

FROM SOLOS TO CHORUSES

FIFTY YEARS OF EXTRAV

MARSQUERAID—the monicker of Extravaganza 1953—and such a brisk, crisp and risqué 120 minutes of medley saturated with songs and dripping with puns the maligned public of Wellington will have to suffer.

Descending late from their daily terrors, the weary and bleary have of late detected something of a minor seismological disturbance epi-centred near the Gym. Close investigation has revealed that once sombre edifice is in the apparent throes of chronic diarrhoea, pulsating violently to the rhythm of varied and eerie sounds emitted at intervals through shattered windows and splintered weather boards. But only the men of steel who have penetrated the fog and grog, the mist and the schist of the upper floor will realise the brutal truth—rehearsals are on.

Veteran of Extravaganzas and producer of former shows, Jeff Stewart, foaming at the larynx and blasting from the lungs, when interviewed had this to say: "Quiet please!"

Confusion, chaos. It is obvious that the process of panic has begun. But when did Extrav itself begin. It may be interesting to glance back over the years, so with our time-machine in reverse, off we go.

Back in 1903—the days of the "New Look"—we find a slim issue marked sedately: "Students' Carnival"—the precursor of Cappicades yet unborn. In this we read that Diploma Day is Wednesday, June 24, and a carnival is to be held in the Sydney Street Schoolroom at which the whole thirteen graduates will be capped! Peeping inside we find a

THE NEW ZEALAND PLAYERS

very pleased to see young players like Michael Cotterill, Diana Rhodes and Rilla Stephens being trusted with important parts and using their opportunities so well. Judging by what I have seen of the amateur theatre in Dunedin and Wellington, and other parts of the country, there seems to be an ample reservoir of talent available. The amateur players of New Zealand are of a higher standard than many people think, as has been shown in recent years by such competent producers as John V. Trevor, Ngaio Marsh and Richard Campion. This, in spite of the rampant cultural snobbery such as was illustrated by the difference in size of the audiences seen at the Stratford Players' performances and these efforts by New Zealanders to show that the greatest of all arts is very much alive at home. They are a long way from perfection yet, though they are good, and if they obtain the public backing they deserve, we who wish the future of the Arts in New Zealand well, need have no fears.

*Name and address supplied.

programme including, in part one, the Victoria College song, a piano-forte solo, a love song and a plantation song. Part two represents the beginning of Extrav. It is a farce called "My Turn Next," set in a country chemist's shop parlour.

The farce disappears from the scene until 1906, when it again makes its appearance as a two-night stand. There is no trace of this noble script so we must travel on to 1911. In this year the show is now full length, Part One (with songs) having died a well-deserved death. In "Reform" or "The Metamorphosis of the Evolutions" we note that the part of Herlock Sholmes was taken by A. E. Caddick, a bloke who has since written a text book on English or something. In this year another change has taken place. The Extravaganza (yes, it really was called an Extrav that year) has moved to the concert chamber of the Town Hall. Also, the odd types which haunt the backstage are appearing—the properties manager and stage manager.

Now, strangely enough, in 1912, Part One of the earlier programmes is resurrected and again we are entertained with violin solos, glees and the rest. The main show was "Wumpty Dumpty" with a distinguished cast featuring Messrs Caddick, Hall-Jones and Sievwright.

Modern Era

By 1914 the persistent Part One has been interred forever and Extravaganza seems to be an established word for capping shows.

At the end of World War I a full length show is presented in the Town Hall, "Der Tag" or "The Path of Progress," with a caste including Harold Miller and A. J. Mazengarb.

Now we come to the modern era; 1920 marked the first show held in the Opera House, with all the present accessories, orchestra, props, stage manager, business manager and the rest.

The Thirties—"G.G." in 1929, "William the Conk" in 1930. Of the early examples of the "modern" type of script, Redmond Phillips deserves mention. He wrote some excellent shows such as "Coax and Hoax" (1932), "Murder in the Common Room" (1934) and probably his best "Medea and Soda" (1932). The latter contained the song "Karitane Blues," which is still sometimes heard in Extrav dressing rooms after the show.

