

THE STARS AND STRIPES AND YOU

1917-
1918

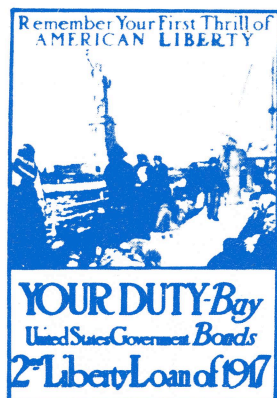


STARS and STRIPES and YOU

a tragical-comical History of The War to End All Wars, being a montage of songs, speeches, vaudeville routines, faked "actuality" reports & pro & anti-war poetry & prose recorded mostly in the USA during 1917-1918, compiled by Dr. R. C. Raach, Professor of History, California State College at Hayward, and collated and engineered in an original STEREO technique by William F. Malloch

STARS and STRIPES and YOU,*
a tragical-comical History of The War
to End All Wars, being a montage
of songs, speeches, vaudeville routines,
faked "actuality" reports & pro &
anti-war poetry & prose
recorded mostly in the USA during
1917-18, compiled by Dr. R. C. Raack,
Professor of History, California State
College at Hayward, and collated and
engineered in an original STEREO
technique by William F. Malloch.

*Based on part 2 of The Magnificent Nonsense, a production first broadcast on KPFK-FM, Pacifica Radio in So. Calif.



DIES IRAE / Palestrina Choir / Victor

STAR SPANGLED BANNER / Chicago Symphony: Frederick Stock / Columbia

WE TAKE OUR HATS OFF TO YOU, MR. WILSON (Edwards-Merrill) Peerless Quartet / Columbia

You're one of Uncle Sammy's boys
 You have no use for any noise
 You've won every Yankee heart from
 coast to coast
 Greater than a gladiator
 You're the world's big mediator
 Of you the whole United States can boast
 We trust you in any kind of fuss
 We're glad you belong to us
WE TAKE OUR HATS OFF TO YOU,
MR. WILSON
 Our hats are off to you
 You're the man of the hour
 You stood like a tower
 And know what to do
 For the red white and blue
 You're the right kind of man
 In the right kind of place
 Like Washington and Lincoln
 You set the pace
 They know at home and abroad
 Your pen is mightier than the sword
 We take our hats off to you

MONTAGE of American patriotic music under MEESTER VEELSON (John Dos Passos) from USA

First it was "neutrality in thought and deed," then "too proud to fight" when the Lusitania was sinking and the danger to the Morgan loans and the stories of the British and French propagandists set all the financial centers in the East bawling for war, but the suction of the drumbeat and the guns was too strong; and the best people took their fashions from Paris and their broad "a's" from London, and T.R. and the House of Morgan.

Five months after his reelection on the slogan "He Kept Us Out of War," Wilson pushed the Armed Ship Bill through Congress and declared that a state of war existed between the United States and the Central Powers.

I DIDN'T RAISE MY BOY TO BE A SOLDIER (Bryan-Piantados) Morton Harvey / Victor; followed by POEM OF A CANADIAN PACIFIST / Reader: James H. Heron / Victor

(Song)

Ten million soldiers to the war have gone
 Who may never return again
 Ten million mothers' hearts must break
 For the ones who died in vain
 Head bowed down in sorrow
 In her lonely years
 I heard a mother murmur through her tears:

(Poem)

O, mothers, will you longer give your sons
 To feed the awful hunger of the guns?
 What's the use of all these battle drums
 If from the field your loved one never comes?
 What's all these loud hosannas to the brave
 If all your share is some forgotten grave?

(Song)

I DIDN'T RAISE MY BOY TO BE
A SOLDIER

I brought him up to be my pride and joy
 Who dares to place a musket on his shoulder
 To shoot some other mother's darling boy
 Let nations arbitrate their future troubles
 It's time to lay the sword and gun away
 There'd be no war today, if mothers all would say
I DIDN'T RAISE MY BOY TO BE
A SOLDIER

LET'S BURY THE HATCHET IN THE KAISER'S HEAD (Buckhardt) Irving Kaufman / Columbia

While Yankee Doodle sails away
 To fight the German foe
 The pacifists are shouting peace
 And say they shouldn't go
 They claim the hatchet must be
 Buried by the Allies now
 Perhaps they're right — we must have peace
 And so I'll tell them how:
 Let's bury the hatchet
 Let's bury the hatchet
LET'S BURY THE HATCHET IN THE
KAISER'S HEAD
 We'll crown him on the noodle
 Make him whistle Yankee Doodle
 Shouting the battle cry of Wilson

AMERICA, HERE'S MY BOY (Lange-Sterling) Peerless Quartet / Columbia

There's a million mothers knocking at the
 nation's door
 A million mothers, yes, but there be
 millions more
 And while within each mother's heart they pray
 The crowd knows what each mother has to say:
 America, I raised a boy for you, America,
 you'll find him strong and true
 Place his gun upon his shoulder, he is ready
 to die or do
 America, he is my only one
 My hope, my pride and joy
 But if I had another, he would march beside
 his brother
AMERICA, HERE'S MY BOY

MONTAGE of American patriotic songs over

A MOTHER'S ANSWER TO A PACIFIST / Reader: James H. Heron; Author: James L. Hughes / Victor

God gave my son in trust to me
 Christ died for him
 He should be a man for Christ
 He is his own and God's and man's
 Not mine alone
 He was not mine to give
 He gave himself
 That he might help to save all
 That a Christian should revere
 All that enlightened men hold dear
 To feed the guns? Ah, torpid soul
 Awake and see life as a whole
 When freedom, honor, justice, right,
 Were threatened by the despot's might
 With heart aflame and soul alight
 He bravely went for God to fight
 Against base savages whose pride
 The laws of God and man defied
 Who slew the mother and the child
 Who maidens pure and sweet defiled
 He went not to feed the guns
 He went to save from ruthless Huns
 His home and country and to be
 A guardian of Democracy

to STAR SPANGLED BANNER in march time to

WHEN WE WIND UP THE WATCH ON THE RHINE (Darewski) Peerless Quartet / Columbia

WHEN WE WIND UP THE WATCH ON
THE RHINE
 We will bind up two hearts that entwine
 Wedding bells will be ringing
 Home Sweet Home we'll be singing
WHEN WE WIND UP THE WATCH ON
THE RHINE

