

NATIONAL FESTIVAL: G. W., 1732-1932

BY BOB BROWN

AMURICA, I luvve you
more like a sweetheart you are.
Floodlights!

flash 1492, television! show us
Cristofo Colombo, da bigga banan'
father of all wop racketeers
pioneer Al Capone
And he raised a bunion
on his Spanish onion.

Pumpkins, squash, corn, squirrels
timber cold, gee whizz cold!
racoons and caps made out of them
down to their tails
dangling scalps behind.
My God! it was cold!
Fingers and ears frost-bitten.
Cristofo Colombo, it was
cold!

Amurica, I luvve you
more like a bigga banan' you are!

Limeys, English-whiskered
muskrat beavers building dams
gnawing corn pone
whispering it scamper
over all other almost-human beings
sortof Miles Standoffish
plucking bronze beauties while they may
Pocahontas bronze beauties
Nava, Nava, my Navajo!
I hava luvve for you
that will gro-o-o-o-o-w-w-w
Paul Revere
bottoms up in your cups

stirrup cups to the traveller
Paul Revere
kiss cups to the bride, Godiva
hiccoughs General Grant
with cup to your lips and a
big black five-cent cigar
mustache cups
drag Amurica dreg round in a
cup of blue enamel sky
slop it over into the sink of the
Atlantic or the Pacific.

Roosevelt Dutchmen popping out of
Dutch ovens informally
pasty-white yeasty biscuits.

French frogs arriving plop!
into the Mississippi basin,
Detroitizing, Canadizing.

Author unknown: 1630: Our
pumpkins and parsnips are
common supplies
We have pumpkins at morning and
pumpkins at noon
If it wasn't for pumpkins
we should be undone.
Walnuts, black boy!
black and tan walnuts
skin that tree, you shine!
shinny up, coffee-an'-cream!
skin the bark all off
your shiny black brain.

Maple syrup sap and shooters
smokin' stills in them thar mountings.

Take me back to ol' Kaintucky
 Ice, snow, red mittens, red noses
 red flannels—gee whizz—red petticoats
 Old coon-skin-cap Dan Boone
 popping-up all unexpected
 like Nick Carter
 Hell on Injuns!
 lickin' his weight in wild cats!
 Old Sitting Bull, the guy what taught
 Col. Custer an' Buffalo Bill to shoot the
 diamonds all off Jim Brady's vest.

In the evenin' by the moonlight
 you can hear them Injuns
 eatin' corn
 Champ! Champ! Champ!
 the teeth are marching!

II

The Yanks are coming!
 The Yanks are coming!
 coming over curvish, Babe Ruthless.
 Oh, take me to that happy land
 where the river of booze is found;
 sloe-gin rickeys ahangin' on the trees
 an' high-balls rollin' on the ground
 What? High-balls rollin' on the ground?
 Yes, high-balls rollin' on the ground.
 Lil was the best the camp produced
 when Luke McGlue, the big galoot
 came swingin' in from Slinger's Shoot.
 She had her boots on when she fell
 alas poor Lil, alas poor gel!
 An ambitious postmaster in
 Indian Territory
 shipped the first forty-pound
 turkey to the White House and the
 President proclaimed national Thanksgiv-
 ing.
 Fourth of July came to pass
 with much blowing off of mouths
 and fingers
 anvils were blown sky high
 behind the blacksmith shop and

landed on houses
 full of innocent people.
 Somebody built a bon-fire and
 elections came into being.
 Comic valentines and St. Patrick's Day.

Oh, I've been workin' on the railroad
 all the live-long day
 I've been working on the railroad
 just to pass the time away.
 Work and pray
 live on ha-a-a-y
 you'll get a custard pie
 in the eye
 bye and bye.
 The sun shone bright o'er that
 Coney Island shore.
 Oh, meet me tonight by the
 old sea-shore
 while the moon is shining
 bright upon the Suwanee river.
 Camping! Camping!
 Camping tonight by the old Chautauqua.

I went down the rock to hide my face,
 The rock cried out, No hidin' place!
 No hidin' place down yur!

