

WE SAY NO TO YOUR WAR!

SONGS WRITTEN AND SUNG BY THE COVERED
WAGON MUSICIANS ACTIVE-DUTY AIR FORCE
PEOPLE, MOUNTAIN HOME AFB, IDAHO

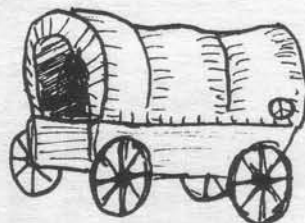


THE COVERED WAGON MUSICIANS

(alphabetical listing)

A1C John Carson
A1C Dave Davis
Sgt. Tom Derreck
Sgt. Patrick Henry
A1C George Herkert
A1C Al Kramer

A1C Joe Massaro
Carolyn Mugar
Vic Pacania
Airman Penny Rand
A1C Jim Schaffer
A1C Tom Spaulding





INTRODUCTION

The creativity unleashed by the GI movement is monumental. No doubt the Pentagon looks on in wonder and envy at the ability of this self-defining resistance movement to get people moving, giving their best to situations. But they'll never be able to manufacture or buy the "secret formula" because it is the antithesis of the military mentality of an imperialist command.

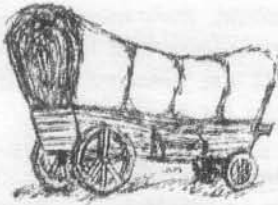
When people know that they are acting in their own best interests, often for the first time in their lives, they can do seeming miracles. This is the source of strength from which all the great social and political revolutions have come, and from which the world-shaking changes necessary in our country will come. When at last people understand the source of their agony and alienation, their oppression and repression, they find ways to change things that were undreamed of before.

This is what happened at Mountain Home Air Force Base. Young people who came into the service as a last resort, from cities and towns all over America where life for them had become unbearable, through community and love, and understanding of both the big and the personal picture of what life in Imperialist America really means, found a way to live.

Many of the projects of anti-war military people scattered around the world have discovered such fountains of energy in themselves, but this is the first to produce its own recording of songs which have played an important part in their daily lives and struggles. We feel these songs and their spirit can play an important part in other movements, and this is why we have helped them realize the production of a record. Now that you have heard it, we hope you will help it get around, and let the people at Mountain Home know how you were affected by their music. You can write them, and subscribe to their paper, *The Helping Hand*, at Box 729, Mountain Home, Idaho 83547.



Getting the paper to the people, just outside the gate of Mountain Home Air Force Base on the road.



THE COVERED WAGON: FINDING THE POWER TO AFFECT OUR DESTINIES

Notes by Mark Lane

Mountain Home, Idaho, is a relatively obscure desert town with a population under seven thousand. It relies for sustenance on the Mountain Home Air Force Base (MHAFB), located ten miles away. Until the early '70s, the base was stocked with F-4 Phantom Jets, the workhorse of the air war in Indochina. Now the highly computerized F-111 has arrived, the one hailed by Robert MacNamara as the plane for wars of the future. Today it is on its way to Thailand. For the Air Force, the future is here.

During the spring of 1971, MHAFB celebrated Armed Forces Day. A few days later, a group of GIs, supported by a couple of civilians, brought the GI movement to the Air Force at Mountain Home. They called themselves "Covered Wagon," and their newspaper "Helping Hand," both Air Force security code phrases to be used when coming upon suspected sabotage. At these words, all men and women, GIs and officers, are required to unite in the face of a common enemy!

The first issue of Helping Hand published a picture of children playing on instruments of death at the base that Armed Forces Day, with the caption, "Never again!" The Intermountain Observer, Idaho's statewide weekly paper, recently summed up the ensuing year's activity this way: "In 1971 as in previous years, Armed Forces Day was a big celebration at Mountain Home AFB. Crowds flocked to the base to pay tribute to the Air Force and inspect the latest gadgetry in aerial warfare. But by 1972 the crowds and the celebration took a different form. Rather than risk a confrontation with The Covered Wagon and its supporters, who had marched to the base and assembled outside its gates, the Air Force called off Armed Forces Day at Mountain Home. The decline and fall of Armed Forces Day has coincided with the birth and growth of the Wagon, a GI resistance movement here in Idaho

which just marked its first anniversary. The Covered Wagon has had an impact in our state reaching far beyond the gates of Mountain Home Air Force Base."

