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# \* BROADSIDE \*

BROADSIDE # 5, MAY 1962 BOX 193, CATHEDRAL STA. NEW YORK 25, NY

STORY OF OLD MONROE

PETER SEEGER - MALVINA REYNOLDS

PEACE MARCH SONG - JERRY ATINSKY

GO LIMP - ALEX COMFORT

WE'VE GOT TO FIND ANOTHER WAY  
MARK SPOELSTRA

I WANT TO GO TO ANDORRA

VAL SHENSON - PETER SEEGER

SCOTS BARDS, YANKEE TUNES (ARTICLE)



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BROADSIDE, P. O. BOX 193, CATHEDRAL STATION, NEW YORK 25, NEW YORK

A publication issued twice a month to distribute topical songs and stimulate the writing of such songs. Our policy is to encourage the author to speak freely through his or her song, even though we may not agree with all the sentiments and views expressed.

Sis Cunningham (Editor); Gil Turner; Peter Seeger (Advisory)

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Reminder: (For those who began trial subs with #1) this is # 5.

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NOTES: (1) A good 6th verse for "Andorra":

"The general said, my dear boy, you just don't understand  
We need these things to feel secure in our great & wealthy land  
I said, if security's what you need I'll buy a couch for you  
A headshrinker is cheaper & quicker & a damn sight safer too."

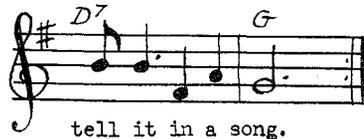
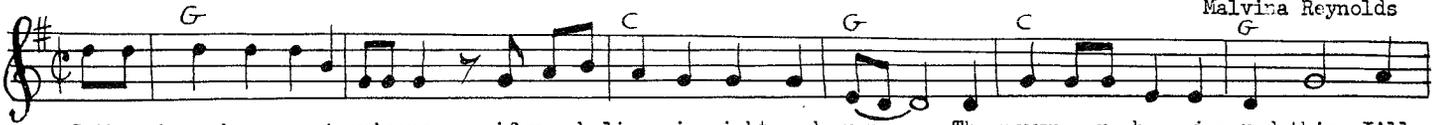
(2) "Go Limp": By the prolific British topical song writer, Dr. Alex Comfort, who did the words for "One Man's Hands" in Broadside # 2.... "Scots Bards...": We have printed 3 of the Scots' anti-Polaris songs in recent issues. Our American topical song writers and students of folk song development in general should find much of interest in the London Economist article. There are several obvious reasons why the British composers and singers of topical songs should be more uninhibited and free wheeling than our own at this period, but it would require an essay to go into them. Incidentally, Folkways has just released an LP album of the "Ding Dong Dollar" songs.

(3) "The Monroe Story": The trial of 20-year old John Lowry, white Freedom Rider, and two Monroe, N.C., Negro teenagers, Richard Crowder, 19, and Harold Reape, 17, which was scheduled to begin May 7, has now been postponed until August. Bob Williams is working in Cuba, away from the Monroe police and the FBI. In Ohio, another defendant, Miss Mae Mallory, Negro woman leader, is fighting extradition back to North Carolina. The incident related in the song was only the latest in a series of attacks by the KKK on the Negro community in Monroe. In 1957 the Negro residents found it necessary to put up sandbags and dig foxholes to repel a Klan assault after the Monroe city fathers rejected a plea from Negro ministers to stop the Klan invasion.

THE STORY OF OLD MONROE

The following ballad was written in April, 1962, at the request of the Committee To Aid The Monroe Defendants. In spite of its length, the story seems to move fairly swiftly. The tune is an old Southern folk melody. Words are principally by Peter Seeger, with half a dozen verses by Malvina Reynolds, and the facts in the case supplied by a detailed account from John Lowry, aged 20, of New York, one of the Freedom Riders who volunteered to picket the courthouse at Monroe, and a few days later found himself facing a charge of kidnapping.

