1896) popularized during the Spanish American War, and "Tipperary," (1912) and "There's a Long, Long Trail," (1913) popularized during World War I. All were written before the outbreak of hostilities. Such was the case with some of the songs that England imported to us before we entered the Great War in 1917.

Between the year 1912 and 1916 England sent to the United States timely songs of quite different types. No discussion of songs of World War I would be complete without mention of these well-known English imports. England's earliest contribution to this country in the field of World War I music was the ever popular "Tipperary" written and published in 1912. This was never intended to be a war song and was sung casually elsewhere for twelve months before the outbreak of hostilities.

The New York Evening Sun claimed that "Tipperary" was an American song written in New York City, and that it only needed a war to bring it popularity. According to the Evening Sun it was supposedly written by Harry Williams in Douglas Manor, Long Island. He initially submitted the ballad to music publishers here in the United States but it was rejected and finally accepted by an English publisher. When the English firm released the song in London a little later it did not set the music world afire. After the war began, however, and so many of the troops were marching, fighting, and dying, someone in the ranks started to sing this ballad

of the music hall and it soon found its way into the repertoire of soldiers' songs.[1] Another account of "Tipperary" suggests that it was written in England in 1911 by Jack Judge who was supposedly helped by a friend Harry Williams.[2] In either case it was to lie on the publisher's shelf for two years awaiting a war that would start British soldiers marching to its peppy rhythm. Regardless of its authorship there was something cosmopolitan about the ballad. The French had the tune translated and sung it frequently; the Scotch Highlanders, who probably never heard of Ireland's Tipperary, played it on the bagpipes; the Canadians hummed it going into battle and the Bengalese marched to its stirring strains.[3] All claimed the song as a bounty of war.

Some individuals have said the song received the plaudits of all because it expressed the desire to be home, home not necessarily being Ireland. A New York newspaper evaluated the song: "A free and swinging lilt, a touch of humor, of sentiment, a dash of rough-and-ready patriotism."[4] Such a singable and simple tune as "Tipperary" could not help being popular. The British took it with them all over Europe and it was one of their best marching songs. However,

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[1]"Singing Tipperary," The Literary Digest, November 7, 1914, p. 891, cited from the New York Evening Sun.

[2]Browne, 1931, p. 300.

[3]The Literary Digest, November 7, 1914, p. 891, cited from the New York Evening Sun.

[4]Browne, 1960, p. 253.

Frederick Thomas Nettleingham has commented in his comprehensive book on British songs that "Tipperary" was never Tommy's song and that in his opinion the most popular ballad among the British troops was "Annie Laurie."[1] The total sale of sheet music copies of "Tipperary," however, reached the phenomenal number of six million, one of the all time highs in music publishing.[2]

Of the many songs made famous during World War I none had a greater life span than "The Long, Long Trail," written in 1913. This great favorite was not a war song at all but was given rank as a war song because it was adapted to the purpose. The song had a direct connection with Yale University and that institute of higher learning gave due recognition by awarding the song a prize as the best musical composition written by a Yale student in time of war. The song was originally written by Zo Elliot and Stoddard King for a fraternity banquet at Yale.[3] Music publishers in this country refused to publish the composition and so in the fall of 1913 when Zo Elliot went to England to attend Trinity College he brought this song with him. There it was accepted by English publishers. It did not really become popular until the soldiers in the trenches and in the frontlines took it up and put a deeper meaning into the words.

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[1]Frederick Thomas Nettleingham, Tommy's Tunes (London: Erskine Macdonald, Ltd., 1917), pp. 14-15.

[2]Browne, 1960, p. 253.

[3]"The Story of 'A Long, Long Trail'," Musical Courier, May 16, 1918, p. 14.

It was a special favorite with our boys "over there" and from there its popularity spread until it finally became one of the best loved songs of the war period.

Among American doughboys the original version of the chorus did not use strong enough language to express their eagerness to meet the enemy. They added a more bellicose translation beginning:

> There's a long, long trail that's winding
> Into No-Man's Land in France.[1]

Once arrived in France the soldiers clung to "The Long, Long Trail" as an expression of their desire for home and for someone who waited at the end of the trail. The song composer described its history in the following manner:

> The song first attracted general attention as a boatload of Canadians sang it coming down the Thames from a Sunday outing. England scarcely knew what a trail meant, but it had begun to know, 'the long, long night of waiting.'[2]

The Delineator of June 1919 explained why the song had so much charm and appeal:

> . . . . When people in an audience hear it, each one has in his or her heart a different image aroused by those words that speak of lonely nights and days; of longing for a voice no more near; of hunger for the return of the absent one. We are all human; we all cling to those beloved in this world of ours. Without them it would mean only sadness.
> . . . . . .
> . . . . It is not a love-song, but a song of love; its appeal is invincible to any man with affection in his heart. A hundred years from now it will live as vitally with generations yet unborn, and through the intimate connection of its charm with the world war.
> . . . . . .

[1] Clark, p. 11

[2] Ibid., p. 12.

> The American soldier wants to sing songs associating him with home and those loved ones left behind. That is what he fought for--all that is dearest and nearest to him.[1]

An English happy-go-lucky marching song with the catchy title "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag and Smile, Smile, Smile" made its way to America in 1915 and proved to be an even greater smash here than in England, despite the use of such typically English terms as "lucifer" for match and "fag" for cigarette. This was as popular a song as any among our soldiers. The words were by George Asaf and the music by Felix Powell. Powell committed suicide when the Second World War destroyed the misconceptions he had concerning the world and its future. This was certainly a tragic end for the writer of one of the most pocketful of cheer songs ever written.[2]

A song that delivered an effective message to the "stay-at-homes" was "Keep the Home Fires Burning." The words by Lena Guilbert Ford were informally set to music by the English actor, playwright, and composer, Ivor Novello, and published in 1915. Some people thought the song "Tipperary" too flippant a song for soldiers to sing when they were getting ready to do battle.[3] They found a willing understudy in "Keep the Home Fires Burning." This haunting English composition was written in ten minutes and at the request of

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[1]Riccardo Stracciari, "There's a Long, Long Trail," The Delineator, XCIV (June, 1919), 11.

[2]Spaeth, A History of Popular Music, pp. 397-398.

[3]C. A. Browne, The Story of Our National Ballads (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 1919), p. 219.

the composer's mother, "to take the place," as she said, "of this Tipperary tune, which has become so tiresome through months if iteration."[1]

"Keep the Home Fires Burning" was a phrase that had run through Novello's mind for quite some time. Then when he decided to write the war song that his mother requested he used a tune that the line would fit. Shortly thereafter he sought out Mrs. Lena Guilbert Ford and told her his plan. She was an American who formerly lived in Elmira, New York, and later on was killed in 1918 in one of the German air raids on London.[2] She built the rest of the words around the music and the first line. What Ford and Novello came up with is an appealing combination of melody, sentiment, and admonition to the "stay-at-homes" in England to show a patriotic stoicism and a stiff upper lip while the boys were away. Several publishers refused to publish the song but Novello did not lose faith. Many of the publishers refused it because they had a large stock on hand of newly written patriotic songs. Novello felt that the song was bound to take and soon he was justified for a publishing company accepted it and in a brief space of time the words and music were ringing throughout England. The song was played by military bands everywhere and became one of the fighting man's favorites both on the march and in the trenches.[3]

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[1]New York Times, April 30, 1916, V, p. 10.

[2]American War Songs, p. 177.

[3]"Ivor Novello," The Musical Standard, September 2, 1916, pp. 171-172.

Two months after his first effort in the patriotic line Novello went to the trenches with a concert party, and on his return trip met 3,000 soldiers starting for the front. The men fresh from London were tramping along singing his song. Events proved that at least two-thirds of them would never see the home fires again.

A question was asked of the author's mother why "Keep the Home Fires Burning" was such a success in this country. How did she account for the popularity of the average war song? She stated in reply:

> What is the psychology of it? Why did 'A Hot Time in the Old Town' appeal so strongly to the soldiers in the Spanish-American War? Why with the first bars of 'Dixie' does every one applaud madly and begin to hum with the orchestra? Why was 'Tipperary' taken up as it was and sung, played, and whistled all over the world for more than a year? It was criticised as being flippant for men on the eve of battle and probable sudden death. 'Home Fires' is proving a strong rival, and one of its good points is that it is not flippant.[1]

Some of the stirring songs that were sung in World War I had no connection with war and never mentioned the subject at all. Their function was not to sing about war but to be sung in it.[2] Such was the case with these "English imports."

Meanwhile the year 1919 closed the second decade of the twentieth century on a note of disappointment. The World Peace Conference of more than sixty delegates from twenty seven nations met in Paris on January 18, 1919 and

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[1] New York Times, April 30, 1916, V, p. 10.

[2] Chanticleer, The Independent, November 8, 1924, p. 372.

the treaty was eventually signed in Versailles on June 28. President Woodrow Wilson went abroad on his futile errand of peace and saw his idealism ignored by the prejudices of European powers. Wilson, who was the first American president to set foot on foreign soil, returned to the United States disillusioned by the results of the Peace Conference.

When Wilson hastened to Europe for the Conference he neglected the laboring man and his problems in this country. Labor took up the only weapon it could use to gain widespread attention--the strike. So on the home front in 1919 prices soared and over a million workers went on strike. One of the most serious was the steel strike due to the efforts of the American Federation of Labor to unionize the steel industry. In September of 1919 the United Mine Workers voted to strike and advocated the nationalization of the mines. Then, too, in 1919 the railroad workers pushed the Plumb Plan which provided for the purchase of the railroad by the government.[1] Even the actors went out on strike and succeeded in closing thirty-five theaters in New York City. In the one month that the strike lasted--from August 7 until after Labor Day--sixty shows stopped rehearsal resulting in great losses to all concerned. The strike cost over $500,000 per week.[2]

The nearest approach to a war song in 1919 was the amusing afterthought, "How You Gonna Keep 'em Down on the

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[1]Frederick Lewis Allen, Only Yesterday (New York: Harper and Bros. [Bantam Books], 1959), pp. 32-33.

[2]Green and Laurie, Jr., p. 334.

Farm?": "After they've seen Paree." One of the better songs of 1919 was "(The) World is Waiting for the Sunrise" by Eugene Lockhart and Ernest J. Seitz. As Spaeth has commented:

> Both the sentiment and the melody . . . appealed to the people who were searching desperately for some relief from the black misery of the war years. But the fantastic stories of the song's effect on the boys in the trenches are obviously untrue, as it was not written until January, 1919.[1]

The musical record of 1919 also included "Do I Wanna Go Back to My U.S.A., Well That's Just Puttin' It Mild," "Personal Liberty--We Can't Work If We Don't Get Beer," "Alice Blue Gown," "Everybody's Happy Now," "The Navy Took Them over the Atlantic, but the Khaki Went over the Top," and "When the Robert E. Lee Arrives in Tennessee from Gay Paree." In 1919 the patriotic marching song "Let's Go, Boys, Let's Go," also made its appearance. This song was the motto and slogan of the American Negro soldiers many of whom gave their lives for world justice and world peace in France. Other golden galaxies of 1919 were the memorable "Rose of Washington Square," "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody," "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," "Swanee," and "All the Quakers are Shoulder Shakers--Down in Quaker Town." J. Keirn Brennan and Ernest Ball expressed the sentiments of the entire country with their "Let the Rest of the World Go By." No longer would the United States interfere in the quarrels of another continent. Our country would now follow the policy of isolation.

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[1]Spaeth, A History of Popular Music in America, p. 414.

Irving Berlin once mentioned that the history of America could be traced through its songs and music.[1] The music of our country from 1914 to 1919 not only reflected the history but moods, manners, mores, and impulses that constituted the American way of life. The staunch pacifism exhibited in our songs in 1914 and 1915 gradually gave way to surging pride and sincere flag waving in the songs of 1916, 1917 and 1918. By 1919, however, the war was over. America was glad. Our songs now reflected the happiness and joy that came when the ugly task of war was over. Nostalgia and nonsense were the key words of many of our songs. But then again, that was in keeping with the pace set by our country in the closing second decade of the twentieth century. The post war decade lay ahead and the era of wonderful nonsense began.

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[1] New York Times, July 28, 1940, VII, p. 9.

CHAPTER V

GI FOLK SONGS

What man cares to sing about his profession more than the soldier? Most of the doughboys of World War I preferred to sing GI folk songs--"songs of nonsense." Certainly the khaki-clad in the Great War sang loud and clear concerning their profession albeit on many occasions it might not have been in praise of it. Such songs were not written, however, in Tin Pan Alley. Many of the comic efforts of the Alley were not for the soldier, but were written primarily for the civilians at home. The GI folk songs or nonsense songs were born spontaneously and were not manufactured to order. These songs of nonsense originated in the service itself. Patriotism and sentimentality certainly were not trademarks of GI folk songs in World War I. They more or less treated the everyday details of the soldier's work and play. They chided about the hard labor, the bad weather, the pay and the food, easy life of the bosses, the awkwardness of the recruits, the living conditions and many intimate details of their daily life. Most of them were risque, caustic and witty.

Browne has attempted to explain why the nonsense song reigned supreme with our army in World War I:

> One of our well-known jurists, returning from the front in 1918, pictured the American soldiers as always singing, and marching along as if they were going to a picnic. There was such a curious discrepancy between

> what our fighting men were most intent upon accomplishing and what they really enjoyed singing about. Owing to a singular twist of human nature, the very solemnity of the times rendered the nonsense song triumphant, and gave rise to a puzzle 'WHY?'
>
> Many have undertaken to solve the riddle but so far the most rational answer is that Civilization, through centuries of evolution, has done away with the blood-lust of the savage early centuries and has rendered the mere idea of killing so abhorrent to the normal, wholesome men who risk their lives for the sake of all those things that Civilization implies, that they are only too glad to divert their minds from their grim task whenever opportunity permits. As a soldier with the American Army in France has said, 'A song to sing is a great thing. It boosts the spirit and the morale and helps a man forget the things he doesn't like. The fellows in the army who can't sing, always whistle.' In line with this was the statement that 'Grin and Bear It,' with the accent on the 'grin,' had been one of the first commandments of the American soldier in France.[1]

On the same score Louis C. Elson has commented:

> Far more interesting from a historical point of view were the actual ditties that the men made up themselves, and sang in trench or camp. These corresponded more to the true folk-song idea, arising from almost unknown sources, and being taken up by the entire Expedition. Such songs show a rough-and-ready humour, and a portrayal of the hard conditions of camp and battle, that makes them of real interest. . . .
>
> Songs of this sort have the true camp flavour, and are far more typical of the A.E.F. than the made-to-order popular songs . . .[2]

Many of these "songs of nonsense" were ribald even to the point of profanity. Sometimes profanity and the soldier's prayer went hand in hand. A story was told of a chaplain in an American camp during World War I who had an opportunity to experience this firsthand. A top kick was overheard persuading his men to attend Bible classes on the post for

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[1]Browne, 1931, pp. 291-292.

[2]Louis C. Elson, The National Music of America and Its Sources (New rev. ed.; Boston: L. C. Page and Co., 1924), pp. 339-341.

the benefit of the troops. "Now go, men," he urged. "It won't do you a damn bit of harm, and it may do you a hell of a lot of good."[1] As Dorothea York in her excellent book on World War I songs and poetry has attempted to explain: "Profanity or near profanity was undoubtedly the A.E.F.'s besetting sin but one should be charitable even here. Perhaps they lived with God too intimately to employ the customary formal phraseology."[2]

A song for the doughboys of World War I to sing on the march was one of the finest outlets for the tenseness of discipline. As Laurence Stallings has commented in one of the popular magazines:

> The platoon leader with the beginnings of wisdom in his head will drop back when his men begin to sing on the route. Otherwise a great many educated men, able to improvise and enlarge the confines of the ballad, will remain silent in the ranks rather than permit their officer to know that they are capable of bawdy language.
>
> Your soldier, if he sings, rarely needs a psychoanalyst to loosen his few inhibitions. He rids himself of them in song.[3]

Anything that passed through a doughboy's mind in World War I came out in a soldier's version, and as a result few songs would have passed muster in drawing room circles. A GI loaded down with his field pack and rifle, both growing heavier by the mile, could care little how he expressed

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[1]Dorothea York (ed.), Mud and Stars (New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1931), p. xiv.