Residents of the Northwest are well aware of events surrounding the development of the Covered Wagon as a presence here. Reactions have ranged from day-to-day help and unqualified support by some, letters of encouragement from Senator Frank Church (D-Idaho), all the way to the burning of the first coffeehouse. Last August, GIs and local friends marched 40 miles through the desert sun on the anniversary of Hiroshima, in a witness for peace. Jane Fonda, Dick Gregory, Donald Sutherland, Country Joe MacDonald and others made the journey to Mountain Home to support the project. In November, 1971, the old Mountain Home theatre, where the first coffeehouse had been opened the previous June, was burned to the ground "by arsonists" according to the Chief of Police.

Yet a few months later the Wagon, in a coalition for change which included Chicano farm workers, blacks and High School students, took over the Democratic Party nominating machinery in Elmore and Camas counties. The GI-led coalition elected four of the six delegates to the Idaho Democratic nominating convention. All four, pledged to George McGovern, were Covered Wagon activists who played leading roles at the state convention and participated in writing much of the platform on foreign policy, GI rights, sex and drug education in the public school system, and support for the farm workers' organizing.

During the past year, hostility from some quarters toward the Wagon grew so intense that the local newspaper published letters urging physical attacks upon the Wagon and its members. A number of members were subsequently attacked, the doors and windows of the coffeehouse were smashed on 20 different occasions, a member of the

City Council, speaking at a council meeting, voiced approval for the attackers, insisting they were "just doing their thing." My own life has been threatened more than 80 times by count. One minister prayed at a regular Sunday morning service for God to destroy the Covered Wagon. Later, as the Wagon burned, the minister hastily arranged for a special thanksgiving service. Not a single church has opened its doors to our members in Mountain Home, and some have literally slammed their doors in the faces of GIs.

Yet, Democratic candidates for Congress and US Senate have hit the Covered Wagon while touring, shaking hands and soliciting votes. The candidates know full well how rural Idaho views the local GI movement, but they also understand the growing power of the organized GIs at the base.

A few months after the Wagon was born, General William Westmoreland was honored at a dinner given by the Boise Chamber of Commerce at the Rodeway Inn. A careful reading of international law, the various treaties to which our country is signatory, and the judgment at Nuremburg, led us to the conclusion that the General should have been brought to trial as a war criminal rather than feted. We said so. The local sheriff was offended, and 9 of us, including GIs and Vietnam veterans, were unlawfully and brutally arrested. Some of us faced the possibility of a 1½ year jail sentence, but a serious investigation by the

State Attorney General, assistance from a leading conservative lawyer, and the facts, freed us. The sheriff was defeated soundly the next time he ran for re-election.

While we were grateful to our civilian friends in Boise, a larger question persisted. Why had there been so few Boise residents present at the Rodeway Inn demonstration? A little later, when the U.S. resumed underground nuclear testing at Amchitka, a group of Boise residents, led by a minister, a newspaper editor, students, the wife of the Attorney General, and others, organized an act of civil disobedience on Capitol Boulevard, the main street in town. GIs joined hands with Boiseans, who stopped traffic for fifteen minutes until the bomb was exploded in Alaska.

Covered Wagon members spent New Year's Eve huddled before a small charcoal fire in front of the main federal presence in Boise, the Post Office, to remind ourselves and others that people were still dying in Southeast Asia while our countrymen celebrated. We marched on the headquarters of Morrison-Knudson to call attention to the fact that their executives were responsible for the manufacture of the tiger cages being used in South Vietnam by Mr. Thieu. We joined women and children in a symbolic circle in front of the Post Office last summer, in support of those who surrounded the Capitol in Washington, D.C. to protest the continuance of the war.



MARCH AGAINST GENOCIDE

In each of these actions, growing numbers of Boise residents participated. And when Dan Sudran of the United Farm Workers asked us, on less than 24 hours notice, to join a picket line in front of the State Capitol in protest of the restrictive farm-labor bill that had just become law, we arrived in such numbers that we constituted nearly half the demonstration! One of the GIs who traveled 40 miles to march had, only two months previously, referred to Chicanos as "spics," calling them welfare chislers who should be deported. And that, I believe, is the real story of the Covered Wagon. It is the story of men and women who have, by working with others, liberated themselves from the diseases of war, hatred, ignorance, racism and injustice, diseases that abound in epidemic proportions in our acquisitive society.

Three basic organizing tools made a significant difference in the Covered Wagon's development. They are:

1. The fact that a general membership meeting of the Wagon has taken place every week for more than a year, chaired by a different GI every week. All present may make motions, speak, and vote, and there are no rules for membership. Everyone present, including wives of GIs, high school students from the community, farm-workers, career officers dropping in out of curiosity, construction workers from an M-K road building project, even a local amiable drunk, is a member. And everyone present helps make policy for the Wagon.