KAISERMARSCH (Richard Wagner) Berlin State Opera Orchestra: Leo Blech / Polydor

over which comes

JAMES G. GERARD, U.S. Ambassador to Germany before commencement of hostilities

I know that it is hard for Americans to realize the magnitude of the war in which we are involved. We have problems in this war no other nations

have. Fortunately the great majority of American citizens of German descent have in this great crisis of our history shown themselves splendidly loyal to our flag. Everyone had a right to sympathize with any warring nation; but now that we are in the war there are only two sides; and the time has come when every citizen must declare himself American or traitor. We must disappoint the Germans who have always believed that the German-Americans here would risk their property, their children's futures, and their own necks and take up arms for the Kaiser. The foreign minister of Germany once said to me, "Your country does not dare to do anything against Germany because we have in your country 500,000 German reservists who will rise in arms against your government if you dare to make a move against Germany." Well, I told him that that might be so, but that we had 501,000 lampposts in this country and that that was where the reservists would be hanging the day after they tried to rise. And if there are any German-Americans here who are so ungrateful for all the benefits they have received that they are still for the Kaiser, there is only one thing to do with them, and that is to hogtie them, give them back the wooden shoes and the rags they landed in, and ship them back to the Fatherland!

KAISERMARSCH to portion of *PRELUDE TO ACT III* of *LOHENGRIN* (Wagner) Boston Symphony; Karl Muck (interned, then exiled from America during WWI) to *TRUMPET FANFARE* usually associated with races to *DON'T BITE THE HAND THAT'S FEEDING YOU* (Morgan-Hoier) Irving Kaufman / Columbia

Last night as I lay a-sleeping
A wonderful dream came to me
I saw Uncle Sammy weeping
For his children from over the sea
They had come to him friendless and starving
When from tyrants' oppression they fled
But now they abuse and revile him
'Til at last in just anger he said:
If you don't like your Uncle Sammy
Then go back to your home o'er the sea
To the land from where you came
Whatever be its name
But don't be ungrateful to me
If you don't like the stars in Old Glory
If you don't like the red white and blue
Then don't act like the cur in the story
DON'T BITE THE HAND THAT'S FEEDING YOU

AMERICA, I LOVE YOU (Gottler-Leslie) American Quartet / Victor

From all sorts of places
They welcomed all the races
To settle on their shore
They did not care which one
The poor or the rich one
They still have room for more
To give them protection
By popular election
A set of laws they chose
They're your laws and my laws
For your cause and my cause
That's why this country rose
AMERICA I LOVE YOU
You're like a sweetheart of mine
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
O say can you see
First of all our land must be . . .

OUR COUNTRY'S IN IT NOW (Empey) Orpheus Quartet / Victor

OUR COUNTRY'S IN IT NOW
We've got to win it now
And this is how
Every mother's son

Should run and get a gun
We've got to punish the Hun
Our country's in it, then
Just like the Minutemen
We're going to forge our way
To victory, to save Democracy
We've got to conquer Germany

FOR YOUR COUNTRY AND MY COUNTRY (Berlin) Peerless Quartet / Columbia

America has opened up her heart
To every nationality
And now she asks of every nation
Their appreciation
It makes no difference now
From where you came
We are all the same
It's your country, it's my country
With millions of real fighting men
It's your duty and my duty
To speak with the sword not the pen
If Washington were living today
With sword in hand he'd stand up and say

back to
OUR COUNTRY'S IN IT then
Just like the Minutemen
We're going to forge our way
To victory to save Democracy
We've got to conquer Germany

back to
My country 'tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty
FOR YOUR COUNTRY AND MY COUNTRY
I'll do it all over again
If Washington were living today
With sword in hand he'd stand up and say:

JAMES G. GERARD

I have traveled this year over all the United States; through the Alleghenies, the White Mountains and the Catskills, the Rockies and the Bitterroot Mountains, the Cascades, the Coast Range, and the Sierras. And in all these mountains there is no animal that bites and kicks and squeals and scratches that would bite and squeal and scratch equal to a fat German-American if you commenced to tie him up and told him that he was on his way back to the Kaiser.

Sounds of *HOG BEING SLAUGHTERED* back to

FOR YOUR COUNTRY AND MY COUNTRY
I'll do it all over again

Musical reference to *STAR SPANGLED BANNER*

HOG SQUEALS to *BARNYARD SOUNDS* to

HOW YA GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM (Young-Donaldson) Irving Kaufman / Columbia)

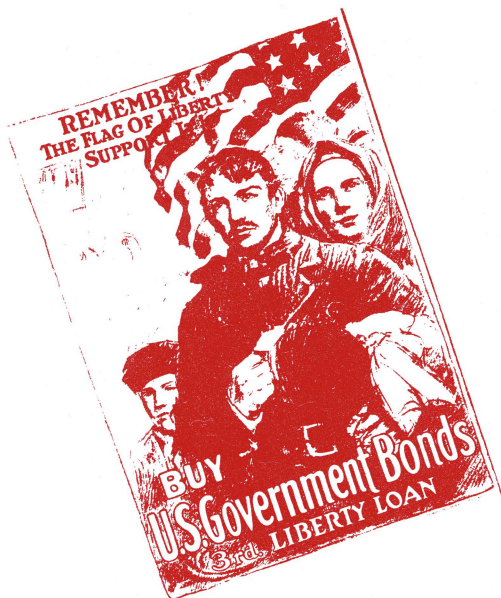
How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm
After they've seen Par-ee?
How ya gonna keep 'em away from Broadway
Dancin' along and paintin' the town?
How ya gonna keep 'em away from harm?
That's a mystery
They'll never long to see a rake or plow
And who the deuce can parlez-vous a cow?
HOW YA GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM
After they've seen Par-ee?

OLD GRAY MARE, adapted to

YOUR OLD UNCLE SAM IS FIGHTING FOR LIBERTY / Collins and Harlan / Columbia

O YOUR OLD UNCLE SAM IS FIGHTING FOR LIBERTY
Fighting for liberty, fighting for liberty
Your old Uncle Sam is fighting for liberty
fighting with gun and hoe.
After the tricky foe over the trenches we go
And the stars and stripes will wave over Germany
Wave over Germany, wave over Germany
The stars and stripes will wave over Germany
Come and join the show





Dies fah ich für Dich.



