

ANAKREON

#45, APA-Filk Mailing #45

1 February 1990

THE CHORILLO CAROL

(Tune: "The Agincourt Carol")

George Bush went forth to Panamaw
To try to prove that he's the law,
To punch a drug lord in the jaw,
And grasp a nation in his paw.

CHORUS: Deo clamans, America
Non orat pro victoria.

It happened on a winter's day,
He sent in his troops to burn and slay.
Although the law forbade such play,
He went and did it anyway.

CHORUS:

Chorillo was the part of town
Where George Bush laid his firestorm down.-
This victory gave him such great renown -
Two thousand corpses baked and brown.

CHORUS:

George Bush defied a treaty's ban
To prove that he is a real man.
Two thousand died - that was his plan,
And now he'll do it to Iran.

CHORUS:

Now praise our President, please do,
And proudly display the red, white and blue.
So many died, and yet more will too,
So Bush can win in 'ninety-two.

CHORUS:

(More details on the oldest tune I've ever filked are on p. 9.)

YESTERFILK

XIX. The Unfashionable Facts

It has been a year since this feature appeared, in which what would now be called a filksong of days gone by is reprinted. But the circumstances seem to call for it. "The Red Flag" was written in 1889 by British trade unionist James Connell. The tune is the eminently filkable German song Tannenbaum. "The Red Flag" has been since its founding the anthem of the British Labour Party, which sings it in a slow, solemn meter somewhat different from the other songs which have been written to this tune.

The Red Flag

The workers' flag is deepest red,
It shrouded oft our martyred dead;
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold
Their life-blood dyed its very fold.

It waved above our infant might
When all ahead seemed dark as night;
It witnessed many a deed and vow,
We will not change its color now.

CHORUS: Then raise the scarlet banner high;
Beneath its folds we'll live and die,
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

CHORUS:
It suits today the meek and base,
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place,
To cringe beneath the rich man's frown
And haul that sacred emblem down.

Look 'round, the Frenchman loves its blaze,
The sturdy German chants its praise;
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,
Chicago swells the surging throng.

CHORUS:

CHORUS:

With heads uncovered swear we all
To bear it onward till we fall;
Come dungeons dark or gallows grim,
This song shall be out parting hymn.

CHORUS:

Like so many rousers from the history of socialism, this comes from "The Little Red Songbook", more properly Songs of the Workers, published by the IWW (Industrial Workers of the World), Suite 202, 3435 N. Sheffield, Chicago, IL 60657.

"The Red Flag" carries sentiments which are supposedly out of fashion today. Yet the state of affairs described at the beginning of the IWW preamble are still with us today: "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life." The former assertion can be verified by a stroll through any part of a large city where the homeless congregate, while the latter can be supported in the very society pages where the rich and their chroniclers describe the fashions and fetes at which they display their wealth and pride.

Nothing going in in eastern Europe has changed this, and the downfall of ossified party bureaucracies resembling in great detail the employing class of the capitalist nations can not be a source of regret to anyone whose sentiments "The Red Flag" expresses. Indeed, eastern Europe may soon provide a case history in such conditions as the IWW preamble laments. Already, consortia of American and western European industrialists are moving in on eastern Europe with offers that those nations will find it difficult to refuse. (Ronald Lauder, whose last effort in public life was satirized by David E. Schwartz in ANAKREON #243, is part of a syndicate that is going to promote business deals in Hungary, to the ultimate profit of guess who.) Remember

(continued on p. 6)

THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE

APA-Filk is a quarterly journal of filksongs and filksinging, to which members contribute. A Mailing is assembled on the first day of each February, May, August, and November, by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11225-5302. The copy count is 60. If you want APA-Filk mailed to you, send a few dollars for a postage account. With each Mailing you will be informed of the balance of your account. As of 31 January 1990 these were the balances of the following active accounts:

Greg Baker	\$1.09	J. Spencer Love	\$7.97	Karen Shaub	\$2.52
Mark Blackman	\$12.06	Lois Mangan	\$6.54	Glenn Simser	\$5.96
Bob Fitch	\$1.40	Matthew Marcus	\$1.14	Beverly Slayton	\$12.99
Harold Groot	\$6.08	Margaret Middleton	\$3.61	Mike Stein	\$7.56
Jordin Kare	\$5.65	Doreen Miller	\$7.01	Peter Thiesen	\$1.27
Cheryl Lloyd	\$10.07	Pete Seeger	\$5.80	Sol Weber	89¢

In addition, Bob Lipton, Jeff Poretsky, Lana Raymond, and Jane Sibley receive APA-Filk on their accounts for APA-Q, an amateur press association of comment on science-fiction, fantasy, and other topics, which is published here on every third Saturday. In the blank at the right is the state of your balance including costs for this present 45th Mailing of APA-Filk.