2. The fact that our newspaper, *Helping Hand*, contains informative articles, valid analyses, good art work, and almost no rhetoric. We don't speak excessively of giving power to the people—we try to accomplish it. The newspaper is a collective effort, edited by different GIs each month. In the process, scores of GIs have developed skills and confidence in their ability to express ideas.

3. The fact that the Covered Wagon's counselling service has made many hundreds of GIs aware of their rights. On numerous occasions the Base Commander has been forced to back down in the face of airmen armed with an understanding of the regulations. GIs have refused to accept Article 15 punishment (non-judicial ad-

ministrative actions) and demanded court martials, only to be acquitted later. The Base Commander has dismissed charges, rather than risk the loss of a court-martial attempt, in other cases.

Perhaps the most dramatic counselling stories are the day-to-day counselling of applicants for discharge from the Air Force as conscientious objectors. The regulations for C.O. discharge are quite specific. They require that the applicant prove he is opposed to all wars under all circumstances. The fact that the airman has volunteered for the service (the Air Force does not draft) means he previously, in most cases recently, held very different beliefs.

During the past ten years, approximately 2,500 members of the military, in all branches of the service, applied for discharge as conscientious objectors. Only 20 percent of these have been discharged, for an average of 50 a year for all branches of the service. However, during the past year, 68 GIs have received honorable discharges as conscientious objectors at Mountain Home AFB. The base is small, representing less than two-tenths of 1 percent of the Armed Forces, so it is somewhat astounding to discover that more men have been discharged as c.o.'s here than the annual national average for all branches of the service throughout the world for the last decade. Equally startling is the fact that not a single GI applicant who was counselled at the Covered Wagon has been unsuccessful!

Approximately 30 C.O. applications are now pending. Many other enlisted men have been discharged for effective anti-war organizing, and a number of officers have been asked to resign for working with the Covered Wagon. The goal of our members has been to change their brothers and sisters stationed on the local branch of the genocide machine, volunteers in an Air Force that drops the equivalent in fire power of 3 Hiroshima-type bombs on the people of Southeast Asia every week. The United States Air Force has certified, through the issuance of discharge certificates, that almost one out of each ten enlisted men on the base has undergone such a substantial change that further service in the military constitutes an im-



HELPING HAND committee prepares the October issue. Standing, l-r: Sgt. Joe Ison, Capt. Steve Miller, Sgt. Patrick Henry, Sgt. Ed Haggard, Capt. Gary Aker, Lt. Ron Rost. Sitting, l-r: AIC Dave Davis, AIC Jim Swalley, AIC Paul Williams, Lt. Bill Entyre and Sgt. US Army (ret.) Mark Lane.

possible conflict for him. It has made a similar determination regarding almost 10 percent of the members of the Women's Air Force who were stationed at the base when the Wagon opened.

While figures are impressive, the stories of individuals are more than moving. Airman First Class **Tom Spalding**, a brawling, tough veteran of the war in Indochina, who cheered when the students at Kent State were shot down, met a couple of Wagon members, visited the Wagon one night and has never left. After he won his discharge from the Air Force he settled in Mountain Home to continue his work with the GIs.

Sgt. **Steve Hawkins**, a sensitive man who carried his violin and his classical music with him to Vietnam where for a year he loaded bombs, came home to find the Covered Wagon and a new commitment. His inability to ever forgive himself for playing a part in the war drives him to work against it in remarkable spurts of energy. When he was about to be discharged, as his four-year term was almost completed, he changed the beneficiary on his military life insurance policy to the Covered Wagon and demanded that he be discharged as a C.O.

Second Lieutenant **Tom Mason**, a former Young Republican for Goldwater, decided he could no longer play a part in what he realized the United States Air Force had become. The AF said he was no longer able

to organize anything well enough to remain in, and he was discharged. Later, he organized the 40-mile, 2 day march of 50 GIs and civilian supporters through the desert, with talent and precision that the military dreams of yet rarely achieves. Tom returned to his native Oregon to serve as campaign manager for a woman who won the Democratic nomination for state legislature.

Jimmy Schaffer, a talented musician and composer, attended his first Covered Wagon meeting on a great high. He was later discharged as a C.O., turning his back on illegal personal pleasure trips because he feels they make movement activists too vulnerable. Through long hard hours of study and work, he has become the best C.O. counsellor in the movement, having just completed a book on the subject.

The work is not without its problems for active duty GIs. Several Wagon members have been court-martialed for minor infractions overlooked when committed by non-activists. Captain **Steve Miller**, the intelligence officer at the base, was punished for writing for Helping Hand. His security clearance was taken away and he was placed in charge of the base hotel, told to make sure the linen was clean and the light-bulbs working.