[2]Ibid.

[3]Laurence Stallings, "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me," Colliers, June 4, 1927, p. 12.

himself as long as he had the opportunity to do so. Not even the nursery rhymes of his youth did he consider sacred. Many an unwashed, cootie infested, pack weary doughboy sang the following nursery rhymes--GI style that is--titled "Mother Goose for Doughboys."

> Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
> Op'ning his Christmas box;
> 'Twas then about the end of March,
> But he found lots of heavy-weight socks![1]
>
> Jack and Bill went up the hill
> To get a pail of water;
> Along came a shell--Bill ran like hell,
> And Jack came humping after![2]
>
> Hickory, dickory, dock,
> The bugler followed the clock,
> The clock was fast and the bugler was gassed.
> Hickory, dickory, dock.[3]
>
> Corpr'l McBlooem, he went to the Q.M.
> To get his poor squad some shoes;
> But when he got there the Q.M. was bare,
> And so the poor squad's bound to lose![4]

Sheldon H. Pitesky has emphasized:

> . . . the GI folksong, has since become a very important part of our American heritage.
> . . . . . .
> The GI songs might be born anywhere, from a freezing foxhole to a cramped ball turret. They respected no age, rank, or position, and were often (alas) unprintable. Strangely enough a peacetime army would hardly ever nourish them; and the worse the conditions, the better the song. . . .
> . . . . . .
> The pathos, humor, and sadness of the American soldier from training camp to combat is forever recorded in his own invention, the GI folksong.[5]

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[1] The Stars and Stripes, April 5, 1918, p. 7.

[2] Ibid., March 22, 1918, p. 3.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Ibid.

[5] Sheldon H. Pitesky, "Concerning Some Songs You Sang in Service," American Legion Magazine, LXII (May, 1957), 20.

Some of the more famous GI songs of World War I were, "I'll Tell You Where They Were," "The Hearse Song," and the "Ki-Wi Song." "I'll Tell You Where They Were" was a nonsense song which gave an opportunity for the enlisted personnel to sound off and sing ditties about their military superiors that they could not say to them.[1] Their accusations were very specific and their language could not have been more emphatic. They regaled each other with tales of their superiors' misconduct or of their own unhappy state in life. In its original state "I'll Tell You Where They Were" was pretty hard on the officer corps. The song emphasized the fact that during battle the sergeants were "Drinking up the Privates' Rum," the Majors were "flirting with the mademoiselles," the Captains were "hiding in the deep dug-out," while the poor privates were "up to their necks in mud."[2]

"I'll Tell You Where They Were" was not the only song which lambasted the Brass. The following song was originally scheduled to be sung in an army show, but was blue-penciled by the censors. One can easily see why it was deleted from the roll call.[3]

GROUSE, GROUSE, GROUSE

Oh, the Army and the Aviation section,
Is all shot to Hell, so they say,
And the Navy is up to its neck in salt,

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[1]New York Times, November 10, 1929, V, 9.

[2]Ibid.

[3]John J. Niles, Douglas S. Moore and A. A. Wallgren, Songs My Mother Never Taught Me (New York: The Macaulay Co., 1929), p. 49.

And the Cavalrymen never get their pay.
So we'll have to write and tell our home folks,
That our Colonel is a louse,
But they don't take no stock, when we privates knock,
'Cause they think the only thing we do is grouse.

Oh, it's grouse, grouse, grouse,
Our Colonel is a louse,
And the General is all hopped up for fair.
Now how much chance has the doughboy in France,
A makin' the war with such a pair.
Oh, it shouldn't matter and we wouldn't mind much,
If these lily fingered tin hats ever grappled with
the Dutch.
But when they cross the briny sea,
They bolt for the cafes of gay Parée,
And that's the reason why (A great shout "WHY")
And that's the reason why (A great shout "WHY")
And that's the reason why the privates grouse.[1]

As someone has said, "A singing army is a cheerful army, and a cheerful army is invincible."[2]

The aviators had more than their share of songs in World War I. After seeing the construction of our country's aircraft used in the First World War it was not difficult to understand why our aviators and death flew side by side. Even in the famous "Hearse Song," our fliers in a rollicking, half cynical way pulled at the beard of Death.[3] So many of them felt The Grim Reaper was in their corner. This song is said to have been a special favorite with the airman. As Arthur Loesser in his humorous book on American songs has claimed: "Perhaps they saw the silly face of death more distinctly than the others."[4]

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[1] Ibid., pp. 48-49.

[2] "The Rollicking Songs of the A.E.F.," Music Trade News, VIII (January, 1930), 13.

[3] "The Hard-Boiled Songs of Aviators," The Literary Digest, December 8, 1923, p. 48.

[4] Arthur Loesser, Humor in American Song (New York: Howell, Soskin, Publishers, 1942), p. 165.

The "Ki-Wi Song" was another folk song popular with the airmen of World War I. The infantry was puzzled because the aviators took so many and so long leaves of absence. The question that they continually asked themselves was why they did not get on with the war and accomplish their mission. That is the reason for the "Ki-Wi Song." The ki-wi is an Australian bird which has large wings but neither has the ability nor the willingness to fly. One may easily see why the infantry applied that name to the non-flying flyers in the Air Force.[1] Another airman's favorite was "Look at the Ears on Him," the theme song for the budding aviators doing their training stint at Kelly Field.

Our doughboys in World War I sang countless idiotic jingles and endless rhymes. Some told what the Sammies would do when they got to Berlin, to the Kaiser, or Hindenburg. Many of the other songs dealt with every petty detail of the soldier's life which our doughboys so loved to see in a musical mirror. Such ballads made them forget fatigue near the end of the days long march. They ridiculed their officers, their pack mules, their allies as well as their enemies. Even the army's newly designed overseas cap was mocked in song. The troops did not think too highly of their new GI apparel. The doughboys were of the opinion that a dope-fiend must have designed them and a rag-man made them from the remnants he gathered in trade.[2] They all wailed in unison

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[1]Niles, Moore and Wallgren, pp. 163-167.

[2]The Stars and Stripes, March 22, 1918, p. 2.

the following GI song when "ordered" to wear this new "comic looking cap."

THAT COMIC LOOKING CAP

A mother sat one morning out in Quincy, Illinois;
Her thoughts were fondly turning to her far off soldier boy.
She said, "I wonder where he is, my own, my darling Jeff.
I only know he's somewhere with the well known A.E.F."

Just as those poignant words she said, a letter was delivered;
A photograph dropped from it. "Oh, who can that be?" she shivered.
"He used to be a snappy boy, a handsome looking chap,
But he doesn't look like a son of mine in that there funny cap!"

Chorus:

"He used to be so pretty,
Did the subject of this ditty,
Before he wore that comic looking cap.
He was such a handsome kid
Before he wore that lid----
Now I cannot bear to look upon his map!"[1]

Often simple songs appealed to the soldier's morale. For example, "Where Do We Go from Here" suggested mission accomplished and a bragging for an even more difficult assignment. "I Don't Care Where They Send Me" indicated a cocky attitude of submission to the will of a higher authority.[2] "I'd Hate To Be a Hun" suggested that it was all over for the Germans. They did not have a chance to beat the Yanks. "The Privates Song" was a good study in the well known army

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[1]The Stars and Stripes, April 5, 1918, p. 4.

[2]G. Stanley Hall, "Morale in War and After," The Psychological Bulletin, XV (November, 1918) 402-403.

philosophy that rank has its privileges.

In the so called folk songs everyone seemed destined to receive their share of attention. In verse it was hard to determine who got more harassing--the cook, the bugler, the MP's, or the sergeants. It had been said that the highest ranking officer in any army was, of course, the sergeant. The three stripers supposedly ran the military show and ran roughshod over their subordinates. The privates and the corporals in World War I had their own definition of a "top kick"--one who did not have to be saluted but had to be obeyed on the double. Never before had so many taken so much from so few men with a few stripes on their sleeves. Many a private spent his precious spare moments thinking up delightful cruelties they could inflict on their beloved sergeant. This brotherly love in the service inspired many doughboys to write immortal lines though often unprintable concerning their beloved buddy.

The chain of command was also a sore spot to many doughboys and it received more than its share of attention in song. In addition, buck passing and the poor army cook were the subject of many nonsense songs. Probably the two loneliest jobs in the army were the bugler and the army cook. The cooks, however, did have their revenge. K.P. was always hated duty no matter when or where you pulled it. The Military Police came in for their share of harassing and indeed, the ballads dealing with their activities usually

did not treat of their more heroic qualities.[1]

In all, serious songs did not really take. Love of country, courage in the face of the enemy, and death with honor and glory were all accepted as a part of war but were rarely mentioned in song. Many a civilian hearing or reading these nonsense songs of World War I might wonder if soldiers who always ridiculed could ever fight a war or show any signs of self pride. Our doughboys, however, did fight, did win wars, and did have the fiercest pride. When the chips were down our soldiers were proud, but it was a pride that only the soldier could admit, because no soldier worth his salt would ever say there was anything in the army that was to be desired other than a quick discharge.

One of the favorite GI folk songs, "I Want to Go Home" was originally a British song that became a universal favorite with all English speaking troops. This song was sung by doughboys and artillerymen alike. The original version was by Lieutenant Gitz Rice, a Canadian, but like "Hinky Dinky" was soon adopted by the American doughboy. In this ditty was expressed the wish of all Sammies--to take leave of the scene of war and return to home sweet home.[2] The story goes that this song served to bolster the courage and quiet the nerves of a battery of artillery that was under attack for the first time. The battery heard singing and saw

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[1]Pitesky, American Legion Magazine, LXII (May 1957), 20, 21, 53.

[2]New York Times, November 10, 1929, V, 9.

their lieutenant, who had been a football player at Yale, walking up and down in the open singing this song in a high quivering voice. This "kidding" on the part of their officer came at just the right psychological moment. Tense nerves found needed relief. The men could not help laughing at the performance of their superior and the morale of the troops was restored.[1]

Some other soldier favorites were "Passing It Along," "The Raw Recruit from Old Mizzoo," which was undeniably American, and "We're in the Army Now." The latter was an old soldier favorite that had a return engagement in World War I and was greeted with such acclaim that it ranked second only to "Hinky Dinky" in importance.[2] Other songs sung with gusto during World War I were the famous Alma Mater songs--Infantry, Artillery, Quartermaster and Services of Supply. They may have lacked evidence of ivied halls but were sung with no less enthusiasm.

The most famous of all artillery songs was the "Caisson Song." This song did not originate during the World War. Major Edmund L. Gruber wrote this famous field artillery song when he was a lieutenant with the Fifth Field Artillery in the Phillipines. In April 1908, when the First Battalion came from the States to relieve the Second, Gruber was asked to write a song that would symbolize the reuniting of the

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[1]Music Trade News, VIII (January, 1930), 14.

[2]York, p. 25.

battalion. As Dolph explained it:

> The song was inspired by an incident that occurred during a difficult march across the Zambales Mountains which was made by the Second Battalion in 1907. Lieutenant Gruber was sent ahead with a detachment to select the route and repair stream crossings. In the afternoon the battalion was so far behind that he and a scout sergeant went to the top of a high peak in order to see what progress the main body was making. The rolling country was visible for miles, but there was no sign of the battalion. Listening carefully, he finally heard the distant rumble of the carriages, which was soon punctuated by the echoing shouts and commands of the drivers as they urged their teams along.
>
> The sergeant turned to Lieutenant Gruber and said, 'They'll be all right, lieutenant, if they keep 'em rolling.' As the battalion neared camp on the other side of the divide, Lieutenant Gruber heard one of the chiefs of sections call out to his drivers, 'Come on; keep 'em rolling!' That expression seemed to characterize the spirit of the battalion.
>
> As a despedida given at Camp Stotsenburg to the Second Battalion just before it sailed for the States, the song was sung for the first time. Since the song was not published until a number of years later, and since it has been more widely sung than any song in the army, it has undergone some changes in words and music.[1]

When the "Caisson Song" first appeared in print Gruber was not given credit for the song. The glory went to John Philip Sousa. Supposedly, someone made a statement to the effect that the song was completed in 1917 by Sousa, but no such copyright was found, and as a result Gruber was finally given complete credit for the song.[2]

Another well-known artillery song was "Mademoiselle Soixante--Quinze," which praised the virtues of the famous

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[1]Dolph, p. 40.

[2]James J. Fuld, American Popular Music, 1875-1950 (Philadelphia: Musical Americana, 1955), pp. 15-16.

French "seventy-fives."[1] The "Marine's Hymn" was another popular song, but it did not originate, however, in the Great War. It was an old soldier favorite that was promptly taken over from the regular army men and appropriated and revised by the A.E.F. while in camp. The first two lines made reference to the war with Mexico and the expedition against the Barbary Pirates. Colonel H. C. Davis, United States Marine Corps, said, "I have never been able to trace the original song beyond the words of the first two lines . . . which were inscribed on the corps colors many years ago. The two following verses I wrote at Camp Meyer in 1911 when on an expedition."[2] Here are the colonel's stanzas:

> Our flag's unfurled to ev'ry breeze
> From dawn to setting sun;
> We have fought in ev'ry clime and place
> Where we could take a gun.
> In the snow of far off Northern lands
> And in sunny Tropic scenes;
> You will find us always on the job,
> The United States Marines.
>
> Here's health to you and to our Corps
> Which we are proud to serve;
> In many a strife we've fought for life
> And never lost our nerve.
> If the Army and the Navy
> Ever look on Heaven's scenes,
> They will find the streets are guarded
> By United States Marines.[3]

The vast number of GI folk songs and the lack of space made it impossible to include all the "nonsense songs" the

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[1] New York Times, November 10, 1929, V, 9.

[2] Kurt Adler (ed. and arranged), Songs of Many Wars (New York: Howell, Soskin, Publishers, 1943), p. 112.

[3] Ibid., p. 114.

doughboys sang in World War I. However, a miscellaneous collection of the more famous and well-known folk songs can be found in Appendix A, page 132.

On the whole problem of songs and their place in war Dorothea York gives us this interesting analysis:

> A song is of all created things the most faithless, thorough rascal ever born--and the most friendly--for like some other gay roaring blades, he has his virtues. He is a renegade and a turncoat, deserting his well-mated lyric at a moment's notice and scampering off to any distance; . . .
>
> In war he will march under any flag and wear any coat with perfect impartiality, now roaring with patriotism for one nation, now for another, and always the scoundrel will embrace any attractive new theme, . . . He was surely the first 'citizen of the world.' And soldier songs are the most cosmopolitan of them all--rarely set down, always changing, always moving, and yet rather jolly vagabonds. To try to place them in prim rows, to analyze them, to say this was born here, traveled thus, and died there is impossible. They spring from anywhere or nowhere, they travel constantly and usually in several directions at once, and like good 'old soldiers' they 'never die.'[1]

Nowhere did the above quotation apply so aptly as it did to the famous song of World War I, "Mademoiselle from Armentieres." To most people "Mademoiselle" or "Hinky Dinky" was without a doubt the real folk song of World War I.[2] To the American doughboy, "Hinky Dinky" was the marching song of all marching songs, the one he made preeminently his own.

"Hinky Dinky" was a distinctly American war song because it reflected the American army in 1917 and 1918--an army that consisted of real American stock. It was an army

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[1]York, p. xi.