Was fust Du für mich?



ARKANSAS TRAVELLER to ARKANSAS TRAVELLER to

JOHNNY GET YOUR GUN / Harry C. Browne / Columbia

JOHNNY GET YOUR GUN get your gun today
Pigeons flying all the way
If you wanna get to heaven in the good old way
JOHNNY GET YOUR GUN get your gun

IT'S A LONG WAY TO BERLIN (But we'll get there) (Flatow) Arthur Fields / Columbia

Rubin Plank a husky Yank
Came into town one day
And said I can't resist
I really must enlist (By Heck)
I'll help them get that Kaiser Bill
I hear so much about
He passed the test, put out his chest
And started in to shout

IT'S A LONG WAY TO BERLIN
BUT WE'LL GET THERE

Uncle Sam will show the way
Over the lines and across the Rhine
Shouting Hip Hip Hooray!
We'll sing Yankee Doodle under the linden
With some real live Yankee pep (Pep)
IT'S A LONG WAY TO BERLIN
BUT WE'LL GET THERE
And I'm on my way by heck (By Heck)

INDIANOLA (Savino-Stern-Warren) / Billy Murray / Victor

Chief Bugaboo was a red man who
Heard the call of war
Quick to the tent of his love he went
Sighing for his little Indianola
Come be the bride of the chief he cried
Keep me wait no more
Come and help me make my war paint fit
I do my heap big bit
Me hear the great big cannon roar
Me wanna help Yank man win war
Me like to fight and to heap much kill
Got to go and tomahawk Kaiser Bill
Me go along to fight in France
Me once again do big war dance
Me love the Indianola maiden so
Come and marry Bugaboo 'fore he go

Repeat of Chorus of LET'S BURY THE HAT-
CHET, PIG SOUNDS, and INDIANOLA

THE COLORED RECRUIT / Golden and Hughes / Columbia

CAPTAIN: Young man, what is your name?
BLACK MAN: John James Lincoln Brown (laughter)
CAPTAIN: Well, you're a healthy nigger, aren't you going to join the army?
BLACK MAN: Say, hold on, Captain, say lookit, can I use my razuh in the war?
CAPTAIN: I don't know, I'll see about it; but a fine lookin' nigger like you ought to join the cavalry.
BLACK MAN: Captain, that am a purty pictuh, but I don't admire tuh ride no hoss. Ah'm gwine to jine the infantry, so when the General gives the command to retreat, you ain't gwine to ketch this nigger draggin' no hoss behin' 'im! (laughter)

juxtaposition of I DIDN'T RAISE MY BOY TO BE A SOLDIER and
DON'T BITE THE HAND THAT'S FEEDING YOU erupting into discord from
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY (Charles E. Ives)

AMERICAN SOLDIER: Goodbye, Mabel!
YOUR LIPS ARE NO MAN'S LAND BUT MINE (Empy) Campbell-Burr / Victor

AMERICAN WOMAN: Goodbye, Billy!
CROWD: Goodbye, there, lads. Shoot 'em up when you get over there, boys.

Sounds of SAILORS' HORNPIPE in background
CHEERING CROWD and BOAT WHISTLE

SUBMARINE ATTACK AT SEA / Peerless Quartet / Columbia

SAILOR: Are we in the danger zone yet, Captain?
CAPTAIN: Yes, but while it is greater right here there is danger everywhere on the sea.
SAILOR: That's true, but you'd hardly think so from the way the boys are singing.

THE YANKS ARE AT IT AGAIN (Frazzini) American Quartet / Victor

THE YANKS ARE AT IT AGAIN
THE YANKS ARE AT IT AGAIN
You'll find them everywhere
On land and sea and in the air
Just take a look at our men, our men
They're going in again
Oh Kaiser Bill will surely get
His due before we're through
For Uncle Sam will teach him
Lots of things he never knew
Our boys have never started
Anything they couldn't do
Look out, look out!
THE YANKS ARE AT IT AGAIN

WE'LL KNOCK THE HELIGO INTO HELIGO
OUT OF HELIGOLAND (Morse-O'Brien) Arthur Fields / Columbia

The anchor's hauled
The captain's called
The crew are standing by
Each man to do or die
When shells begin to fly (good-bye)
We're going to go and let them know
We hit with all our might
I'd like to bet when we have met
They'll know they've had a fight
We're on our way to Heligoland
To get the Kaiser's goat
In a good old Yankee boat
Up the Kiel Canal we'll float
I'm a son of a gun
If I see a Hun
I'll make him understand
We'll knock the Heligo into Heligo
out of Heligoland (Yip)

back to THE YANKS ARE AT IT AGAIN under

SINGING SOLDIERS (C.L. Dennis) James H. Heron, reader / Victor

Now I'm no sniveling blighter
But I admit my eyes grew brighter
When I heard of them singing
When they crossed the raging sea
When I heard of them mocking terror
With a merry laugh of mirth
Why hell, I'd be glad to be in jail
In such a land as gave me birth

we hear the final strains of

Look out, look out!
THE YANKS ARE AT IT AGAIN

back to

SAILOR: A torpedo, Captain, missed us by about 20 feet!
CAPTAIN: Signal for full speed ahead and take a zig-zag course, pilot.
SAILOR: Aye, aye, sir.
CAPTAIN: Man the starboard guns.
SAILOR: Aye, aye, sir. (whistle)
CAPTAIN: When you get the range, fire.
SAILOR: Aye, aye, sir. She's launched another torpedo and has submerged.
CAPTAIN: We've lost her.
SAILOR: No, there she is coming up the stern.
2nd SAILOR: A direct hit!
CREW: She's blown to pieces!

TELL THAT TO THE MARINES (Schwartz-Atteridge) Al Jolson / Columbia

Do you remember Kaiser Bill
About a year ago?
We told your old friend Bernstorff
That he'd better pack and go

You laughed and said America
 Possessed no fighting stuff
 Until our fighting Yankee boys
 Walked in and called your bluff
 That Monte Cristo Ivy will not do
 If you think that the world belongs to you.