Accounts which fall into arrears, or for which copies of APA-Filk come back in the mail, will be suspended. Suspended accounts are listed below:

Harry Andruschak	-14¢	Leslie Lyons	-49¢	Kathy Sands	-12¢
Sally & Barry		Randall McDougall	-65¢	Elliot K. Shorter	-\$2.00
Childs-Helton	-74¢	Dena Mussaf	-87¢	Nick Simichich	-69¢
Sean Cleary	-38¢	Deirdre & Jim		Dana Snow	-15¢
Gerald Collins	-10¢	Rittenhouse	-15¢	Rick Weiss	-\$1.25
Paul Doerr	-50¢	Michael Rubin	-82¢	Paul Willett	-\$1.23
Mistie Joyce	\$6.86				

GETTING CAUGHT UP

Although the 1989 crop was meager, the 1 November issue of ANAKREON is traditionally the one in which that year's crop of new verses to "That Real Old-Time Religion" is printed. And this one came 15 days after the big earthquake in California, which did so much damage to San Francisco and nearby cities. So Mark Blackman's cover is a clever combination of the two - contrasting Poseidon, the ancient Greek god of earthquakes, with St. Francis of Assisi, patron of the city of San Francisco. To make up for the suspension of the World Series which the quake caused, Mark gave us the score: "Poseidon 1, St. Francis 0."

Singspiel #44 (Blackman): Yes, "it's a filkers' truism that just about anything can be sung to either 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' or 'Greensleeves'." However, it was a bit too much when some California fans discovered that Robert Heinlein's "The Green Hills of Earth" can be sung to the tune of the Coca Cola commercial which begins, "I'd like to teach the world to sing..." Since Coca Cola is said to be reviving this commercial, we may be in for a reprise. However, "The Green Hills of Earth" does have a perfectly good tune of its own.

Nope, the word I want is "vexillolatriy". Vexillum is Latin for flag or banner, and latria is Latin for worship. You will find the latter word in such combinations as "idolatriy" and "bibliolatriy". During the Middle Ages a very popular hymn was Vexilla regis prodeunt, "The King's Banners Advance". This hymn was filked by no one less than Dante, who at the beginning of the last Canto of The Inferno, as he and Virgil get to the bottom of Hell, has Virgil say, in Ciardi's translation, "On march the banners of the King - of Hell."

Jersey Flats #20 (Rogow): Congratulations on selling Futurespeak!

"Bat Durston story" first appeared in ads in and for Galaxy in the early 1950s. I don't know whether it was original with then-editor H. L. Gold.

Star Trek V had problems everywhere. In his column in the New York Post of 31 January 1990, Richard Johnson reports that it is in the running for Worst Picture of 1989 in the Golden Raspberry Awards, which sounds like a mainstream version of the Hugu. "The film faces stiff competition, though, from such stiffes as Heart of Dixie ("Valley girls, like, discover civil rights - okay?"), Lock-Up ("Sylvestuh in Da Slam-muh") and Return of Swamp Thing ("a creature feature featuring no discernible talent").

These "Razzies" will be given in the 10th annual Golden Raspberry Award ceremonies, on 25 March 1990 - the night before the Oscar winners are announced. They will include "the nadir of cinematic achievement for the '80s." Howard the Duck is among the candidates, and John Wilson, the founder of the Razzies, is electioneering for Mommie Dearest, but my personal favorite is Rambo: First Blood II.

D. C. al Fine #6 (Stein): Thanks for the WorldCon report. Filk certainly seems to have been greatly in evidence there.

Oh, I am long familiar with this argument. Whenever I venture the opinion that peace is preferable to war, some natural-born straight man is sure to say "What would you do if Hitler..." or "What would you do if Stalin..." I, of course, point out that both of them have been dead for many years. This does no good, however; militarists seem adamantly convinced that they are still alive. Sometimes there is a variation: "What would you do if it were 1939 and..." In vain do I point out that my calendar reads 1990.