Tune: "Poor Ellen Smith"  
 Words: Peter Seeger and  
 Malvina Reynolds



The papers and the TV  
 Never told the story straight,  
 So, listen now, I will to you  
 The honest facts relate.

Let me take you to a corner  
 Of this world that we call free.  
 It's Monroe, North Carolina,  
 Where the Klan rules by decree.

Maybe you thought the Klan was dead  
 And buried long ago.  
 Well, in August 1961  
 You should ha' been in old Monroe.

It's a town of about ten thousand,  
 And could be a pretty place.  
 But there's uncertainty and fear  
 To be seen on many a face.

A railroad slices through Monroe  
 It's not one town but two towns  
 On the right, Monroe is white  
 And on the left is Newtown

Eighteen Freedom Riders came  
 In August '61.  
 At the call of young Rob Williams  
 To see what could be done.

Robert Williams was a leader,  
 A giant of a man.  
 He said, let's protect our families  
 From the violence of the Klan.

The Klansmen, they got busy;  
 They came from everywhere,  
 All armed with guns and pistols,  
 And Chief Mauney\* didn't care.  
 (\*pronounced "Mooney")

They staged a bloody riot  
 And the deck was surely stacked,  
 'Cause the only ones arrested  
 Were the ones who were attacked.

Now, listen for the frame-up!  
 Did the Klan lay a plan?  
 To trap Williams and his friends  
 And make him flee the land?

A couple, by name of Stegall  
 Were driving in a car.  
 They drove right into Newtown;  
 That was a bit too far.

For Negroes live in Newtown,  
 And on that fatal day  
 They'd set their lines of self-defense  
 Against the K.K.K.

The Stegalls, they were frightened;  
 They stopped at Williams' door.  
 And Robert Williams told the crowd  
 To let the Stegalls go.

He said, come inside my house.  
 You'll get hurt if you stay here.  
 And Williams led the Stegalls  
 Inside his own house there.

And though this man had saved them,  
 Police got on his trail.  
 Nothing less than a kidnap charge:  
 Twenty years to life in jail.

And then the mighty F.B.I.  
 Joined in to help the Klan,  
 With vicious posters tacked up  
 In post offices through the land

Saying Rob was armed and dangerous  
 And schizophrenic, too,  
 As though to shoot him down on sight  
 Would be the safest thing to do.

But Rob escaped to Canada,  
 And then to Mexico.  
 And now he stays in Cuba  
 Where the F.B.I. can't go.

And now a make believe trial  
 Comes in May of '62,  
 And we are wondering if in Monroe  
 That Justice will come through.

Perhaps when it gets to the Supreme Court  
 They'll get a better shake.  
 But it's in the hearts of you and me,  
 The decision must be made.

For we all are just as guilty,  
 Till we make that day to come  
 When Robert Williams can return  
 To his Union County home.

So listen, Mr. President,  
 And listen, Brother Bob:  
 If you'd defend the Free World,  
 Here is a little job.

If you don't believe the words I say,  
 Go see it for yourself.  
 Go down and visit old Monroe,  
 But be careful of your health.

There's lots of good people in Monroe,  
 But they are scared to say.  
 Go down to old Monroe, Bob.  
 Tell them: this is the U.S.A.

They say the German people  
 The crimes of Hitler never knew.  
 Well, let American people  
 See what fascists here can do.

For we've had enough of murder,  
 And we've had enough of lies,  
 And the Klu Klux Klan in old Monroe  
 Is due to be surprised.

For in Washington and 'round the world  
 We're being asked today,  
 Is Monroe, North Carolina,  
 In the good old U.S.A.?

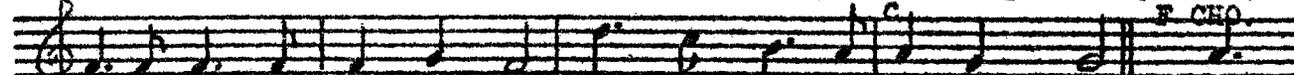
Monroe! Monroe!  
 I hear those voices say:  
 Is Monroe, North Carolina,  
 In the good old U.S.A.?