TELL THAT TO THE MARINES
 Those deviling hounds
 Who know what fighting means
 You are going to lick the world
 You said you will
 If you meet Uncle Sam
 Now listen, Kaiser Bill

TELL THAT TO THE MARINES
 The first to fight
 On all the fighting scenes
 If you think you'll sink our new boats
 With your damned old u-boats
TELL THAT TO THE MARINES

back to THE SINGING SOLDIER with background music by the Band of the Garde Republicaine de Paris

O, we'll make the Kaiser pay
 For that Lusitania crime
 We'll stop his damned torpedoes soon
 From working overtime
 And that boy that swam ashore
 To get to France before the rest
 Showed that drowning was a thing
 He didn't mind
 He spat out the salty ocean
 And filled his lungs with air
 And shouted out the chorus:
 "America will soon be there!"
 O how they sang it on the water
 And a Frenchman on a ship
 Said he knew it was the Sammies
 By the way they gave it lip

*THE AMERICANS COME (Foster-Wilbur)
 Louis Graveure / Columbia*

You say that you see white stars on blue
 Look are the stripes of red on white
 It must be — yes, it must be true
 Oh dear God, the Americans come

ARRIVAL OF AMERICAN TROOPS IN FRANCE / Pathe

COMMANDER TO TROOPS: Boys, I want to say a few words to you before we go ashore. This is a memorable event in the history of America, it being the first time that an American military force has set its foot on the ancient soil of France. When we were fighting for our independence in '76 long ago, France sent us some of her brave sons under the command of General Lafayette to help us in our fight for freedom. Today you are representatives of that great Republic — the United States of America. *(cheers)* You have been sent here to help those who once helped you in the hour of distress. You have been sent here to pay an old and honorable debt. You have a sacred duty to perform. Your country has placed its honor and its flag in your hands. Guard them both, and if need be, protect them with your life. *(cheers)*

SERGEANT: Fall in!
French and American bugle calls

bit of STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER to

BATTLE IN THE AIR / Camel, Morse, Collins / Columbia

1st VOICE: Look! It's not so quiet after all. Here comes one of Fritz's aeroplanes now.
2nd VOICE: And look there! There's an air scout.
3rd VOICE: Well, what do you know. One of our lads. Yippee. He's got him on the run.
2nd VOICE: And there's another.
1st VOICE: There's one of our boys right after him now.
2nd VOICE: And another!
3rd VOICE: By golly there's a thousand of them.
1st VOICE: Well, by golly, who says we're not

gonna have a party tonight?
2nd VOICE: There goes Murphy and McGuiness to meet them. It'll be the devil to pay now.
1st VOICE: Attaboy. Get 'em.
3rd VOICE: Watch 'em take a nose dive. Wee!
2nd VOICE: Hoorah — he's blown to pieces! *(cheers)*
4th VOICE: Look, men, the enemy is flying away. That makes eighty the boys have bagged today.
1st VOICE: Look at 'im go. He's getting back to Germany as fast as he can. I wonder what Kaiser Bill would say if he saw his pretty bird running away like this?

back to THE SINGING SOLDIER

Now war we do not like
 But we'll be singing when we fight
 The battle cry of freedom
 We'll shout with all our might
 We'll soak 'er to the Hun
 With "Johnny Get Your Gun"
 Or "There'll be a hot time
 In the old town tonight."
 This morning I met a Canadian
 His arm blown to a rag
 Singing "Smile" and "Pack up Your Troubles
 In Your Old Kit Bag"

back to BATTLE IN THE AIR

1st VOICE: McGuinness is coming down. Murphy's landed. Here he is now.
2nd VOICE: Get the straps off and give him a lift. Are you hurted, Murphy?
MURPHY: Me left leg is broken. OW! Me right arm is gone entirely. AH! Don't touch me. And one of me eyes is gouged out. But I'll be alright by tomorree

last portion of PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN YOUR OLD KIT BAG (Asof-Powell) American Republic Band / Pathe followed by BOAT WHISTLE with CHEERS

SIDE TWO

Repeat BOAT WHISTLE with CHEERS

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, U.S. Secretary of State under Wilson

Behold a Republic, gradually, but surely, becoming the supreme moral factor in the world's progress and the accepted arbiter of the world's disputes.

Speech continues under HENRY FORD (John Dos Passos) from USA

In 1915, Henry Ford had hired an Atlantic steamboat and filled it up with pacifists and social workers to go over to explain to the princelings of Europe that what they were doing was vicious and silly. It wasn't his fault that Poor Richard's common sense no longer rules the world and that most of the Pacifists were nuts, goofy with headlines.

When William Jennings Bryan, Secretary of State, went over to Hoboken to see him off, somebody handed William Jennings Bryan a squirrel in a cage. William Jennings Bryan made a speech with the squirrel under his arm. Henry Ford threw American Beauty roses to the crowd. The band played "I Didn't Raise my Boy to be a Soldier."

Two years later Ford's was manufacturing munitions, eagle boats. Henry Ford was planning one-man tanks and one-man submarines. He announced to the press that he'd turn over his war profits to the government. But, there's no record that he ever did.

A VICTORY BALL (Ernest Schelling) New York Philharmonic: Mingleberg / Victor

GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING, Commander, American Forces in Europe: Three thousand miles from home an American army is fighting for you. Everything you hold worthwhile is at



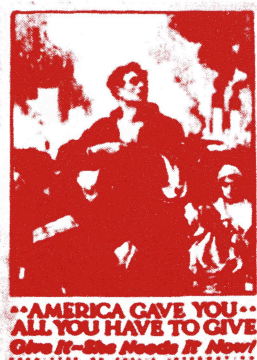
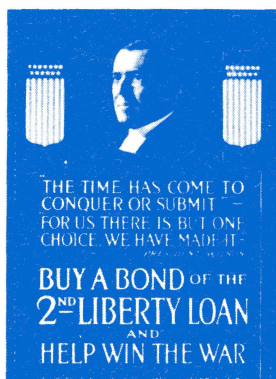
**The COMBINATION
 THAT WILL WIN the WAR**

Every piece of work done in this plant has a direct bearing on the outcome of the war. Our finished product goes to France. The men who face us weariness, hardships, death, depend upon us. Our work here, fits their work over there, like a cog in a great machine. Without our product they are helpless. With it they are invincible. They fight with what we make. We are their resource and reliance, the American workman and the American soldier: the combination that will win the war.