"If a whole bunch of someones try to come into my country shooting guns, I consider it legitimate to take steps to make them stop." Fine. I suppose that now you, like I, are cheering every bullet that a Panamanian puts into one of the invaders of his country.

My current duplicating cost is something like 7¢ or 8¢ a page with photoduplicators. Mimeography is still a good deal cheaper.

ANAKREON #14 (me): I misnumbered the verses of "That Real Old-Time Religion" in this issue, and only imperfectly corrected them. They are actually 636 through 640.

He has only been in office a month, but so far Mayor Dinkins has shown no disposition to give in to pressure from religious leaders. Nor is there any reason why he should, since he has now achieved the highest political office he can reasonably expect. It has been well over 100 years since any Mayor of New York City has gone on to any higher office.

GRACELESS NOTES

ANAKREON, in addition to circulating through APA-Filk, also goes to people who get my s-f/fantasy fanzine DAGON. DAGON is 12 issues for \$10. It also circulates through APA-Q, an amateur press association which is collated and mailed out here on every third Saturday. (The deadline for the next Distribution of APA-Q, the 311th, is 17 February 1990.) The copy count of APA-Q is 35 and, like APA-Filk, it is available for postage money.

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The Good Coffeehouse is once more functioning at the headquarters of the Brooklyn Ethical Culture Society on the first and third Friday evening of each month. Upcoming artists for the next few sessions are:

16 February: Ken Perlman, "one of today's most influential clawhammer banjo and fingerstyle guitar players." His repertory includes southern traditional Scottish, Irish, and Cape Breton Island songs.

2 March: Ridley Enslow & Peter Becker with "contemporary folk and cowboy tunes."

16 March: Jumbo String Band, a bluegrass group which has previously made well-received appearances at the Good.

The Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture is at 53 Prospect Park West (between 1st and 2nd Streets), Brooklyn, NY 11215. Doors open at 8:45 PM, and performances begin at 9:30. Admission is \$5, and there is free coffee, tea, and munchies. Usually tapes by the performers are on sale.

If the Good Coffee House follows its usual pattern, there will also be performances on the first and third Fridays of April, May, and June, but no information has yet been given out about the performers.

*

The last two issues of ANAKREON had filksongs about New York City's recent mayoral campaign. But other people were filking too, according to an article that appeared in the New York Times on Election Day. Todd S. Purdum reported that these songs were "all of them unofficial, many of them unsolicited, and most of them unheard."

Some professionals got into the act. The verse to the right is from Burton Lane, co-composer with the late "Yip" Harburg of Finian's Rainbow, who filked his "Look to the Rainbow" for the purpose.

A 34-year-old garbage collector named Daniel P. Berke had the audacity to filk the Democratic anthem "Happy Days Are Here Again" to promote the candidacy of the Republican Rudolph Giuliani. In order for it to make sense you have to realize that the name of the former mayor whom he cites in the second line is often pronounced "La Guardier", and that the New York dialect often treats the letter 'r' as a virtually negligible vowel.

Vote, vote, vote for Dave Dinkins.
Why vote for skim milk when you
can have cream?
Vote, vote, vote for Dave Dinkins.
Follow that fellow who follows a
dream.

He'll change bad things from the way they were.
He 'll be the best we had since La Guardia.
New York deserves the best, so let's give it
to her,
Rudy G.'s the man for me!

Negative filksongs also got into the campaign. "The Giuliani campaign received one unsolicited submission - set to the tune "Sunny" - about Robert C. (Sonny) Carson, a former Dinkins campaign aide who described himself as anti-white." (And who Dinkins promptly booted out of his campaign team as soon as he realized that some low-level munchkin had signed him on.) "Mr. Giuliani's aides said they have lost the lyrics to that one."

One whose lyrics they didn't lose is the verse to the right, by one Jack Yourman, "A Vote for Dinkin' is Unthinkin'". It seems particularly ironic now that Dinkins is in office and is turning out to be a tightwad almost of the proportions of Abe Beame, who served one term as mayor in the 1970s and paid so little attention to the city's vital financial needs that he came in a bad third when he ran for renomination.

If Dinkins gets elected,
It will be a sorry joke.
In no time flat, or less than that,
New York City will go broke.

