# Marching to Victory (1943)

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*Marching To Victory* Northampton, MA: Naval Reserve Midshipmen's School, 1943 This soft cover, stapled booklet, is in VERY GOOD CONDITION. Cover has small stain and light creasing, with rust on staples. BINDING STRONG AND TIGHT.

# MARCHING TO VICTORY

Printed at no cost to the U. S. Government at the Naval Reserve Midshipmen's School (WR), Northampton, Mass., Capt. Herbert W. Underwood, U.S.N. (Ret.), Commanding Officer. This booklet is sold for ten cents a copy and can be obtained by writing the Chaplain, Lt. Robert G. Andrus, ChC, U.S.N.R., at the School.

This is the first revised edition of "Marching to Victory". Some of the lyrics that first appeared in this little booklet have been omitted as it has become obvious that their meaning was limited to the "First Midshipmen (WR) ", and as it appears that this collection can be of use in other training centers of the Women's Reserve and in stations where Waves are on duty.

February 15, 1943.

## MARCHING TO VICTORY

Singing people are essentially happy people. And so the WAVES have a song for everything. When something good happens, when something not so pleasant comes along, when swinging up from drill on a glowing autumn day, when struggling on the icy hills to class on a bitter Saturday morning, when sitting waiting, just waiting, standing in a line, somewhere in the ranks a song starts and grows and swells in volume until all are singing.

Some of the songs we have printed here--others after their moment have died away. And so we dedicate this booklet to those who will "carry on" with the hope that they will have a feeling of "togetherness" with us and with those who come

after as they raise their voices in song.

The First Midshipmen (WR)
January 8, 1943

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1. WAVES OF THE NAVY *(Original Tune)*

WAVES of the Navy,
There's a ship sailing down the bay.

And she won't slip into port again
Until that Victory Day.

Carry on for that gallant ship
And for every hero brave
Who will find ashore, his man-sized chore
Was done by a Navy WAVE.

Words by Betty St. Clair.
(Written to harmonize with "Anchors Aweigh")

## 2. "SONG OF THE WAVES" *(Original Tune)*

North and south and east and west,
We're marching as one,
We are here to serve our country
Till the war is done.

Heads uplifted proudly
For the Navy Blue and Gold,
We cannot do the fighting,
But tradition we uphold.

As we swing along with our purpose strong
Bearing our ensign high,
To oppressors now our challenge
We have hurled,
We will free our Navy's men
Who will free the world.

(Words by Jane Leeds)

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## 3. HUP, TWO, THREE, FOUR *(Original Tune)*

Hup, two, three, four
Call from every shore

On to Vic-tor-y.

Hold the ensign high
As we shout to the sky
We are WAVES of our proud Navy.

Marching onward
Ever forward
Strong may our purpose be
To back our men
And bring them home again
Victorious and free.

4. A GUY TO TIE MY TIE* *(Original Tune)*

Men wanted--to fly our planes
Men wanted--to rack their brains
We gotta keep 'em flying
Gotta keep 'em buyin'
Liberty from dyin'
And we gotta keep 'em safe
For tyin' our ties.

I don't need a man to give me sympathy.
Why I needed it before is a mystery.
But there are things I can't do alone
No matter how I try.
High and dry,
I need a guy to tie my tie.

What with Navy passes and with service rates
I don't need a following of handsome dates.
But comes 0641, my darling,
Then for you I sigh,
It's no lie
I need a guy to tie my tie.

Had to choose, win or lose,
Can't be hesitant.
Gotta keep my eyes on the blue horizon
At the pleasure of the president.
But, darling, where you go
You know my heart goes too.
Some day this will end
And I'll be back with you

*(Continued on page 5)*

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*(Continued from page 4)*

And every morning you'll find
This little WAVE is standing by
To comply
I'll be the guy to tie your tie.

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5. FROM THE PINE TREE STATE *(Original Tune)*

From the Pine Tree State
To the Golden Gate
We have come by the thousands strong

To the fighting corps
On sea and shore
We will lift this pledge in song

Our service give
That we all may live
In a world that is ruled by right

Each heart is true
For we're Navy too
And like Jones we've just begun to fight

So we shout our song
As we march along
For we're proud of our Navy blue

We're not the ones
To man the guns
But we've found our job to do

May it always be
That on every sea
Free nations flags unfold

So here's a toast
To the flag we boast
And a cheer for Navy Blue and Gold.

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6. YANKEE DOODLE DANDY'S DAUGHTER *(Original Tune)*

Yankee Doodle Dandy had a daughter
She was the apple of his eye
He gave her everything she ever wanted
But to help her Uncle Sam, she said, "Goodbye."