My Daddy Bought Me a Government Bond
of the
THIRD LIBERTY LOAN
Did Yours?



stake. Only the hardest blows can win against the enemy we are fighting. Invoking the spirit of our forefathers, the army asks your unflinching support to the end that the high ideals for which America stands may endure upon the earth.

A VICTORY BALL under **SAMUEL GOMPERS**, President, American Federation of Labor: This war is a people's war. Labor's war. The final outcome will be determined in the factories, the mills, the shops, the mines, the farms, the industries and the transportation agencies of the various countries. That group of countries which can most successfully organize its agencies of production and transportation and which can furnish the most adequate and effective agencies with which to conduct the war will win. The workers have a part in this war equal to the soldiers and sailors on the ships and in the trenches. Labor will do its part in every demand the war makes. Our Republic, the freedom of the world, progress, and civilization hang in the balance. We dare not fail. We will win.

MARCHING SOLDIERS

1st VOICE: How long did you join the war for, Harry?
2nd VOICE: Seven years.
1st VOICE: Aw, gee, you're lucky. I'm for the duration. (laughter)

A VICTORY BALL

ON THE CAMPUS / *Sousa's Band / Victor; under*

VOICE: The venerable Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, arraigns German militarism as the "fundamental trouble with civilization" and reminds the world that history has never ceased to call the destroyers of the Alexandria Library "fanatics and barbarians."

A VICTORY BALL

1st VOICE: Hello, tell us a funny story, will ya?
2nd VOICE: Right you are, mates. Have you heard that story about the wooden man who swallowed the whistle?
1st VOICE: The whistle?
2nd VOICE: The whistle.
3rd VOICE: No, what about it?
2nd VOICE: Why, it wouldn't (wooden) whistle. (laughter)

A VICTORY BALL

VOICE (reading Headline): Woodrow Wilson tells nation he believes in his father's god.

FAIREST OF THE FAIR / *Sousa's Band / Victor*

WASHINGTON POST MARCH / *Sousa's Band / Victor*

VOICE: Force without stint or limit. Force to the utmost.

WITCH'S SABBATH from *Symphonie Fantastique (Berlioz) Orchestre Symphonique du Paris / Disque Grammophon; under*

VOICE (reading words of William Howard Taft): We are at war with the devil and it is worth all the suffering it entails.

WASHINGTON POST and FAIREST OF THE FAIR under

VOICE: Several different stories have come to me well authenticated concerning the depth of Hindenberg's brutality.

U.S. FIELD ARTILLERY MARCH / *Sousa's Band / Victor*

MARCHING SOLDIERS

1st VOICE: Ever heard the little story about the wooden man who swallowed the wooden spoon?
2nd VOICE: No. What about it?
1st VOICE: Don't you know what's the matter with him?
2nd VOICE: No.
1st VOICE: Why, he can't stir (laughter)

WASHINGTON POST MARCH

VOICE (reading words of Woodrow Wilson): That we stand foursquare for the self-determination of nations.

STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER

VOICES: Bonds buy bullets. Buy Liberty Bonds. Almighty God . . .

U.S. LIBERTY LOAN MARCH / *Sousa's Band / Victor*

VOICES: Right Truth Justice Freedom and Democracy. No indemnities and no annexations.

VOICE (reading Headline): Golden Voice of Caruso Swells in Victory Song to Crowds in Streets.

OVER THERE (Cohan) Enrico Caruso / Victor

JOHNNY GET YOUR GUN

Get your gun, Get your gun
Take it on the run
On the run, On the run
Hear them calling you and me
Every son of liberty

change to Nora Bayes / Columbia

Pack your little kit
Show your grit, do your bit
Yankees fill the ranks
From the towns and the tanks
Make your mother proud of you
And the old red white and blue

I MAY BE GONE FOR A LONG, LONG TIME (*Asof-Powell*) *Henry Burr / Rex*

I may be gone for a long long time, long long time, long long time
But when I go you will know
That I always pine
For the day when you'll be mine
I may be gone for a long long time, long long time, long long time, etc.

continued with DIES IRAE, under

A MOTHER'S ANSWER TO A PACIFIST

Forgotten grave? That selfish plea
Awakes no deep response in me
For though his grave I may not see
My son will ne'er forgotten be
My real son can never die
'Tis but his body that may lie
In foreign land. But I will keep
Remembrance fond forever
Deep within my heart
Of my real son
Because of triumphs he has won
It matters not where one may lie
And sleep when work is done
It matters not where some men live
If my dear son his life must give
Hosannas loud I'll sing for him
E'en though my eyes with tears be dimmed
And when his vacant place I see
My heart will bound with joy
That he was mine so long
My fair young son
And cheer for him whose work is done

back to Nora Bayes / Columbia

OVER THERE, OVER THERE

Send the word, send the word
OVER THERE
The boys are coming
That the Sammies are coming

The Sammies are coming
 The drums rum-tumming everywhere
 So prepare, say a prayer
 Send the word, send the word
 To beware
 We'll be over, we're coming over
 And we won't come back

A VICTORY BALL

VOICE over MARCHING FEET:
 guess what I got tonight?

BOOM!

(Gasp) — if me mother could see me now
(laughter)

back to **CARUSO / Victor**

OVER THERE, OVER THERE

Send the word, send the word
OVER THERE
 That the boys are coming
 The boys are coming
 The drum rum-tumming everywhere
 Over there, say a prayer
 Send the word, send the word
 To beware
 We'll be over, we're coming over
 And we won't come back

A VICTORY BALL

Bayes and Caruso sing OVER THERE under

THE SINGING SOLDIER / Victor

Oh, they were singing on the transports
 They were singing on the trains
 When they left their land behind them
 They were humming a refrain
 And I'll bet they'll have a chorus
 Gay and glad in greeting for us
 When this hell and slaughter's over
 And they sail back home again
 And the boys that ain't returning
 Those that pay the biggest price
 They'll go singing, singing, singing
 To the gates of paradise

A VICTORY BALL

MARCHING SOLDIERS

1st VOICE: Ever heard the little story about the man who swallowed the spoon?
2nd VOICE: No. What about it?
1st VOICE: Why, it wouldn't whistle. *(laughter)*
Sound of WHISTLE
3rd VOICE: All right, shut up, you chaps. Here's the Colonel going to speak.
4th VOICE: If the rats haven't eaten him. *(laughter)*
COLONEL: My men, the enemy has advanced almost to the gates of paradise. You know as well as I do that we shall come out on top.
5th VOICE: With a harp in your fist. *(laughter)*
COLONEL: We will fight fair, shoot straight and never look behind *(laughter)*. Remember my words: A boy's best friend is his mother *(laughter)*. We all agree, don't we boys?
ALL: NO!
COLONEL: My lads, the most painful wound for any one of you is a bullet in the

BOOM!!!