This is
O At
P Great
E Intervals
R This
A Appears
T To
I Inflamm
O Optic
N Nerves

*

Our unsingable national anthem is in the news again. Repr. Andrew Jacobs (D, IN) had an article in the 26 November 1989 issue of Parade, in which he supported replacing "The Star-Spangled Banner" by "America the Beautiful". He correctly points out that "The Star-Spangled Banner" is to the tune of an English drinking song, but does not observe that an undistinguished hack named Samuel Augustus Ward swiped the tune of "America the Beautiful" from a French song called "Gallia".

Granted, there are some problems with "The Star-Spangled Banner."

1590

YESTERFILK (continued from p. 2)

that the people of eastern Europe have had for over forty years no experience in dealing with capitalists who smell a profit. This is going to hit them like smallpox hit the Indians.

In the first free elections, the eastern European Communists, and possibly also other parties calling themselves socialist, will get clobbered. It is the second free elections there that will be interesting. By then clusters of homeless will have appeared in the streets of Budapest and Bucharest, and a lot of people will begin to realize that, no matter who gets rich in the new capitalist Utopia, they won't. Ancient ethnic antagonisms will resurface, nations will remember that they have old claims on their neighbors' lands, the position of the Jews will worsen, elderly Nazi collaborators will reappear in public life - and "The Red Flag" or equivalent songs will once again be heard in the streets.

It is currently popular to say that events in eastern Europe prove that Marxist economics are invalid. This is the viewpoint of the yokel who sees his first airplane and believes that the law of gravity has been repealed.

*

There are variants in the text of "The Red Flag". The Socialist Song Book, published in 1959 by Owen Fleischman of the Young Socialists League, has "every" rather than "very" in the last line of the first verse, and it does scan better. An entirely different second verse is given, probably because the internationalist flavor of the original was embarrassing to the YSL. And the obsolete word "pelf" is replaced in the fourth verse by "self"; "wealth" would also do. This fourth verse is a particular favorite with unreconstructed Stalinists, who regard everything that has happened since as a sell-out of the noble early days of struggle.

"The Red Flag" was by no means the first filk done to Tannenbaum, which with a translation of its original words is still sometimes heard as a Christmas carol. The song probably came to the U. S. with the large German immigration of the mid-19th century, and was put to a base use in 1861 by James Ryder Randall (1839-1908), a Marylander then teaching at a college in Louisiana. Randall heard the news that Massachusetts troops were attacked by a Baltimore mob as they passed through on their way to suppress the Slaveholders' Rebellion, and he wrote nine verses which he called "Maryland, My Maryland". In frenetic language the song urges the Marylanders to rise and join the other slave states in rebellion. After their mauling by the Massachusetts and New York troops, the Marylanders did no such thing. Nevertheless, this shameful appeal became, and still remains, the state song of Maryland, despite recent efforts to throw it out.

*

Another verse from "The Little Red Songbook" may also be germane to the present situation. The U. S. government seems to believe that one of the dividends from the upheavals in eastern Europe will be a free hand in dealing with certain Central American nations who have lately shown a disposition to reject the commands of Washington. (Or, as an old Central American proverb has it, "When America pisses, Panama swims.") And so a new relevance appears to this poem by the IWW's laureate Ralph Chapin, which was what all of this is leading to. No tune is mentioned with these verses, but one could probably be worked up.

The Red Feast

Go fight, you fools! Tear up the earth with strife
 And spill each other's guts upon the field;
 Serve unto death the men you served in life
 So that their wide dominions may not yield.

Stand by the flag - the lie that still allures;
 Lay down your lives for land you do not own,
 And give unto a war that is not yours
 Your gory tithe of mangled flesh and bone.

But whether in the fray to fall or kill
 You must not pause to question why nor where.
 You see the tiny crosses on that hill?
 It took all those to make one millionaire.

It was for him the seas of blood were shed,
 That fields were razed and cities lit the sky;
 That he might come to chortle o'er the dead;
 The condor thing for whom the millions die!

The bugle screams, the cannons cease to roar,
 "Enough! enough! God give us peace again."
 The rats, the maggots, and the Lords of War
 Are fat to bursting from their meal of men.

So stagger back, you stupid dupes who've "won",
 Back to your stricken towns to toil anew,
 For there your dismal tasks are still undone
 And grim starvation gropes again for you.