[2]Eric Posselt (ed.), Give Out! (New York: Arrowhead Press, 1943), p. 49.

that scorned songs which aspired too high, or were too high-brow. It was a plain man's army and it preferred plain songs. The doughboy would choose his own songs to sing. He could and would do his singing for himself. "Hinky Dinky" expressed his sentiments and that was what mattered most.[1]

It had innumerable stanzas of great popularity, most of them unprintable. It has been said that a man could march half a day singing all the stanzas of "Hinky Dinky" and never repeat himself.[2] The subjects dealt with were of all sorts--from mud to mademoiselles. Doughboys in World War I coming from all over the United States knew it. Tradition was entirely oral. The fact that the tune was simple both in music and words made it even easier for the verse to be widely circulated among the troops.[3]

As Melbert B. Cary, Jr. has indicated:

> The song, 'Mademoiselle from Armentieres,' otherwise known as 'Hinky, Dinky, Parlez-Vous,' preserves, however, the soldiers' own comment upon the war. For the historian, interested in obtaining a cross-section of the mind of the average soldier in the A.E.F., the song is invaluable. It can be accepted at face value because (1) it was contemporaneous, (2) it was spontaneous and unstudied, not composed to serve any purpose but entertainment, and (3) it was the work of no single author, but hundreds, a cross-section of the whole A.E.F. It is primarily a reflection of the life and thoughts of the common soldier, custpmarily inarticulate, and therefore of special value.[4]

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[1]James C. Young, Victorious War Songs of America (New York: Lyman Publishing Co., 1942), pp. 24-25.

[2]York, p. 76.

[3]Atcheson L. Hench, "Communal Composition of Ballads in the A.E.F.," The Journal of American Folk-Lore, XXXIV (1921), 386.

[4]Melbert B. Cary, Jr., "Mademoiselle from Armentieres," The Journal of American Folk-Lore, XLVII (1934), 369.

The song did not originate with the American Expeditionary Forces. The tune was a "British heirloom" sung way back in the British Army and known as "Skiboo."[1] The British brought the catchy tune to France during World War I. American doughboys overtook it in 1917 and were quick to put their imagination to work and created endless verses of their own. Verses were created quicker than they could be forgotten. Incidents of local importance, whether it be about their food, their women or their officers, were lampooned in verse. Stanzas grew exuberantly and spontaneously, and the whole A.E.F. improvised to exhaustion.

John T. Winterich has discussed the song and its origin in the following manner:

> The songs of a fighting army are at once the delight and the despair of the folklorist. They are his delight because they offer a better clue to what the soldier thinks and feels than do all the divisional histories and all the confidential reports of general staffs. They are his despair because their genealogy is frequently obscure and devious, because they are rarely documented in their entirety, and because it is usually impossible to tell how or why they achieved their popularity.
>
> 'Hinky Dinky Parley Voo' (or, if you will, 'Mademoiselle from Armenteers'--or, if you are a precisionist, 'Armentieres') is something of an exception to these rules. Its family tree can be delineated with reasonable accuracy. . . . and it owed its popularity to its very simplicity, and to the ease alike of composing new and impromptu elements and of getting them by heart.
>
> It is, of course, not a song, but a whole anthology. It has no room for sentiment; on the contrary, it is everywhere outrageously critical and utterly defamatory. Not a single stanza has a good word for anybody or anything. This is not to say that soldiers are not sentimental. They are, in fact, the most sentimental

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[1] Ibid., pp. 369-370.

> people in the world. They carry around bits of poetry about home and mother--they not only carry poetry around but they write it. They may not show it to anybody; they wear it on their hearts without wearing their hearts on their sleeves. Too much of that sort of thing (and it is easy to have too much) and any army is likely to go on an emotional binge that can be as destructive of morale and discipline as would an issue of a fifth of gin a day. A song like 'Hinky Dinky Parley Voo,' scurrilous, scatological, an endless sequence of vilification, is a splendid and essential safety valve.[1]

The natural attraction between "Hinky Dinky" and our doughboys was due to the fact that it offered unlimited possibilities of new verses and new topics. Our American Expeditionary Forces in 1917 and 1918 satirized upon the habits of other armies as well as its own--for example, English fighters took time out to drink their tea, while Frenchmen, when the opportunity presented itself, frequently imbibed a good deal of the time. The A.E.F. officers also came in for their share of ridicule. Only second in bitterness was the lampooning of the activities of the "Y." The hardships the doughboys faced in the trenches were also described in vivid verse. Because prohibition was in effect in the United States the Sammies had ample reason to sound off about the "injustice of it all." Even with the signing of the Armistice and the return home of the American Expeditionary Forces, the doughboys still continued to lampoon in song anything that struck their fancy. Now came in verse the question of who won the war.

As is well known, many of the verses of "Mademoiselle

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[1] Mademoiselle from Armentieres (Mount Vernon, New York: The Peter Pauper Press, 1953), pp. 51-52.

from Armentieres," the name by which the song was eventually known, concerned the heroine of its title. She was not without rivals--Mademoiselle from Baccarat, from Orleans and Gay Paree. "Mademoiselle from Armentieres," however, was the prototype.[1] She was the sturdy old gal who managed to survive World War I assisted by hypos in the form of newly created verses and loyalty in the heart of the "old army man." She had indeed plenty of hash stripes.

"Mademoiselle" was an unapproachable lady whose morality later on grew more flexible with the passage of time and the arrival of fresh divisions in France. In the beginning she was a mam'selle from Armentieres, "a daughter fair with lily white skin and golden hair." Stallings commented on her abilities: "Of her features absolutely nothing is known. Her name has been forgotten. The fact is left us, however, that her skin was fair and that she was a girl of noble proportions, great generosity and magnificent stamina. She had, I suspect, a deep maternal instinct."[2] In 1915 British soldiers met her, loved her, and sang about her attributes. Before the war ended, mademoiselle hailed from many a town in France and the simple tune that Tommy had made for her had been christened and greatly lengthened by his American cousins.[3]

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[1]Cary, Jr., The Journal of American Folk-Lore, XLVII (1934), 372-373.

[2]Stallings, Colliers, June 4, 1927, p. 12.

[3]Dolph, p. 82.

Stallings sang the praises of "Mademoiselle" and emphasized why it was so appealing:

> 'Hinky Dinky' was ideal. It had a free swing, a beautiful monotony of double lines repeated exactly but for a whip line rhyming audaciously with the first . . . .
> . . . . . .
> The tune itself was simple enough, its range of notes so constricted that even the hoarsest mess sergeant, having devised a new verse after a night of study, could croak it forth with all the gay insouciance of an operatic tenor after a drink of strong whiskey.[1]

Young has given us the following capsule comment on the worthiness of "Hinky Dinky" and why he cast his vote for "Mademoiselle" as the most popular gal of World War I:

> . . . music critics rated 'Mademoiselle from Armentieres' at the lowest of low levels. But it had a popularity perhaps unequalled among American war songs . . . .
>
> Whatever may be said against 'Mademoiselle from Armentieres' she was the grand girl of the First World War. Her memory lingers in the heart of many a man, not alone for the reason 'that she washed his underwear,' but, particularly, because she gave him a smile and warmed his heart in a strange land.[2]

Perhaps the following explained the unparalled popularity of the generous lady:

> The best of the stanzas, alas, were probably not preserved for us. Like the smoothest of Scotch whiskies, the mellowest of French wines, they never left the little corner of earth where they were born and where they reached perfection. These javelins of epigram were composed, perhaps, to care for some special local situation, to spear some particular unadmired military personality, possibly a major general, possibly a private. They had their day and ceased to be dying

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[1]Stallings, Colliers, June 4, 1927, p. 12.

[2]Young, p. 25.

with the solution of the crises which precipitated them. 'Requiescant in pace'.[1]

Here are a number of stanzas of the famous or infamous song.[2]

"HINKY DINKY" OR "MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES"

Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres, Parley voo,
Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres, Parley voo,
Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres
She ain't been kissed for forty years.
Hinky, Dinky, parley voo.

Oh, farmer, have you a daughter fair,
Who can wash a soldier's underwear?

Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
If you never wash your underwear,
You'll never get the Croix de Guerre.

Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
She ain't even heard of underwear.

From gay Paree he heard guns roar,
And all he learned was "je t'adore."

The doughboy he had beaucoup jack,
Till mademoiselle got on his track.

Oh, Mother, have you a daughter fine,
Fit for a soldier of the line?

You might forget the gas and shell,
You'll never forget the mademoiselle.

Two German officers crossed the Rhine,
To kiss the women and drink the wine.

With her I flirted, I confess
But she got revenge when she said "yes."

She had four chins, her knees would knock,
Her face would stop a coo-coo clock.

She had a form like the back of a hack,
When she cried the tears ran down her back.

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[1] Mademoiselle from Armentieres, p. 60.

[2] These verses were collected from approximately fifteen books, periodicals and newspapers on the famous lady from Armentieres.

She might have been young for all we knew
When Napoleon flopped at Waterloo.

She could beg a franc, a drink, a meal
But it wasn't because of her sex appeal.

She never could hold the love of a man,
'Cause she took her baths in a talcum can.

But Mademoiselle from Armentieres
Doesn't wear any underwear,
She hasn't tried it for forty years
And now she does it for souveniers.

Here are several stanzas dealing with the drinking ability of Mademoiselle:

She drank like a trooper, there ain't a doubt,
She was still going strong when I passed out!

She used a funnel to down the stuff,
She never was known to get enough!

Oh she could drink to beat the deuce,
When she was tight, she sure got loose!

Oh, how she loved her gin and wine,
  Parlez-vous,
She could drink a barrel any old time,
  Parlez-vous,
She'd drink a barrel, yes, three or four,
And then she'd drink a barrel more!
  Hinky-dinky, parlez-vous.

Many of the verses of "Hinky Dinky" were lampoons at the expense of some unit or individual. The Brass came in for their share as usual, but musical satire was impartial on the whole.

The General got the Croix de Guerre,
But the son of a bitch wasn't even there.

The Officers get all the steak,
And all we get is the belly-ache.

The old red cow left one good pelt,
But they threw the bull for the Sam Browne belt.

Bergdoll's lesson is easy to see,
When the draft comes round, R.S.V.P.

Dempsey helped to build the ships,
But couldn't see the ocean trips.

I didn't care what became of me,
That's why I joined the Infantry.

The M.P. asked me for my pass,
A thing I did not have, alas!

They sent U.S. soldiers to France to die,
And then they voted the U.S. dry.

The Second Division was on the Rhine,
Drinking beer and lots of wine.

The Indian is a good old race,
His nose is red (so is his face).

The Y.M.C.A. went over the top,
And gave the soldier a chocolate drop.

The Captain he's carrying the pack,
Hope . . . it breaks his back.

The Y.M.C.A. came over to France,
And all they did was sing and dance.

Oh, the French they are a funny race,
They swipe your francs and lie to your face.

The doughboy he went over the top,
Because he had no place to stop.

The Kaiser was going to win the war--
Oh, Kaiser William you're S.O.L.,
Your Mittel-Europa is shot to hell.

The Second Division went over the top,
To make the German Kaiser flop.
From the Second Division.

The Second Division went over the top,
The First was behind them--they couldn't stop.
From the First Division.

Oh, Col. McNabb is a hunk of cheese,
All that he knows is the trigger squeeze.

The Armistice by no means stopped the storm of "Hinky Dinkys." Immediately began the singing controversy of "who won the war?"

The Artillery claims it won the war,
The Artillery might have done its share,
But sometimes the barrage just wasn't there.

The Cavalry say they won the war,
The Cavalry say they did it all, --
Shooting craps in an empty stall.

The C.O. says he won the war,
The C.O. wants the Croix de Guerre,
For sitting around in his morris chair.

The Medics claim they won the war,
The Medics claim they held the line,
With C.C. pills and iodine.

The M.P.s say they won the war,
Standing guard at a cafe door.

Many other post-Armistice thoughts found their way in song.

'Twas a hell of a war as we recall,
But still, 'twas better than none at all.

Twelve long, rainy months or more,
I spent hunting for that war.

Hoover rates a Croix de Guerre,
He left the goldfish over there.

We won the war, but didn't get much.
Now Bill's in Holland, God help the Dutch.

The day we sailed away from Brest,
I said, "Good-bye," and thought the rest.

Where are the girls that used to swarm,
About me in my uniform?

My Yankee sweetheart looks askance,
At all the mail I get from France.

Many and many a married man,
Wants to go back to France again.

I've left my wife. She spent my kale,
On bargain grub at an Army sale.

I'm going bugs with the cost of clothes,
I'd like to be Adam and dress Meme chose.

The bonus didn't last me long,
So that is why I write this song.

The Eighteenth Amendment produced several. A sample--

But there's a way if there's a will,
We'll run a little private still.

Hundreds of this ditty exist but this is as good a closing selection as any and good for any occasion.

To find a buddy in a crowd,
Sing Hinky Dinky right out loud.

Another of the famous "Mademoiselle" songs was "She is a Lulu." "Lulu" was almost as famous as her generous sister "Mademoiselle from Armentieres." She was a composite of many "mademoiselles" from many parts of France. Stallings has emphasized:

> This Looloo was never supposed to have actually journeyed to the scenes of war. She was, one might say, in reserve. She was the girl back home, the ideal of the soldier's fancy. The chorus for her song was used for a specific purpose--that of swinging the men into regular step after a morning's route marching.
>
> This chorus was capable of shocking men by its tempo into a fine, smart cadence for entry into a town in military style, and it could not be maintained for long. Its rhythmic perfection gathered momentum as it progressed, until men marched at top speed and approached at double time.[1]

Dolph has added:

> Men are generally loath to reveal the little intimate thoughts that cluster about the shrine of their ideal, but Lulu was a girl of such great physical charms and powerful sex appeal that her admirers could not restrain their praises. She had It. . . .[2]

The thoughts expressed in her song, however, are so

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[1]Stallings, Colliers, June 4, 1927, p. 41.

[2]Dolph, p. 93.

intimate that they are not usually given in any book or in any collection of soldier songs. The first line of the verse always referred to "Lulu" herself and described some feat performed by her and duly witnessed by the doughboys. "Of the rest," said Stallings, "silence is golden, but a million men will understand! Mam'selle from Armentieres may have been the patron goddess of the American Expeditionary Forces, but their best pal was a young woman named Looloo."[1]

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[1]Stallings, Colliers, June 4, 1927, p. 41.

CHAPTER VI

PARODIES THAT PACKED A WALLOP

The songs that made the strongest appeal to the heart of the soldier in World War I were adaptations of old songs made to fit new conditions and to fit into the soldier's mood. Consequently then, one expects these troop songs to be slightly ribald almost to the point of profanity and scurrility. The doughboy would usually bellow out these parodies either to amuse himself or his buddies whether on the march or in the trenches. The bit of comedy that usually accompanied these songs of "naughty nonsense" was an outlet for the doughboys emotions and proved to be a relief from the tenseness of discipline. Some inner force beside the "will-to-live" made weary young legs continue to plow through Flanders' mud. Such was the purpose of parodies--to pick up the troops when they were down either physically or emotionally.

York has commented on the origin on such troop songs as follows:

> A troop song is composed usually from march to march, beginning with a tune reminiscent or frankly parodied, with a strong marching rhythm; then a line comes from here, another from there and the whole is perhaps tied together with a satisfying refrain. Many men and many marches will thereafter provide a thousand variations of tune and words and eventually you have a product more truly of the army than hobnails or khaki--and sometimes even wearing service stripes.[1]

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[1]York, p. xv.