6th VOICE: Hooray! That does it. Now we can get on with our Christmas singsong.
1st VOICE: Anything for the quiet life, as the man said when he pushed his mother-in-law overboard. *(laughter)*

VOICES over MARCHING FEET: Pershing, The Marne, Ypres, Jutland, la Somme, Haig, Petain, l'Argonne, le Piave, Passchendaele, the Isonzo, Tannenberg, Brusilov, Ludendorff, Big Bertha, St. Michel, Belleau Wood, Luttich, whiz bang, cordite, lyddite, potato masher, Mark V, the 75, Nieuport, Galicia, Vimy Ridge, Chemin-des-

dames, Chemin de fer, Friedensstrum, Gallipoli, Foch, Compiagne

VOICES over MARCHING FEET

1st VOICES: Are we downhearted?
2nd VOICES: YES!
1st VOICES: Are we going to win?
2nd VOICES: NO!

Music montage of THE STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER, DIES IRAE, A VICTORY BALL, followed by SOUND OF BEATING HEART

1st VOICE: Five shots a penny. Two packets of Woodbines if you hit Uncle Bill.
WOMAN: Goodbye, Billy. *(orch. plays YOUR LIPS ARE NO MAN'S LAND BUT MINE)*

SOUND of SHOT, SOUND of HOG BEING SLAUGHTERED. BEATING HEART slows to halt.

2nd VOICE: Bill, old chum. Have they hit you?
3rd VOICE: Here, what's the matter, mate?
4th VOICE: Don't you know what's the matter with him?
2nd VOICE: No.
3rd VOICE: Why, he can't stir. *(laughter)*

WIND under VOICE:

If you're looking for your sweethearts
 We know where they are
 Hanging on the old barbed wire
 If you want the old batallion
 We know where they are
 Hanging on the old barbed wire

WIND continues under THE LAST ZEPPELIN / Billy Whitlock & Co. / Coliseum

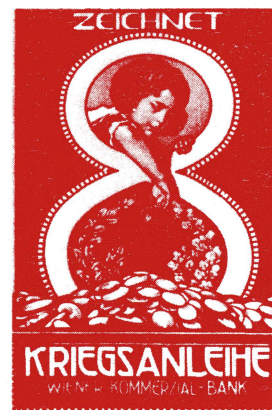
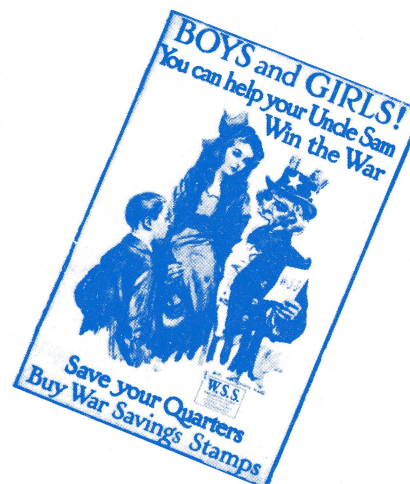
KAISER BILL: Bah! Dumkopf! Fool! Vere are mein bombs? Throw something at them. Vot? No ammunitions left? Used it up on Belgium? Mein Gott, ve shall be shot. Tell them to stop 'til I get out. Vat? Ve are leaking of gas? Ve are going down? Nein, nein, ve are not going down. It is the sea coming up. Send it down again, I command it. Mein goodness, here it comes. Catch it and throw it back again.
AIDE: I cannot.
KAISER BILL: And you shall have the Iron Cross, the Balkan Cross, the King's Cross, the Charing Cross.
AIDE: I vant it not.
KAISER BILL: O mein goodness. Tell them that they can have France, Russia, Europe, Irup, Lourupe, Erup, Jorup, anything. Keep it away. Keep it away. Oh, my, vy did I leave my little vooden hut in Potsdam? Goodbye, everything and everybody.

DESTRUCTION OF VALHALLA sequence from DIE GOTTERDAMMERUNG (Wagner) London Symphony: Coates. Sound of WIND fades out.

VOICES: Hostilities will cease at eleven hours today, November 11. Troops will stand fast on the line reached at that hour, which will be reported by wire to Advanced GHQ. Defense precautions will be maintained. There will be no intercourse of any description with the enemy until receipt of instructions from GHQ.

SIEGFRIED'S FUNERAL MUSIC from DIE GOTTERDAMMERUNG (Wagner) Royal Phil: Walter

VOICE: I, Wilhelm, Kaiser and Konig, herewith renounce for all time my right to the crown of Prussia, and to the German Imperial Crown connected therewith. In doing so I release all officials of the German Reich and Prussia, all officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the Navy, the Prussian army and the troops of Federal contingents from their oaths of allegiance which they have sworn to me as their Emperor, King and Supreme Commander. Until the institution of a





MACHINE GUN CORPS
PRISONERS OF WAR FUND



JOURNÉE DU POILU



Deutsche Frauen
heißt zum Siege!

Verbung: Frauenarbeitsrat in
Hannover-Erläugstr. 54



Were both needed to serve the Guns!



DO YOUR DUTY TO OUR BOYS AS
THEY ARE DOING THEIRS TO YOU
THE 1914 WAR SOCIETY WANTS TO GIVE EVERY DISABLED MAN A FAIR
CHANCE OF HONOURABLE INDEPENDENCE IN HEALTHY RURAL SURROUNDINGS
DONATIONS
LARGE & SMALL
BUT SEND NOW WHILE
YOU THINK OF IT
ADDRESS: 1914 WAR SOCIETY
28, DUKE ST. ST. JAMES

new order in the German Reich. I expect them to assist the holders of the actual power in Germany to protect the German people from the dangers threatening through anarchy, famine and foreign rule.

