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Mr. Harold Spivacke
Director, Music Division
Library of Congress
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Spivacke

These are some of the W.A.C. songs we corresponded about: Others may be forth coming.

W.A.C. Corporal Jean Kritzer, this office, typed them up in off hours, so you are spared what was originally a mess. I believe the original compiler was W.A.C. Pfc Hazel Meyers, Port Headquarters, W.A.C. Det., Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn, New York.

Regards

Charles L. Todd

Charles L. Todd,
2nd Lt., T. C.,
Asst. Public Relations Officer

OVER THERE

(Tune: Over There)

Waacy on the run, on the run, on the run,
Get behind the man with the gun, with gun, with the gun,
We are here to help keep free,
This great cause of Liberty
Wacky do and dare, do and dare, do and dare,
We're behind the brave men who fly in the air,
Every Waac of Fort Des Moines
Is here to shout with glee:
Over there, over there
Send a word, send a word, over there
That the WAACs are coming, the WAACs are coming
Their feet are tramping everywhere,
So, prepare, so beware, so prepare,
And offer a prayer
We'll be over, we're coming over
And we won't be back till it's over everywhere.

AULD LANG SYNE

(Tune: Auld Lang Syne)

We've joined the ranks together,
We the WAACS of the U.S.A.
We know not where we're going;
If we'll meet along the way,
For Victory's our final goal
Tho many friends must part,
Our blessings and best wishes flow,
From each and every heart.

STOUT-HEARTED GIRLS

(Tune: Stout-Hearted Men)

We are the girls, oh, the stout-hearted girls
Of Headquarters Co, you can see,
Onward we go for we are not slow
Press on for our own country
Shoulder to shoulder and bolder and bolder
Make way for the Red, White and Blue,
We are here to lend a hand on land and oversea,
So clear the way, we're here to stay
The W.A.A.C.

M1629
.M58W2

Gift
[illegible]
[illegible]

EVERY LITTLE ORDER

(Tune: Every Little Movement has
a meaning of its Own)

Every little order has a meaning of its own,
Every company's spirit by obedience will be known;
The order "Fall Out" means to attention you must come
With eyes ahead, and don't look glum,
Hands at your side
And feet beside
At 45!

At the order "Right FACE" pivot on your right and straight,
Bring your left down smartly and then freeze and stand and wait,

Now don't lean forward until you hear the clarion call
"Company Forward March!" - then haul
Your left leg out
A thirty stout
Not twenty-nine!

At the cry "The Guide's Right" from the corner of your eye
Look out for a collar bone, or maybe just a tie;
Now keep your lines straight and swing your arms
Six inches out
And three behind
Now comes the shout -
"In cadence count, 1, 2, 3, 4 -
And then repeat!

,.... Jean Kritzer

OVER THERE

(Tune: Over There)

Over there, over there,
Send the word to the boys over there,
That the WAACs are coming,
To get in everybody's hair.
We will aid in the raid,
That our men make in Berlin,
We'll be over, we're coming over,
And we won't be back,
Till it's over, over there.

Over there, over there,
Send a word, send a word, over there,
That the WAACs are coming,
The WAACs are coming,
Their feet are tramping everywhere,
So prepare to beware,
And declare that we all send a prayer,
We'll be over, we're coming over,
And we won't be back
Till it's over, over there.

DEMENTIA

(Tune: Valencia)

Dementia
has struck us one and all
That's why we're here on chorus call
Dementia

Dementia
has influenced this show
It's only fair that you should know
Dementia

Dementia
From basic to Admin you will admit
is quite a spin
Dementia

Bear with us
The play's the thing
Don't mind the sting
We're all here for a fling
Dementia

..... Jean Kritzer

EENEE, MINEE

(Tune:

Eenee, Meenee, Minee, Mo,
Fail one test to Polk you go
That is why we study so
Eenee, Minee, Mohh!

Eenee, Moinee, Minee, Me -
I'm a Wack - it's plain to see,
The Army's making use of me
Moinee, Minee, Meee-- ..... Jean Kritzer

PRAISE THE LORD

(Tune: Praise the Lord and Pass
the Ammunition)

Praise the Lord
We're off to get more learning;
Good-bye friends,
Please keep the home fires burning,
Uncle Sam has many plans a-churning
They're for you and me!

Praise the Lord
We're full of high ambition,
Basic's given us the ammunition,
The WAACs are off to fill another mission
Minus old K.P.

We're soldiers, you said it
You've gotta give us credit,
For the arm of the arm of the Army are we.

Army life is quite an institution,
It agrees with every constitution,
Brings about amazing evolution
Look at you and me! ..... Jean Kritzer

SUCCESS IN BATTLE

(Tune: Chorus of Coast Guard Marching Song)

Success in battle is our aim,
The W.A.A.C.
Replacing men who go to fight,
To keep our country free.
From North and South, from East and West,
The WAACs are marching on,
Our flag unfurled around the world,
Until victory is won.

C

WAACs BATTLE STANDARD

(Tune: Notre Dame)

Cheer, Cheer for WAACs good and true
True to the colors Red White and Blue
Ever ready to do our share
In U.S.A. and over there
Helping fight for world liberty
W.A.A.C. we are and proud to be
This our goal and battle standard
Onward to Victory.

NACOGDOCHES, HERE WE COME

(Tune: California Here We Come)

Nacogdoches, here we come
We're the _____, and we're full of fun
Raise your banners, shout with glee
For we're the W.A.A.C.
In the class rooms, we'll toil all day
Out on the campus, we'll drill and play
Nacogdoches, here we are,
The W.A.A.C., Two, Three, Four
Nacogdoches, here we are, the W.A.A.C.

WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS

Tune: The Army Air Corps Song)

Here we go, marching along the highway
Happy WAACs, doing our part,
Here we go, marching along each by-way,
Heads held high, light in our heart.
And we know wherever we may go,
You'll find that all people will see,
That we are glad, not sad to be,
Auxiliaries in the W.A A.C.

MARCHING AWAY

Tune: Anchors Away)

Marching straight, down the field, Faces aglow!
Ready to do our part wherever we may Go! Go! Go! Go!
Hearts lifted high and free,
For the world to see
That we are proud to be,
The mighty force, the W. A. A. C.

FREEDOM SONG

Tune:

We are the WAACs, tell our foes to beware,
Steadfast our standards defending,
We do the work that frees soldier men,
For the struggle that's on will be ending,
Looking serene thru the hardest of toil,
We are an inspiration,
Women of all creeds let us unite,
To free ev're suffering nation.

E'RE THE WOMEN OF THIS NATION

Tune: There's a Long, Long Trail)

We're the women of this nation,
And Victory still is our song;
We'll fight for preservation,
We must keep our country strong,
We will stand behind our Army,
Athene's banner will soar,
We are known throughout the nation,
Women's Army Auxiliary Corps!

IVA LA COMPAGNIE

Tune:

Now all you brave women come join in a song, Viva La Compagnie
Access to each other and pass it along, Viva La Compagnie
Proud of our flag, proud of our land,
Willing to strive, lending a hand,
Ready to work, never to shirk, viva la compagnie.
We know that our officers pass every test, viva la compagnie
They work hard to help us to bring out our best viva la compagnie
Marching along with a 30 inch stride,
Eyes straight ahead, hearts filled with pride,
Proud of the fact there's a corps known as WAAC
Viva La Compagnie.

THE END OF INSPECTION DAY

(Tune: The End of a Perfect Day)

When you come to the end of inspection day
And you sit alone with your gigs,
And the halls resound with the voices gay
Of your friends dressed in khaki rigs,
Who are outward bound for a night of fun,
While to barracks you are confined,
Then you ponder on what you have left undone
That alone you are left behind.

Well, this is the end of inspection day,
And you've found at last what you've done,
The floors and the beds with dust were gray,
And the faucets continued to run,
Your tie was askew and your shoes were worn
And your hat was all awry,
Now you rise once more from the depths forlorn,
Gigless days come by and by.

3d O Mira Barnaby.

WE DON'T CARE

(Tune: Glow little Glow Work)

We don't care if it's ten below,
Cold gives our faces a healthy glow,
We don't care if it rains or freezes,
We'll march along to cadence of sneezes.
We'll stand Reveille scantily clad,
Wearing cottone is the latest fad,
We don't care - we'll show them how -
We're in the Army now!

GOLD BRICK SONG

(Tune: Reuben, Reuben)

I do nothing, nothing, nothing
Nothing, nothing, all day long -
Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing
How do you like my gold brick song?

When we have to go on K.P.
And we're working all day long,
Then we wish we had done nothing
But just sing our Gold Brick song!

FROM OGLETHORPE

(Tune: Hymn of the Marines)

You can tell a WAAC from Oglethorpe,
You can tell her by her walk.
You can tell a WAAC from Oglethorpe,
You can tell her by her talk.
You can tell her by her manner,
By her uniform and such,
You can tell a WAAC from Oglethorpe,
But you cannot tell her much.

WE'RE ALL WAACS TOGETHER

(Tune: The Ranger's Hymn)

We're all Waacs together, in all kinds of weather,
We clean galoshes and scrub the floor,
And scrape the windows till our hands are sore,
We do it together.
We drill to perfection
To pass formal inspection,
We rise at five to do K.P.
It's not much fun, but O.K. by me
We are the WAACs you see.

THERE IS A WAAC CAMP IN DES MOINES

(Tune: There is a Tavern in a Town)

There is a WAAC camp in Des Moines - in Des Moines,
Which we were very proud to join - proud to join,
Oh we scrub, we mop, we drill for miles and miles,
Our faces always wreathed in smiles.

We live in Barracks 88 - 88,
And now we wonder 'bout our fate - 'bout our fate,
Whether C & B, A.A.S. or O.C.S.
Oh, tell us quickly which 'twill be.

Oh, 10th Company, now we're leaving,
For the boys we are relieving
And the time has come for us to say Adieu.

Adieu, adieu, dear WAACs, adieu - oh yes, Adieu,
Good luck we hope will go with you - go with you,
And we'll serve each Post the very best we can
Until the lights go on again.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

(Tune: Thanks for the Memory)

Thanks for the memory
Of early morning stars and friendly golden bars,
Of revielle and bugle call, and changing of the guard.
Thank you so much.

Thanks for the memory
Of parading on the green, by generals we were seen,
Of column left, eyes right, forward March, guid is right.
Oh thank you so much.

Many's the time we'll remember, the fun and the work
We have done
From the day we arrived in September
Till peace has come, the war is won.

Oh thanks for the memory
Of living on the post, with Uncle Sam as host,
And officers who understand the things we needed most.
Oh, thank you so much.

THERE'S A JOB

(Tune: There's a Long, Long Trail)

There's a job for every Auxie, for there's a war to be won,
And we'll show those little demons of the rising sun
That the WAAC an American woman is a credit to the Corps
And they've got to beat the WAACS before they'll ever
win this war.