Who touches a hair of yon gray head
 dies like a dog
 March on! he said.
 Oh, didn't he gamble, he gambled,
 he gambled till the dealer cut 'im down.
 Up an' down the cross-word puzzles
 Steamboat Bill!
 Write 'em Cowboy, write 'em!
 Ladies and gents, you may now reverently
 lift the lid to Col. Henry Ward Belcher
 The Boy Bard of Missouri
 The Sweet Singer of Michigan.

Hands up! Coroner Jack Diamond
 will inspect the
 corn liquor in your camera cases.
 Oh! I wish I was in Dixie

come away, come away!
 Stand up everybody
 hats off to the girl bandit Annie Rooney
 and Amurica-I-Luve-You.
 Garfield whiskers on postage stamps
 scalping bees and Garfield tea
 playing post office
 Robert E. Lee another
 good five-cent cigar
 Edgar Allen Poe, renowned author of
 Pack up your troubles in the
 old kit bag and smile, smile, smile.

And I start for Philadelphia
 in the mornin'.
 With me musket on me shou-u-ulder
 faith', there's no man could be
 b-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-l-I-der
 an' I start for Philadelphia
 in the mornin'.

III

Hold on a minute
 wait, wait
 begin again with Gertrude Stein in
 The Making of Americans.
 Begin again
 stop and don't stop
 with one foot in Heaven
 hay-foot, straw-foot
 belly full of bean-soup
 These bones shall rise again
 Think of Sherwood Anderson
 nighting it among the horses,
 Remember the Maine
 try to forget Roosevelt
 remember Anne Bradstreet
 Whitman's Poetical Mama
 remember she wrote the review
 Amurica-I-Luve-You for Flo Ziegfeld
 words and music
 Bugs Moran machine-guns
 spitting seeds like pumpkins
 watermelons, black boy;

Let's go! Who's got the gin?
 Up through the alley and over the fence
 I got the can! Who's got ten cents?
 Cold as Lady Astor
 hot as Pocahontas,
 the Dutch, the English, the ovens
 the French, the wops, the wobbles
 The Specialist
 ask me no questions I'll tell you no lies

Buffaloes give no change
 said Hinky Dink to
 Chuck O'Connors at the Gas-fitters' Ball
 I'm takin' my louse out for a crawl
 we're goin' down to Heine Gabubler's.

Bryan, silver-tongued mother of
 grape juice and free silver, I ask you

Ach du lieber Halstead street
 Halstead street
 There's State and Van Buren
 There's Ogden and Morgan
 But it's *Ach du lieber*
 Halstead street, Halstead
 Street, street.
 Well, Gas-House Pete says to
 Hinky-Dinky-Dink
 D'you t'ink it'll do us any harm
 to have another little drink?
 Well, I'm pretty clean now,
 says Bath House Jim
 Well, you wasn't very dirty
 when you first come in.

Carrie Nation, call the cops
 Texas Guinan's out again!
 Funiculi! Funicula!
 Ta-ra-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!
 Ta-ra-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!
 Over there! Over there! Over there!
 Mademoiselle from Armentières
 Hinky, pinky, *parlez vous!*
 Turkey in the Straw
 All Bound Round With a

Woolen String.
 Here's spit in your eye!
 Cake-walk end man
 Virginia reel, mah honey
 it's the apple jack;
 an' another little drink
 wouldn't do us no harm.
 Clam bakes, canned corn and
 Heinz's tomato catsup
 Tammany Indian chiefs
 In Arrow collars
 Tammany Hall sachems
 parading up Fifth avenue
 in Truly Warner hats.

Onward, Christian soldiers!
 Marching as to war!

Black walnuts, black boy!
 roll them bones, Little Joe!
 fade them Big Dick gallopin' ivories
 Life's a crap game with a silver lining
 and a Face on the Bar-room Floor.

