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EXTENSION DIVISION

L. W. FLUHARTY
Director

U. S. Department of Agriculture

CLUB SONGS

*Including songs and yells composed by
Idaho club members and
club leaders.*

COOPERATIVE EXTENSION SERVICE IN AGRICULTURE AND HOME ECONOMICS
OF THE STATE OF IDAHO
UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO, EXTENSION DIVISION
AND
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
COOPERATING

BOYS' AND GIRLS' CLUB WORK

Distributed in furtherance of the purposes of the Cooperative Agricultural
Extension Service provided for in Act of Congress, May 8, 1914

FOREWORD

The songs submitted herewith are offered with the hope that they may be used to create and stimulate interest in boys' and girls' club activities.

One great need today is more real pleasure in conducting the work of the farm and the farm home.

Properly conducted, club work develops young people along these very lines. We teach our boys and girls to play together in connection with their work and they are automatically taught to work together in the same spirit of fellowship and helpfulness. Habits thus formed will continue thru life.

The club leader who conducts play activities for the purpose of sustaining and developing a harmonious progressive community spirit, is working along constructive lines. Play activities conducted merely for the purpose of play are inexcusable from the standpoint of club leadership.

CLUB SONGS

(Tune: "Glorious")

I'm sewing this year
Tho I never sewed before;
I hem and I stitch
Till my fingers all are sore;
For when I'm sewing I'm as happy as can be
For I'm helping in the home you see.

CHORUS

Glorious, glorious,
We've made Uncle Sam victorious.
Glory be, there are plenty more of us
And more will want to join us every day.

ROUNDS

Hoe, hoe, hoe your row
Steadily every day,
Merrily, merrily, choerily, cheerily,
Half our work is play.

Can, can all we can,
Everything comes our way,
Merrily, merrily, cheerily, cheerily,
Half our work is play.

CANNING SONG

I'm canning this year,
Tho I never canned before;
I can everything
From the skin to the core;
For when I'm canning
I'm as happy as can be,
For I'm a soldier of the commissary.

CHORUS

Glorious, glorious,
We've made Uncle Sam victorious.
Glory be, there are plenty more of us,
And more will want to join us every day.

(Tune: "Boola Boola")

Boys' and Girls' Clubs
Of County,
You bet I'm with you.
You bet I'm with you.
We'll grow the crops for our Uncle Sammy.
We'll make him wonder
What we can't do.

GOODING COUNTY CLUB SONG

(Tune: "The Old Oaken Bucket")

I.

We are working, yes working for food conservation.
We are canning, yes canning, yes can all we can.
We are doing our bit just to help our nation.
We work every day to help our Uncle Sam.
Our work is half play and we do it with pleasure.
For it's food conservation that helped win the war.
Its food conservation, yes food conservation,
Yes food conservation that helped win the war.

II.

Stand by Mr. Hoover, stand by Mr. Benson,
And all of our government leaders so true.
We will do our best on this food conservation.
We will work every day till our wishes come true.
We will save all we can for we sure have a plenty
For summer and winter and all the year thru.
We will save all the food for the folks who were fighting,
The folks who were fighting this terrible war.
For its food conservation, yes food conservation,
Yes food conservation that helped win the war.

CLUB YELLS

FRANKLIN COUNTY CLUB YELL

Rap-a-lap, rap-a-lap!
Clip-clap, clap!
Slash the weeds,
Grow the seeds.
Clubs, grub! Like a chub,
Never, never, be a scrub.

ONEIDA COUNTY CLUB YELL

Beans and potatoes, corn and squash;
What care I for meat, by gosh?
Things from my garden satisfy;
What care I if food is high?
When winter threatens beast and man
I keep fat, for I always CAN!

BEAR LAKE COUNTY CLUB YELLS

Peas and beans and carrot pie;
V-I-C-T-O-R-Y!
Are we in it, well I guess;
St. Charles Canning Club, yes, yes, yes.

Ice cream, soda water, ginger ale, pop;
St. Charles Canning Club, always on top!

We are the canning club for Liberty;
You bet it is a dandy;
We can our fruits and vegetables;
With those we are quite handy;

We're the jolly canning club,
Going for an outing;
Jennie Brown's our chaperone,
To keep us from loud shouting.