SOME JOIN THE WAACS

(Tune: Funiculee, Funicula)

Some join the WAACS to get a bit of glamour,
What a mistake, what a mistake!
Let's join the WAACs and have some fun, they clamor,
Wait till they ache, wait till they wake.
We know that they will soon be making brown beds
And scrubbing floors, and scrubbing floors,
To pass a stiff inspection by some crowned heads,
And other chores, and other chores.

But we love it, we wouldn't want to change,
Civilian life to us seems very strange,
We learn to take, we learn to give,
We learn new lessons every day,
If you really want to live, come join the WAACS
and shout, Hurray!

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP

(Tune: Same)

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the Waacs are marching,
Marching on to victory,
We shall get there, you can bet,
Though no action we have met,
We shall do our best to break the Axis yet.

Tramp, tramp, our backs are aching,
And our feet hurt us as well,
But we won't mind that at all
If we make the Axis fall
For we're here to answer Uncle Sammy's call.

WE SAID GOOD-BYE

(Tune: Good-bye to Broadway)

We said good-bye to Broadway
And the dimout in old Times Square,
Now we're in the ___ company
A brand new life to share.
We like the thing we're learning
And the work we're doing in the corps,
We're proud to back up our Army
And we're going to win this war.

WE ONCE WERE CIVILIANS

(Tune: Man on the Flying Trapeze)

We once were civilians, but now we are WAACS
Dressed in our khaki, discarding our slacks,
Marching, saluting with pains in our backs
And our loves are so far, far away.

Oh, we'll be good soldiers if it takes us years,
We'll stiffen our spines and pin back our ears, (Chorus)
Tighten our abdomens and tuck in our rears,
If that's what it takes to be WAACS.

Oh, the WAVES are so ducky, at least so they think
With Pekenses hats, and their panties so pink,
But we like the Army in spite of no drink,
And our loves are so far, far away.

Chorus.

GOOD-BYE NOW

(Tune: Good-bye Now)

Good-bye now, Good-bye now
Our basic training has come to an end,
And so we must say good-bye to our friends,
We're going to grieve, We hate to leave,
Good-bye now, Good-bye now, we hope to meet at a future date
And that we won't have too long to wait.
No time for tears, but only cheers.
We've one ambition in our leaving,
It's that we do our jobs O.K.
Because we's like to make you proud of us,
So the folks at home will say
That we've helped the U.S.A.
Good-bye now, good-bye now,
The train will take us on our way
And we will have to call it a day,
So to our friends, Good-bye now.

THE SERGEANT'S LAMENT

(Tune: Trees)

I thought that I would never see
A woman in the old army,
I've been around and seen a lot
But there are some things I have not.
I've always like the ladies fine,
But Army life is not their line.
Their lines are shall we say too good
To hide behind those vests of wood.
Those uniforms just seem to hide
The female charms with which I side.
The Army's made of lugs like me
But not for Sally, Dot or Bea.

FORWARD MARCH

(Tune: Caissons Go Rolling Along)

Forward march, cadence count,
Watch these women step it out,
As the WAAC Corps goes marching.
Column right, to the rear,
Hear the crowd so loudly cheer,
As the WAAC corps goes marching along.
For its one, two, one
In rain and scorching sun,
Call out the cadence loud and clear,
For at home or oversea, whichever it may be,
Oh, the WAAC Corps goes marching along.

HE WAACS ARE HERE TO HELP YOU

Tune: I've been Working on the Railroad)

oys, the Waacs are here to help you
nd we'll do our best,
f you give us half a chance, boys,
e know we'll pass the test.
ou can end it in a hurry
f we do the work back home,
nd you'll never have to worry,
rom duty we'll not roam.

'VE BEEN HEARING ARMY RUMORS

Tune: I've been Working on the Railroad)

've been hearing Army rumors, all the livelong day,
een exchanging Army gossip, and soon you'll do it too,
didn't hear "I heard him say it,"
heard her say "I seen"
n't you say you heard me say it
nd this is pure Latrine.

OMEBODY ELSE

Tune: Somebody Else is Taking My Place)

mebody else is taking our place,
mebody else now scrubs in our place,
ile we are marching, they will be starching,
ey'll go around with a smile on their face.
ttle they know what werk we have done,
ttle they know what is yet to come,
r legs are aching, theirs will be breaking,
r somebody's taking our place.

ARE WAACS

une: Smiles)

are Waacs who serve our country,
are Waacs so proud and true,
ways smile and never shirk our duty,
derneath the red, the white and blue.
en we heard the bugle call to freedom,
signed up to keep our liberty,
are Waacs and pround to bear the title,
the W. A. A. C.

WE ONCE WERE CIVILIANS

(Tune: Man on the Flying Trapeze)

We once were civilians, but now we are WAACs
We joined the army and here are the facts:
You've fed us and clothed us and sent us to school,
But that isn't all of the take.

When we're up in the morning, the sun's still asleep,
And we stumble around in the dark,
When we march in formation, strict silence we keep
And we can't even make a remark -- No --

We're now in the Army, we're now on our own,
We do as we're told, we can't quit and go home,
But life here is well, and we're all telling you,
There's nothing the WAACs cannot do.

We take the men's places while they go to war,
That's what we signed up in this army for,
We're keeping the records, though not saying how,
And we're working from morn until night.

We're reading and studying and learning about
The organizations and files,
And we're learning to forget the things we're without
In the face of disorder we Smile -- YES ---

IT'S JUST AN OLD BARRACKS

(Tune: Shanty Town)

It's just an old barracks, in good old boom town,
The streets are all muddy, there's mud all around,
We mop up the floors and scrub all our doors
For formal inspection, Oh what a bore.
We march to our classrooms with a Hut 2-3-4
And when we get there, we just sit and snore,
Then we march back to a mess of hard tack,
But, gee, I think the Army is swell.