Gary Aker, a member of the staff judge advocate's office, believed in the concept of military justice until he saw its application at the base. He became the Wagon's lawyer,

wrote articles about military injustice that challenged and upset liberals and was asked to resign by the Wing Commander. Today he is practicing law in San Francisco, still representing GIs in need of help.

Tom Tierney, rode his bicycle onto the flight line to prevent bombers from landing and F-4s from taking off. The base froze into absolute inaction. Later he explained that if the Vietnamese could hold off the strongest military force in history for 10 years, one man could tie up one base for 10 minutes. Tom was discharged, hitch-hiked back in time to walk with us through the desert, and then returned to his bicycle shop in Denver where his spare time is spent working with Vietnam Veterans Against the War and with active-duty GIs at Lowry AFB.

Penny Rand is a former WAF, who stayed several months to work with the Wagon after her discharge. She drew many of the cartoons and illustrations for the Helping Hand. Now she is working with runaway children in Detroit, a long way from her home-town in Oklahoma.

John O'Connor's father is helping make munitions in Chicago while John is helping organize GIs at Lowry AFB, near Denver. I first met him when we spoke on the same platform, the first time I was invited out to Boise for a "Festival of Life," in April of 1971. Several GIs were there, and when I asked if they had considered forming a group, they replied that probably no one would dare to participate. A little later, when the first issue of the Helping Hand appeared, it was nearly unanimous that all the articles be anonymous, since even among the bravest from the base were in the grip of fear that resulted from isolation. John was the lone dissenter. (By the second issue, everyone had decided it was better to sign their articles!)

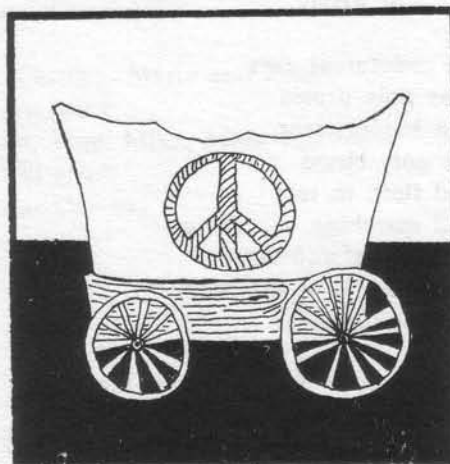
This spring, as we marked the first anniversary of the Wagon, a group of Mountain Home GIs preferred charges against General John Lavelle, for violation of the Uniform Code of Military Justice by bombing Vietnam contrary to orders. They also preferred charges against General John Ryan, Chief of Staff of the Air Force, for acting as accessory after the fact. This case, of course, has since become a national issue

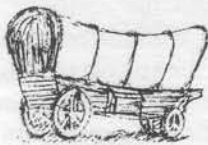
which has shocked the nation.

These GIs have committed themselves to working through the system so long as that is possible. But, through innovation and experiment, they have found ways to work through the system that the system never believed existed! And they have found, as well, that the power to affect their destiny is in their own hands when they are organized.

The Covered Wagon is the first GI project to produce a long-playing record comprised of songs written and performed by active-duty people, with a little help from their friends. That is as it should be, for if the Wagon is a bulwark against militarism, racism, sexism, injustice and war in a state known for its active John Birch Society, it is also known throughout the Northwest for its warmth, friendship, good humor, and—above all—its music. The Covered Wagon is a music wagon.

The original Wagoneers, many now scattered throughout the world, some organizing against the war in Thailand and Vietnam, will perhaps always remember that during the first dark days, when physical attacks could be expected each night, the music never stopped. And they will remember that when the landlord locked the Wagon's door against its members, operating on instructions from the Chief of Police who insisted that his orders came from "Washington," a non-stop, singing-talking troubador going by the name of Barbara Dane made a trip to Mountain Home and didn't leave until all was well again.





SIDE ONE

Band 1 & 6: MATHEMATICS
spoken—0:50, sung—3:42)
words and music: A1C Jim Shaffer
sung by Jim Shaffer

An appeal to middle America to listen to the GIs, and so they wanted to open the record with it. Probably the most popular song at the Wagon. At a concert, Jim Shaffer was asked why he called it "Mathematics." He thought a moment and then said: "It's about the war. The war **divides** us, it **subtracts** our humanity, and **multiplies** our problems. There's nothing else to **add**."

Fifty stars sway with the wind
And several stripes are falling,
 falling
Oh, cloth and thread . . .
This young man fights for,
Prays for, lives for,
Maybe dies for.

Listen close . . .
 he's calling, calling
(Chorus)

 "Help me please"
 My sisters' song
 My brothers' song
 "It's all so wrong,
 so wrong."