We live in Liberty, Idaho;
We are a merry party.
When we reach our journey's end;
I'm sure we'll all eat hearty.

FREMONT COUNTY CLUB YELL

Potatoes, potatoes, tomatoes;
Tomatoes, tomatoes, potatoes;
Gardens, pigs and beets and squash,
You'll have to grow for us, by gosh.

CANYON COUNTY

4-"H" CLUB SONG

(Tune: "Long Boy")

She was just a simple country girl
With gingham dress and her hair in curl;
She joined the Four H garden club,
And fell to work to hoe and grub;
She broke each clod, pulled out each weed,
Prepared her ground to plant her seed;
Hitched up her plow, started on her way;
And the old folks heard her say:

CHORUS

Good-bye Ma! good-bye Pa!
Come on, Mule, with your old hee haw!
I may not know how to run this plow
But you bet, by gum, I'll find out how;
And oh, my daddy, don't you fear,
I'll bring you a beet for a souvenir;
I'll bring you a squash and a turnip, too;
And that's about all one girl can do.

By the time July came around
You couldn't see an inch of ground;
Corn and spuds and turnips rare
Were growing larger everywhere;
The wheat was tall with golden tops
And everywhere were abundant crops;
She'll vow that the work was lots of fun
When the harvest time is done.

CHORUS

Good-bye, Ma! good-bye, Pa!
Good-bye, Mule, with your old hee haw;
She did not know how to run that plow;
But you bet, by gum, she found out how;
And now Uncle Sammy does not fear;
She has brot him food for his men this year;
She'll bring him corn and potatoes, too,
And that's a fine thing for a girl to do.

When the harvest time drew near,
She began to can with right good cheer;
Her peas and beans and fruits also
She canned and placed all in a row;
The shelves were burdened more and more
With things each day she placed in store;
She worked from dawn till set of sun;
And she's glad as can be over what she's done.

CHORUS

Good-bye want! good-bye fears!
Good-bye hunger with all your tears;
She belongs to the Four H canning club,
Has learned how to can and store and grub;
And now her parents do not fear;
She's helping to feed the family dear;
She's saving for Uncle Sammy too,
And that's the right thing for a girl to do.

EXCHANGE FROM NEBRASKA

"Why did you leave the farm, my lad?
Why did you bolt and leave your dad?
Why did you beat it off to town
And turn your poor old father down?
Thinkers of platform, pulpit and press,
Are wallowing in deep distress;
They seek to know the hidden cause;
Why farmer boys desert their pas."
"Well, stranger, since you've been so frank,
I'll roll aside the hazy bank;
I left my dad, his farm, his plow,
Because my calf became his cow;
I left my dad to sow and reap
Because my lamb became his sheep.
I dropped the hoe and stuck the fork
Because my pig became his pork.
The garden truck that I made grow
Was his to sell, but mine to hoe."

"It's not the smoke in the atmosphere,
Nor the taste for life that brot me here;
Please tell the platform, pulpit and press,
Nor fear of toil nor love of dress,
Is driving off the farmer lads;
It's just the methods of their dads."
Buy a herd of Big Types for your home,
And the boys will then not want to roam.
Hogs will make enough for all to share.
Fathers and sons can divide them fair.
Caring for the herd will suit the lads,
And the boys will be happy with their dads.

BEAR LAKE COUNTY CLUB SONGS

ST. CHARLES CANNING CLUB SONG

(Tune: "Tipperary")

Far across the ocean sailed
Our U. S. boys one day;
With General Pershing at their head;
Sure, every one was gay;
Singing songs of good Old Glory
All along the way;
When they caught a glimpse of Europe
And heard the fellows say:

CHORUS

It's a long way across the ocean,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way across the ocean,
And we seem to sail so slow;
Good-bye, dear old U. S. A.,
We'll prove true to you;
It's a long, long way across the ocean
But we'll get Bill for you.

All the farmers left at home
Must work with all their might;
And the women folks must help
From morning until night;
For the boys across in France
Must be fed day and night,
For when 'twas time to fight for right
They knocked Bill out of sight.