OH WHERE, OH WHERE

(Tune: Same)

Oh where, oh where is the third platoon
Oh where, oh where can they be
They last were seen going round the bend
But now, oh where can they be!

HYMN OF THE SECOND PLATOON

(Tune: 11 More Months and 10 More Days)

We are the girls of the second platoon,
We're good we must confess,
We never hear the whistle blow
Unless it's blowing mess.

We crawl along to class each day
And stagger home once more,
But when we hear the call for mail
We burn up the barrack's floor.
Hut 2, 3, 4, Hut 2, 3, 4.

We're the last one's into bed at night
And we're late for reveille,
But just the same we're the best platoon
In the whole darn company.

We love the simple army life,
We're always feeling swell,
But when it comes to getting shot
We always run like
Hut 2, 3, 4, Hut 2, 3, 4.

If ever they want a crack platoon
To march for the President,
The'll send a wire to the ___ platoon,
In the ____ Regiment.

THE VICTORY PARADE

(Tune: The Easter Parade)

Beneath an O.D. bonnet with shining brass upon it,
The WAAC's behind old glory in the Victory parade,
With heads and chins held lofty, Not one of them a softy,
The Waacs behind old glory in the Victory parade.

From the South to the North
They are proving their worth,
In word, in deed, in action
The WAAC is in back of her Jim, John or Jack.

Oh yes, they're proudly working, there is no time for shirking
The Waacs will keep old glory in the Victory parade.

MARCHING ALONG

(Tune:

Marching along together, we're the W. A. A. C.
Marching along together, U. S. A. and oversea.
We are the WAAC, the Army,
For all the world to see.
We're khaki clad, we're might glad,
We're here to do our part.
Without a cannon, without a gun,
We're fighting with our hear.
So, marching along together
We're the W. A. A. C.

THE WAAC IS IN BACK OF YOU

(Tune: Original)

Oh you fighting men, keep on fighting to win,
For the WAAC is in back of you,
If a plane you fly, keep it flying high,
For the WAAC is in back of you.
Spread the news around that we're victory bound,
And our hearts we pledge anew,
And our flag shall wave o'er the home of the brave,
For the WAAC is in back of you.

(cont'd - over)

HERE'S TO THE RED,WHITE AND BLUE

(Tune:

W. A. A. C.
Here's to the red, white and blue,
Here's to the country we love,
We owe a lot to you.
We're might glad we're here,
We're mighty proud to be,
Behind the men, behind the guns
To help the Army's fighting sons,
The W. A. A. C.

JUST WANNA BE A WAAC
(Tune: The Old Gray Mare)

don't want to march in the infantry,
ide in the cavalry, shoot in artillery,
don't want to fly over Germany,
just wanna be a WAAC
" " " " "
" " " " "
)
(repeat))

Pallas Athena,
Goddess of victory,
History tells her part in war,
And our own Statue of Liberty
Tells what we're fighting for.

Spread the news around that we're victory bound,
And our hearts we pledge anew,
And our flag shall wave o'er the home of the brave,
For the WAAC is in back of you.

HY THE WAAC

Tune: Song of the Marines)

rom the day we joined the army,
ill our nation shall be free,
ll the WAAC's will stand behind the boys,
ho are fighting oversea.
e release more men for duty
hen the work at home we do,
nd we'll help to win the battle
or the old red, white and blue.

ROM THE SANDS OF OLD DAYTONA

Tune: Song of the Marines)

rom the sands of old Daytona
o the soot of Fort Des Moines,
rom K.P. to yardbird tactics
here's nothing we can't loin.
hile the Army and the Navy
op them up on foreign scenes,
ou will find the WAAC's are mopping up
he United States Latrines.

SLEEPY PLATOON

une: A Sleepy Lagoon)

sleepy platoon, an Arkansas moon,
fall out in darkness,
try to keep time as we march in line,
nd step out with smartness.
march into mess, expecting the best
hat G.I. can give us,
ut when we get there, we're tearing our hair,
he line's so tremendous,
nd when we parade, the other's all fade
ight out of the picture.
sound or retreat, we're still on our feet.
h how do we do it?
nd so you can see the reason that we will have
bright future.
Sleepy platoon, an Arkansas moon, and Mess.

OVER THE ASPHALT AND THROUGH THE MUD

(Tune: Over the River and Through the Woods)

Over the asphalt and through the mud
To drill in formation we go,
The sarge knows the way, and I know the sway
So off in a dream I go.
Then comes the order "By the right flank, March!"
And off by myself I go.
Hurrah for the fun!
I'm on the run!
As back to my place I blow.

Over the pebbles and through the grass
We drill in formation, oh woe!
At the cry "About face!" I'm flat on my base
As over me all the WAAC's go- Oh,
Pick myself up and dust myself off,
No time for pain or tears,
Just sort out your legs,
They're pretty good pegs,
They're still fine for tricky steers.

POP GOES THE NEEDLE

(Tune: Pop Goes the Wheezle)

Oh we're a bunch of healthy WAAC's
As up the hill we wheedle,
We laugh, we sing, we even joke,
But still we get the needle:
One for the smallpox,
One for the typhoid,
Several for tetanus -
Pop goes the needle!

All around Fort Oglethorpe,
The WAAC's they look dejected,
But don't take us too seriously,
We only are injected.
We can't get the smallpox,
We can't get the typhoid,
We can't get a full day off
When pop goes the needle!