"P E A C E M A R C H S O N G"

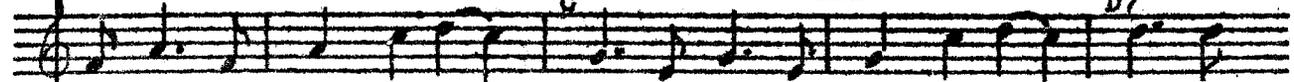
words & music  
Jerry Atinsky  
c 1962 by author



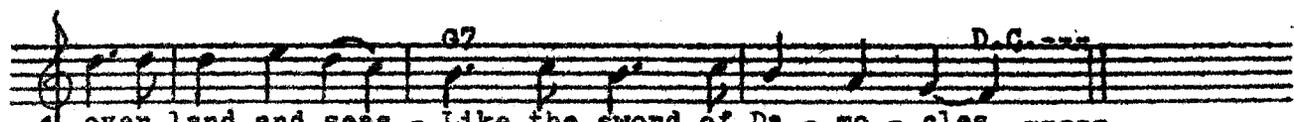
1. Two by two we walk a - long, From our lips 'a Peaceful song,  
2. Four by four our num-bers grow, Proud-ly march-ing row by row,



On & on un-til the end, With each step a new-found friend. There's  
As we sing out loud & clear, All our fear / dis - ap - pear./

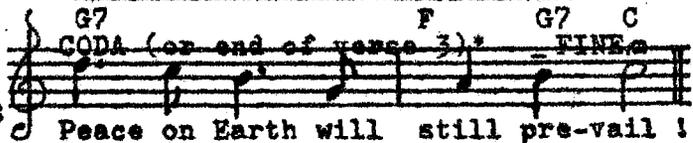


a mushroom cloud on high -- Stranger to the Earth and sky - Hanging



over land and seas - Like the sword of Da - mo - cles. -----

3. Ten by ten we multiply,  
From our lips a fervent cry,  
"We shall win, we shall not fail;  
Peace on Earth will still  
prevail !"



Peace on Earth will still pre-vail !

\* This song can continue indefinitely, or end any verse after the three have been sung...Try repeating (with CHO.) the 3rd, with use of the "CODA" ending on the final repeat.

EDITOR'S NOTE: If our songwriters reflect the mood of the country, the number one concern of Americans today is the problem of peace and the deadly nuclear arms race. For the theme of peace -- and related subjects such as renewed atomic bomb testing and fallout shelters -- occurs in the largest percentage of songs being submitted to us. For a while, John Birch songs were running second. In this connection, it is interesting that a recording of a topical song about the Birchers has become sort of a hit in New York City. Titled simply "The John Birch Society" and sung by the Chad Mitchell Trio, the record was first aired by DJ William B. Williams of WNEW. Despite threatening phone calls, Williams has kept it on the air. Now WMCA is playing it also. One of our favorite Birch songs, by Tom Paxton of Bristow, Oklahoma, goes:

"EISENHOWER IS A COMMIE, ROBERT WELCH HAS TOLD US SO  
LITTLE CAROLINE'S SUBVERSIVE -- ALL THESE SECRET SPIES MUST GO  
ROBERT WELCH MUST BE OUR LEADER, HE WILL SEE THE COUNTRY THRU  
PADDLING ACROSS THE BROAD POTOMAC IN A RED BIRCH BARK CANOE."

Tune: "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

G O L I M P

words: Alex Comfort  
tune: British version  
of "Sweet Betsy"

C G7 C

O daughter, dear daughter, take warning from me - And don't you go

G Gm7 C

marching with the young C N D ---- For they'll rock you & roll you &

F C G7

shove you into bed - And if they steal your nuclear secrets you'll

C Refrain: G7 C

wish you were dead - Singing too-ra-li, oo-ra-li, oo-ra-li - ay.