VOICE: Der Kaiser hat abgedankt! (*The Kaiser has abdicated!*)

GOOD FRIDAY SPELL from PARSIFAL.
(Wagner) San Francisco Symphony: Hertz

PHILIP SCHEIDEMANN, Leader of German
Social Democratic Party:

Arbeiter und Soldaten

Workers and soldiers: Be conscious of the historical significance of this day. Unprecedented things have happened. Great, and as yet immeasurable tasks face us now. Everything for the people. Everything through the people. Nothing must happen to dishonour the workers' movement. Be united, loyal, and devoted to duty. The old and the rotten, the monarchy has collapsed. Long live the new. Long live the German Republic!

End of Beethoven NINTH, fragment

COLLAGE OF EUROPEAN COMMENTARIES
over appropriate national music.

FRENCH: It is the Boche (Germans) who must pay for this war.

GERMAN: Bavarians! Let's stand with the Reich in the hour of danger.

POLISH: Gentlemen! The hour of Poland's freedom has struck.

ITALIAN: (*Text of speech read by General G. Pedori-Giraldi, General Commander of the Italian 1st Army, November 4, 1918*) To the people of Trieste: His excellency, Chief of the Army, Governor of the city of Trento — To you, brothers, I bring the best wishes of the Italian people

FRENCH: (*Address by J.J. Joffre, Commander of the French forces*) Since the beginning of the war, many French people have fallen heroically. The children of the great American Republic must also take credit for their share in the sacrifice and glory

AMERICAN: (*Thomas A. Edison*) This is Edison speaking. Our boys made good in France. The word "American" has a new meaning in Europe. Our soldiers have made it mean courage, generosity, self-restraint and modesty

High note of STAR SPANGLED BANNER sung
by MARGARET WOODROW WILSON,
daughter of PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON

A VICTORY BALL, back to
A MOTHER'S ANSWER TO A PACIFIST over
TAPS

Forgotten grave? That selfish plea

Awakes no deep response in me

For though his grave I may not see

My son will ne'er forgotten be

My real son can never die

'Tis but his body that may lie

In foreign land. But I will keep

Remembrance fond forever

Deep within my heart

Of my real son

Because of triumphs he has won

It matters not where one may lie

And sleep when work is done

It matters not where some men live

If my dear son his life must give

Hosannas loud I'll sing for him

E'en though my eyes with tears be dimmed

And when his vacant place I see

My heart will bound with joy

That he was mine so long

My fair young son

And cheer for him whose work is done

VOICE: Whereas the Congress of the United

States by a concurrent resolution adopted on the fourth day of March last authorized the Secretary of War to cause to be brought to the United States the body of an American

PRESIDENT WARREN G HARDING / Columbia: My countrymen, there grows on me the realization of the unusual character of this occasion. Our Republic has been at war before. It has asked and received the supreme sacrifices of its sons and daughters, and faith in America has been justified. Many sons and daughters have made the sublime offering and went to hallowed graves as the nation's defenders. But we never before sent so many to battle under the flag in a foreign land. Never before was there the impressive spectacle of thousands of dead returned to find eternal resting place in the beloved homeland. The incident is without parallel in the history that I know. These dead know nothing of our ceremonies today. They sense nothing of the sentiment or the tenderness which brings their wasted bodies to the homeland for burial, close to kin and friends and

DEAD MAN (*John dos Passos*) from USA
all over THE UNANSWERED QUESTION
(Charles Ives) Polymusic Chamber Orch.: Cherniavsky

In the tarpaper morgue at Chalons-sur-Marne in the reek of chloride of lime and the dead, they picked out the pine box that held all that was left of

eenie, meenie, meinie, moe, plenty other pine boxes stacked up there containing what they'd scraped up of Richard Rowe

and other person or persons unknown. Only one can go. How did they pick John Doe?

Make sure he ain't a jig, boys.

Make sure he ain't a guinea or a kike.

How can you tell a guy's a hundred percent when all you've got's a gunnysack full of bones, bronze buttons stamped with the screaming eagle and a pair of roll puttees?

and gagging chloride and the puky dirt-stench of the year-old dead?

back to HARDING: . . . Every funeral, every memorial, every tribute is for the living — an offering in compensation for sorrow. When the light of life goes out there's a new radiance in eternity. And somehow the glow of it relieves the darkness that is left behind

back to DEAD MAN: The day withal was too meaningful and tragic for applause. Silence, tears, songs and prayer, muffled drums and soft music were the instrumentalities today of national approbation.

But, though this was a time of mourning, such an assemblage necessarily has about it a touch of color. In the boxes are seen the court uniforms of foreign diplomats, the gold braid of our own and foreign fleets and armies, the black of the conventional mourning dress of American statesmen, the varicolored furs and outdoor wrapping garments of mothers and sisters come to mourn, the drab and blue of soldiers and sailors, the glitter of musical instruments and the white and black of a vested choir.

back to HARDING: . . . I find 100,000 sorrows touching my heart. There's ringing in my ears, like an admonition eternal, the insistent call: It must not be again. It must not be again. God grant that it will not be

back to DEAD MAN: The blood ran into the ground, the brains oozed out of the cracked skull and were licked up by the French rats, the belly swelled and raised a generation of bluebottle flies,

and the incorruptible skeleton,

and the scraps of dried viscera and skin bundled
in khaki

they took to Chalons-sur-Marne

and laid it out in a pine coffin

and took it home to God's country on a battleship

and buried it in a sarcophagus in the memorial
amphitheatre in the Arlington National Cemetery

and draped the Old Glory over it

and the bugler played taps

and Mr. Harding prayed to God, and the
diplomats and the generals and the admirals and
the brass-hats and the politicians and the hand-
somerly dressed ladies out of the society column of
the Washington Post stood up solemn

and thought how beautiful-sad Old Glory God's
Country it was to have the bugler play taps, and
the three volleys made their ears ring.