In the beat of her heart is the Navy
As she proudly wears the colors blue and gold

As the flag waves above
O'er the land she loves
She salutes you, Ensign of Old.

Say "hello" to our men on the ocean
Send the word around to all our Fighting Braves.
Tell them they're not alone
They will find at home
A shipmate in the WAVES.

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7. FILENE'S
*(Tune: "I Ain't Got Nobody")*

I ain't got no figger,
So figger it out for me.
My skirt could not be bigger,
Won't some tailor come and take
A tuck or three?

I was a 4-point female,

A home town queen,
Till I got in that detail
To old Filene.

Now I ain't got no figger,
So figger it out for me-- Won't the rigger of my figger
Please be quicker on the trigger
And a bigger solid digger for me!

8. THIS IS THE NAVY
*(Tune: "This is the Army")*

This is the Navy, Seaman Strong,
They say your skirts must now be long
They were appealing, but this is war
And they won't be revealing any more.

This is the Navy, Seaman Reiss,
They don't say please, they say police.
You clean like you never cleaned before
But the captain rubbed his glove across the door.

This is the Navy, Seaman Potts,
They line you up and give you shots.
You reel and stagger the whole day through
Then the "doc" gives you shot number two.

This is the Navy, Seaman Smith
This life of yours is not a myth
You drill and line up or else bilge out
'Cause the Navy likes you healthy, strong, and stout.

This is the Navy, Ensign Kidd.
You keep your boyfriend's picture hid.
Sea maneuvers and love don't mix
And the Captain's not at all like Dorothy Dix.

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## 9. TO THE APPRENTICE SEAMEN, GREETING

*(Tune: "Bell Bottom Trousers")*

Fresh from the campus, or from an office job
You landed here to become a lady gob.
We've met you to greet you, a quaver in each voice
To bring solemn warning as blithely you rejoice.
Singing, thick cotton stockings and coats of navy blue
You'll have to discard the gear you brought with you.

Once you had a dresser, once you ate from plates,
Once you had a formal to wear, on heavy dates,
Hair to your shoulders, hardware on your chest,
Cocktails for dinner you'll stow with all the rest.
Singing, put on the dog tags and coats of navy blue
You'll have to discard the gear you brought with you.

Gone are the evenings you'd plan how you'd be wed
For three solid months you'll be stagging it instead.
But when training's over, the subject's not taboo
Then you can marry the guy who waits for you.
But pin your affections on an Army man
And only be a Sister to the Navy if you can.

For there is a ban by Commander McAfee
On saying "Yes, I do" to a man who goes to sea.
But come graduation you'll thank your lucky stars
That you got as far as the precious stripes and bars,
Singing, now I'm an Ensign, now I can relax,

Glory be to God that I didn't joint the WAACS!

10. APPRENTICE SEAMEN'S REPLY
*(Tune: "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby")*

'Tho we're not so good at dressing ranks, Navy
We would like to try expressing thanks, Navy
For the gay, friendly way
You said "hello"
Mate-of-deck, double-deck
You were swell,
With us you rate well, oh
We'd like to be midshipmen too, Navy
Some day maybe win our stripe of blue, Navy
Till that day we'll never let you down, Navy
Watch your newest seamen go to town.

11. *HERE COMES THE NAVY

Here comes the Navy,
Break out the red, white, and blue,
Here comes the Navy,
Fighting and sea-going crew.
Make way for Navy
Navy with anchors aweigh,
Everybody loves the Navy,
Of the U. S. A.

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12. OH, I WISH
*(Tune: "Prisoner's Song")*

Oh, I wish I had bars on my collar
And one little stripe on each sleeve
For I'm tired of being a scholar
And grinding away my shore leave.

For I'm held by the weight of an anchor
Hanging where a silver eagle should be
Little eagle, please come to my rescue,
Take me far from the sight of a tree.

13. DON'T MAKE MY GIRL A SAILOR
*(Tune: "Don't Send My Boy to Harvard")*

Don't make my girl a sailor
The weeping mother said.
Make her a WAAC
Or send her back
To Lockheed school instead.

She's always been a home girl
She's never been to sea.
A man in every port
Is not the life she learned from me!

14. THE WAITING SONG
*(Tune: "Glow, Little Glow-worm")*

Fly little minutes, hasten, hasten
Don't you know that time's awastin'
Please rush to us our commissions,
That is all that we've been wishing.
Fly little seconds on the double,
Don't prolong this mental trouble,
Faster, now please don't delay
Our orders to go away.

