

7-17-1942

## Herman Cramer Tells of Navy Victory Song 7-17-1942

Newton Illinois Public Library

Follow this and additional works at: [http://thekeep.eiu.edu/with\\_the\\_colors\\_1942](http://thekeep.eiu.edu/with_the_colors_1942)

---

### Recommended Citation

Newton Illinois Public Library, "Herman Cramer Tells of Navy Victory Song 7-17-1942" (1942). 1942. 67.  
[http://thekeep.eiu.edu/with\\_the\\_colors\\_1942/67](http://thekeep.eiu.edu/with_the_colors_1942/67)

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the With the Colors: Jasper County IL Servicemen Overseas, 1941-1945 at The Keep. It has been accepted for inclusion in 1942 by an authorized administrator of The Keep. For more information, please contact [tabruns@eiu.edu](mailto:tabruns@eiu.edu).

P

July 17, 1942

# HERMAN CRAMER TELLS OF NAVAL VICTORY SONG

Herman G. Cramer, seaman second class, United States Naval Operating Base, Bermuda Islands, under date of July 9, writes his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Cramer of Yale, as follows:

"I am sorry that I haven't written to you since the first of July but I have really been so busy that I haven't had time. There are so many messages that stencils have to be cut and I have to do them. I had a pretty good birthday. The girls in the labor board and the mail room baked a chocolate cake and it was really good. I cut it in very small pieces and passed it around as far as it would go and that wasn't very many departments.

"Here is one of the songs we made up around here. The name of it is "We Won't Be Back in Hackensack." We're finished with our training, And we're all set to go, Believe me this is so, I'm telling what I know, Every man is straining For a chance to fight the foe, And you bet your dough, We'll knock 'em for a row.

Chorus—

Oh, we won't be back in Hackensack,  
'Till we snack old Nakisaki,  
There's Joe and Jack and Moe and Mack,

And a gang of guys in khaki,  
The butcher and the baker and the farmer in the dell

We'll show Tokio, Berlin and Rome as well.

You can tell 'em back in Hackensack  
That we'll smack 'em 'till they're wacky,

The Nazi pack and the Fascist clack,  
We'll get 'em all by cracky,

We'll sack 'em and shellac 'em

'Till there's nothing left to smell.

Oh, we won't be back in Hackensack,  
'Til we give the Axis hell.

"That is our song. How is everyone back home. As I tell you in every letter things are the same here. The sun is really hot now and I swim in the ocean every Sunday afternoon. I will write more the next time. It is 22:40 now Navy time"