

the south, the Negroes were apathetic to America's declaration of war. They didn't want to go but they were whipped into line by the irresistible argument that the war, by some mysterious process, would mean the end of Jim-Crowism, lynching and economic oppression for them. It was the Alley's task to help beat them into line and to keep them there. In this matter, the songsmiths acquitted themselves with such melodies as *They'll Be Mighty Proud in Dixie of Their Old Black Joe* (I'll give the whole world liberty, just like Lincoln did for me, then they'll be mighty proud in Dixie of their Old Black Joe.)

Then there was *When Rastus Johnson Cakewalks Through Berlin, When Alexander Takes His Ragtime Band To France, and You'll Find Old Dixieland in France*:

*Don't forget old Shimmy Sam,  
Famous boy from Alabam'  
He marched away in khaki pants,  
And with Abe Lincoln in their memory,  
They've gone to fight for liberty,  
You'll find old Dixieland in France.*

There are still other facets of Tinpan Alley's prolificness. The Broadway boys wrote songs to inspire the masses with friendship for the Allies. This they did by the simple expedient of picturing Belgium, France, Alsace Lorraine, as violated women who were in need of strong, virtuous men to comfort and avenge them.

They created the necessary hatred for Germany and Germans by holding the enemy up to hateful contempt in comic songs: *I'd Like to See the Kaiser with a Lily in His Hand, We'll Knock the Heligo into Heligo Out of Heligoland, Raus Mitt Der Kaiser (He's in Dutch).*

Still another class of songs was addressed specially to those civilians who didn't have to or couldn't go to war: *Dress Up Your Dollars in Khaki (And Help Win Democracy's Fight), Get Busy Over Here or Over There*, an expression of Provost Marshal General E. H. Crowder's famous "work or fight" order, *What Are You Going to Do to Help the Boys, Put Your Hands in Your Pockets and Give, For Your Boy and My Boy (Let's Lend Our Money to the U.S.A.)*

There were songs extolling the virtues of every organization connected with the official war machine: *Salvation Army Lassie of Mine, For the Boys Over There* (the official Y.M.C.A. song), and *The Rose of No Man's Land* used with epic effectiveness by the Red Cross. The chorus ended with those immortal lines:

*Mid the war's great curse  
Stands a Red Cross Nurse,  
She's the Rose of No Man's Land.*

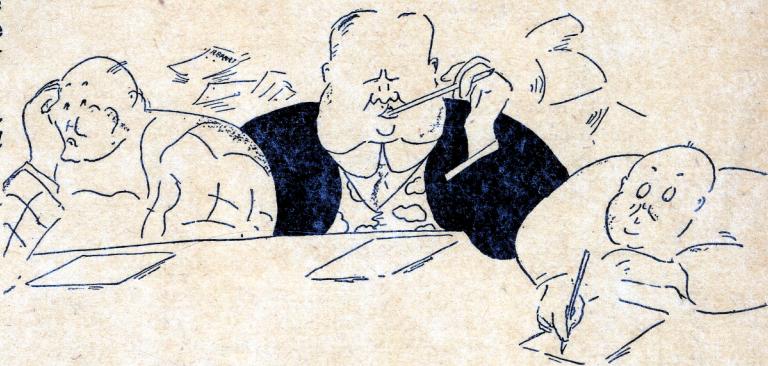
The songs presented here are neither exhaustive nor completely representative. They are but a few chosen from the chief types of the 400 songs which were dinned into the ears of wartime America. In fact, the only excuse for exhaling them at all is the fact that they will soon be used again with additions and improvements. Their effectiveness will be increased a hundredfold by the unprecedented facilities offered by the talkies and radio. Last month the captain of an ocean liner dropped a wreath into the Atlantic ocean at the approximate spot where the transport ship *Tuscania* went down with 208 men in 1918. News of that hypocritical tribute paid by American imperialism to its victims was forced into the back pages of the newspapers by the columns which are now daily devoted to discussing the threat of a new world war.

How soon that threat will materialize, no one can say, as yet, with absolute certainty. But when it does materialize, the Tinpan Alley boys will be on hand with the old song and dance. Popular music to popularize war.

There will be only one hope of escape . . . escape not only from the deluge of nauseating songs, but escape from the horrible imperialist plague to which the songs will be merely a faint, macabre accompaniment. That hope is also contained in a song, a simple, stirring song written by a simple, honest Frenchman who was already too old to go to war when the last imperialist holocaust swept the world. That song has already gained unprecedented popularity over one-sixth of the earth's surface. Occasionally, it is heard in America, too.

## Hoover's Unemployment Committee Solves the Problem

by M. Soderstrom



JULY, 1930: Let's See . . ."



DECEMBER, 1930: "... a very serious problem . . ."



JUNE, 1931: "We have it . . ."



DECEMBER, 1931: "There Is No Work!"