All Amurican mothers I want to say to
 you:
 Monday roast beef
 Tuesday baked beans
 All American mothers I want to say to
 you:
 Wednesday steeeeeeeewwwwwwwwwww
 Thursday sooooooooouuuuuuuppppppppp
 Friday fiiiiiiiisssssssshhhhhh
 Saturday beeeeeeeefff stew
 All Amurican mothers I want to say to
 you.

Dear lamb, look your brown eyes into
 mine
 I am Pocahontas
 I am Amurica
 I luf you, beeg boy
 if you have nothing on tonight
 my behaviorism may become humanist
 I'm the kid that's all the candy

I'm the Yankee Doodle Dandy.
 Breeng a bottle of
 Kickapoo Indian Cure along, beeg boy!

Then came the war—any war
 It's a grand old rag
 it's a high-flyin' flag!
 Johnny get your gun, get your gun
 get your Hun!
 It's all a bad dream. You're out
 without your pentameters on.
 Begin again
 start all over with Coxey's Army
 and the Ku Klux Klan
 altogether now
 The Yanks are coming!
 The Yanks are coming!
 hang out a lantern on the
 old baseball bat.
 The Yanks are coming over curvish.
 It's time for Wipers, kid
 Wipers and Hemingway won the war.
 Kit Carson is dragging
 Joan d'Arc up an alley.
 Well, after all, who did win the war
 if it wasn't Camel cigarettes and the
 Y.M.C.A.?

Amurica I luvu you
 more like a six-day-bike-race you are.
 spitting bloody teeth
 big as watermelon seeds.
 Tam-many, my Tam-many
 you have a heart like a beer-keg!
 Begin again with
 Stein, Anderson, Masters, Cummings
 George M. Cohan, Happy Hooligan
 Ezra Pound and the Yellow Kid.
 Amurica I luvu you
 more like George Washington you are,
 Mayor Walker, Deadwood Dick,
 Jack Dempsey or Mickey the Mouse!

Oh, wash me and I
 shall be whiter than snow!

IV

Washington, pouter-pigeon in medals
on top of an East Side tenement
facing the Wild West
you, all pewter-dented, powder-pocked.
Then came peace. Rip Van Winkle
snored.

Kentucky colonels red-eyed
stirred green mint juleps.
Little Eva and Our Nell
crossed the ice hand in hand
amid the baying blood-hounds.
Ice-clad Washington
crossed the Delaware
standing in the bow
stern as a cigar-store Indian
a perfect Currier & Ives pose
well in advance of Napoleon,
even before Napoleon brandy
Beating the Corsicans to it
That's Amurica (I luve you)
more like a Dug Fairbanks pirate you are.
Bigger and better imports and exports
than all Corsica even today
more goddam makers of metal clips for
more goddam business papers than
Mr. Dennison can make in one lifetime
system and suspenders
a splendiferous race of Wrigley-chewing
Gillette-shaving turtle-necked racketeers.

Then came peace! Turn the crank, Larry!
Cheer! Cheer! The gang's all here!
We have with us tonight
What to hell do we care!
George Washington!
What to hell do we care!
Father of our country!
What to hell do we care *now*!

The George Washington
not the coffee, candy or hotel
named after him, beware of imitations.
Hand the mike to Mr. Doyle, Larry!

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
the great medicine man
from Medicine Hat, renowned birthplace
of Dr. Munyon, Mrs. Eddy, P. T. Barnum
Bishop Cannon and Lydia E. Pinkham.
(Turn the crank, Larry.)

Mr. Doyle, speaking from the shades:
"General Washington, you may freely
communicate through my mediumship
with your very own people, your myriads
of children, both South and North of
the Mason and Dixie line.
I am excessively sorry, Sir
that our bright little Indian
girl guide, Pocahontas
who had the distinction of being
Miss Amurica in the year of Our Lord
sixteen-hundred-and-fourteen
cannot be with us tonight
she has gone off with Paul Revere
to take a lesson in
Peace-pipe smoking.
(Edward, Prince of Wales,
You're wanted on the anglosaxophone!)
In the absence of Pocahontas
better known as Miss Amurica 1614
General Washington will speak to you
through a composite Yankee spirit
using the many-tongued speech of
your great and glorious country.
(Turn the crank, Larry!)
And what have you to say for
yourself, General Washington?
Speak up loud now, just as if
this was Washington's Birthday!"