But indifferent ears
Hear only drums
And bugles clear,
See only blood
And flesh to tear
And marching, marching
Off to war, and more
What for, what for, what for.
(Repeat Chorus)

But who will bite the metal tag?
White collar worker?
Construction man?
Pencil pusher?

Or Wall Street rag?
Hell no!
(Repeat Chorus)

Listen close . . . he's calling,
 calling . . . calling you!

Band 2

SILVER BIRD (3:38)
words by A1C Jim Schaffer and
Sgt. Mark Lane (ret.)
music by A1C Jim Schaffer
performed by the entire group

The first verse expresses the mood of returning GIs, their feeling of alienation from the Air Force, and their determination to be a part of the machine no longer. The second verse was a personal statement by Jim Schaffer, just before he was discharged as a conscientious objector. Combining the two poems and adding music produced the first song written at the project.

Silver bird go fly alone
Silver bird go die alone
Silver bird my work is done
I wish to god I'd never begun

Once I was free
But I didn't know
Almost two years gone
Taken from my life
Now I know, now I know
What it's like
To be free

(Repeat first verse)
Silver bird, silver bird.

Band 3: PHANTOM JETS ARE COMING (2:00)

words and music: A1C Jim Schaffer
sung by Jim Schaffer & Vic Pacania

Back in his pre-Wagon days when Jim was into psychedelics, he wrote a song most people had trouble understanding and he found impossible to explain. When the smoke of the war burned his eyes, he saw things in a different way. He made a few changes in the lyrics, and it became "Phantom Jets are Coming."

Well, the Phantom Jets are coming
The land has turned to ash
Creatures whisper
Silver, all that's left

Sister crowned Anita
The smoke it burns my eyes
When wine spills dry
from blood on high
And then they too
and you began to cry.

Colder stones of warmer winters
In 1968
When shackles were
my burning fate
And then I too . . .
began to cry.

Band 4:

THE RODEWAY NINE (6:28)
words by Mark Lane and Jim Shaffer
music by Jim Shaffer
& Covered Wagon Musicians

Outside the Rodeway Inn where the Boise Chamber of Commerce were honoring General Westmoreland in August, 1971. Nine Covered Wagon members were arrested for "disturbing the peace" and three others charged with "interfering with the police." This song played an important part in the state-wide campaign to win an acquittal for them. After the charges were finally dropped, some of the defendants filed charges against the police on behalf of the Covered Wagon.

(Spoken:)
What do we want? PEACE.
When do we want it? NOW.
PEACE NOW. PEACE NOW. PEACE
NOW.

(Chorus:)
What do we want?
Peace not sorrow.
When do we want it?
Now, not tomorrow.

Boise's biggest, Boise's best
The place to dine, the place to rest.
300 rooms, a banquet hall
Convention center, but not for all.

One day in August in '71
Businessmen met, businessmen's fun
Westmoreland was their honored guest
For soaring profits he's the best

The wine they sipped, the general's brand
Turns into blood on foreign lands.
(Repeat Chorus)

From Mountain Home, 40 miles or more
Said we won't fight your fucking war
The guests were simply horrified
With the chants . . . not genocide

L-shaped pool, governor's room
Tinted water, Westmoreland's tune.
(Repeat Chorus)

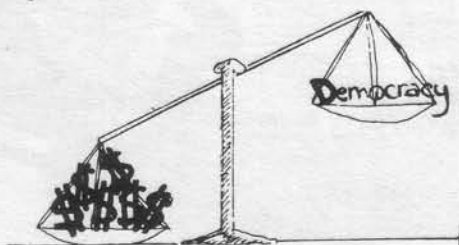
They came to seize the criminal
We pointed to the general
Take him before others die
He was in charge at Johnson's My Lai
(Repeat Chorus)

They came with chains to end the song
But chains could never right the wrong
Nor jail cells, change their stand
While children die in other lands
(Repeat Chorus)

Brother did you obstruct police
Sister did you disturb the peace
Mothers, fathers, sons and daughters
We defend the peace, disturb the order.

They came to wish each other luck
There is no crime to pursue the buck
Swine did not bother those who dine
Instead they took the Rodeway Nine.
(Repeat Chorus)

Rita, Carolyn, Marla and Penny
We are many
Peyton, Tom, Mike, Mark and Joe
We will grow.
(Repeat Chorus)



Band 5: SPRING CONSCIENCE (3:50)
words and music: A1C Jim Schaffer
sung by Jim Schaffer

It was the spring
And I wanted to leap
And run in the meadows
The grass at my feet
But not too soon
I'd be lost in my grief
For just not following
The thing I believed

The notice came
And I packed my bags that day
I was headed out
For San Anton' way
The bus, it passed
All the grand old sights I knew
I cried all the way
What else could I do?