The late nineteen-thirties produced another set of brilliant and prolific script writers—the Seven Pillars of Wisdom and Ron Meek. Of the Pillars' efforts the best were probably "Hell's Bells" (1936), "The Book of Bob" (1937) and "Adam in Wonderland" (1939), starring "Hhe Voice," Mr W. S. Austin (not L.D.).

Next come John Carrad's delightful variety shows with their inconsequential nonsense and catchy songs, "Daze Bay Nights," "Port Nick Iniquity" and "The Dinkum Oil."

Then in 1936 begins the great Ron Meek series: "Brave New Zealand" (1936), "The Plutocrats" (1937), "Olympia Nights" (1938), "Centennial Scandals" (1940). In 1944 the dead awakes and Extrav is reborn with "Zealous Zombies," followed by "Peter in Blunderland" (1945) which spent two nights at Palmerston North. This period was also marked by the appearance of John McCready and W. J. Mountjoy Jr. as producers and our present stage manager, Huddy Williamson who has either assisted or stage managed since 1936.

The "Corny Combines" took over in 1946 with "Peter Pansy," in which Jeff Stewart, the present producer, took a part. He also provided words and music for 1947's "Utopanella," a story of some bods who wanted to build a Utopia on the wrecked Wanganella. Jeff's first production was "Vot-Thu Halla," which he also wrote in 1948 with Jean Melling.

Jubilee year was 1949 with "Jubileevit" as the Extravaganza. This featured Walter Snatch and Sid Holley-lu-ia brilliantly brought to life by scripwriter T. Cecil Rauparaha and produced by Dave Cohen. The theme, as usual, was very close to the events of the community. The year 1950 brought a show from Paul Cotton, Frank Curtin, Richard Rainey (alas, now married), Bill Sheat and Jeff Stewart—"Hollandaze." Messrs Curtin, Sheat and Stewart are still with us and have ably held up the show in the Atlasian sense, of course. "Siderella" was the show for 1951, produced by Dave Cohen and scripped by Con Bollinger and others.

Last year, 1952, there was no Extravaganza. What was an event of capping week was sacrificed because the Opera House was not available.

So here we are up to 1953. The curtain is about to go up. The stage is set—the producer liting in the gallery, the audience goggling in the pit and stage manager Huddy Williamson jiving in the wings. Let the curtain rise on "Marsqueraid," Extravaganza 1953.

(Grateful thanks must go to Haddy Williamson for his valuable help in the writing of this article.)

Introducing Extravaganza '53 ...

"MARSQUERAID"

SO much has been done to the show in the past four weeks that it is now no longer to say with any certainty just who it was who wrote it. It has been added to, deleted from, and rewritten by the producers, the typistes, the cast, and the Department of Agriculture. The original plot was devised by Patricia Burns, Gill Lescher and Frank Curtin. The Forest Scene was added later by the producers working in collaboration with Conrad Bollinger, Dave Cohen and others. The Hospital Bored Scene remains as it always was and is always likely to be
The rest is silence.



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PROGRAMME

OVERTURE

ACT 1 SCENE 1: A Hall in Smellington Castle

MARSQUERAID: Opening Chorus. *Lyrics, Jeff Stewart; Air, Belle of the Ball.*
ELECTRA'S SONG - - - - *Lyrics, Bill Sheat; Original Music, Jeff Stewart.*
PRIME MINISTER'S SONG - - - - - *Lyrics, Frank Curtin; Air, Traditional.*
ADVERTISERS' CHORUS *Lyrics, Frank Curtin; Air, Powder your face with sunshine.*
CABINET MINISTERS' SONG - - - *Lyrics, Frank Curtin; Air, Father O'Flynn.*
FLYING SOURCERERS' SONG - *Lyrics, Jeff Stewart; Air, Alabama Jubilee.*