Chorus

But, oh, when they come sailing home;
How happy we will be;
And won't that be a busy time
For you and for me;
Cooking chickens, baking pies,
For we want them to see
That we appreciate the fact
That they brot us Liberty.

Chorus

(Tune: "Flag of the Free")

The flag of the free is for you and me;
And we must help to keep it from all harm;
Old Glory so bright, with starry light;
We'll can and hoe and we'll work on the farm;
We'll plant the seeds and pull up the weeds,
To furnish our country all that it needs;
We'll do our best, they'll do the rest;
Union and Liberty will be our charm.

The flag of the brave o'er Germany shall wave;
Now we have won the great world war;
In Liberty's cause we will not pause,
But we will keep it as in days of yore;
We'll make our flag known afar,
We'll make it shine like the brightest star;
We'll plant and save for our boys so brave;
Union and Liberty forevermore.

ONEIDA COUNTY CLUB SONGS

(Tune: "Marching Thru Georgia")

Bring the juicy berries, girls, we'll sing another song;
Sing it with a spirit that will help the world along;
Sing it as we used to sing it, half a million strong;
While we were canning the berries

CHORUS

Oh girls, oh girls, we're on the job today;
Oh girls, oh girls, we'll seal them up to stay;
Fill them up with sugar in the good old fashioned way;
While we are canning the berries.

Bring us some from Utah and some from Idaho;
Bring us some from Washington and some from Ohio;
From Florida to Oregon we'll shout the Yankee strain;
While we are canning the berries.

Chorus

CONFERENCE SONG

(Tune: "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms")

Oh, friends, as we gather once more to renew
Our hope and our faith in our task,
May our failures all fade as the mists and the dew,
While strength for new duties we ask.

We must work with new zest;

We must all do our best

In the struggle for making men free.

Then let's all join hands,

Go forth for the test

To render the service we see.

How do you do, Mr. Benson,
How do you do.
Is there anything that we can help you do?
We'll do the best we can,
Stand by you like a man.
How do you do, Mr. Benson,
How do you do.

GARDEN SONG

I'm a gard'ner this year
Tho' I never was before;
I hoe and I rake
Till my muscles all are sore.
For when I'm gardening
I'm as happy as can be
For I'm a soldier of the soil you see.

CHORUS

Glorious, glorious,
We've made Uncle Sam victorious.
Glory be, there are plenty more of us
And more will want to join us every day.

(Tune: "Shine Tonight")

Our club will shine tonight.
Our club will shine.
We'll shine with beauty bright
All down the line.
We're all dressed up tonight.
That's one good sign.
When the sun goes down
And the moon comes up
Our club will shine.

(Tune: "Over There")

Get your hoe, get your hoe, get your hoe;
Dig your row, dig your row, dig your row;
Go to business, girls and boys,
Go to know the gard'ner's joys;
If the world's in need, pull the weed, plant the seed;
If the sunbeams lurk, do not shirk, get to work;
If the girls must hustle round,
If the boys must till the ground.

Over there, over there;
Send the word, send the word over there,
For the lads are hoeing, the lads are hoeing.
For the girls are sowing ev'rywhere,
In a garden to prepare.
A good bit so that we all can share
For the boys, the brave boys
Who did not come back 'till 'twas over over there.

FRANKLIN COUNTY CLUB SONGS

(Tune: "Dixie")

I'm glad I'm hoeing in the squash and pumpkins,
I'm trying to do something
For the boys, for the girls, for the folks
Over there.
I'll weed and water all my young potatoes,
I'll plant and hoe tomatoes,
For the boys, for the girls, for the folks
Over there.
As we'll all keep hoeing hoeing,
We will, we will,
For we got the Kaiser's goat, you see,
Raising more than Germany.
We will, we will,
I'll grow the corn and pumpkins.

Keep a-hoeing in the cabbage and the squash and pump-
kins,
Can the beans and raise the mutton
For the boys, for the girls, for the folks
Over there.
Every hen and chick and big red rooster
Makes a meal and a lively booster
For the boys, for the girls, for the folks
Over there.
So we'll keep the truck agrowing.
We will, we will.
Yes, we fed our pigs so well you see,
They helped the boys reach Germany.
They did, they did.
Fat hogs helped down the kaiser.