Now my head was shaved
And my clothes
they were new
But no shirt of checks
And my jeans
they weren't blue
I was dressed in green
And I stunk of the mud
That I wallowed in
And I know that I was stuck

Then we're overseas
And we learned how to kill
It's not a thing you know
When you're small
and you're little
But now you've grown
And you should be so smart
So go and kill your fellow man
You've got a brain, yes,
But no heart.
(Repeat First Verse)

*Building 2425, 391st TAC
Fighter Wing barracks,
Moratorium Day, October
13, 1971*



*Two SAC Security Police
signal "peace" and "power"
from a barracks window, as
Covered Wagon people
raise Moratorium banner
across courtyard.*

Band 7: CHILDREN OF THE DELTA (4:18)
words and music: A1C Jim Schaffer

Dedicated to the victims of the genocidal war in which so many young Americans took part before they had the possibility of understanding it. This song is excellent for teaching a crowd to join in, and the chorus lends itself to being sung as a round, with half the group singing "seize the time, organize" and then the other half beginning likewise. When at a signal the two halves meet again for a unison ending, it graphically demonstrates the qualities the song describes. Different lead singers can take the three verses, with the group joining in the response after each line. Sing it with feeling!

(Spoken)

Lovely child of the delta
Settle back and rest a while . . .

Let me touch your golden cheek
And let me touch
your blinded eyes
Who've always seen
iron cased opaqued skies.

(Chorus)

Seize the time,
organize
Unity, there's strength
in love

Have you ever heard
the screaming of a bomb
And run to the left . . .
run to the right.

Have you ever heard
the whistle of a shell
And run to the left . . .
run to the right.

Have you ever heard
the whistle of a mortar
And run to the left . . .
run to the right.
(Chorus)

Have you ever heard the
screaming of the mothers
And run to the left . . .
run to the right.

Have you ever heard the
screaming of the fathers
And run to the left . . .
and run to the right.

Have you ever heard the
screaming of the children
And run to the left . . .
run to the right.
(Chorus)

Have you ever seen
the marching of the hawks
March to the right . . .
march to the right.

Have you ever seen
the marching of the workers
March to the left . . .
March to the left.

Have you ever seen
the marching of the Generals
March to the right . . .
march to the right.

Have you ever seen
the marching of the people
March to the left . . .
march to the left.

(Chorus)



This is the original Covered Wagon, burned to the ground later by self-styled "vigilantes." The copy of Picasso's "Guernica" was painted collectively by GIs.

SIDE TWO

Band 1:

WE SAY NO TO YOUR WAR!

(3:02)

words by Sgt. Mark Lane (ret.)

music by A1C Jim Schaffer

and A1C George Herkert

sung by The Covered Wagon Musicians

The Covered Wagon was a couple of months old when it decided to march from Mountain Home AFB to Boise, Idaho during the first week in August to mark the anniversary of the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The forty-mile march led through the desert, at the hottest part of the year, and old-timers in the area said the group of fifty enlisted men and women, and officers, would never make it. But the rattle-snakes, sage-brush, boiling sun and thirst were endured as they marched right through and into the Emmanuel Methodist Church in Boise, where a special service was celebrated for peace. From there, joined by Boise supporters, the GIs marched to the world headquarters of the Morrison-Knudsen Corporation, to protest that company's part in the genocidal war effort. (The album cover photo was taken during the desert march.)

Well we marched many miles
A million or more
But we never marched with smiles
Never smiled before

We were marching for the Air Force
When we marched before
But now we've chartered
our own course
We say no to your war

(Chorus)

We say no, we say no,
w say no to your war
We say no, we say no,
we say no to your war

And it's hot in the desert
A hundred or more
But somehow it's quite pleasant
When you're saying no to war
(Repeat Chorus)

And it's hotter in Vietnam
Here come the F-4s
And they're splattered
with napalm
As they hear the engines roar
(Repeat Chorus)

Nixon, we say no to your war
We say no!
Let the lifers
Be your whores
We say no!
(Repeat Chorus)

Band 2: THE PEOPLE'S THANK YOU

(2:37)

words and music: A1C Jim Schaffer

We'd like to thank you,
Thank you, Richard Nixon,
Thank you for the job you've done.
Revolution is the people's
thank you,
And the thank-you's
have just begun!

We'd like to thank you,
Thank you Hank Kissinger, etc.
(various names substituted
for underlined)

(bridge)

Oh well, you know
You took the power
from the people
And—their land!
But now we've got—
the GI movement,
And we'll crush that
blood-stained hand!