Where his chest ought to have been they pinned

the Congressional Medal, the DSC, the Medaille
Militaire, the Belgian Croix de Guerre, the Italian
Gold Medal, the Vitutea Militaria sent by Queen
Marie of Rumania, the Czechoslovak War Cross,
the Virtuti Militari of the Poles, a wreath sent by
Hamilton Fish, Jr. of New York, and a little
wampum presented by a deputation of Arizona
redskins in warpaint and feathers. All the
Washingtonians brought flowers.

Woodrow Wilson brought a bouquet of poppies.

*end of THE UNANSWERED QUESTION, fades
to*
SOUND OF BIRDS

HIGH WOOD (Philip Johnstone)

Ladies and gentlemen, this is High Wood
Called by the French, Bois de Fourneaux,
The famous spot which in nineteen sixteen,
July, August and September was the scene
Of long and bitterly contested strife,
By reason of its high commanding site.
Observe the effect of shell-fire in the trees
Standing and fallen; here is wire; this trench
For months inhabited, twelve times changed
hands;

(They soon fall in), later used as a grave.
It has been said on good authority
That in the fighting for this patch of wood
Were killed somewhere above eight thousand
men,

Of whom the greater part were buried here,
This mound on which you stand being ...
Madame, please,

You are requested kindly not to touch
Or take away the Company's property
As souvenirs; you'll find we have on sale
A large variety, all guaranteed.
As I was saying, all is as it was,
This is an unknown British officer,
The tunic having lately rotted off.
Please follow me — this way

the path, sir, please,
The ground, which was secured at great expense,
The Company keeps absolutely untouched,
And in that dug-out (genuine) we provide
Refreshments at a reasonable rate.
You are requested not to leave about
Paper, or ginger-beer bottles, or orange-peel,
There are waste-paper baskets at the gate

SOUND OF BIRDS fades under

Here dead we lie because we did not choose
To live and shame the land from which we
sprung,

Life, to be sure, is nothing much to lose;
But young men think it is, and we were
young

(A.E. Housman)



**The writings of John dos Passos
(from USA) are read by David Ossman**

Other voices include those of:

Anna Lee Austin, Philip Austin, Henri Vidal, Andre Wirt, Harry Pollard, Klaus Pringsheim, Wolfgang Rutkowski, Richard Mathews, Hugh Bushell, Elie Vidal, R.C. Raack, W.F. Malloch, Pegasus II

**Original voices heard in recordings
from the time include:**

Philip Scheidemann (leader German Social Democrats), General John J. Pershing (USA), Gen. G. Pedori-Garaldi (Italy), Marshal J. Joffre (France), James G. Gerard (U.S. Ambassador to Germany before commencement of hostilities), Samuel Gompers (leader American Federation of Labor), William Jennings Bryan, President Warren G. Harding, James H. Heron

Singers include:

Henry Burr, Irving Kaufman, Arthur Fields, Margaret Woodrow Wilson, Al Jolson, Louis Graveure, Nora Bayes, Billy Murray, Peerless Quartet, Enrico Caruso, Morton Harvey, Orpheus Quartet, Collins and Harlan, Harry C. Browne

Comedy and "actualities" by:

A.H. Brooks and H.C. Ridout, J.R. Harrington and M. Scott, American Quartet, Billy Whitlock and Co.

Poetry and prose by:

James L. Hughes, John dos Passos, James G. Gerard, C.L. Dennis, Canadian pacifist, William II of Hohenzollern, Charles W. Eliot

**Material used was drawn from the
collections of Byron Bryant (Oakland),
David Greer (Albany, Calif.), W. R.
Moran (S. Pasadena), William F.
Malloch (Los Angeles), and the Stanford
Institute of Recorded Sound (Palo Alto).**

Music by:

Wagner, Beethoven, Berlioz, Ives, Schelling,
Sousa

Played by:

Berlin State Opera Orchestra, Orchestre Symphonique du Paris, New York Philharmonic, Sousa's Band, American Republic Band, London Symphony, Palestrina Choir, Chicago Symphony, Boston Symphony, Royal Philharmonic, San Francisco Symphony, Polymusic Chamber Orch.

**Original idea and script by R. C. Raack
and William F. Malloch**

Script preparation by:

Elinor Dawn Graham and Joan Michaele Yarfitz

Stereo production by:

William F. Malloch

Final disc mastering by:

Gerald Zellinger

Front cover art by:

L. Paden Prichard

Back cover art by:

Joan Michaele Yarfitz

Front Label by:

Georg Grosz: *Christ in a Gas Mask*

Back Label by:

James Montgomery Flagg: *I Want You for
the U.S. Army*

**Text set in Cambridge type at
Continuum Graphics by:**

Leslie Zador

Typography by:

Robert D. Trogman & Rod Prowse of
Agency Alphabets

Produced by R. C. Raack & W. F. Malloch

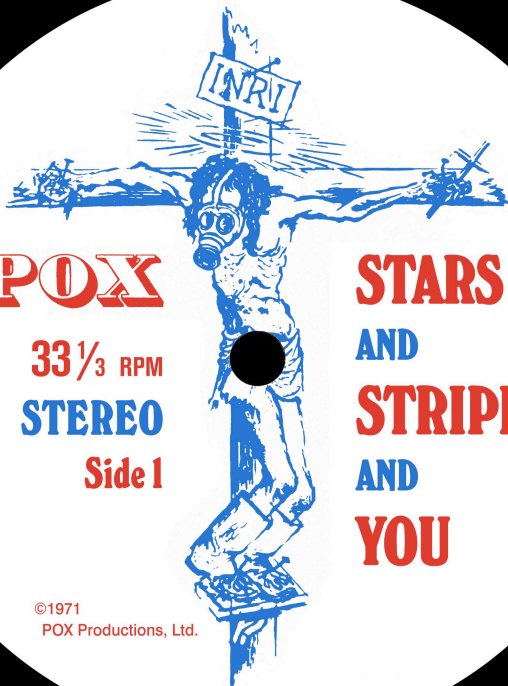
Copyright 1971 by POX Productions, Ltd.



POX

33¹/₃ RPM
STEREO
Side 1

©1971
POX Productions, Ltd.



STARS
AND
STRIPES
AND
YOU

POX



STARS
AND
STRIPES
AND
YOU



33¹/₃ RPM
STEREO
Side 2

©1971 POX Productions, Ltd.