ACT 1 SCENE 2: Murapara Forest

CHIP CHIP - - - - - *Lyrics, Jeff Stewart; Air, The hot canary.*
PAPER MILLS TRIO - - - - - *Lyrics, Con Bollinger; Air, Paper Doll.*
SWEETLY SINGING - - - - *Lyrics, Con Bollinger; Air, Cock o' the North.*

INTERVAL

ACT 2 SCENE 1: Hospital Bored Room

ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE QUITE O.K.? - - - *Lyrics, Gill Lescher; Air, Jeff.*
THE PLACE TO HAVE A WAGER - - *Lyrics, Frank Curtin; Air, The Pawnshop.*
TE ARO: Jim (Flannegan) Hutchison and Dave (Allen) Crowe
Lyrics, Jeff Stewart; Air, Manhattan.
WE'VE GOT A FOUNTAIN - - - *Lyrics, Jeff Stewart; Air, The Girl Friend.*
IT'S GREAT TO BE A COUNCILLOR - *Lyrics, Frank Curtin, Air, Traditional.*

ACT 2 SCENE 2: The Carillion (Upstairs)

ACT 2 SCENE 3: National Film Studios

PENGUINS CHORUS - - - - - *Lyrics, Jeff Stewart; Air, Charleston.*
AUCKLAND PETITIONERS' SONG - - - *Lyrics, Bob O'Brien; Air, Traditional.*
UNCLE SAM'S SONG - - - - - *Lyrics, Con Bollinger.*
FOREVER AND ANON - - - - *Lyrics, Gill and Frank; Air, Easter Parade.*
AIRWAY TO PARADISE - - *Lyrics, Gill Lescher; Air, Stairway to Paradise.*

CAST

POP POPULO - - - J. (Beerbohm) Hutchison

CABINET

HOLLYBEECH - - - Tony Courtenay
KILDA BOSS - - - Bob O'Brien
ALLERGY - - - Ron Polson
GOOSEWOMAN - - - J. F. D. Patterson
SIDNEY - - - Dave Crowe

ELECTRA - - - Bill Sheat
ADVERTISERS - Michael Edwards, Mrs. Bagwash
WALTHER - - - Frank Curtin
UNCLE CHRIS - - - Bruce Hilyard

FLYING SOURCERERS

DEPRESSION - - - Barry Waite
HUNGER - - - Peter Crowe
POVERTY - - - Ian Free

THE FLATFOOT PLAYERS

FALSTAFF - - - Roger Harris
SHAKESPEARE - - - Bruce Hilyard
OPHELIA - - - Pauline Kermode
OVERDONE - - - Brian Shaw
ANNE HATHAWAY - - - Diana Lescher
LADY MacBETH - - - Mrs. Bagwash
IAGO - - - John Treadwell
DESDEMONA - - - Dave Powell

THE HOSPITAL BAWD

CHAIRMAN BASTILLE - - - Ian Free
MRS. ROUSE - - - Kath Slocombe
GLADD - - - Peter Crowe
DAME LISBETH - - - Cora Johnson
BARKUS - - - Mike Dunn
ARCHSPALDING - - - Herb Taylor
MAYOR - - - Michael Edwards
MISS SONGRIEF - - - Diana Lescher
DR. DURANTE - - -

CHORUSES: Jill Kaken, Eric Lamb, Marjorie Munro, Marg. McClellan, Thomas Ord, Michael Edwards, G. Paris, Graeme Gemmell, Norma Ledgerwood, Old Uncle Tom Cobbley and all.

MALE BALLET: Peter Rennie, Dick Hopkirk, Colin Gordon, Gerald Aitken, David Somerset, Merv Saunders, Bryce Evans, Max Donnellan, Graham McFarlane, Carl McCann, Trevor Hill.