We'd like to thank you,
Thank you Bill Westmoreland, etc.

(bridge)

Oh well you know,
You took the power
from the people,
And—that's wrong!
But now we've got—
the GI movement,
And we're growing,
we're getting strong!

We'd like to thank you,
Thank you all you slobs, etc.

(bridge)

Well you know
You took the power
from the people
That—was your decree.
But now we've got—
the people's army
And we're marching
on to victory!

We'd like to thank you,
Thank you Richard Nixon, etc.

Band 5: MY PLEDGE, MY VOW (2:47)
words and music: Amn. Penny Rand
and A1C Jim Schaffer
sung by Jim, Penny, and the group

Life in the movement can become
conflicted especially when you are required
to hold down a full time job in the Air Force
and suffer the slings and outrageous lifers on
a daily basis. Penny Rand, a member of the
Women's Air Force, and Jim Schaffer ex-
pressed their doubts and hopes in this song.

Sometimes I wonder,
why, when and how,
Then I remember
My pledge, my vow.

Sometimes I wonder
why I'm here,
Then I see my progress,
It all comes clear.

It's never easy,
unless you're proud.
So come along—
join the growing crowd.
Of those who care,
those who share,
We work together,
an equal load we bear.



Sometimes I wonder,
why, when and how,
Then I remember,

My pledge, my vow.
I often question
our purpose here,
I'm always answered,
You too can learn.

The sound of people,
oppressed, astray.
Joining together,
to find new ways.
Building on hopes,
planning on dreams,
Unity our motto,
reality our scheme.

Sometimes I wonder,
why, when and how,
Then I remember
My pledge, my vow.

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Band 4: RATTLESNAKE JUNCTION (3:37)
words and music: AIC Dave Davis
performed by Jim Schaffer

One day, Dave Davis (just about to receive his discharge as a conscientious objector) walked into the Covered Wagon and convulsed everyone with this song he had written the night before. Unfortunately, his performance was not recorded and within a couple of days he was back home in California. Jim Schaffer tries here to recapture Dave's unforgettable style.

The words speak for themselves, but it helps to know that the old Mountain Home movie theatre, which housed the original Covered Wagon, was burned to the ground in November, 1971. Also, that Swede's Bar, down the road, was the meeting place for assorted drunks, "cowboys," and—it is rumored—police officers during their planning of various attacks on the Wagon and its people. Many of these plans were actually carried out, with the participation of Swede himself at times. Finally, you should know that "Covered Wagon" is an Air Force security term, to be shouted three times while waving one's arms wildly in case of trouble.

Well way back a long time ago when the only connection between the city folks of the East and their brothers and sisters who were farming and mining and 'sploring and planting sagebrush in the west was an old stage coach line. . . .

There was a little stage coach stop located up in the hills overlookin' the Snake River ragin', the antelope a prancin' and the Merc department store a sellin' by the name of Rattlesnake Station.

But as fate would have it, the times were changin' and some fancy Dan invented an engine train and they decided to put in a railroad to replace the stagecoach and the pony express and that was the end of Rattlesnake Station.

And thus began the long and thrilling and exciting history of the little Idaho desert town what was about to play a large and important part in the history of the potato

state and the entire United States Air Force. . . . but I'll tell ya 'bout that later. . . .

Now they brought these here jet-plane F-111s to this town called Mtn. Home to play flying and fighting and bombing and burnin' and lootin' and rapin' and all those nasty things those nasty generals have a tendency to do.

And nobody figured they better oughta say nothing about it 'cept how real it was leastwise not till some folks decided they been listenin' enough and they better do some talkin' because it was high time . . .

Now all this time throughout the world there was people fighting and killing and bloodyin' up the brothers and sisters and developin' a general attitude what was detrimental to the health and well-being of the entire human race . . .

And here comes old progress again developing a technology which would find better ways of killing and fighting and bloodyin' up the people and their brothers and sisters by inventing somethin' what was called the F-111 . . .

But all over the plant there was people gettin' together and thinkin' and talkin', discussin', dissentin', repentin', revolvin', revolutin', and buildin' coffeeshops and puttin' out newspapers and just generally thinkin' up better ways.

And that brings us back to that little fly speck of a town which seemed to the government as good a place as any for defendin' the country's land, water and air, and flag and national anthem and George Washington, the Constitution and even some of the people . . . the one called Mtn. Home.

So these here folks built a coffeeshop and started putting down the war and the whole entire mess that the government over the ages seems to have made of things and started askin' people to think, and be aware, and love . . . just askin' for trouble . . .