On the same score Frederick Thomas Nettleingham has hastened to explain:

> . . . some dear old ancient . . . once exclaimed that, if he knew a people's songs, he could write their history.
> . . . . . .
> 'By their words shall ye know them,' or 'By your words shall ye be judged,' are parallel platitudes--yet think . . . how far from accurate would be your judgment and idea of the British soldier were you to picture a man, . . . , even a nation--as lacking in 'esprit de corp,' 'armour propre,' discipline, or any other of those wise soldierly qualities without which no collection of free people could stand the enormities of injustice and voluntary sacrifice which are demanded over an extended and sustained period by modern warfare.[1]

It has been an American custom to be somewhat derogatory concerning our own dignity, to pull ourselves down a bit off our high pedestal, and to lampoon ourselves to a certain extent. Yet woe be to anyone else who dares to remark that we are not what we think we are. The spirit manifested by our troop songs in World War I, in spite of their disparaging implications, was that of eloquent sarcasm and a confirmed fatalism.

It is unfortunate that so many of our most popular, humorous and scintillating troop songs and parodies are beyond hope of policing up and therefore, are not for general consumption. Some of these parodies have probably been in the army for quite some time, and with a little revision here and there were easily brought up to date when the

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[1]Frederick Thomas Nettleingham (comp., col. and arranged), Tommy's Tunes (London: Erskine Macdonald, Ltd., 1917), p. 13.

occasion warranted it. Such heirlooms will never be ours to know. For many of them are not in books or even in print.

The Sammies in World War I preferred the lighter ballads, and this was much in evidence in the songs and parodies that the soldiers wrote themselves. They parodied songs that were too serious or too sad. Thus, for example, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" when sung by our troops became "The Tail of the Lonesome Swine." Even "Over There" was frequently sung as "Underwear, Underwear." It seemed almost inevitable that so popular a song as "My Little Gray Home in the West" should give rise to "My Little Wet Home in the Trench." The grim and ugly task of war was serious enough without making it more so by singing serious songs. That is why parodies such as these made a hit with the A.E.F. Satire was also employed by the doughboys and many ribald verses made an appearance. Often a regimental repertory of derogatory epithets after being sung the first time around eventually gave way to philosophical endurance.

Although many parodies originated with the infantrymen, it was in the songs of our aviators that one found most vividly revealed the reckless abandon and attitude which characterized our soldiers in World War I.[1] Our aviators in the American Expeditionary Forces composed innumerable witty verses and songs. One of the most famous was "Beside a Belgian Water Tank." This song was based on an old western hobo ballad, "The Dying Hobo," which began:

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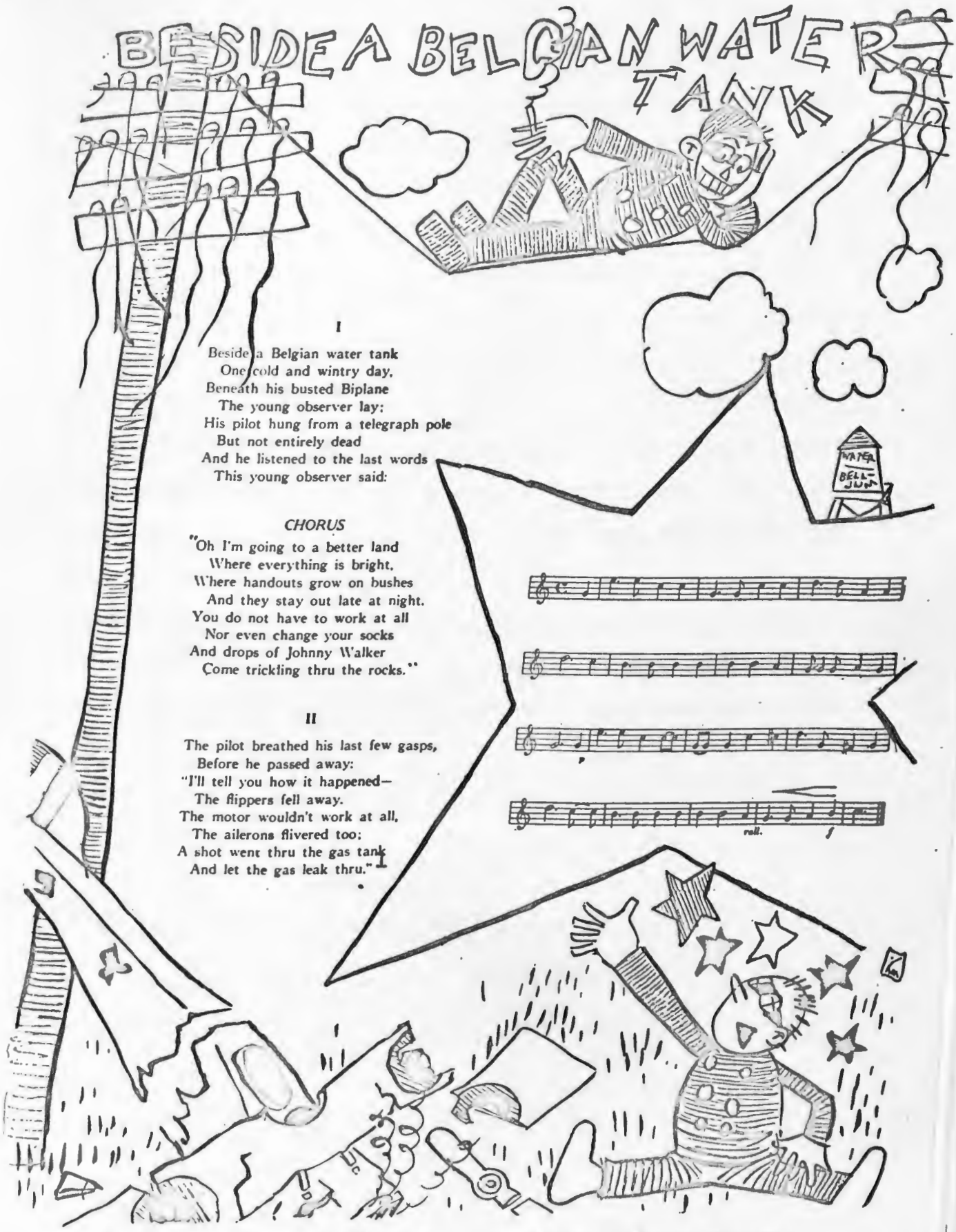
[1]Music Trade News, VIII (January, 1930), 14.



I

Beside a Belgian water tank
One cold and wintry day,
Beneath his busted Biplane
The young observer lay;
His pilot hung from a telegraph pole
But not entirely dead
And he listened to the last words
This young observer said:

CHORUS

"Oh I'm going to a better land
Where everything is bright,
Where handouts grow on bushes
And they stay out late at night.
You do not have to work at all
Nor even change your socks
And drops of Johnny Walker
Come trickling thru the rocks."

II

The pilot breathed his last few gasps,
Before he passed away:
"I'll tell you how it happened—
The flippers fell away.
The motor wouldn't work at all,
The ailerons flivered too;
A shot went thru the gas tank
And let the gas leak thru."[1]

[1] Ye A.E.F. Hymnal (4th ed., Brooklyn: Henry Mayers, 1919), p. 8.

Beside a western water-tank one cold November day,
Inside an empty box car, a dying hobo lay.[1]

The "little drops" referred to in "Beside a Belgian Water Tank" were alcoholic beverages, depending upon who or what group was imbibing at the moment. For instance, it was Johnny Walker, when sung by our doughboys. When sung by British troops, it was rendered "S.R.D." (the rum ration.)[2]

As was mentioned before, the airplanes which were used by our aviators in the First World War were not of the most sturdy type and as a result were the curse of many of the fliers. Since so many planes appeared to fall apart in mid air or went into a spin at unexpected times the fliers many times felt they flew with death.[3] Some even thought he was their co-pilot. Our knights of the air were certainly a courageous and adventurous group. Who else could look death in the face and laugh. Here are two songs that were popular with both British and American fliers. They were both based on an older song "Wrap Me Up in My Tarpaulin Jacket." Instead of "A Handsome Young Airman" the British referred to it as the "Dying Aviator."

A HANDSOME YOUNG AIRMAN

Tune: "Wrap Me Up in My Tarpaulin Jacket"

Oh, a handsome young airman lay dying,
And as on the airdrome he lay,
To mechanics who 'round him came sighing
These last parting words he did say:
"Take the cylinders out of my midriff,

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[1]Dolph, p. 113.

[2]York, p. 102.

[3]Dolph, p. 113.

The connecting rod out of my brain;
Take the cam-shaft from under my backbone
And assemble the engine again."[1]

WRAP ME UP IN MY TARPAULIN JACKET

Tune: "The Tarpaulin Jacket"

Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket
And say a poor buffer lies low, lies low;
And six stalwart lancers shall carry me
With steps mournful, solemn, and slow.

I know I shan't get to Heaven,
And I don't want to be below-ow-ow.
O, ain't there some place in between them
Where this poor buffer can go?[2]

Another aviator's favorite was "Mother, Put Out Your Golden Star," parodied to the tune "Where Do We Go from Here." It is not difficult to gather the reputation of this make of plane. The following song leaves nothing to the imagination.

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[1]New York Times, November 10, 1929, V, 8.

[2]Carl Sandburg, The American Songbag (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1927), pp. 436-437.

[3]Ye A.E.F. Hymnal, p. 10.

Another choice topic for our doughboys to sing about in song in World War I was their inseparable companion--the cootie. These "seam squirrels" had been the inseparable companions of all armies. During the Civil War the soldiers boiled their clothing and sang dolefully about "army graybacks." Our doughboys in World War I came to the conclusion that the cootie was the national bug of France.[1] During World War I it was the louse--that humble, inoffending shirt-hound, the flannel-buzzard, the only back-biter in the army who could bite and get away with it--who was so fond of man he spent all his time trying to get next to him.[2] As Niles, Moore, and Wallgren has written of this bosom chum of all soldiers:

> The cootie . . . was the constant though uninvited companion of many a good soldierman. At first, we were embarrassed by them--ashamed to think we had slipped down to the level of the lousy bozo, but later, we jokingly joined the shirt hunts or disregarded them, with a rather high and mighty kind of indifference.[3]

The doughboys wanted to discourage cooties, both regular and transients, and as a result many philosophical parodies or "cootie carols" came into being. Some of the more popular ones are given here.

WHEN EVENING COOTIES CRAWL

Tune: "When Evening Shadows Fall"

When evening shadows fall,
The cooties bother most of all.
Some day I hope to smile,
For I'll miss you all the while;

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[1]Niles, Moore, and Wallgren, p. 35.

[2]The Stars and Stripes, March 22, 1918, p. 8.

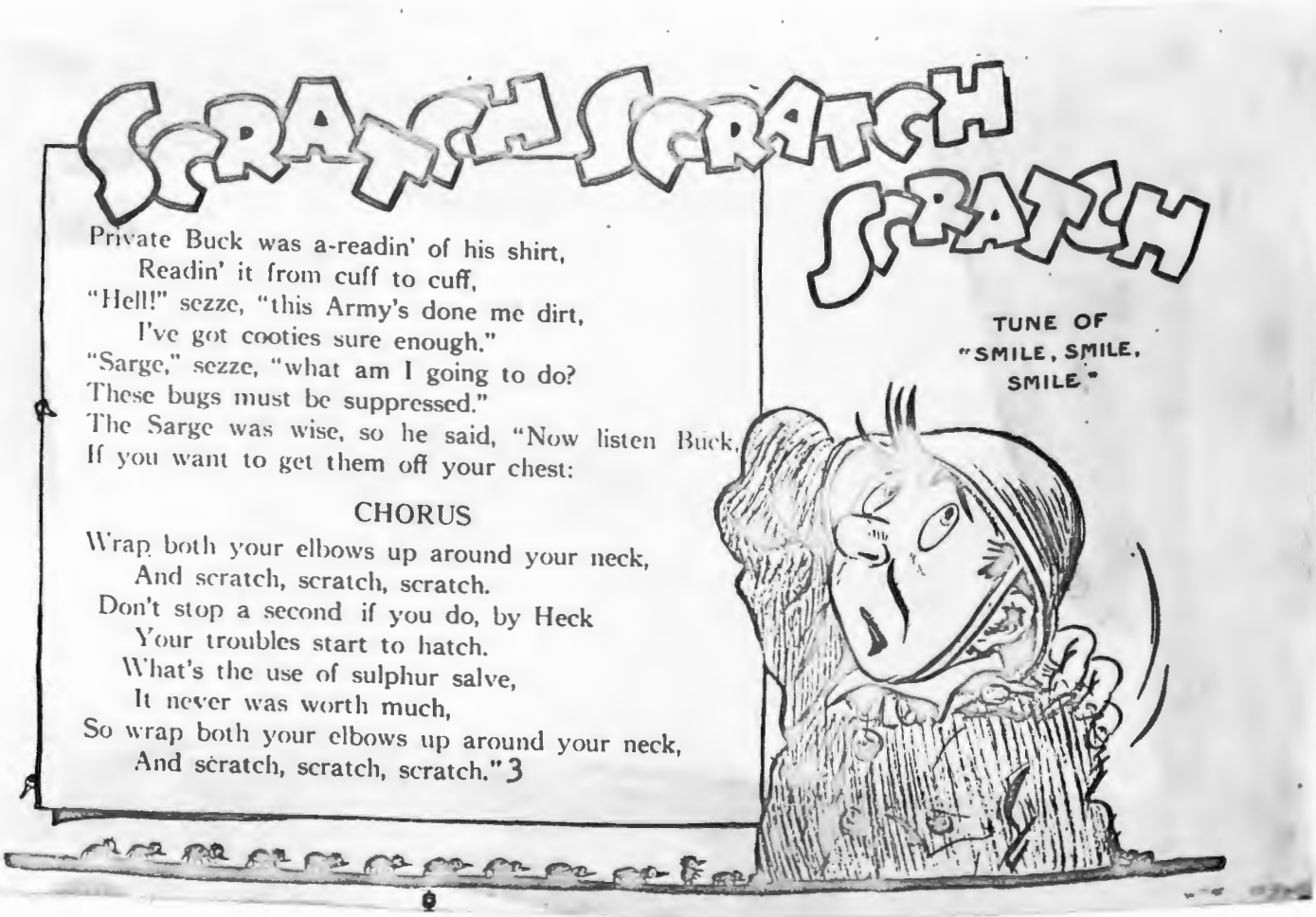
[3]Niles, Moore, and Wallgren, p. 35.

Some day you'll die, you pest,
Then I in peace can rest;
seems to me I feel you crawling
When evening shadows fall.[1]

C-C-C-COOTIE

Tune: "K-K-K-Katie"

C-C-C-Cootie,
Horrible cootie,
You're the only b-b-bug that I abhor,
When the m-m-moon shines over the bunkhouse,
I will scratch my b-b-back until its sore.[2]



[1]Dolph, p. 167.

[2]York, p. 13.

[3]Ye A.E.F. Hymnal, p. 15.

Another of the more popular parodies was "Darling, I am Coming Back" based on "Silver Threads Among the Gold." This ditty originated in the Third Army--later the Army of Occupation--when they were on their way to the Rhineland after the Armistice. The slogan of the A.E.F. had been "Heaven, Hell, or Hoboken by Christmas" with Hoboken the winning card for most of our doughboys.[1] However, the Third Army found itself in the unenviable position of being the Army of Occupation and this was cause for their lament--war is hell but peace is worse.

The following was one of the few songs born out of disappointment which the doughboys of the Third Army felt when they found out they were headed for the Rhine instead of Hoboken and Christmas dinner in the U. S. A.[2] Many men who had dreamed of a quick return to their homes in the states found themselves headed for an indefinite stay on the Rhine. The complete verse is given on the following page.

Hospital songs also made an appearance--the two most popular being "In the Base at Savenay" and "Get Out That Old Broken Tibia." "In the Base of Savenay," a parody on "In the Good Old Summertime," originated about Christmas of 1918, at Base Eight, Savigny. This was a relay station for stretcher cases being sent back to the United States. The song came about because it was suggested that all wounded men be placed in plaster casts for traveling on the ocean. Many of the men

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[1]The Stars and Stripes, November 29, 1918, p. 3.