BEFORE THE PUBLIC

ORCHESTRA

MUSICAL DIRECTOR AND PIANIST *Garth Young*
VIOLIN - *Gill Lescher, Dan Donovan, Noleen Parker, Byron Parker, Nan O'Shea*
STRING BASS - - - *Ben Gunn*
TRUMPET - - - *Fred Hoffman, Rod Grubi*

TROMBONE - - - *Ken Bryan*
TENOR SAX - - - *Rod Giddons*
ALTO SAX - - - *Bart Stokes*
CLARINET - - - *John Doran, John Tucker*
DRUMS - - - *Vic Smethurst*

BEHIND THE SCENES

PROPERTIES: P. Andrews, P. Brockie, W. Harris, B. Hillyard, Gill Lescher, J. Marchant, C. Patchett, R. Read, D. Bridges, B. Evans, P. Hampton, Guisseppi Mozzetti, R. O'Rourke, G. Powles, T. Schroeder, Ian Rich.

WARDROBE: Margaret Hunt, Jan Martin, Judith Goodwin, Anne Shields-Brown, Shirley Robson, Bobby Petersen, Elaine Rapson, Peggy Thom.

PUBLICITY: Bill Sheat, Dave Mummery, Guy Powles.

SONGS FROM "MARSQUERAID"

Marsqueraid

*Join us in our Marsqueraid
Won't you come on and join us
And sing in the chorus
Enjoy yourselves in our own Marsqueraid.*

CHORUS:

*Oh what a night, what a delight to be shared
Come and join us in our Marsqueraid
Love is the theme its supreme. We've prepared
You a tale of two men and a maid
The men in this story you know
As the two beaux Sid and Walter
And they both have but one aim
To win the name get her to the altar
Love is contrary, a merry-go-round
And with lots of surprises in store
And its no joke when a bloke comes around
Whom they haven't considered before.
And though its not's very nice
Somehow they fail to entice her away from him
She was a maid, tricks she played them in our
Masqueraid.*

*This tale that we tell is an old one
It's one that has gone on for years
In truth it's a quite often told one
But we hope we won't bore you to tears
At first they've success with their wooing
But who's going to win they can't say
And just as it seems something's doing
Then another comes by
And she finds he's a guy whose got influence, and
affluence
He calls her honey, it's funny, but she loves his
money and
Oh what a night, what delight to be shared
Come and join us in our Marsqueraid.*



Prime Minister's Song

*I've been overseas at the country's expense
At all the best meetings I sat on the fence
Visiting diplomats thought I was swell
For though I said nothing I said it quite well.*

(Refrain)

*I saw Freddy Doidge at a London hotel
I'm happy to tell you he's feeling quite well
And when I was there, too, I saw the princess
She asked me to buy her a new evening dress.*

*I met Winston Churchill, a very old friend
Went with him to Chequers to spend a weekend
What places to visit I wanted to know
He told me politely just where I could go.*

*They thought me a Christian they know better now
I told them quite frankly I worship the cow
I said they'd have butter and heaven's above
We won't ask for money we'll do it for love.*

*I went to the States and I told dear old Ike
To come to New Zealand and take what he'd like
He said he eats crayfish and wants to catch trout
Now all us poor fishes had better watch out.*

*New Zealand's a nice place, of that there's no doubt
But as for Sid Holland we're better without
You've been overseas and alas and alack
Why did you, why did you ever come back?*



Cabinet Minister's Song

*The story that's current that Cabinet Ministers
Polish their trousers by sliding down bannisters
Burning their bottoms until they raise blisters is
Something I'm happy to tell you's untrue.*

*When we're not working, we're drinking from kegs
Use a wet blanket to mop up the dregs
When you're consulting us
Don't be insulting as
Members of Parliament never suck eggs.*

*Into our seats every morning we totter, we
Look just as though we'd been won in a lottery
Mopping it up like a second-hand blotter
(We've been at a party the evening before.)*

*Alcohol takers need not be afraid
This is no place if you drink lemonade
For teetotal grousters
And old maids and wowsers
No Parliament Houses have even been made.*

*Backing our fancies we find it a pleasure we
Lose all our money but make up our measure we
Alter the Budget and borrow from Treasury
It doesn't affect it or matter a damn.*