"Vell, eet was like dis, see!
dat dere bloody night it war wery
devil-black und stormy.
But I got vun full quart off
the best bloomin' bootlegger in Joisy
an' I drink 'em down gee-whizz fast
one, two, three, four, five, seex
high ball, my leetle Indian poy!

Zen I says sudden like to ze pilote:
 'Pilote, vere in hell's Amurica?'
 anyways, I luf yez, und he points ze
 finger vat trembles and I turns on
 that there measly little crew an'
 I sez, sez I, 'Gosh ding yer
 blasted hides! Put forth for yon shore
 Over There Amurica I Luve You!
 Ter hell wit' de red flag!'
 Twas a dark und stormy night, bejabbers
 ven, ve come marchin' clippety-clop
 down Broadways an' dem damn Reds
 come
 crawlin' on dere knees to Union Square
 beggin' for food.
 Well, we gave 'em good und plenty
 mit machine-guns ve mowed zem down
 six million out-of-workers strong
 dem damn big-mouth Bolsheys.
 Twas a dark und stormy night
 und de ze son-of-a-gun of a bosun
 vell, de bosun he wass tight
 Martha, she say to me I shouldn't go
 ouid wit' de gang no more."

Then came Independence
The Independence—And George
 The Great White Father at Washington
 did as he was told.
 And then came the Independence
 what there was of it
 and the Statue of Liberty
 all that's left
 And Noah Webster's Dictionary
 which exists even today
 full of all the awful animals
 that did their necking in the Ark.
 There was a lull and what have you.
 The 49'ers were keeping their
 Charlie Chaplin gold rush right quiet
 until Abraham Lincoln, the big galoot
 come springin' up from behind
 a maple-sugar log-cabin
 "Never 'eard of 'im!"
 Links, Honest Old Links

as we usta call 'im in fun
 Cord-wood Links, the boy in corduroys
 Well, Links was the best the camp pro-
 duced
 an' there ain't never been no other
 President as pure-white perfect as Links
 pine-knot-chawin', terbaccar-gnawin'
 school-teachin', birch-barkin' Links
 truthful as a cherry tree
 grand old lined-faced Links
 truthful as a cherry tree
 grand old lined-faced Links
 heart o' parlor oak
 weather-beaten, whisky-drinkin' curly
 maple
 hard as nails hick
 hick'ry Illinois-product Links!

He appointed Stephen Vincent Benét
 class historian and they held
 Grand Army of the Republic meetings
 over the graves of
 John Brown's mouldering body and other
 unknown soldiers.
 Links made Roosevelt head of the
 Dan Beard Boy Scouts! Hurrah!

The plutes compromised with the blacks
 the spades inhabited Harlem and let the
 ofays have Wall Street to themselves.
 "Vell, I vish I vas in Dixieland
 Come away, come away!
 Vell, I vish I vas in Dixieland
 Ta te ta te ta dum dum!"
 The proprietor of Little Hungary,
 In Second street, made a fortune
 out of that song before Tin Pan Alley
 blared into being, before Al Jolson
 white-faced the good old Southern
 Mammy.

V

They're bare in them thar night-clubs!
 Florida crackers hung hunks of salt pork

swirling with the flies above the
kitchen table within greasy grabbing
distance of their shirt-sleeves.
Hominy grits, cracklings, chitterlings
and pickled tripe.

Call me up some rainy Halloween
we can laugh and we can—
talk about the weather.
Massa's in the cold, cold groun'
and the water's froze in the cuspidor
Say cus-pi-dor but not good-bye!
spittoons, goboons
Viva Amerique, très romantique
spaghetti in America's beard
source of all real romance
True bohemianism, love adventures, rack-
eteering,
the incentive of spaghetti
the inspiration of red ink.
Waltz me around again, Willie
around, and around and around
Colt 44s, prairie dogs and gophers
Casey at the Bat with
The Mick Who Threw the Brick
Moody and Sankey
sippin' cider through a straw
Ta-ra-ra Boom de-ay!