[2]Dolph, p. 109.

"DARLING I AM COMING BACK"

TUNE OF "SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD"

Darling I am coming back,
Silver threads among the black;
Now that peace in Europe nears,
I'll be home in seven years.
I'll drop in on you some night,
With my whiskers long and white;
Home again with you once more,
Say by nineteen twenty four.

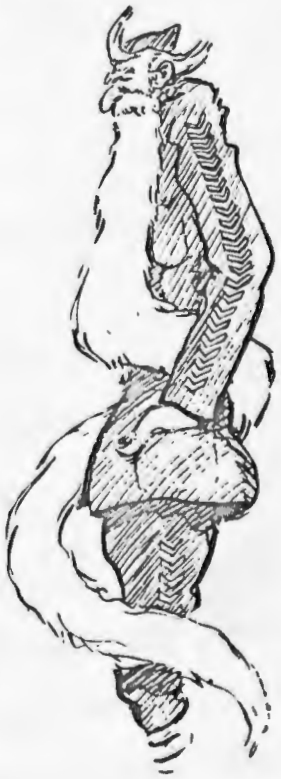
Chorus

I'll drop in on you some night,
With my whiskers long and white;
Home again with you once more,
Say by nineteen twenty four.

Once I thought by now I'd be,
Sailing back across the sea;
Back to where you sit and pine,
But I'm heading for the Rhine.
You can hear the M. Ps. curse,
"War is Hell" but Peace is worse;
When the next war comes, Oh well,
I'll rush in I will like Hell.

Chorus

Just hear that 3rd Army curse,
"War is Hell" but Peace is worse,
When the next war comes, Oh well,
I'll rush in I will like Hell.[1]



[1] Ye A.E.F. Hymnal, p. 3.

ran a high fever when they were tied up and this in turn dimmed their chances of getting home. So you can see why this song was sung in a derisive, sarcastic manner.[1]

IN THE BASE AT SAVENAY

Tune: "In the Good Old Summer-Time"

In the base at Savenay,
Where the sick and wounded l-a-y--
Running up their temperatures
More and more each day . . . .
Oh, they put them all in plaster casts,
And that's a very good sign
That they will stay at Savenay
Till the good old summer - time.[2]

Here is another parody from Savigny. Stallings in his fine magazine article has told us, "Many a lad being carried down to the operating room at Savigny departed from his ward with this song ringing out":[3]

GET OUT THAT OLD BROKEN TIBIA

Tune: "Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet"

Get out that old broken tibia,
And hitch it on to the fibula,
And put the whole damn works in a cast.
And on a khaki stretcher
They will come and get yer,
And you'll push daisies up through the grass![4]

Most of the songs sung by the doughboys in World War I were cheerful and on the humorous side. The men even retained their sense of humor about the possibility of being gassed. They composed the "Gassed Song," a parody on "Bombed Last

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[1]Stallings, Colliers, June 4, 1927, p. 13.

[2]Ibid.

[3]Ibid., p. 41.

[4]Dolph, p. 124.

Night," on the theory that having only one respirator among four men was something to behold. Both the tragedy and comedy of war can be seen in the following song:

THE GASSED SONG

Gassed last night - gassed the night before
Gonna git gassed again if we never git gassed
no more,
When we're gassed, we're as sick as we can be,
'Cause phosgene and mustard gas is too much
for me.

Chorus:

They're warnin' us, they're warnin' us,
One respirator for the four of us,
Glory be to God that three of us can run,
So one of us can use it all alone.[1]

Nearly everyone connected with the service in some manner was lampooned in verse. It appeared that the most jibed at people in the army were the quartermaster men in the S.O.S. To the boys of the Services of Supply the following ditties were what a red flag is to a bull. As a result everyone sang these parodies which ranked second only to such well known songs as "Hinky Dinky" and "I'll Tell You Where They Were." It seemed a little unjust to call these songs "S.O.S. Songs" for almost needless to say these songs did not rank high on the hit parade in those units.

The subject of pay was a favorite army theme developed differently in different songs. Pay day to the khaki clad was a movable feast--a time for cancellation of debts--the date of the return of the laundry the doughboys sent away a month and a half before. It appeared to the troops that on

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[1]Niles, Moore and Wallgren, p. 46.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE S.O.S.

TUNE OF "THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE ME"

And when they ask us,
How dangerous it was,
We never will tell them,
We never will tell them,
We spent our pay in some cafe,
Fighting wild women
Night and day,
'Twas the toughest job
We ever had,

And when they ask us,
And they certainly will ask us,
Why 'twas we did not win
The Croix-de-Guerre,
We never will tell them,
We never will tell them,
There was a front,
But hanged if *we* knew where.[1]

[1] Ye A.E.F. Hymnal, p. 9.

KAISER BILL

The doggone Kaiser ain't what he used to be, Ain't what he used to be, Ain't what he used to be, The doggone Kaiser ain't what he used to be, Twenty years ago.
Oh, I don't have to fight like the Infantry, Fight like the Cavalry, Fight like Artillery. Oh, I don't have to fly over Germany, For I'm a Q. M. C.

Twenty years ago, Twenty years ago, The doggone Kaiser ain't what he used to be. Ain't what he used to be, Ain't what he used to be, The doggone Kaiser ain't what he used to be, Twenty years ago.
I'm a Q. M. C. I'm a Q. M. C. Oh, I don't have to fight like the Infantry, Fight like the Cavalry, Fight like Artillery, Oh, I don't have to fly over Germany, For I'm a Q. M. C.[1]

SONG OF THE Q.M.C.

[1] Ye A.E.F. Hymnal, p. 11.

pay day the army paid you thirty dollars but took out twenty-nine. The following songs, parodies on "The Old Gray Mare," had to do with the monthly pay of the Sammies.

ALL WE DO IS SIGN THE PAYROLL

Tune: "The Old Gray Mare"

All we do is sign the payroll,
All we do is sign the payroll,
All we do is sign the payroll,
And we never get a gol-dern cent!

First, they make us make allotments,
Then they make us take insurance,
Then they fine us in court marrrr-shul.
So we never get a gol-dern cent![1]

PAY-DAY SONG

Tune: "The Old Gray Mare"

Oh, Uncle Sammy, he pays the infantry,
He pays the cavalry, he pays the artillery,
And then, by gosh, he closes the treasury.
To hell with the engineers![2]

"The Old Gray Mare" proved to be a very useful tune and was used hard by the A.E.F. Among the songs parodied on that tune were "The Signal Corps Song," "The Kaiser Ain't What He Used to Be," and "Uncle Sammy, He's Got the Infantry." Speaking of the infantry, their famous song "The Infantry, The Infantry" was a take off on the tune "The Son of a Gambolier."

THE INFANTRY, THE INFANTRY

Tune: "The Son of A Gambolier"

The Infantry, the Infantry, with the dirt
behind their ears,

---

[1]The Stars and Stripes, February 15, 1918, p. 5.

[2]Dolph, p. 149.

The Infantry, the Infantry, they can't get
any beers;
The Cavalry, the Artillery and the bloomin'
Engineers
Why, they couldn't lick the Infantry in a
hundred thousand years.[1]

This venerable battle hymn above was adapted for the altered conditions of a dry army. The original ran as follows:

The Infantry, the Infantry, with mud behind
their ears,
They'll lick their weight in wildcats and
they'll drink their weight in beers.
etc. etc.[2]

As York has commented on this marching infantry song:

> The Infantry version has a marked rhythmic beat that makes its popularity as a marching song no cause for wonder, and of course it travelled overseas with the troops. There was a rather striking illustration of this popularity, even under difficulties, when about the middle of January, 1918, the first American Infantry started for the front, under the most disheartening of weather conditions. It was four degrees below freezing, a nasty wind was blowing, and a cold rain fell. The road was a sheet of ice and it was so nearly impossible to keep a footing on it that there was no attempt to keep step, and men fell repeatedly both singly and in bunches along the way. They were carrying full sixty pounds of equipment and a rifle, but after nine miles of it they came in singing and what they sang--whether they could march to it or not--was
>
> The Infantry, the Infantry, with mud behind
> their ears
> The Infantry, the Infantry--[3]

No paper could be complete without mention of two of the most widely known ditties--"Bombed" sung to the tune of "One Keg of Beer For the Four of Us," and "Just Behind the

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[1]The Stars and Stripes, February 15, 1918, p. 2.

[2]York, p. 29.

[3]Ibid., pp. 29-30.

Battle, Mother."

These parodies which have already been mentioned and those which have been included in Appendix B, p. 147, revealed thoughts of the doughboys in World War I that would otherwise have died unspoken. These songs revived sunken spirits when the platoon leaders failed, and gave a new lease on the sense of humor that sent our soldiers "over the top." So many of the marching songs and parodies of the doughboys in World War I were a serenade or a gripe to the Brass usually rendered with great vim and vigor but with no unfortunate results to the singers. In addition, parodies made fighting and war just a little more bearable. The countless parodies that sprang up out of the soldiers' own experiences lessened his hardships and lightened his load when chafing pack straps slowed his steps and his field gear grew heavier with every step.

Parodies also made an appearance behind the scenes of battle. In leave areas these songs afforded great relief from the tenseness of discipline and forgetfulness of what awaited the troops on their return to the front.[1] Of course these GI gems were caustic, sentimental, more often than not nonsensical and GI to the core. But such rollicking rhythms revealed the spirit of the doughboy as he marched to a hero's grave.

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[1]Music Trade News, VIII (January, 1930), 14.

CHAPTER VII

CONCLUSIONS

World War I was a singing war both on the fighting and the civilian fronts. One of its most unique features was the official recognition for the first time that music could play an important role in the lives of soldiers and the people back home. Music and song buoyed not only the spirits of our American Expeditionary Forces but the people here in this country as well. On the fighting front music tended to strengthen the deeper unconscious instincts men have in common especially during wartime. On the home front songs inspired the civilian community to give their "all" so that the army in the field would have the thousand necessities required for the waging of successful modern warfare.

The training of soldiers to sing in large masses was another significant feature of World War I. On April 26, 1917 when the War and Navy Departments Commission on Training Camp Activities announced singing as one of its proposed activities, the majority of military men as well as the general public thought of it as strictly a recreational measure. Even those who had advocated community sings in the beginning and knew how song could be a joy and inspiration to the men, could not have foretold the success of army singing. However, this Commission realized the fundamental

relationship which exists between the waging of war and the essence of music. Supported originally with reservations, organized singing came to be recognized as an integral part of the training itself, and was scheduled along with target and bayonet practice and other requirements of war making. Howard Wade Kimsey, one of the later song leaders, told of his experience at Fort Logan H. Roots, Arkansas:

> I well remember calling on a colonel and telling him that I should like to drill his men in singing. His reply was, 'Teach them to sing? Well, what will they do for the boys next, give them "shammy" skins and pink tea?' But he immediately had a company marched up to headquarters and told me to try them out, and if I could make them sing he would let me have all of them. The boys were shy at first, but I soon had them going, and the colonel made a speech, and in a few days turned out the entire regiment for singing. This was the first work I ever did with men on drill time . . . .[1]

The significant aspect of the history and value of organized singing in the First World War was the advance from skepticism and reluctance to conviction and enthusiasm. On this issue the New York Times declared at the height of the conflict:

> Army and navy officers are not simply permitting their men to sing--they are encouraging song in every way possible and making a place on the program of camp routine for the song leaders. They know that song makes a good soldier a better soldier; that it makes a tired soldier a rested soldier.[2]

The War Department's plan to cultivate singing in stateside camps was a huge success but our army had its own

---

[1]United States Commission on Training Camp Activities, p. 10.

[2]September 30, 1917, VII, p. 8.

ideas on that matter from the start. The doughboys would sing--yes, willingly they would sing, but they chose to sing those songs that appealed to them the most and not what the song leaders preferred. What our Sammies sang overseas was a different story altogether. They did not have song leaders to lead them. Song leaders had no place on the march or in the trenches. The patriotic hodge-podge of popular hits which appealed to our civilians and doughboys stationed stateside did not find favor with the khaki clad marching through the mud of Flanders fields. They preferred the rollicking songs of nonsense, the parodies, and the "naughty bits of wit" that burst forth wherever groups of men congregrated.

To the sophisticated Americans of today, it might be difficult to visualize the doughboys of World War I marching off to war with a song in their hearts. It is difficult to picture the toughened GI's of World War II marching off to war singing lustily. Perhaps it is hard to understand due to the fact that modern warfare does not gear itself to song.

While our troops in 1917 and 1918 boarded ships with a "brave song" on their lips and slogged through the mud of France singing, the GI's of 1942 boarded ships secretly and had neither the time nor inclination for song while wading ashore on assault landings on the shores of North Africa, Sicily, Iwo Jima and Okinawa. World War II was not a singing war. Songs had a place, however, in World War I. But that was long ago. In World War II songs were drowned out in the

rumble of convoys, clashing gears, clattering tanks, and the screeching of wheels.

Our doughboys attitude in World War I was somewhat different compared with the fighting man's outlook during the time of World War II. In 1917 and 1918 the A. E. F. was a cocky crew, eager to show the rest of the world what it could do. Our Sammies were an unproven quantity in World War I, but it did not take long to demonstrate their worth. The state of mind of the American soldier in 1917 and 1918 was ideal. His adventurous attitude in "going over" and the ability of his humor saved him from bitterness and rancor. Judged from its songs, World War I would seem a Great Adventure, which was perhaps just as well, for the singing of the soldiers was one of the things that sustained their courage and kept them going.

How different were our GI's in World War II. They were a hardened determined lot, calloused, cynical and brazen. There might have been music in their hearts--but there was no song on their lips. There were few places for song in all the filth and misery and pain and seeing men die. Who could imagine any GI infantryman going into an attack merrily singing: "It's a Long Way To Tipperary."

World War I, however, was a singing war. Songs had a place on the home front, in the light of bivouac fires, and in the columns of men marching rhythmically. Music played a large part in the great swarm of patriotic meetings and assemblies. Music undoubtedly helped to win that war.

Songs are considered a barometer of the times and the tunes that were popular in this country during World War I days were no exception to the rule. Such ballads popular from 1914 to 1919 expressed the changing opinions and true feelings of the American public at a time when the country was attempting to make a decision whether to remain free of European entanglements or to enter the conflict in Europe. During the early war years the American populace was vehement in their opinion to keep out of the war. "I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier" was the theme song of the great majority of Americans. Events in Europe and on the high seas, however, caused America's attitude to change and the mothers of America were only too glad to sing "I'm Gonna Raise My Boy to be a Soldier and a Credit to the U. S. A." which was published in 1916. During 1917 and 1918 the American public left no doubt as to their true feelings. All sang in unison such rousing flag waving numbers as "Liberty Bell, It's Time to Ring Again," "The Story of Old Glory, the Flag We Love," and "Do Not Shun Your Uncle Sam." All America would see the battle through to the bitter end in America's attempt to "make the world safe for democracy."