THERE'S A LONG, LONG NAIL

(Tune: There's a Long, Long Trail)

There's a long, long nail a-winding
Up through the sole of my shoe
And it digs a little deeper every mile or two.
There's a happy day a coming,
One that I'm dreaming about,
Oh the day when I can sit me down
And pull that darn nail out!

G. I.

(Tune: Original)

Once her mommy made her bed,
Cleaned her clothes and buttered her bread,
And her favorite dress was red,
Oh me, Oh my, that ain't G.I.

Then she came to camp one day,
Quickly learned the WAACY way,
Underwear cafe au lait,
Oh me , Oh my, strictly G.I.

Hats and shoes and skirts don't fit,
Your girdle bunches where you sit.
Come on, rookie, you can't quit,
Just heave a sigh and be G.I.

Typhoid shots may knock you out,
All day long you hear "Fall out!"
Give a grin and loudly shout,
Oh me, Oh my, Gotta be G.I.

Said the WAAC to the new recruit,
Hyah kid, you're sure a beaut,
Short hair won't make you so cute,
Oh me, Oh my, gotta be G.I.

In the mess hall now she stands,
Buried 'neath the pots and pans,
Getting pretty dishpan hands,
Oh me, Oh my, gotta be G.I.

Winter, summer, spring or fall,
Should you try to end it all,
You can't die until sick call,
You see if you die, you Gotta Die G.I.

WHY DID I TAKE THAT HIKE

(Tune: Why Did I Kiss that Girl?)

Why did I take that hike,
Why, oh why, oh why?
I could almost cry.
I stumbled, I mumbled, I walked first left then right,
And to make matters worse, my shoes were too tight.
Now that I'M home again
I'd like to go to bed,
But I must change my clothes and have PT instead.
We rush around from morn till night,
We try to do the thing that's right.
Now why did we take that hike,
Why, oh why, oh why?

YES BY CRACKY, I'M A LITTLE WACKY.

(Tune: Original)

Yes, by cracky, I'm a little WAACY,
I'm a little soldier girl.
I live in barracks, visit the lat,
March to mess and always keep my shoes clean.
Yes by cracky, I'm a little WAACY,
I fall in, I fall out, I fall asleep in class no doubt.
But yes, by cracky, I'm a little WAACY,
I'm a little soldier girl.

EVERY WAAC IS SO PROUD

(Tune: Original)

Every WAAC is so pround that she's shouting out loud,
Oh, we're in the army, too.
Every WAAC left a home to make good on her own,
For the great Red, White and Blue,
She'll be true, she'll be strong
As she marches along,
Right in step with her fighting men.
Now she'll shoulder her pack,
When we've won, she'll be back,
Here's good luck to every WAAC.

K-K*K.P.

(Tune: K-K-K-Katy)

K-k-k-k.p.
Horrible K.P.
You're the only army job that I abhor
And when the m-m-moon shines
Over the garbage
I'll be moppin' up the k-k-k-kitchen floor.

CHEER, CHEER FOR COMPANY ___

(Tune: Notre Dame Victory March)

Cheer, cheer for company _____ ,
We fall out right on the line,
We will never turn back and grin,
We'll never fail you; we'll always win.
With heads held high as we march along
Going to classes, singing our songs.
Remember old ___ is the best company,
Marching onward to victory.

WHEN YOU SEE A GIRL IN KHAKI

(Tune: Original)

When you see a girl in khaki,
Then you'll know that she's a WAACY.
Head high, marching like a veteran,
shouting with glee.
Fall out, get there on the double,
Or you'll find yourself in trouble,
That's why there's always lots of fun in
Company ____

THERE ARE GIRLS

(Tune: There are Smiles)

There are girls who work in factories,
There are girls who work at desks,
There are girls who help the nation's workers
On the home front from the East to West.
There are girls who give their aid to nursing,
Working endlessly without a rest,
But the girls who joined the Women's Army
Are the girls that I like the best.

I WANTA BE A CRACK OF A WAAC

(Tune: Original)

I want to be a crack of a WAAC,
I'd like to see old Hitler tied up in a sack,
I'll drive a jeep or learn to bake bread,
I'll rise at 5 and even learn to make my bed,
Oh, I want to rush our victory drive,
I'll help to crash that Jap bomber's dive.
So with a song to help me on my way,
I'll be a WAAC for the U.S.A.

YIPPEE, I WANNA GO HOME.(The Gripe Song)

(Tune:

The coffee in this Army they say is might fine,
It's good fur cuts and bruises, and tastes like iodine -

Oh, I don't want no more of this Army (CHORUS)
Yippee, I wanna go, Yippee, I wanna go,
Yippee, I wanna go home.

The biscuits that they give us they say are might fine,
One fell off the table and killed a pal of mine -

(Chorus)

The chicken that they give us they say is mighty fine,
One jumped off the table and started marking time -

(Chorus)

The shoes that they give us they say are might fine,
You ask for number seven, they give you number nine.

(Chorus)

The G.I. Shirts they give us, they say are mighty fine,
The Sergeant didn't like hers, and now she's wearing mine.

(Chorus)

The salary that they give us, they say is mighty fine,
They pay you $50.00 and fine you 49.

(Chorus)

The furloughs that they give you, they say are might fine,
But I won't get a furlough till 1949.

(Chorus)

The passes that they give us,they say are mighty fine,
But I won't get a pass until I'm 99.

(Chorus)

The barracks that they give us, they say are mighty fine,
Sweep and scrub and dust them, but still they're full of grime.