## 15. ANCHORS AWEIGH

Anchors Aweigh my boys, Anchors Aweigh;
Farewell to all these joys
We sail at break of day-ay-ay-ay,
To our last night on shore,
Drink to the foam. Until we meet once more,
Here's wishing you a happy voyage home.

## 16. THE MIDDIES ARE MARCHING BY

*(Tune: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home")*

With bearing erect, and heads held high
The Middies come.
Their uniform step, it makes us sigh
The Middies come.
Their columns are neat and their ranks sublime
Their cadence is clear and they keep in time,
And we all sigh: "Oh, my!
The Middies are marching by."
And we all sigh, "Oh, my!
The Middies are marching by."
(Hum the refrain)

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## 17. DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP

Shipmates, stand together,
Don't give up the ship;
Fair or stormy weather,
We won't give up, we won't give up the ship.
Friends and pals forever,
It's a long, long, trip;
If you have to take a lickin',

Carry on and quit your kickin',
Don't give up the ship.

18. KISS THE STAFF GOOD-BYE
*(Tune: "Kiss the Boys Good-Bye")*

Miss Crandall may I stay out late?
An Ensign asked me for a date
And tomorrow we all graduate
Kiss the Staff good-bye.
Miss Crandall won't you break the rule
For tomorrow we get out of school
And we're awfully sick of being cool
Kiss the Staff good-bye.

While we're doing it regimentally
In a military sort of way
We'll be breaking it to him gently
That we all demand full pay.
Miss Crandall may I put on white,
And the skirt that fits me rather tight?
I'll be in before broad daylight
When I kiss the Staff good-bye.

19. I'M A WAVE
*(Tune: "I'm In the QMC")*

I don't want to march like the infantry
Ride like the cavalry
Shoot like the artillery
I don't want to fly over Germany
I'm a WAVE.
I'm a WAVE, I'm a WAVE--OOOOOOH
(Repeat first verse)

20. TYPING SONG (Co. 2)

(Tune: "Notre Dame Victory March")

We're the beginners of Second Company
We type like mad to stay off the tree
They say it must be "forty with none,"
We holler back, "It can't be done."
A, semi, 5, L, D, K, F, J, G, H, and back,
This is the rhythm we sadly lack
But we have to learn to type
Or we'll never get our stripe.

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21. WE'LL BE OUT OF THE CALABOOSE
*(Tune: Same)*

Oh, -- more weeks and -- more days
And we'll be out out the calaboose
And though you won't believe it girls
They're going to turn us loose.
We'll board the train, we won't remain
In Northampton for long
So come and join us while we sing our merry little song.

Oh, -- more weeks and -- more days
I'll still be on the tree
And every night at eight o'clock
At typing I will be.
But--if a miracle occurs and I get out of here
Come join me girls on Jan the ninth and we will drown in beer.

Oh, --, more weeks and -- more days
A happy girl I'll be
My hair'll be long, and my skirt'll be short

When I leave the D&D.
And if to Washington I go
My chance for dates is slim
The army doesn't trust the WAVEs.
They're moving all their men.

22. SALUTE TO THE WAACS
*(Tune: "Skinna-Ma-Rink")*

To all of the girls in khaki
Say all of the girls in blue:
Here's to you!
For every WAAC, like every WAVE,
Has but one plan in view:
See it through.
We're pledged to back the Navy
As it carries on the fight;
You do the same for Army,
So we think that you're all right.
To all of the girls in khaki
Say all of the girls in blue:
Here's to you!

23. *(Tune: "How Can I Leave Thee)*

Hail to our Navy,
WAVES of the blue and gold.
And keep our purpose true,
Our flag uphold.
Honor a glorious past,
Strive for a future bright.
For, like our men at sea,
We, too, will fight.

Hail to our Navy,
Steeped in traditions old.

WAVES, may we never fail
Our heroes bold.
We pledge our loyalty,
Steadfast we shall remain
Until, on land and sea,
Freedom shall reign.

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24. (Tune: "Oh, How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning")

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning,
Oh, how I'd like to remain in bed.
But the hardest blow of all
Is to hear the matey call "All hands hit the deck"
,, ,, ,, ,, ,,
,, ,, ,, ,, ,,
,, ,, ,, -- this morning.

Some day I'm going to scuttle the matey
Some day they're going to find her dead.
And then I'll fix the other pup,
The officer who wakes her up
AND SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE IN BED!!!

25. MARCHING ALONG
*(Tune: "Stouthearted Men")*

Marching along, we are one thousand strong
and soon there'll be ten thousand more.
WAVES proud of serving, our purpose unswerving,
they'll know us from mountain to shore,-- -HUP
From ocean to ocean, proclaim our devotion
for freedom that's worth fighting for,
We will never falter in our fight for victory,

For we are the WAVES, we are the WAVES of our Navy.