APPENDIX A

GI FOLK SONGS

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Look at the Ears on Him 143

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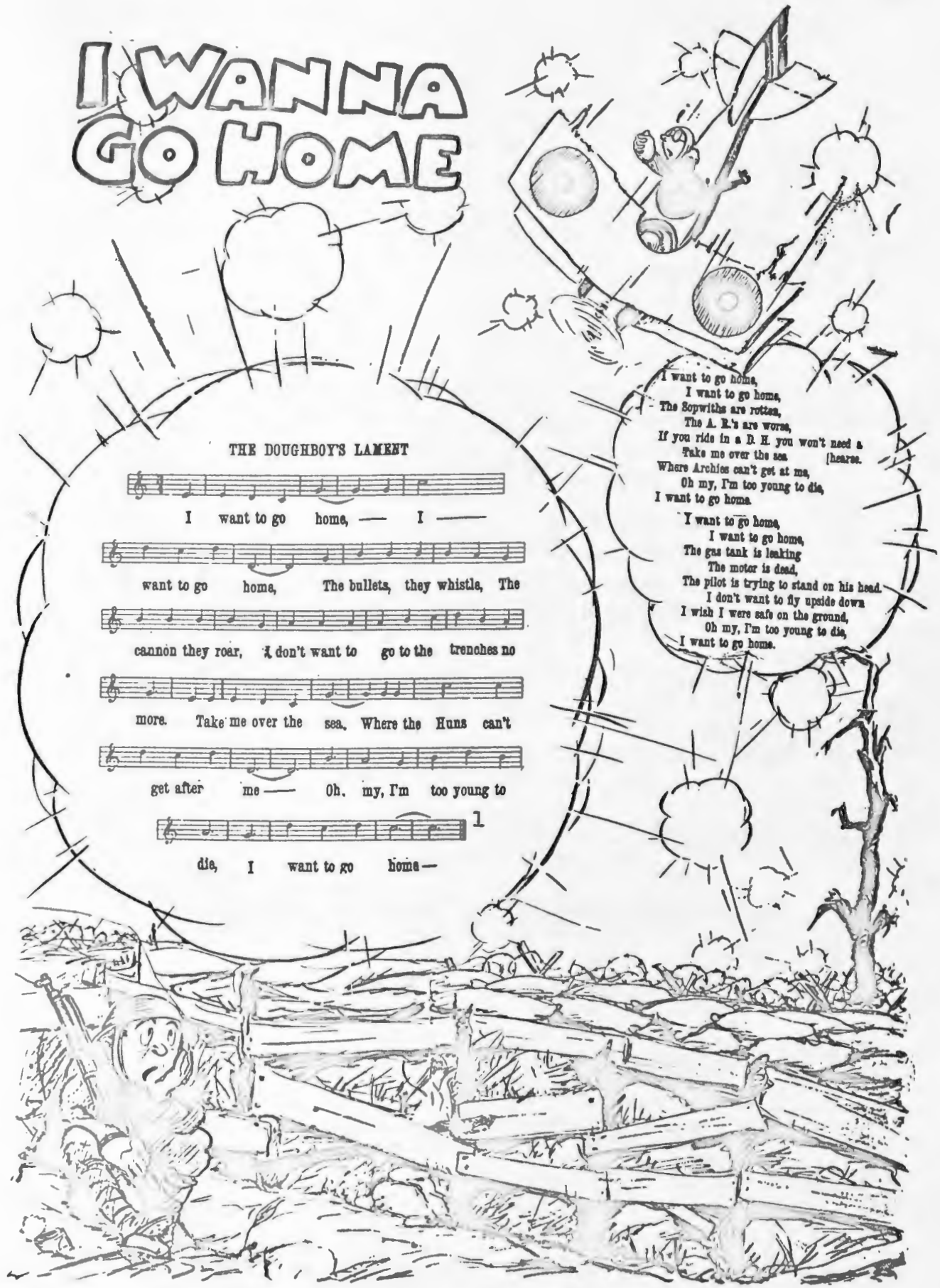
We Saw the Damn Thing Through 146

YE A.E.F.
HYMNAL
A COLLECTION OF THE DOUGHBOY LYRICS THAT SMOOTHED THE ROAD FROM HOBOKEN TO THE RHINE
CAFE

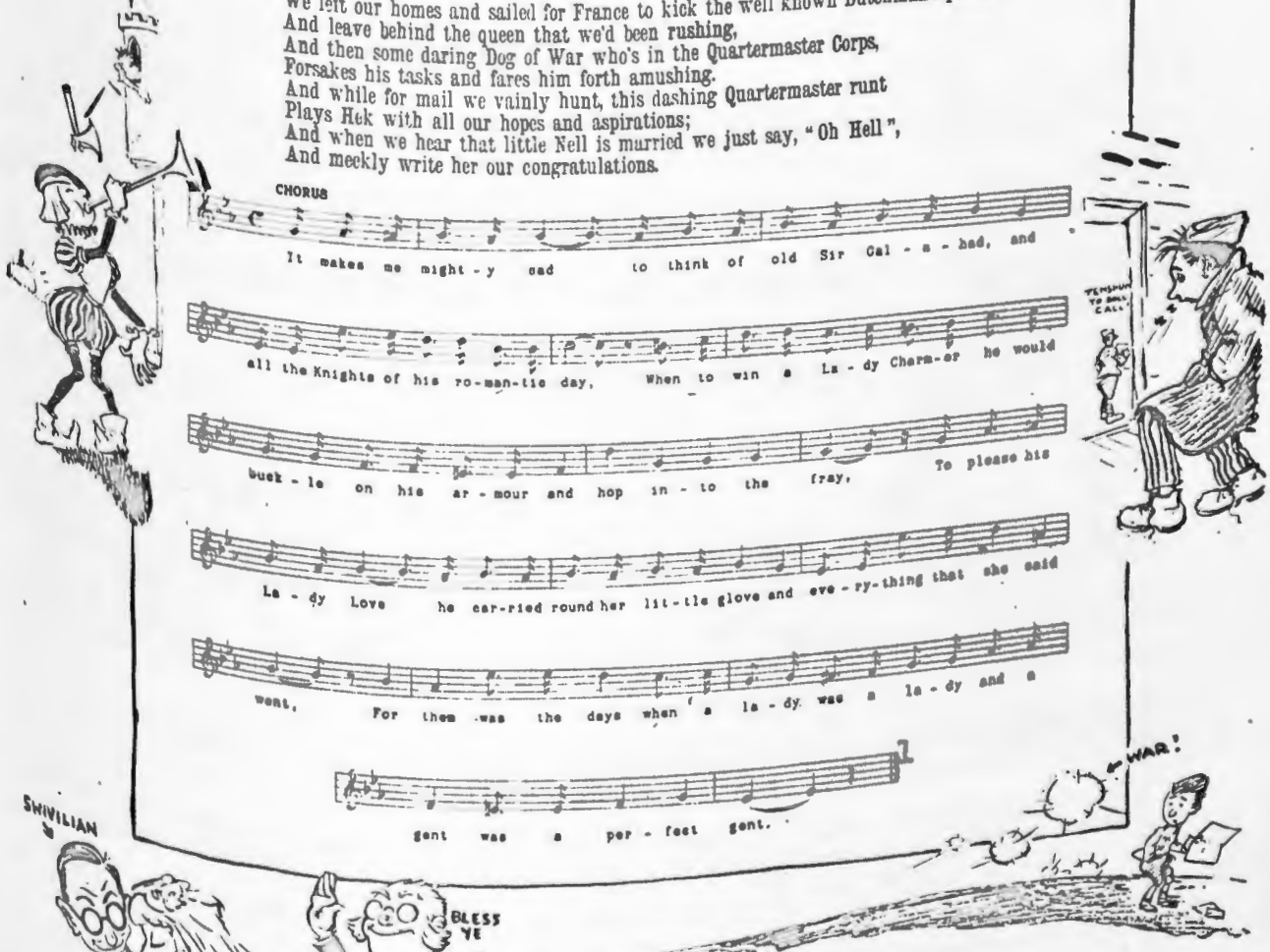


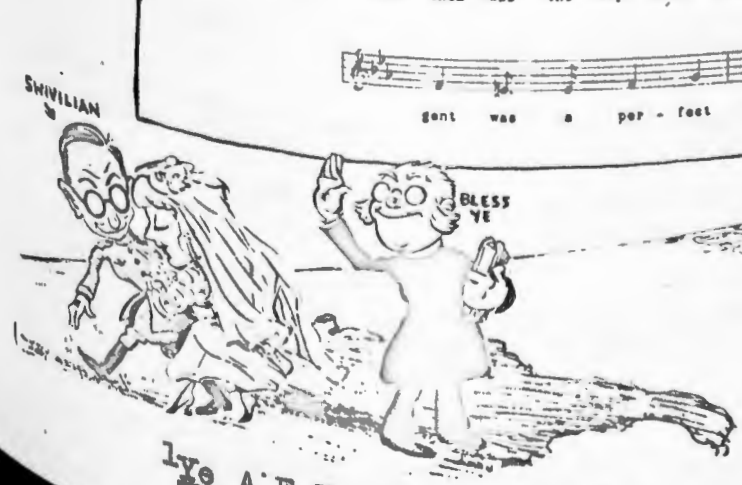
[1]Ye A.E.F. Hymnal, p. 4.

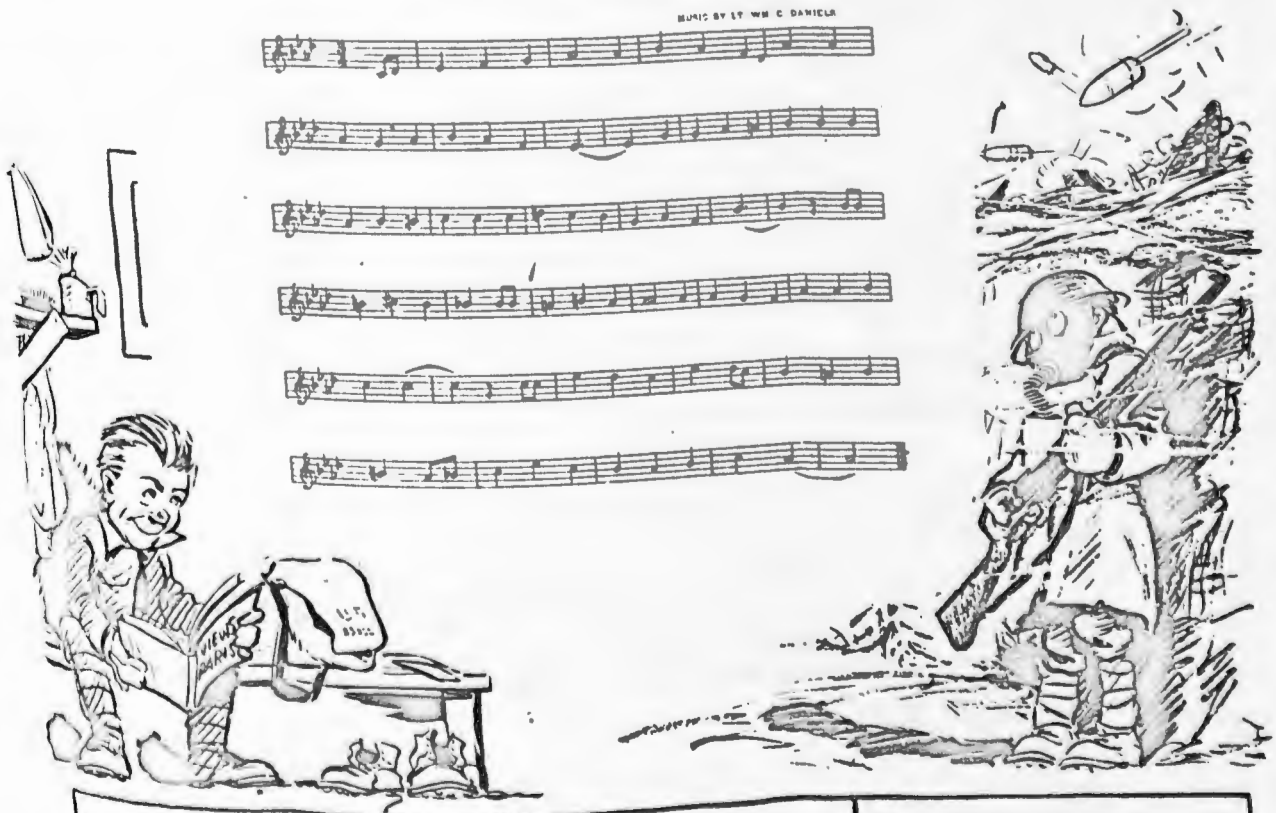
THOSE ANCIENT KNIGHTS IN DAYS OF YORE

Those Ancient Knights in Days of Yore belonging to the Signal Corps,
Lived lives of ease when all their foes they'd mastered,
And every night so they'd relate the whole durn gang would congregate,
At some swell bar and stick till they were plastered.
And when the bugler buged at dawn they'd heave an ax at him and yawn,
And snooze till 12 before they donned their armor,
But ancient customs don't survive, we now get up at half past five,
And answer Reveille in our pajamas.

We left our homes and sailed for France to kick the well known Dutchman's pants,
And leave behind the queen that we'd been rushing,
And then some daring Dog of War who's in the Quartermaster Corps,
Forsakes his tasks and fares him forth amushing.
And while for mail we vainly hunt, this dashing Quartermaster runt
Plays Hek with all our hopes and aspirations;
And when we hear that little Nell is married we just say, "Oh Hell",
And meekly write her our congratulations.







As I sit on my bunk arranging my junk,
with thoughts of Old Paris in mind,

With vivid reflections and fond recollections
of milestones that now lie behind,

While fresh in my ears are the words of those
Dears who openly, mockingly dare us,

To forget home and friends till this awful
war ends and take part in The Battle of
Paris.

They are strikingly neat from their heads to
their feet and have eyes like stars in the skies,

And fresh ruby lips like rose petal tips, how
beautiful you may surmise.

Now these camouflaged birds sap the strength
from the words we are told by the Cha-
plain to scare us,

So with vigorous hop we go over the top in
that terrible Battle of Paris.

Now up on the line where the big guns whine
and the 75's are a'smoking,

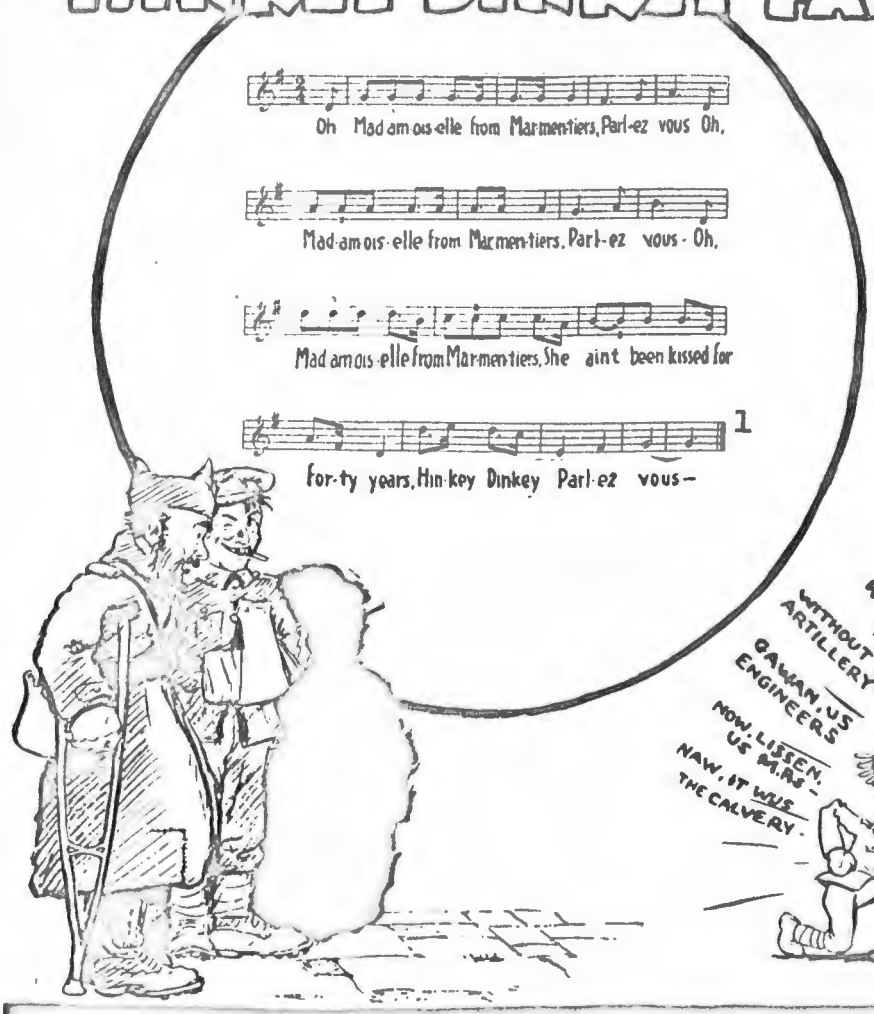
The Hell in the air fills your heart with
despair and the gas fills your lungs till
you're choking;

But say, on the square I'd rather be there on
the Marne, or the Somme or at Arras,

For with vin blanc snoot full its hard to be
neutral in That Famous Battle of Paris.[1]

[1] Ye A.E.F. Hymnal, p. 7.