*Voters are chasing us, we're on the run
Queries are put as to what we've begun
With high sounding phrases
We'll sing our own praises
To hell and to blazes with getting things done!*

We Want a Paper Mill

*We're going to build a paper mill that we can call
our own
A mill that no one else at all can steal,
For we've got timber here galore
And a Geothermal bore,
The Yanks have even offered us a deal.
When we come home at night they're always waiting,
When we refuse, you ought to hear them yell—
We're going to build a paper mill that we can call
our own
And tell the rest of them to go to hell.*

*We're going to build a paper mill that we can call
our own
To send the paper rolling out in streams,
And the weighty World Bank wallahs
With their weighty wads of dollars
Will have to tear up paper in their dreams.
We'll keep the daily papers of the nation
Supplied for all their news and comic-strips,
With paper from the mill that we shall call our own—
To wrap up all the nation's fish-and-chips.*

The Fountain

*It's really great
A parthenon
We reckon it's second
To no other one
The pride of the city
It's so exquisite we
Have our fountain
Others may claim
They have one too
That's great, a first rater
And really surtout
But one thing is certain
That their's is a squirt 'n
Not a fountain
We say there's no art in
Spouting red or blue
Our one plays in tartan
And that's something new
It's really great
It takes the prize
It's splendour will render
The others to sighs
The pride of the city
We've got to admit we
Have our fountain.*

Murupara Song

*Chip chip. In the woods at Murupara,
Chip chip. At our job we're very thorough.
Chip chip. Always chopping trees down for the
Paper Mills.*

*Chip chip. We won't let a tree escape us.
Chip chip. Nobody can imitate us.
Chip chip. Cutting trees and cutting capers
With a will.*

*But we don't only produce paper
From the Murupara woods.
We can also manufacture
Lots of other wooden goods.*

*Chip chip. Special wobbly bowls for bowlers.
Chip chip. Floorboards for the holy rollers
Chip chip. Toothpicks for the holing molars
At our paper mill.*

Electra's Song

*I never came out at Government House
Socially I'm just a louse
But I bet you I'll be getting myself a spouse
And that's good enough for me.*

*I'm being wooed by Walter and Sid,
They're trying to buy me with their no good quid
I guess I'll knock myself down to the highest bid
If that's good enough for me.*

*It's not my intention to stick to convention
To blazes with Emily Post
I make Sophie Tucker look like a sucker
And she sure has plenty to boast.*

Flying Sourcerors' Song

*We've just come down from the stars,
From our home up in Mars.
We're going to give you some nasty jars.
Next year when we three have taken control.
Things will get really hep,
Watch your step, watch your step.
You'll never stop us from running the land
We'll rule the population with an iron hand
And Everyone's sure to live in fear
When the Flying Sourcerors are here.*

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Are You Sure You're Quite O.K.?

Do you feel a pumping, thumping?
All your innards into play?
Your intestines bumping? jumping?
Stomach ulcers under way? Good
Heavens did you feel that quiver?
Are they threatening your liver?
If you feel O.K.

Can you resist our invitation?
You cannot keep disease at bay
Bring it to us for confirmation
We don't mind we like to play For
If you have no irritation,
Mastication, inflammation
Where would be our conversation?
Are you sure you're quite O.K.?

Do you feel all spotty? dotty?
Just a bit off form today?
Do you think you're going potty?
If you do then don't delay. But
Go on reeling, peeling, squealing
Going wrong but never healing
Only tell us how you're feeling
If you feel O.K.

We are nurses full of vigour
Of assistance come what may
We can show you how we figure
We can serve you—here's the way, we
Want suggestions, we are humble
How's your latest tummy rumble
What is life without a grumble!
Are you sure you're quite O.K.?

Do you feel a bit off colour
Do you wobble at the knees?
Are you just a fraction duller
Do you hiccup, sneeze or wheeze, our
Pennicillin isn't fillin'
But imaginations willin'
Minus ills could life be thrillin'
If you feel O.K.