27. WE'LL LOOK LIKE WAVES
*(Tune: "Praise the Lord")*

Lift your chin and keep your steps in rhythm
Dress your lines and hold the right position.
Guide to right and keep your distance even,
And we'll look like WAVEs!

Clutch your thumbs with grim determination.
Eyes ahead; you're under observation.
Take your stance and stay for the duration,
And we'll look like WAVES!

When Miss Myer shouts, "Attention!"
Click heels with real intention,
For a competent company commander is she!

Shouting, close your ranks and keep your steps together,
Just ignore the brisk New England weather.
For our flag, the Stars and Stripes forever,
We will look like WAVES!

28. NOW I AM AN ENSIGN IN THE DAMES' NAVY
*(Tune: "Queen's Navee", Gilbert and Sullivan)*

When I was a gal, I made so bold
As to call the cellar by the name of hold.
I prattled merrily of Mates of the Day
And I stowed all my gear in a shipshape way.

I used to speak so nautically
That now I am an ensign in the Dames' Navy.
I used to speak so nautically

That now I am an ensign in the Dames' Navy.

When I was a tot I learned respect
For all j.g.'s and Mates of the Deck.
I rose and shone when day was night
And I knew that port was left and starboard right.

I climbed topside so ladderly
That now I am an ensign in the Dames' Navy.
I climbed topside so ladderly
That now I am an ensign in the Dames' Navy.

29. WAVES ON PROBATION
*(Tune: "Abdul Abulbul Amir")*

The WAVES on probation are toeing the mark;
They are ladylike, trim and austere.
They drink Coca-Cola from daybreak to dark,
But they never touch whiskey or beer.

With nary a yawn, they get up before dawn,
And they're tucked 'neath the covers by ten.
They wear suits and sweaters the entire week long,
And on Sunday they wear them again.

If a uniform ever should fit spic and span,
Filene's would let out all the seams.
As believers in naval expansion, they plan
To accommodate much broader beams.

The WAVES march to classes and muster for mess
And drill 'till their leg muscles shriek,
They grow in precision and skill, but confess

That their feet grow an inch every week.

At times on the drill field their throats simply parch,
While their feet seem to freeze in their shoes,
They hold to their course when it's "To the rear, march",
And hopeless confusion ensues.

They name the CincLant and the CincPac, indeed,
And the SecNav's assistants in turn.
But when tests come along with torpedo boat speed,
They tremble from bowsprit to stern.

In spite of their failings, they'll hope for their bars
If they don't fall in premature graves.
And they'll tell the wide world and the
WAACS, WAFS and SPARS
That they're glad and they're proud to be WAVEs.

30. THE NAVY HYMN

Eternal Father, strong to save:
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep,
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea.

Almighty, Who canst from on high,

---

Protect our flyers in the sky
And guide each pilot in his plane
The length and breadth of Thy domain;
O hearken to our fervent prayer,

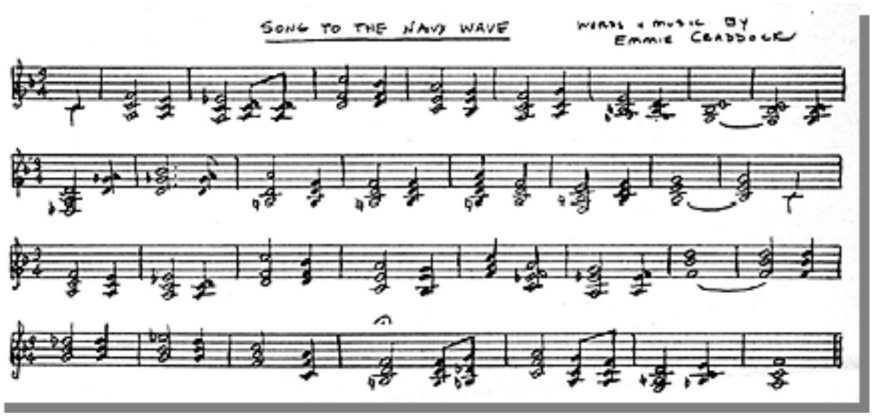
For those in peril in the air.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our forces shield in danger's hour;
From peril, onslaught, fire and foe
Protect them where-so-e'er they go;
Thus ever may there rise to Thee
Glad hymns from air and land and sea.
Amen.

31. TOAST TO THE GIRL OF THE U. S. N.
*Words and music: Emmie Cradock*

We'll sing our song to the finest girl
Who wears the Navy blue,
She proudly holds the ensign high
She's Navy through and through.