HINKEY-DINKEY PARLEZ-VOO



The Cavalry say they won the war, Parlez-vous.
The Cavalry say they won the war, Parlez-vous
The Cavalry said they did it all,
Shooting craps in empty stall, Hinckey Dinckey,
Parlez-vous.

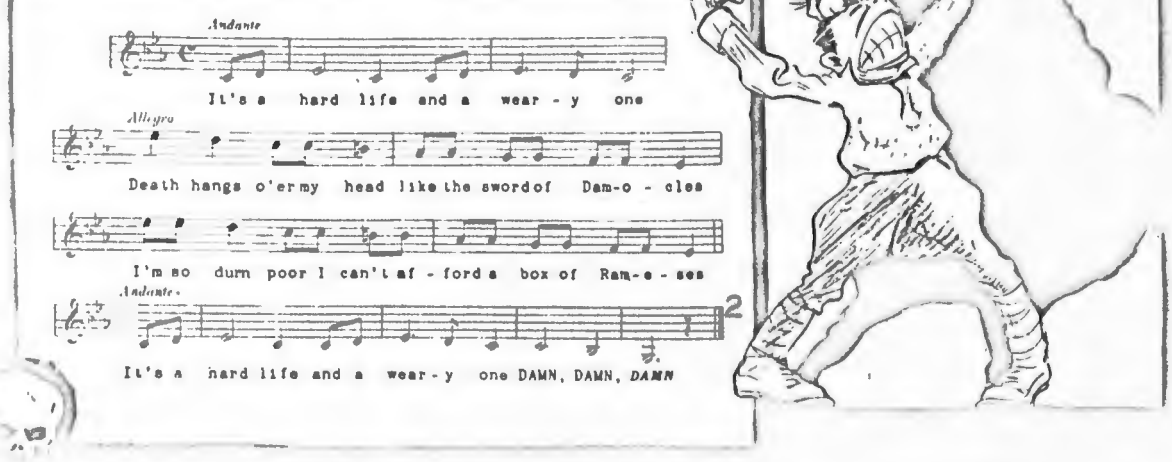
The M. P.s say they won the war, Parlez vous.
The M. P.s say they won the war, Parlez-vous.
Oh, the M P s say they won the war,
Standing guard at a cafe door Hinckey Dinckey,
Parlez-vous.

The C. O says he won the war, Parlez-vous.
The C O says he won the war, Parlez vous.
The C. O. wants the Croix de Guerre,
For sitting around in his Morris Chair,
Hinckey Dinckey, Parlez-vous.

The Kaiser was going to win the war, Parlez-vous.
The Kaiser was going to win the war, Parlez-vous.
Oh, Kaiser William, you're S. O. L.
Your Mittel Europa is shot to hell. Hinckey Dinckey,
Parlez-vous.

A-E-F-MISERERE

TO BE SUNG WERY WERY TRAGIC-LIKE-



[1] Ye A.E.F. Hymnal, p. 14.

[2] Ibid.

CAISSON SONG

Over hill, over dale, as we hit the dusty trail,
And the Caissons go rolling along,
In and out, hear them shout, counter march and right about,
And the Caissons go rolling along.

Chorus

Then it's hi! hi! hee! in the field artillery,
Shout out your numbers loud and strong
Where e'er you go, you will always know,
That the Caissons are rolling along,
(Shouted) Keep them rolling!
And those Caissons go rolling along.

In the storm, in the night, action left or action right,
See the Caissons go rolling along.
Limber front, limber rear, prepare to mount your cannoneer,
And the Caissons go rolling along.

Chorus

Then it's hi! hi! hee! in the field artillery,
Shout out your numbers loud and strong
Where e'er you go, you will always know,
That the Caissons are rolling along.
(Shouted) Keep them rolling!
And those Caissons go rolling along.
Batt'ry Halt!

A CHANT OF ARMY COOKS

We never were made to be seen on parade
When sweethearts and such line the streets;
When the band starts to blare, look for us--we ain't there,
We're mussing around with the eats.
  It's fun to step out to the echoing shout
  Of a crowd that forgets how you're fed,
While we're soiling our duds hacking eyes out of spuds--
  You know what Napoleon said.

When the mess sergeant's gay, you can bet hell's to pay
For the boys who are standing in line.
When the boys get a square, then the sergeant is there
With your death warrant ready to sign.
  If you're long on the grub, then you're damned for a dud,
  If you're short, you're a miser instead.
But, however you feel, you must get the next meal--
You know what Napoleon said.

You think it's a cinch when it comes to the clinch
For the man who is grinding the meat,
In the heat of the fight, why the cook's out of sight
With plenty of room to retreat.
  But the plump of a shell in a kitchen is hell
  When the roof scatters over your head.
And you crawl on your knees to pick up the K.P.'s--
You know what Napoleon said.

If the war ever ends, we'll go back to our friends--
In the army we've nary a one--
We'll list to the prattle of this or that battle
And then when the story is done,
  We'll say when they ask, "Now what was your task,
  And what is the glory you shed?"
"You see how they thrive--well, we kept 'em alive!
You know what Napoleon said!"

THE FLU

When your back is broke and your eyes are blurred,
And your shin bones knock and your tongue is furred,
And your tonsils squeak and your hair gets dry,
And you're doggone sure you're going to die,
But you're skeered you won't and afraid you will,
Just drag to bed and have your chill,
And pray the Lord to see you through,
For you've got the Flu, boy, you've got the Flu.

When your toes curl up and your belt goes flat,
And you're twice as mean as a Thomas cat.
And life is a long and dismal curse,
And your food all tastes like a hard-boiled hearse,
When your lattice aches and your head's a-buzz,
And nothing is as it ever was,
You've got the Flu, boy, you've got the Flu.

What is it like, this Spanish Flu?
Ask me, brother, for I've been through;
It is by Misery out of Despair,
It pulls your teeth and curls your hair,
It thins your blood and brays your bones,
And fills your craw with moans and groans.
And sometimes, maybe, you get well.
Some call it Flu, I call it hell.

GIVE ME A KISS BY THE NUMBERS

Chorus

Give me a kiss by the numbers,
I want to do things in a military way,
I used to kiss without any thought of cadence,
And oh! oh! what pleasure I used to give the maidens;
But it's different, oh! so different
Since they put a uniform on me,
So,
Give me a kiss by the numbers,
In cadence, one, two, three.

THE HEARSE SONG

The old Grey Hearse goes rolling by,
You don't know whether to laugh or cry;
For you know some day it'll get you too,
And the hearse's next load may consist of--you.

I'LL TELL YOU WHERE THEY WERE

If you want to know where the Generals were,
I'll tell you where they were,
Yes--I'll tell you where they were,
Oh, I'll tell you where they were.
If you want to know where the Generals were,
I'll tell you where they were--
  Back in gay Paree!

Chorus

(Spoken) How do you know!
I saw them! I saw them!
Back in gay Paree I saw them!
  Back in gay Paree!

If you want to know where the Colonels were,
I'll tell you where they were,
Yes--I'll tell you where they were,
Oh, I'll tell you where they were.
If you want to know where the Colonels were,
I'll tell you where they were--
  Way behind the lines!

Chorus

(Spoken) How do you know!
I saw them! I saw them!
Way behind the lines I saw them!
  Way behind the lines!

If you want to know where the Majors were,
I'll tell you where they were,
Yes--I'll tell you where they were,
Oh, I'll tell you where they were.
If you want to know where the Majors were,
I'll tell you where they were--
  Flirting with the mademoiselles!

Chorus

(Spoken) How do you know!
I saw them! I saw them!
Flirting with the mademoiselles
  I saw them!
  Flirting with the mademoiselles!

If you want to know where the Captains were,
I'll tell you where they were,
Yes--I'll tell you where they were,
Oh, I'll tell you where they were.
If you want to know where the Captains were,
I'll tell you where they were--
  Down in the deep dug-out!

Chorus

(Spoken) How do you know!
I saw them! I saw them!
Down in the deep dug-out I saw them!
  Down in the deep dug-out!

If you want to know where the sergeants were,
I'll tell you where they were,
Yes--I'll tell you where they were,
Oh, I'll tell you where they were.
If you want to know where the sergeants were,
I'll tell you where they were--
  Drinking up the privates' rum!

Chorus

(Spoken) How do you know!
I saw them! I saw them!
Drinking up the privates' rum
  I saw them!
  Drinking up the privates' rum!

If you want to know where the privates were,
I'll tell you where they were,
Yes--I'll tell you where they were,
Oh, I'll tell you where they were.
If you want to know where the privates were,
I'll tell you where they were--
  Up to their necks in mud!

Chorus

(Spoken) How do you know!
I saw them! I saw them!
Up to their necks in mud I saw them!
  Up to their necks in mud!

I'D HATE TO BE A HUN

I'd hate to be a Hun, boys,
I know that very well;
I know that they are done boys,
When time they hear us yell.
We beat you at the Marne,
And we beat you at the Aisne,
We gave you hell at Neuve--Chapelle,
And here we are again.

LOOK AT THE EARS ON HIM

I heard they wanted men
To fight as aviators bold,
So I went down, held up my hand,
And this is what they told,
"You'll go to Kelly Field
And learn to navigate the sky,"
When I got there I was "S.O.L."
For this is how I fly:

"Look at the ears on him, on him,
Oh! how do you get that way?"
That was the greeting I received
As I marched in today.
First they put me in the kitchen,
"K.P." was my name,
I wrote my gal that I was a flier,
Gee! but I'm a wonderful liar.

"Look at the ears on him, on him,
Oh! how do you get that way?"
That is the only battle cry
I hear both night and day,
If I'm to fight in this great war
And end the Kaiser's reign,
They better take up my kettles and pans,
And gimme an aeroplane!

THE M.P.'s

The M.P.'s, the M.P.'s, with side arms up and down,
The M.P.'s, the M.P.'s, they take your pass to town;
The M.P.'s, the M.P.'s, they work and never play;
I wouldn't be an M.P. for a million bucks a day.

OUR HITCH IN HELL

Every day and night I'm thinking of the things I left behind,
Yet I loathe to put on paper what is running through my mind
But I think I'll feel much better; so I guess I'll take a chance,
Ere the regiment is ordered to the shores of sunny France.

We've dug a million trenches and cleared ten miles of ground,
And a meaner place this side of Hell, I know has ne'er been found,
We've drilled in dust and scorching sun, in mud and driving rain,
Till our eyes and ears and legs and arms were yelling loud with pain.
But there's still one consolation, gather closely while I tell,
When we die we're bound for Heaven, 'cause we've done our hitch in Hell.

We've built a thousand mess halls for the cooks to stew our beans,
We've stood a hundred guard mounts, and cleaned the camp latrines,
We've washed a million mess kits, and peeled a million spuds,
We've rolled a million blanket rolls and washed a million duds,
The number of parades we've made is awfully hard to tell,
But we'll not parade in Heaven, for we paraded here in Hell.

We've passed a million sleepless hours upon our army cots,
And shook a hundred centipedes from out our army socks,
We've marched a hundred thousand miles and made a thousand camps,
And pulled a million cacti thorns from out our army pants,
So when our work on earth is done, our friends behind will tell,
"When they died they went to Heaven, 'cause they did their hitch in Hell."

The slum and coffee we have cussed, likewise the Willie canned,
We've damned the gentle gusts of wind that filled the air with sand.
We've taken the injections, ten million germs or more,
And the vaccine scratched upon our arms has made them very sore,
With all these things to get our goats, we all are here to tell,
When the order comes to cross the pond we'll give the Germans Hell.

When the final taps is sounded and we lay aside life's cares,
And we do the last and gloried parade, on Heaven's shining
stairs,
And the angels bid us welcome and the harps begin to play
We can draw a million canteen checks and spend them in a day.
It is then we'll hear St. Peter tell us loudly with a yell
"Take a front seat, you soldier men, you've done your hitch
in Hell."

PASSING IT ALONG

The Colonel calls the Major when he wants something done,
And the Major calls the Captain, and starts him on the run,
The Captain then gets busy, and tries to make it suit
By shifting all the baggage on a Shave Tail Second Lieut.
The said Lieutenant ponders and strokes his downy jaw,
Then calls a trusty sergeant and to him lays down the law.
The sergeant calls a corporal, explains how it must be,
Then the corporal calls a private, and that poor private's
me.

THE PRIVATE'S SONG

The captain told the lieutenant
To polish up the floor;
The lieutenant told the sergeant,
And, gee! but he got sore.
The sergeant told the corporal
Who got mad as he could be;
I've just talked to the corporal,
So I guess it's up to me.

THE RAW RECRUIT FROM OLD MIZZOO

A raw recruit from old Mizzoo enlisted in the ranks.
They slipped some khaki breeches upon his spindle shanks.
Then, all dressed up, he went to woo Mirandy down the way,
And when she cut the little curl, this raw recruit did say:

"Aw gimme a kiss, Mirandy, 'cause I'm goin' over there.
I need a little bracer now, besides a lock of hair,
I know you're not the slacker kind, you've got the goods
for fair.
So gimme a kiss, Mirandy, 'cause I'm goin' over there."

Mirandy hung her pretty head and gave a little sigh;
Her boy was goin' to fight in France and mebbe for to die.
She puckered up her lips and said, "I'll do my little bit,"
And when she let him have a kiss he didn't want to quit.

SLUMGULLION SONG

Today is Monday, today is Monday,
Monday is slumgullion;
All you hungry brothers,
We wish the same to you.

Tuesday, string beans.
Wednesday, soup.
Thursday, roast beef.
Friday, fish.
Saturday, pay day.
Sunday, church.

WE'RE IN THE ARMY NOW

We're in the army now
We're not behind the plow.
  We'll never get rich,
  We'll get the itch.
We're in the army now.

We're in the trenches now,
The slacker milks the cow;
  And the son of a Hun
  Must skeedaddle and run,
For we're in the trenches now.

WE SAW THE DAMN THING THROUGH

One, two, three, four,
We don't need any more.
Browning, Vickers, Maxims, Colts,
They gave the Germans a hell of a jolt.

Jam, jam, jam, jam,
Who gives a damn if they do?
The one pounder shell can go right to hell
For we saw the damn thing through.