What matters now your flag, your race, the skill
 Of scattered legions - what has been the gain?
 Once more beneath the lash you must distill
 Your lives to glut a glory wrought of pain.

In pease they starve you to your loathesome toil,
 In war they drive you to the teeth of Death;
 And when your life-blood soaks into their soil
 They give you lies to choke your dying breath.

So they will smite your blind eyes till you see
 And lash your naked backs until you know
 That wasted blood can never set you free
 From fettered thralldom to the Common Foe.

Then you will find that "nation" is a name
 And boundaries are things that don't exist
 That Labor's bondage, worldwide, is the same
 And ONE the enemy it must resist.

GRACELESS NOTES (continued from p. 5)

Russell V. McConnell, a retired U. S. Army bandmaster, is quoted as saying that "Our present national anthem is so complicated that bandmasters were taught it as a separate 'art form' unrelated to any other music played by Army bands." And the exclusively military character of the present national anthem does not commend it in an age when full-scale war can only mean the annihilation of the human species.

"'America the Beautiful' is not boisterous," Jacobs observes. "Neither is true patriotism, which is an abiding thing, calm and steady on stormy seas as well as in the safety of the harbor." That just shows what he knows. Patriotism is now being invoked to make us feel good about the horrendous slaughter perpetrated by U. S.

(continued on p. 9)

DO YOU KNOW YOUR REP IS DEAD

by Chris Carrier

(Tune: Don't Worry, Be Happy")

John Boardman 'n' Brian Burley
 Were walkin' down the street
 Being talied by a little dweeb
 They had a friend to meet.

Do you know the little dweeb
 Has to rub his weiner with his hands
 He's hot for Rhiannon's bod
 But he won't make no physical demands.

John 'n' Brian went into a folksy bar
 They saw a friend of Brian's staring afar
 While the dweeb was all aglow
 Brian's friend was feelin' pretty low.
 (Don't worry, be Feudy now!)

'Cuz he paid the bill for an abortion
 That his ladyfriend had had
 Which gave Robert Sacks a big excuse
 To say something really bad.

The dweeb looked and said,
 "Do you know your kid is dead?"
 "Do you know they killed your kid?"
 "Do you know your child has died?"
 (Don't worry, be Feudy now!)

John asked Brian what this was all about
 Brian told him 'n' they began to shout
 "Do you know your rep is dead?"
 "Do you know you killed your rep?"
 "Do you know your rep has died?"
 (Don't worry, be Feudy now!)

John then told the little dweeb
 You acted like a piece of shit.
 If it were me you would be wiping spit
 I'm surprised you're not a mass of blood.

As they ran the little weiner out
 The whole pub began to shout
 "Do you know your rep is dead?"
 "Do you know you killed your rep?"
 "Do you know your rep has died?"
 (Don't worry, be Feudy now!)

Chris Carrier, a Sacramento getting fan who keeps up commentary on feuds in that hobby, sends this comment on a notorious event that took place in a Greenwich Village folkie bar in November 1987, and was the last straw in New York City s-f and war-gaming fanoms' exasperation with Robert Sacks.

CAROLS ANCIENT AND MODERN

Nowadays we think of carols only as Christmas carols, but once the word was used for any topical song; there were Easter carols and May Day carols. "The Agincourt Carol", written soon after the event, commemorates the victory of the English under the warrior-king Henry V over the French at Agincourt (now Azincourt) in northern France on 25 October 1415, even though the disease-ridden English were outnumbered by more than 3 to 1 and on foreign terrain. The verses are in the English of that century, but the chorus is Latin: "Deo gratias, Anglia, redde pro victoria", "Give thanks to God, England, for victory."

"The Agincourt Carol" is timely of late because Kenneth Branagh has recently directed a well-received film version, with himself in the title role, of Shakespeare's play Henry V. It has received praise because, unlike Lord Olivier's 1944 version of this play, it makes war seem gritty rather than glorious. Although I agree with this latter view, I am compelled to admit that the Olivier film is superior from a dramatic standpoint. "The Agincourt Carol" is briefly sung in the Olivier version, but is absent from the Branagh version, which instead ends with a swelling, martial version of the medieval hymn "Non nobis Domine, non nobis Domine, sed tuo nomine gloria." ("Not to us, Lord, not to us, Lord, but to thy name be the glory.")