Now in this town there was a little local saloon where the talk ran high regarding issues of a political and moral nature among a very unique and usually intoxicated group of responsible cowboys . . . and they called it SWEDES Bar . . .

Now I ain't namin' names or pointin' fingers or making accusations but somebody decided to celebrate Thanksgiving in 1971, by having a great big bonfire . . . it was a alcohol fire . . .

But not be discouraged they picked up and moved to a new location where the eternal struggle rages on and on with the only difference that old Swedes is about a mile or so further on down the road . . . and that's a long way to stumble . . .

And the simple moral here is that if you ever see anyone stand up, wave his arms over his head and yell Covered Wagon three times, you just know there's gonna be trouble . . . better look for a change . . . they're trying to make people think!

Band 5: BRING OUR BROTHERS HOME
(1:30)

words and music: A1C George Herkert
sung by The Covered Wagon Musicians

George Herkert was one of the first singers at the Wagon. He led group singing at the first public meeting of the Wagon and although he has long since left the Air Force and Idaho this song of his remains with us.

You sent us off to fight this war:
BRING OUR BROTHERS HOME!
Now we don't want to fight no more!
BRING OUR BROTHERS HOME!

(Chorus:)

Bring 'em home,
Bring our brothers home.
Bring 'em home,
Bring our brothers home!

Nixon you're a bloody man,
BRING OUR BROTHERS HOME!
To make us fight in foreign lands.
BRING OUR BROTHERS HOME!

You say we're fightin' to be free.
BRING OUR BROTHERS HOME!
That ain't what it looks like to me!
BRING OUR BROTHERS HOME!

(Repeat first verse, end with 2 choruses.)

Band 6: NAPALM STICKS TO KIDS (4:14)
collectively written by
Air Force and Army GIs
attached to the 1st Air Cavalry
in Vietnam
Recited by Sgt. John Boychuk

A group of Air Force and Army GIs assigned to the 1st Air Cavalry sat down one night in a hootch in Vietnam to write these words. Each person made a verse about an incident in which he had taken part, and the poem expresses their collective bitterness toward the military that had turned them into murderers. They agreed they would not rest until somehow it was published.

One man, Sgt. Mike Elliot, returned from Vietnam to the Mountain Home Air Force Base, and the poem was published in Volume 1, Number 1 of the Covered Wagon Newspaper, Helping Hand. It has been reprinted in scores of GI newspapers all over the world, probably the most widely quoted poem to come from the GI movement.

Sergeant John Boychuk, who recites it here, is a veteran of Air Force activity in Vietnam. After joining the Wagon, John arranged for a three-week leave so that he could meet with his former "enemies" in Paris. He spent a week in conference with veterans of the war from Cambodia, Laos, the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam, and North Vietnam. He is possibly the only active-duty GI to ever do so.

We shoot the sick, the young,
the lame
We do our best to kill
and maim
Because the kills all count
the same,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Flying low across the trees,
Pilots doing what they please
Dropping frags on refugees,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Flying low and looking mean,
See that family by the stream
Drop some nape
and hear 'em scream
Napalm sticks to kids.

A group of gooks
in the grass,
But all the fightin's
long since past
Crispy youngsters in a mass
Napalm sticks to kids.

Drop some napalm on the barn
It won't do too much harm
Just burn off a leg or arm
Napalm sticks to kids.

CIA with guns for hire
Montagnards around a fire
Napalm makes the fire higher
Napalm sticks to kids.

A baby sucking on his
his mother's tit
Children cowering in a pit
Dow Chemical doesn't
give a shit
Napalm sticks to kids.

Eighteen kids in a "no fire zone"
Books under arms as they go home
Last in line goes home alone
Napalm sticks to kids.

Gather kids as you fly
over own
By tossing candy
on the ground
Then grease 'em
when they gather round.
Napalm sticks to kids.

Ox cart rolling down the road
Peasants with a heavy load
They're all V.C.
when the bombs explode
Napalm sticks to kids.

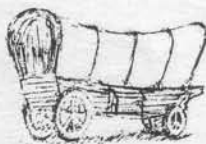
Cobras flying in the sun
Killing gooks is macho fun
If one's pregnant,
it's two for one
Napalm sticks to kids.

There's a gook
down on her knees
Launch some fleshettes
into the breeze,
Her arms are nailed
to the trees
Napalm sticks to kids.

Blues out on a road recon
See some children
with their mom,
What the hell,
let's drop the bomb.
Napalm sticks to kids.

They're in good shape
for the shape they're in
But, God, I wonder
how they can win
With napalm running
down their skin
Napalm sticks to kids.

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