Do you suffer jiggles, wiggles?
Do your nerves begin to fray?
Do you get the wriggles, giggles?
Don't take risks it does not pay. Per
haps you feel a little iffy
Creaky? Coughy? Sniffy? Squiffy?
We can fix you in a jiffy
Are you sure you're quite O.K.?

Te Aro

VERSE:

We are proud of this fair city
But we really must admit we
Have our slums too.
More than a few.
And we really must assert we
Hate the sight of all these dirty
Houses in town.
We'll tear them down.

CHORUS:

We'll take Te Aro
And all its narrow
Alleyways
Relics of former days
We'll raze
A honky tonk street
With ferro concrete
We'll replace.
The city's disgrace,
It seems we must efface
What's not naice.
If shacks lack polish
Well just demolish
Them someday
We'll clear old Haining Street
Away.
A ton of nitro or gelignite,
Will soon put the whole place right.
We'll turn Te Aro
Into a Paro-
Dise.

Airway to Paradise

Who's downhearted?

*For we know our Cabinet's barely started
We'll escape all harm in the Jet we've charted
We can always carry you through
We'll do down Walther.*

It's fitting

*To be firm and never look like quitting
In a fight your Cabinet won't be sitting
We'll be standing up for the right
So down with Walther.*

Start right away

*Take our advise
The quickest way to Paradise
Fly from Walther
Where's the starting place?
Rongotai would do well, so*

We'll build an airway to Paradise

*Flying sourcerers can't fly there
Were going to get there at any price
Though we may not have the fare
I've got the brains
And up above its so fair
Planes go on and carry me there
I'll build an Airway to Paradise
Flying Sourcerers can't fly there.*



The Place to Have a Wager

*Oh the place to have a wager is the T.A.B. Agency
And the best of your dreams will come true
Yes the place to have a wager is the T.A.B. Agency
This piece of advice we give you.*

*Put your shirt on, put your pants on
And you'll win a King's ransom
That's just what the T.A.B.'s for
If your trousers should be shining
Just look for the silver lining
Dip into your pocket once more.*

*If you should be told of a dead certain winner
But find you have spent all your dough
Go home get your grate
And your front door and gate
There is a place you can go.*

*To a pawnshop on a corner in Hill Street
next to Bellamy's
Where they soon let you have five or ten
But you won't see your money again
No, you won't see your money again.*

It's Great to be a Councillor

*I am the Mayor as you can see,
Just pull my chain and you'll drown me.
With Elections near I'll keep my seat
Make the road to power a one-way street.*

*You'll never fly high from Rongotai
It won't be built until you die.
Now homes aren't scare round here today
We're building them in Evans Bay.*

*Don't take your girl out in the dark,
'Cos you won't find a place to park.
We've done a lot and that's not all
We've just built half a new Town Hall.*

*If you've no brains there's jobs galore
You can easily be a councillor.*



Forever and Anon

*Forever and anon is
Prosperity upon us
The future full of promise
For Electra today . . . and
Though in years advancing
The world we find entrancing
And all our hearts are dancing
For Electra today.
Full of joy we'll go . . .
Happiness we'll know . . .
No sorrow . . . tomorrow . . .
No longer a song or
A dance we'll delay . . . come on!
Let's all be singing
The evening's just beginning
To start the joybells ringing
For Electra today!*



Uncle Sam's Song

*There's a man called Uncle Sam
And he wears a leer all day
If you ask him why he grins
He replies this way:
I just call the tune, and you will croon
Old Uncle Sam's Song
Long as I've a dollar, I know you'll holler
Uncle Sam's song.
Nothin' in their guts, drives 'em nuts
Old Uncle Sam's song.
Still they don't complain, in spite of the pain
(I'll do for 'em if they do)
The Regimental Band in every land
Plays Uncle Sam's Song.
Though they don't agree (as you will see)
So forget your troubles and wear a smile
You'll all agree
That's it's a grand song.
And pretend things never go wrong,
While I call the tune, You'll have to croon
Old Uncle Sam's song.*