JOLLY FELLOWS

(Tune: "The Irish Washerwoman")

Oh, come Jimmie and Georgie and Johnny and Freddie,
And see that you hustle and get all things ready,
For Sammie is sounding his bugle each day,
And calling us all to take part in the fray,
So wake up ye boys and ye girls of the clubs,
And don't stand around like a lot of young scrubs,
But hoe your potatoes and feed your fat porkers,
That your garden and poultry may each become corkers.

Remember the boys who went fighting for you.
And see that their every prediction comes true;
For, oh, but it was a whole lot of fun
To wallop the kaiser and beat every Hun.
Come Mary and Maggie and Minnie and May,
Bring in your canned goods—they helped win the day.
And do all your part with a jolly good will,
For now, by thunder, we've licked Kaiser Bill.

Oh there's Johnnie and Lulu and Lucius and all,
Miss Fowler, Fluharty, Miss Stephens, McCall;
Niece, Williams and Bennett and Richardson too,
And Bullock and Strong and Lindley so true;
We also McLean, Miss Holt and Miss Near,
Elwell and Kelly and Erwin revere,
And other so numerous we can't name them all.
But every one now will work with a will
To make good the loss caused by old Kaiser Bill.
We've sent him the way that was marked for the Hun
And we put the hot clamp on the son-of-a-gun.

MADISON COUNTY CLUB SONG

(Tune: "Good Old U. S. A.")

1. "Say, in this big battle
What did the club kids do?"
Said a soldier to a sailor,
"Did they help us put it thru?"
2. "Sure! in _____ County
There the club kids love their work;
They raised a crop for Uncle Sam
Helped us lick the Hun and Turk."
1. "Tell me how they did it."
The soldier asked of him,
And the sailor said as he replied,
And laughed and smiled and grinned:

CHORUS

"Oh, they grew the squash and pumpkin,
Oh, they grew the spuds and beets,
Then they raised the pigs and mutton,
And the chicks that made us meat;
Then the girls did Red Cross sewing;
And the girls they made war bread;
And the boys' and girls' clubs did their share,
The army they clothed and fed."

FREMONT COUNTY CLUB SONG

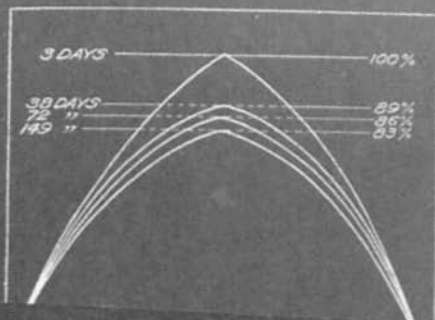
(Tune: "Idaho, Oh Idaho")

The boys and girls of Idaho, Idaho, oh Idaho,
They'll make the sheep and chickens grow in Idaho, oh
Idaho.

They'll can the fruit and dry the corn;
They'll help their daddies on the farm;
They'll work at eve; they'll work at morn;
Idaho, oh Idaho.

The boys and girls of Idaho, Idaho, oh Idaho,
They'll keep the weeds from every row, in Idaho, oh Idaho.
They'll grow the pigs that can't be beat,
Idaho shan't want for meat;
They'll put the farmers on their feet,
Idaho, oh Idaho.

The boys and girls of Idaho, Idaho, oh Idaho,
The girls are learning how to sew in Idaho, oh Idaho.
The clubs the clubs will raise a crop,
Idaho will be on top,
They'll grow the beets so they can't stop,
Idaho, oh Idaho.



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TABLE III.

TABLE III.—Cubic feet of hay in ton.

[Averages from 92 stacks measured and weighed.]

Age of stacks in days.	Number of stacks measured and weighed.	Average cubic feet per ton.
Under 30	55	589.6
30 to 60	30	581.5
74 to 155	7	514.9

It will be noted that shrinkage makes a very marked difference in the number of cubic feet required to make a ton.

These figures apply only to clear timothy or a mixture of timothy and clover. No definite measurements of other kinds of hay have been made.