APPENDIX B

PARODIES THAT PACKED A WALLOP

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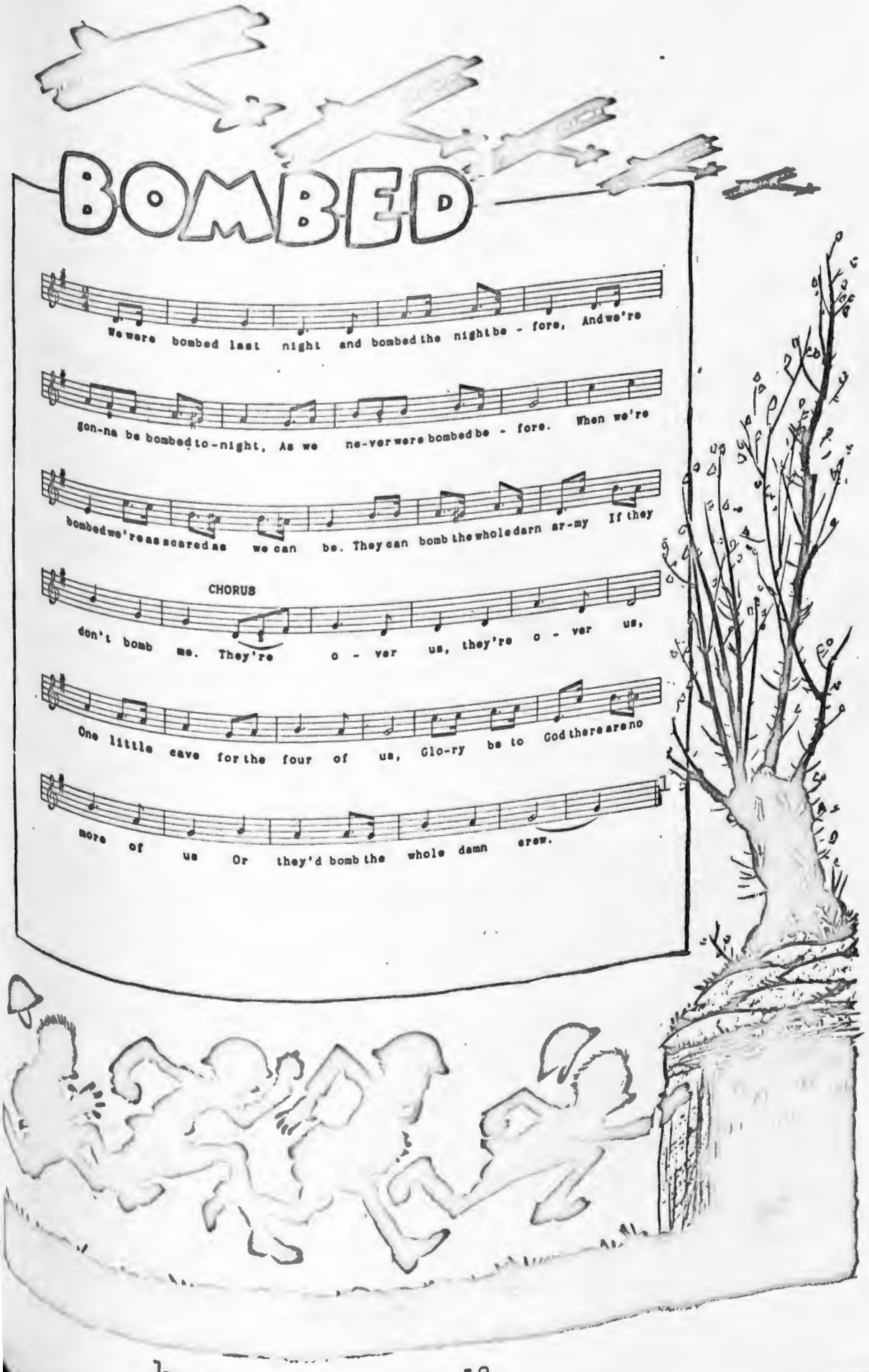
YE A.E.F.
HYMNAL
A COLLECTION OF THE DOUGHBOY LYRICS THAT SMOOTHED THE ROAD FROM HOBOKEN TO THE RHINE
DRAWINGS BY HENRY MAYERS
FRANCE - 1919
SALVAGE CREW

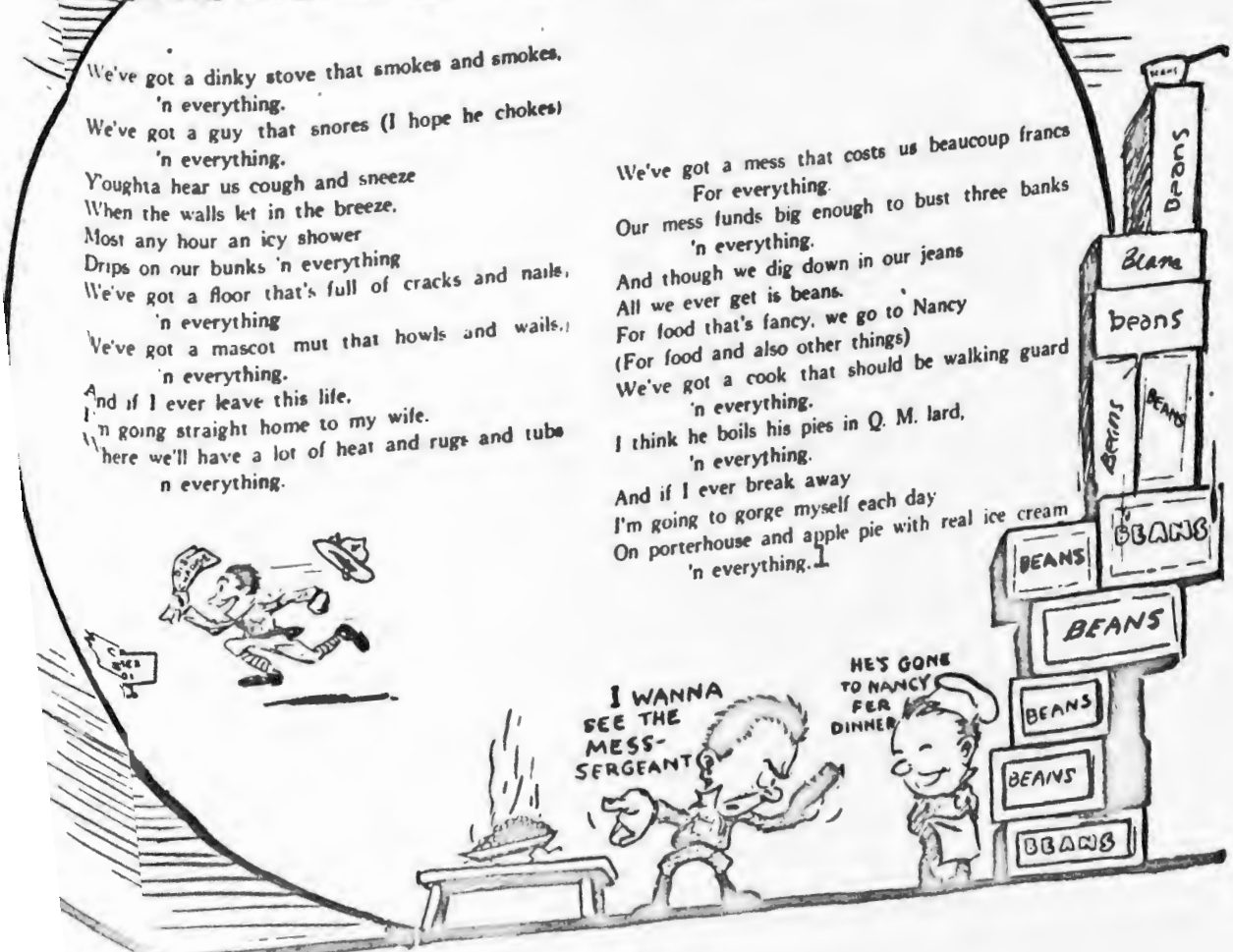


[1]Ye A.E.F. Hymnal, p. 12.

[1]*Ye A.E.F. Hymnal*, p. 13.

We've got a dinky stove that smokes and smokes,
'n everything.
We've got a guy that snores (I hope he chokes)
'n everything.
Youghta hear us cough and sneeze
When the walls let in the breeze.
Most any hour an icy shower
Drips on our bunks 'n everything
We've got a floor that's full of cracks and nails,
'n everything
We've got a mascot mut that howls and wails,
'n everything.
And if I ever leave this life,
I'm going straight home to my wife.
Where we'll have a lot of heat and rugs and tubs
'n everything.

We've got a mess that costs us beaucoup francs
For everything.
Our mess funds big enough to bust three banks
'n everything.
And though we dig down in our jeans
All we ever get is beans.
For food that's fancy, we go to Nancy
(For food and also other things)
We've got a cook that should be walking guard
'n everything.
I think he boils his pies in Q. M. lard,
'n everything.
And if I ever break away
I'm going to gorge myself each day
On porterhouse and apple pie with real ice cream
'n everything.[1]



[1] A. E. F. Hymnal, p. 5.

THE BRAVE GRENADIER

Tune: "Casey Jones"

Come all you soldiers if you want to hear,
I'll tell you the story of a brave grenadier;
Casey Jones was the grenadier's name,
With a 32 Mills grenade he won his fame.

The Sergeant called Casey at half-past four,
He said good-bye to his buddy at the dougout door.
He mounted to the parapet, grenades in hand
And he tried to bomb his way out into No Man's Land.

Chorus

Casey Jones, mounted to the parapet,
Casey Jones, grenades in his hand,
Casey Jones, tried to stop a whiz-bang,
And now he's pushing daisies out in No Man's Land.

GIVE ME SOME HARDTACK

Tune: "Give Me the Moonlight, Give Me the Girl"

Give me some hardtack,
Give me some cheese,
Give me a crust of bread,
And let me eat my fill
Of old corn Bill
And call me well fed.
Don't give me eggs or ham,
But lots of strawberry jam,
And brew me up some tea;
And if you have an army shoe,
Just stick it in the stew;
And if you run short, Pat,
Cook up my old Tin Hat,
And leave the rest to me.

THE GUTS OF THE ARMY

Tune: "Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You"

Well, the doughboys are in the trenches,
And the cavalry's out on patrol,
When there's fighting in the air, the
aeroplanes are there,
They're all right as far as they go;
But when the real fight starts over yonder,
It is then that you'll agree
That the GUTS of the whole damned army
Is the field artillery.

A HELLUVA ENGINEER

Tune: "The Wearing of the Green"
"A Son of a Gambolier"

Verse:

Come, all you gallant soldiers, and the story you
shall hear
Of the Trials and Tribulations of an Army
engineer.
Like every honest soldier, he took his
whiskey clear
Till General Scott said, "You shall
NOT touch whiskey, wine or beer."

Chorus:

He's a helluva, helluva, helluva, helluva,
helluva engineer,
A rambling skate from any old state,
And nothing does he fear;
He tried to do his duty and he tried
to do it well,
But the captain and the sergeant and
the corporal gave him hell.

They took him on the parade ground to
march, to rush, to crawl,
The first was bad, the next was worse, the
last was worst of all;
He bruised his belly on a tack, he tore it
on a nail;
He'd have made a damned good lizard if
he'd only had a tail.

They took him to the rifle range to learn to
fire at will,
The aiming and the trigger squeeze,
the enemy to kill;
His rifle kicked him in the jaw--
he missed the bull a mile,
For the chow shack is the only place that
he shows any style.

The doctor looked him over and the doctor
grinned with glee,
"A shot in the arm will do no harm, bring on
my large squeegee."
With fifty million typhoid bugs patrolling
through his blood,
They shot in fifty million more, and then
his name was MUD.

I WANT A BELT

Tune: "I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl That Married Dear Old Dad"

I want a belt just like the belt
That all the shavetails wear.
It has a strap that goes up the back,
And makes the ma'm'selles stare.
It's made of leather with a hook or two,
And you can bet it makes the girls love you.
I want a belt just like the belt
That all the shavetails wear.

Company "B," 345th Bn. Tanks.

JUST ME AND MY PAL

Tune: "For Me and My Gal"

We were in Paris, just me and my pal,
We were in Paris, with a mademoiselle.
All the corp'rals were snorting
And the sergeants reporting
While the Captain was signing my A.W.O.L.
We had a good time without any fear
With plenty of champagne and beaucoup de biere.
Some day I'll take another little trip or two
Or three or four--like hell--
Away to Paris with a mademoiselle.

K-K-K-K. P.

Tune: "K-K-K-Katy"

K-K-K-K. P.
Dirty old K.P.
That's the only army job that I abhor,
When the M-Moon shines over the guardhouse,
I'll be mopping up the K-K-K-Kitchen floor.

THE M.O.T.C.

Tune: "The Coda to Our Director March"

We are the boys of Ashburne, roughnecks to the core,
Forgetting that we're doctors, we'd like to drill much more--
Oh, yes, like hell we would!
Our Fords are all in hock-shop, our 'scopes and bougies too,
Keeping the line boys out of hell is what we do.

OH, HOW I HATE TO GO INTO THE MESS HALL

Tune: "Oh! How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning"

Oh, how I hate to go into the mess hall!
Oh, how I long for the foods at home!
For it isn't hard to guess
Why they call the meals a mess--
You've got to eat beans, you've got to eat beans,
You've got to eat beans in the army.
Some day I'll murder the cook in the kitchen;
Some day I'll throw him into the lake.
And when the bloomin' war is through
I'll say: "To hell with beans and stew!"
And spend the rest of my pay on steak.

THE SHELL HOLE RAG

Tune: "Darktown Strutters' Ball"

I've got my wind up honey,
A-layin' wire out in No Man's Land,
Where the shells are falling fast,
And I think I'm smellin' gas.
Each shell that's a-comin' over
Seems to bear my name in letters large
and clear,
And if from me you do not hear
Now don't think it very queer.

Chorus

For machine gun bullets whizzing round me,
The old tin hat's a-feelin' mighty small.
Inside it I'd like to crawl,
And hug the ground just like a porous plaster.
My feet feel heavy and my knees feel weak,
I bite my tongue every time I speak
And when I hear those 9.2's,
I shake the hobnails out of my shoes--
In No Man's Land, where they play
that shell hole rag.
(Do You hear it?) Whizz--Bang!

SIGNAL CORPS SONG

Tune: "The Old Gray Mare"

Oh! Uncle Sammy, he needs the Signal Corps,
Wigwag and semaphore,
He gets them by the score;
And then, by jing, we're off for a foreign shore,
Good-bye, Kaiser Bill!

THAT'S THE WRONG WAY TO TICKLE MARIE

Tune: "Tipperary"

That's the wrong way to tickle Marie,
That's the wrong way to kiss;
Don't you know that over here, lad,
They like it best like this?
Hooray pour la France!
Farewell, Angleterse!
We didn't know the way to tickle Marie,
But we've learned how over here!

THERE ARE SHIPS

Tune: "Smiles"

There are ships that carry rations,
There are ships that carry mail.
There are ships that carry ammunition--
There are ships that merely carry sail.
There are ships that carry President Wilson--
They are mighty giants of the foam;
But I'd trade them all for just a rowboat,
If that rowboat would carry me home.

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRACE

Tune: "The Long Trail"

There's a long, long trace a-winding
  Around the hocks of my team,
And the martingale is missing
  And the old brake beam.
I've got the off horse saddled backwards,
  I've got the backstrap 'round his neck,
And though it's all damned peculiar, yet
  We're ready to roll, by heck!

UNCLE SAMMY, HE'S GOT THE INFANTRY

Tune: "The Old Gray Mare"

Uncle Sammy, he's got the infantry,
He's got the cavalry,
He's got artillery,
And so, by gosh, we'll all go to Germany,
Good-bye, Kaiser Bill.
Good-bye, Kaiser Bill, Good-bye, Kaiser Bill,
Uncle Sammy, he's got the infantry,
He's got the cavalry, he's got artillery,
And so, by gosh, we'll all go to Germany,
Good-bye, Kaiser Bill.

WE DO SQUADS LEFT

Tune: "Glorious, Glorious"

Oh, we do squads left and we do squads right,
We stand reveille in the middle of the night.
Along about midnight we all hit the hay--
Nothing to do until the very next day.
Parlez vous, parlez vous
Yip a little French like the Froggies do.
Un, deux, trois, quatre,
What the hell do you think of that?
We never used to talk like that at home.

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