(Chorus)

The shots that they give us, they say are mighty fine,
Till, I was feeling chipper, until they gave me mine.

(Chorus)

PETTICOAT ARMY

(Tune:

We march together, Pallas Athena, as our guide
In all kinds of weather,
We carry on with pride.
We're the daughters of this land
We're so proud, we could be no prouder
Come and join us, show the glory of the
Swish, shish, swish, shish, swish of the Petticoat Army.
And the eagle, the bird of liberty, will be ours thru all eternity
The staunch, the sturdy, the valiant hear,
We call upon you
Come and do your part to aid your nation
Make history with the
Swish, shish, swish, shish, swish of the Petticoat Army.

HUT TWO THREE BLUES

(Tune

We've got those Hut Two Three Four Blues
Listen to our tale of G.I. Blues
That always comes from wearing G.I. shoes
They march us up and down the whole day thru,
That's the clue to why we're blue.
Lights go on at six and off at nine
We sweep and scrub and scrub
To make the barracks shine
The sergeant though is never satisfied
No matter how hard we tried
We got those doggone Mess Hall Blues
Cause we get the nect of the chicken
Butterless toast is no good
Ice Cream on top of the bean dish
We never eat like we should
We ask and beg for big and better messes
We still get the neck of the chicken
We've got those Mess Hall Blues.

We've got those Hut Two Three Four Blues
Now you've heard our tale of G.I. Blues
That always comes from wearing G.I. Shoes
And now we're almost thru, it wasn't bad
We're mighty glad but sorta sad
We'll have to part with friends we've made anew
The Captain, sergeants and Lieutenants
We find it difficult to part.
We've loved it all right from the start
We've got those Hut Two Three Four Blues.

OH CAPTAIN

(Tune:

Oh, Captain, you are the sweetest one
Big blue eyes and lots of fun,
Oh, Captain, why did you give that gig to me.
Oh Captain, with your Southern drawl,
Eyes of Texas on us all,
Shoes were shined and lockers dusted
Even so, you looked disgusted.
Captain _____ could I help it,
If my girdle wasn't adjusted.
Oh, Captain, I didn't mean to be the worst one in your company.
Oh, Captain, why did you give that gig to me.

FOR INSPECTION WE PREPARE

(Tune: On the Good Ship, Lollipop)

For inspections we prepare,
For an ordeal from our heels to hair,
We scrub and clean, everything that's likely most to be seen,
Then we stand straight by our beds,
Not allowed to turn our heads, nor move our eyes,
Giggle, wiggle or appear too wise,
Then down the aisle, in a single file, the inspecting party goes,
They see it all from the door to the wall,
Better not peek, or the gig sheet knows,
Now it's over, one week more,
We watch them file out, through the door,
Inspection's done, and we're worn out - everyone.

IT'S A LONG WAY

(Tune: It's a Long Way to Tipperary)

It's a long way from Chattanooga,
It's a long way from home,
It's a long way to Chattanooga
And now we're on our own.
Farewell to love and kisses,
Boys we'll be seeing you,
It's a long, long way to Chattanooga,
Civilian life, we're through.

HINKY, DINKY, PARLEZ-VOUS

(Tune: Same)

We're the WAACs, the Women's Army Corps, parlez-vous,
Prepared to serve from shore to shore, parlez-vous,
We're out to help our fighting men,
To show 'em that we mean to win,
Hinky, Dinky, parlez-vous.

Our left flanks, right flanks we can take, parlez-vous,
But what we want's a flank of steak, parlez-vous,
We'd rather eat than march and drill,
What chance have we? we're training still!
Hinky, Dinky, parlez-vous.

We'll study hard and do our best, parlez-vous,
And when it's over hope to rest, parlez-vous,
Till Hitler's down; the Japs are gone,
We'll fight right on till victory's won,
Hinky, Dinky, parlez-vous.

SEE THE WAACS

(Tune: Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition)

See the WAACs, who swing into position,
See the WAACs, they march with such precision.
See the WAACs, they have but one ambition,
That we'll all be free.

We're the WAACs, and everyone a soldier,
To class we go, no rifle on our shoulder,
But we work to send a man who's holder
So we'll all go free.

We fallin and fall out
We shout but we don't pout -
This marching, singing, happy company.

We're the WAACs and everyone is needed,
Orders came and every order's heeded,
Weaklings from our ranks are quickly weeded,
And we'll all be free.

WAAC DAYS

(Tune: School Days)

WAAC days, WAAC days, dear old break-your-back days,
We read regulations from little blue books

(over)

And get out of basic for Bakers and Cooks,
We are the girls with the low I.Q.
The most we could make is a 32,
But it don't take brains to make a stew,
And I'll be at home with the range.

HINKY, DINKY, PARLEZ-VOUS

(Tune: Same)

The first platoon on the double fall out, Parlez-vous,
The second platoon on the double fall out, parlez-vous,
The third platoon on the double fall out
Now what in the world is this all about?
Hinky, Dinky, parlez-vous.

The first lieutenants are shining their bars, parlez-vous, (repeat)
We really think they'd be better SPARS,
Hinky, Dinky, parlez-vous.

The second lieutenants are at it again, parlez-vous, (repeat)
They're winning the war with a fountain pen,
Hinky, Dinky, parlez-vous.

The C.O. is a charming lass, parlez-vous (repeat)
But all she does is sign a pass,
Hinky, Dinky, parlez-vous.

The Sergeants are a bunch of jerks, parlez-vous (repeat)
They're always gumming up the works,
Hinky, Dinky, parlez-vous.