Dewey and Dowie
hoe-cake, hoe-down
Slide, Kelly slide!
Off again, on again, gone again,
Finnigin! Mr. Pfister had a sister
When I kissed her, raised a blister.
There'll be a hot time in
the old town tonight.
At the bar, at the bar
where I smoked my first cigar
After the ball was over, Poe,
celebrated author of Frankie
and Johnnie, died.
Old Black Joe and Lincoln
were buried side by side
Will Rogers and Cal Coolidge

collaborated on Shore Acres
(Turn the crank, Larry!)
There were clam-bakes
Antheil wrote the music to Jesse James
Bill Haywood, Henry Ford, Sam T. Jack
and
Emma Goldman hit the Old Chisholm
Trail
Blue-gummed niggers wailed
them Amurica-I-Luve-You blues
Cigarette lighters, zippers, Peruna and
mustache cups went out,
Gentleman Jim and Gene Tunney
bowed each other out over the ropes.

Begin again:
Are you ready?
Are you ready?
Ready for the Judgment Day?
When the saints and the sinners
Shall be parted right and left,
Are you ready for the Judgment Day?

Rutabaga, maple sugar, succotash
Holy Rollers, Shakers, Quakers
Billy Sunday, Brigham Young and Aimée
on to Reno by covered wagon
quilting bees, lynching bees
red hot needle stinging bees
doughnuts and free lunch
venison and bear steaks
buffalo rugs and
juicy buffalo humps
wooden nutmegs
crooks and quacks
shin plasters
don't take any wooden nickels
Rockefeller and Woolworth
rubbing dimes thin between them.
Hip! Hip! Hooray!

Begin again:
Oh, say, can you see
by the dawn's early light
what so proudly we hailed—

EDITORIALS

The Case for the Heroes

In the sad aftermath that always follows a great war there is nothing sadder than the surprise of the returned soldiers when they discover that they are regarded generally as public nuisances, and not too honest.

The veterans of the recent struggle to make the world safe for democracy are now suffering that viper's bite in the United States. The same newspapers which were anointing them, ten or twelve years ago, as heroes comparable to the Cid are denouncing them currently as a rabble of pension-grabbers, without merit and without conscience. One hears that they have already got immense sums out of the Treasury, and that their demand for more has no more equity in it than the demand of a Prohibition agent for his bribe. They are represented to be loafers who propose to live all the rest of their lives at the communal expense. So low-down have they become in the public esteem that even politicians venture to spit into their eyes. Lord Hoover, though naturally a very timorous man, was yet brave enough to do it at Detroit, and many another statesman, it seems likely, will be doing it presently in Washington, and with far superior aim and muzzle-pressure.

In all this there is a great deal less than justice. The fact is that the damage the heroes suffered by being thrust into the war is much under-estimated, and that the amount of compensation they have

got since they came home is equally over-estimated. At no time, so far as I can make out, have they ever asked for a bonus large enough to cover their probable average loss, or even the half of it. Most of them were mulcted of what amounted substantially to two years of their lives, and those years were, in many ways, the richest they will ever see. All were set back seriously in their careers, whether as garage attendants or as philosophers, and a large number were ruined altogether. But now that idealism is adjourned, when they ask for a modest dole to help them over a hard place in a hard time, they are treated as if they were hijackers holding up a Sunday-school ice-cream truck.

There are, I suppose, two classes among the veterans, as there are two classes among the rest of us. The first consists of innocent fellows who still believe that the war they were forced to fight in was an honorable and altruistic enterprise, and that their own part in it, however unwilling, was thus a great service to humanity. The other class is made up of men who have come to the melancholy conclusion that it was all a swindle. But that difference, I venture to maintain, has nothing to do with their claim upon the country. Both groups, whatever their present views, were done out of something that was very valuable to them—more valuable, perhaps, than anything short of life itself—and both deserve to get some compensation for it, whether as heroes and martyrs on the one hand, or as