Considering how much President Bush thinks the invasion of Panama redounds to his credit, "The Chorillo Carol" was a natural consequence. The odds were even a greater mismatch in Panama City than at Agincourt, and this time the immensely stronger side predictably won. The victory at Agincourt eventually turned to ashes, as the English were booted out of France a generation later despite their military superiority. Agincourt is probably the greatest victory against odds in the history of warfare, but I am not going to let the fact that it was won by men of my blood obscure the fact that the whole Hundred Years' War was a plain plundering expedition by the English in a country that did not belong to them.

The recent U.S. invasion of Panama is a crime of the same character. Stealth bombers were used in warfare for the first time, against an enemy that could have been beaten with matchlocks. They accomplished a horrendous slaughter in burning the poverty-stricken Panama City district of Chorillo - and Bush and his aides are now boasting about it! The chorus to "The Chorillo Carol" means: "Complaining to God, America does not pray for victory."

There are still older tunes than this around for filking. The tune that we know as "The Bear Went Over the Mountain" or "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" was a marching song of the First Crusade, then beginning with the words "Lignum crucis, signum ducis..." - "The wood of the cross is the sign of the leader..."

GRACELESS NOTES (continued from p. 7)

troops in Panama, and to overlook the fact that the date for their withdrawal seems to be fading further and further into an indefinite future.

"In a sense," Jacobs notes, "'America the Beautiful' is already our national anthem. At the official service for the Challenger astronauts, our pride and our sorrow were best expressed through 'America the Beautiful', played that day. The rededication of the Statue of Liberty was laced and graced with 'America the Beautiful'. As a nation, we are coming of age."

I beg leave to doubt that, and the snarling militarism ("Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution...") of the present anthem is going to be cherished by the same idiots who made Rambo a smash hit, and who troop to the Big Black Slab in Washington to gloat about the suffering that their dear departed inflicted on the people of Vietnam. I have another suggestion. Until 1931 we got along perfectly well without any national anthem at all. Why not try it that way?

Or, if we must have one, why not revert to that revolutionary favorite, "Yankee Doodle"? It has always been a song of the people, and its words celebrate the amazement with which a raw country boy saw the military routine of Washington's camp. Our leaders need to be reminded who holds the real power in this country, and this perky

little fife tune with its irreverent words is just the thing.

*

The comic strips continue to filk. Doug Marlette's Kudzu had a long routine about Kudzu's friend Nasal T. Lardbottom, "whitest white boy at Bypass High School", in a sequence much of which is on the cover of this Mailing of APA-Filk. And every so often the characters of Pogo will break into song under the present Doyle-Sternecky Administration, as they did when Walt Kelly was running that comic strip. Berkeley Breathed used to throw rather bad verse into Bloom County, though I don't believe he has yet done so in its successor Outland.

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The cover of this Mailing is an undated collage cover which I had printed as a stand-by in case no one else contributed a cover. These stand-by covers are printed without the date and Mailing number, which are then rubber-stamped in.

APA-Filk needs covers for its 46th and 47th Mailings, which have their respective deadlines on the first days of May and August. I will do another collage cover for the 48th Mailing (1 November 1990), as I have collected a number of items appropriate to the numerous holidays that take place between the November and February Mailings. (Samhain/Hallowe'en, Armistice* Day, Election Day, Thanksgiving, St. Nicholas's Day**, the Winter Solstice, Hanukah, Christmas, and New Year's Eve)

If you plan to do a cover for an upcoming Mailing, please let me know as far in advance as you can, so I can be planning the issue accurately. And if a hitch should develop in your preparations, so that it may look as if the cover won't be ready in time, please let me know of that as well.

* - Yes, I know it's now fashionable to call it "Veterans' Day", and certainly the people who make much of this observance would much rather have more veterans, than more armistices. As Pogo and Porky observed, "Armistices are temporary - but so are we!"

** - That's a good old Nieuw Amsterdam holiday, which takes place on 6 December. For details see Knickerbocker's History of New York.

ANAKREON #45

John Boardman
234 East 19th Street
Brooklyn, New York
11226-5302

FIRST CLASS MAIL

574-YEAR-OLD SONG FILKED!

Thousands gasp in horror!

American Legion demands action!