She serves with those who firmly stand
Together; fight to win.
Here's luck to every Navy Wave,
To the girl of the U. S. N.




32. GINNY, THE NINNY OF THE FIRST PLATOON
*Tune: "The Strip Polka"*
*Words: Louise Allen*

If there e'er was a seaman that was struck by the moon,

Oh, it's Ginny the Ninny of the First Platoon.
Oh, she flaunts femininity with curl and with frills,
But her mates want to choke 'er when she drills.
"Forward march, forward march", and she skids to the rear,
"Column right, column right", and she stalls changing gear.
But she's deaf to our curses, unaware it's a crime,
That she drills, and always out of time.

For her thoughts are abstracted to a camp far away,
And she dreams of the Captain she will wed some day.
So she lists as she marches and at "Halt" bottoms ups,
And her steps are all between the hups.
"Step it up, step it up", but unique is her rhythm

"Slow it down, slow it down", but she isn't with 'em.
For she's off in a dream-world and her bliss is sublime,
So she drills, and always out of time.

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33. NOBODY'S SWEETHEART NOW
*(Same Tune)*
*Words: Sally Russell*

She's nobody's sweetheart now
They don't baby her no-how.
At six fifteen she hits the deck,
In bed again when the mateys check.
When she walks down the avenue,
Wearing her Navy blue,
She gets the eye of every guy
But it's a quick salute as she goes hupping by,
She's nobody's baby now,
Cause she's in the Navy now.

35. I WANT TO BE A NAVY WAVE
*Tune: "I Want to be a Friend of Yours"*

*Words: Betty McClinchie*

I want to be a Navy WAVE, MMM,
And a little bit more.
I want to be an Ensign, too, MMM,
And a little bit more.
I want to wear a suit of blue, MMM,
And a little bit more.
One blue stripe would be all right.
But oh, for a little bit more.

38. HUPPING ALONG TOGETHER
*Tune: Marching Along*
*Music: Lucille Schoenfield*

Hupping along together
Sharing every smile and tear,
Braving New England weather,
Awfully glad that we are here.
Trying to learn the Navy
Sharing traditions brave
We hup and muster the whole day through
Singing songs from the heart,
A girl in blue has one point in view,
And that's to do her part.
Hupping along together.
Proud to be part of the Navy WAVES.

39. WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?
*Tune: Where do we go from here?*
*Words: Mildred Rodgers*

Where do we go from here, WAVES?
Where do we go from here?
Smith, or Radcliffe, M. I. T.?
Or some place not so near?

We've drilled and studied and stood the watch,
'Til now we have not fear, so-- Oh, Cap, show us the map,
Where do we go from here?

40. THE MARINES' HYMN

From the Halls of Montezuma,
To the shores of Tripoli,

---

We fight our country's battles
On the land as on the sea.
First to fight for right and freedom
And to keep our honor clean;
We are proud to claim the title of UNITED STATES MARINE.

Our flag's unfurled to every breeze
From dawn to setting sun;
We have fought in every clime and place
Where we could take a gun;
In the snow of far off northern lands
And in sunny Tropic scenes,
You will find us always on the job-- THE UNITED STATES MARINES.

Here's health to you and to our Corps
Which we are proud to serve;
In many a strife we've fought for life
And never lost our nerve;
If the Army and the Navy
Ever look on Heaven's scenes,
They will find the streets are guarded by UNITED STATES MARINES.

## 41. SEMPER PARATUS
*(Official U. S. Coast Guard March Song)*

Verse:
From Aztec shore to Arctic Zone, To Europe and Far East,
The Flag is carried by our ships, In times of war and peace;
And never have we struck it yet In spite of foeman's might
Who cheered our crews and cheered again For showing how to fight.

Chorus:
So here's the Coast Guard marching song,
We sing on land and sea.
Thru surf and storm and howling gale,
High shall our purpose be.
"Semper Paratus" is our guide,
Our fame, our glory, too,
To fight to save or fight and die!
Aye! Coast Guard, we are for you.

Verse:
SURVEYOR and NARCISSUS, The EAGLE and DISPATCH,
The HUDSON and the TAMPA, The names are hard to match;
From Barrow's shores to Paraguay, Great Lakes or ocean's wave,
The Coast Guard fought thru storms and winds To punish or to save.

Verse:
Aye, we've been "Always Ready" To do, to fight, or die.
Write glory to the shield we wear In letters to the sky.
To sink the foe or save the maimed Our mission and our pride,
We'll carry on 'til Kingdom Come Ideals for which we've died.

By Captain Francis Saltus Van Boskerck
United States Coast Guard

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