The Corporals are a bunch of dopes, parlez-vous (repeat)
Because they think they know the ropes,
Hinky, Dinky, parlez-vous.

The AFC's think they're the tops, parlez-vous (repeat)
But really they are only fops,
Hinky, Dinky, parlez-vous.

The Auxiliaries are a charming lot, parlez-vous (repeat)
You ought to have what they have got,
Hinky, Dinky, parlez-vous.

The first platoon on the double fall out, parlez-vous,
The second platoon on the double fall out, parlez-vous,
The third platoon on the double fall out
Now we know what it's all about
Hinky, Dinky, parlez-vous.

The Army thinks it won this war, parlez-vous (repeat)
The WAACs won it the day before,
Hinky, Dinky, parlez-vous.

SOLDIER GIRLS

(Tune: Solomon Levi)

They told us we'd be soldier girls
If we would volunteer,
But we will be good kitchen maids
When we get out of here.
With scrubbing floors and dusting chairs
And takin' orders and how
And all they say when we complain,
"You're in the ARMY now."

As we go marching
And the band begins to play
(Shout: Hut, two, three)
You'll hear them shouting,
The WAAC will win the day.

WE'LL WIN FOR THE U.S.A.

(Tune: Song of the Marines)

From the shores of California
To the rockbound coast of Maine,
We are here to join the Army,
It shall not be in vain,
For if we want to win this war,
We must have a women's corps,
We're in the fray,
We're here to stay
The WAACs of the U.S.A.

We will keep our country's liberty,
For we will do our share,
To free the boys from duty
And send them over there.
We'll do their work while they are gone,
Till they're back, we'll carry on,
For if we do we're telling you
We'll win for the U.S.A.

WE'RE THE WOMEN'S ARMY

(Tune: The Victory March)

We're the women's Army, WAAC is our name,
Fighting for victory, that's how we'll win fame,
In every line of duty, we'll rise to the sky,
So fight, fight with all your might
To keep the flag on high.
Fight, fight with all your might
To keep the flag on high.

UNDER THE BARRACKS BAG

(Tune: Jenny)

Tillie joined the Army;
She enlisted in the WAACs,
And soon to Fort Des Moines our Till was making tracks,
They issued her a uniform, her name was on a tag,
And with the other stuff she got,
They gave her a barracks bag.

They demonstrated how to place equipment in a truck,
And said to her, "Aus. if you don't want to flunk,
Your civies must be out of sight or we will surely nag.
All your personal things must go
Under your barracks bag."

Tillie went to mess hall, but the poor girl couldn't eat,
Exactly what the reason was our Till would not repeat,
But later on it all came out, she really hit a snag,
Tillie left her false teeth
Under her barracks bag.

And then our Tille drew K.P. in Mess No. 8,
Every time she turned around, she broke another plate,
The Sergeant said "Now this won't do,"
Her head began to wag
So Tillie hid the wreckage
Under the barracks bag.

At Saturday inspection her hair was still too long,
The General scowled at her and said
"See here, your hair's cut wrong."
Now Tillie has a wig she wears to every ballroom shag,
Where do you think she keeps it?
Under the barracks bag.

Tillie went on sick call when she caught a G.I. cold,
They gave her shots on top of that
That was worse than she'd been told,
They gave her pills and medicine that made her pockets sag,
Where do you think she put it?
Under the barracks bag.

At last poor Tillie died, it really was a shame,
Her funeral was military, and everybody came.
And Tillie's last request was this,
(She really was a hag)
Comrades, will you bury me,
Under my barracks bag?

WAAC MARCHING SONG

(TUNE:

We're some of the girls from Ft Des Moines
To you, we're known as WAACs
We work so hard from Morn till night
We're ready to drop in our tracks,
We're from every walk of life
We're here to end this strife and struggle.
Uncle Sam needs men and men
To make a second front,
So we are hereto do our share
And bear some of the brunt
So until the time of Victory
The WAACs are on the job you'll see.

W.A.A.C. - - Words new to me
Training hard to take the place
Of some men who'll be free to fight the Axis
We'll take our stand
Help keep our land
A place where free men,
Love, work and fight
For Victory - - -

HERE'S TO FT. DES MOINES

(Tune: Beautiful Ohio)

Here's to Fort Des Moines;
Our basic Training School
Now the time has come for us to say adieu,
Our days were happy
Our leaders were the best,
And we have passed the test,
Always in our hearts we will never say good-bye,
Memories of you will never ever die,
Our hearts are longing to join life's busy throng,
We're sorry we have to go.

SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI

(Tune: Sweetheart of Sigma Chi)

Co. ___ is the best outfit of all the troops known
Their work is the best and they help the rest of the girls
who are falling low,
Their marching's good and the pivots swell, so lets give
three cheers Rah, Rah, Rah.
That will last through the years
To the best of the WAACs

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SOLDIER

(Tune:

There's something about that company
that is fine, fine, fine,
There's something about our working,
Not a one is shirking,
Something about our barracks how they shine shine shine

There's something about our drilling,
You will find it thrilling,
Something about our spirit that is fine, fine, fine,
And when inspection comes you'll see,
Right out there in front we'll be,
There's something about our company and it's ____ ____ ____.

WE ARE ON OUR WAY

(Tune: Marine Hymn)

We are on our way for the U.S.A.
We're the womens army corps
We will do our part with all our heart
Peace is what we're fighting for,
While our WAAC increase
Hoping this war will cease,
Peace is what we're fighting for,
Doing all we can to release a man
We're the Woman's army corps

WE ARE THE WAAC CORPS

(Tune: Notre Dame)

We are the WAAC Corps of _____
We march and we drill as one big team
We're in it, let's win it is our aim.
We mean to give this company fame
March, March soon we'll all be free,
We're here to say we're on our way,
Here comes company ____

I've GOT TAGS THAT JINGLE JANGLE JINGLE

(Tune: Jingle Jangle Jingle)

I've got tags that jingle jangle, jingle,
As I go marching merrily along,
I've got shots that tingle tangle tingle,
But in my heart always have a song.
Oh army life with care and strife,
I'm a ____ ____ auxie but I'll be a sargeants wife
I've got tags that jingle jangle jingle
As I drill and gaily march along.

HERE COMES THE COMPANY

(Tune: Beer Barrel Polka)

Here comes the company, our company ___
We march by the Colonel, for we are proud to be seen,
We all are good soldiers and all have our work to do,
Raise up your head and salute, to the red white and blue,

The music is playing for Co. ____
We're the best Company Fort Oglethorpe has seen
We're all dressed in khaki, and proud as we can be,
Lift up your voice and sing, You're the Womans Auxiliary.

FORWARD MARCH

(Tune: Army Air Corps)

Forward march, you see the WAACs reviewing,
All prepared, following thru,
Forward march we have a job we're doing,
Soldier men we're standing with you.
Heads are high trying to keep the cadence
Uncle Sam, we'll see you through
So forward march we'll do our part,
The Womans Army Auxiliary Corps

HERE COMES THE WAACs

(Tune: Roll Out The Barrel)

Here come the WAACs, Marching in columns of threes,
Heads up and chins in, Marching to Victory
Were all in step, and when we are given commands,
Best shall always be our motto,
To our good old Uncle Sam,
Coming from Fort Des Moines, one hundred and fifty strong,
Sharing together in all that's right and wrong
This is the womans army, willing to do our share,
Wherever we are needed, We will be right there.

FROM EACH STATE

(Tune: U.S. Marine Hymn)

From each state of our great Nation,
We have pledged for victory,
And we serve our fighting forces,
Wherever the need may be,
For we're proud of every detail,
and we're priviledged to be
In the service of the United States, As a WAAC
Now we're going out to many fields, This sixteenth company,
And we'll do our best towin for all
Lasting peace and Victory.

THE NEXT TIME WE'RE TOGETHER

(TUNE: The Last Time I Saw Paris)

The next time we're together, We'll talk of things we've done,
Of how we stood behind the men, and how they finally won,
We'll talk about the old days, when Boomtown was quite new,
And how we learned to our dismay to work as soldiers do.
We the the same old Hut-2-3 that has been done for years,
The cadence of our marching feet, brought cheer both far and near,
The next time we're together, we'll talk of things we've done,
Of how we stood behind the men and how they finally won.

W.A.A.C. SONG

(Tune:

O8er our land from sea to sea, goes the cry for liberty,
We must fight to keep our country free, Will the women of America rise
Leave your homes and friends, and firesides, the country all around
From each village, city, town, Hear the women of America respond,
The flag of freedom goes before us, Forward march into the fight
we go, We'll fight for peace and home and country, we'll defend
the way of life we knew, We can't lead the armies or man the guns
We can do the tasks we've begun, We'll keep faith with the men, who
march before us, Carry on till the victory's won.

COMPANY SIX

(Tune: Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory)

We've tramped the streets of Oglethorpe
From dawn until retreat,
We've worked and scrubbed and studied
But our spirit can't be beat,
We're learning to be soldiers
But it's hard upon our feet
The WAACs go marching on.

Company Six can always make it
Company six can always take it
Company Six will never fake it
As we go marching on.

Our C.O. is a lady who is grace personified
Our Second is a good scout who is always by our side
Our Third is full of wit and fun, but dare not be denied
They keep us marching on.

Lieutenant Lewis we adore you
Lieutenant Nelson, none before you
Lieutenant Powers we are for you
So keep us marching on.

We've seen Lieutenant Levin
From the corner of an eye
He's always standing sternly
As our lines go swinging by,
We'd like to know him better,
But we all are much to shy
He keeps us marching on.

Company Six can always make it,
Company Six can always take it,
Company six will never fake it,
So - keep us marching on. .....Jean Kritzer

SCHOOL DAYS

(Tune: School Days)

WAAC days, WAAC days, dear old break your back days,
We read regulations from little blue books,
And get out of basics for Bakers and Cooks,
I am the girl with the low I.Q.
The best I can do is a menu,
But you don't need brains to make a stew,
And I'll be at home with the range,

THE BASICS GO FUMBLING ALONG

(Tune: The Caissons Go Rolling Along)

Over pill, over pail, they have left a blazing trail as the basics go fumbling along,
Dress it up, "Keep that line," do it all without a whine, then as basics you won't be for long,
For it's Hut 2, 3, a specialist you'll be,
Lift up your voices in a song,
But what ere your fate, It can only date
From as Basics you stumbled along,
But as Basics you stumbled along,

For it's Hut 2, 3, an officer you'll be,
Dust off those shining bars of gold,
But what ere your fate, it can only date
From as basics you stumbled along
From as basics you stumbled along.

PACK UP YOUR CIVIES

(Tune: Pack Up Your Troubles)

Pack Up your civies in your old suitcase, and smile smile smile,
Now you've a uniform to take its place, smile girls that's the style,
Cut your hair and finger nail, for they'll grow back some day,
So-O-O Pack up your civies in your old suitcase, and smile, smile, smile.