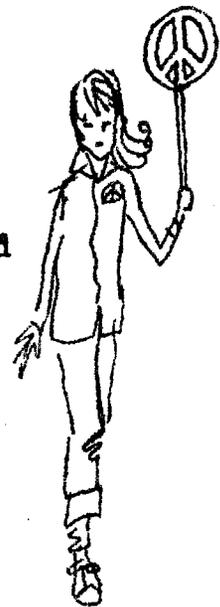
O mother dear mother, I am not afraid  
For I'll go on that march and I'll return a maid  
With a brick in my handbag and a scowl on my face  
And barbed wire in my underwear to head off  
disgrace. Singing toorali, etc.

But as they were marching, a young man came by  
With a beard on his chin and a gleam in his eye  
And before she had time to remember her brick  
They were holding a sitdown on a neighboring  
hayrick. Singing toorali, etc.

Now once at the briefing, she'd heard a man say  
Go perfectly limp and be carried away  
So when this chap suggested it was time she was kissed  
She remembered her briefing and did not resist. (Cho)

O meeting is pleasure and parting is pain  
I don't need to sing all that folk stuff again  
O mother, O mother, I'm stiff and I'm sore  
From sleeping three nights on a hard classroom  
floor. (Cho.)

Now mother, don't flap, there's no need for distress  
That marcher has left me his name and address  
And if we win, though a baby there be  
He won't have to march like his dada and me. (Cho.)



WE'VE GOT TO FIND ANOTHER WAY

By Mark Spoelstra  
c 1962 by author

I got a Form from my Draft Board sayin' this is what to do- Fill  
out this Form if you want to be a consci-entious objector too ---  
CHO: Because I know there's got to be Peace- Peace on Earth some  
day --- But Peace don't come from war, you see- We've got to  
find another way----.

Well I waited for five long months  
Thinkin it's the alternative for me  
But they gave me military duty  
And they gave it in the 1st degree

Now I do love, I love this land  
And Freedom is God-sent  
But when it comes to killing men  
I won't do it for any government  
(Chorus)

I'm going to tell my draft board  
That they don't have the right  
To make a man go to war  
Go to kill and fight.

Now the army teaches a man  
To go to war and kill  
If I have to go to jail  
God knows that I will. CHO.

Now they jail a man for murder  
Because it is a crime  
But if you don't kill for the  
army  
You serve the same prison time.

Some people are building them  
fallout shelters  
But I don't know what for  
Where are they going to get  
something to eat  
After a nuclear war? CHO.

Now the moral of this here song  
Is plain as day to see  
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust--  
To be or not to be. CHO.

BROADSIDE # 5

May 1962

P.O.Box 193

Cathedral Sta.

New York 25, NY

# I WANT TO GO TO ANDORRA!

Words by Val Shenson  
Tune by Peter Seeger  
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BOX 193, NYC 25, NY

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of a chorus and a verse. The chorus lyrics are: "I want to go to Andorra, Andorra, Andorra! I want to go to Andorra, it's a land that I adore. They spent four dollars and ninety cents on armaments and their defense; did you ever hear o' such confidence? Andorra, hip hoorah!" The verse lyrics are: "Verse 1. In the mountains of the Pyrenees there's an independent state. It's population five thousand souls and I think they're simply great. One hundred and seventy square miles big, and it's mighty plain to see: spends less'n five dollars on armaments, and this I've got to see. (repeat chorus after each verse)." The score includes guitar chords such as D7, G, C, G, D7, A7, D, C, G, B7, Em, G dim, A7, D7, G, D7, G, and B7.

• The tiny state of Andorra in the Pyrenees set aside a defense budget of \$4.90 for the current fiscal year—so that blank cartridges could be purchased and fired on ceremonial occasions.

2. It's governed by a council, all gentle souls and wise  
Spent only five dollars on armaments, and the rest on cakes and pies  
They didn't invest in a tommygun or a plane to sweep the sky  
But they bought some blanks for cap pistols to shoot on their 4th of July!
  3. They live by the arts of farm and field, and by making shoes and hats  
They haven't got room in their tiny land for a horde of diplomats  
They haven't got room in their tiny land for armies to march about  
And if anyone comes with a war budget, they throw the rascals out.
  4. There are no superhighways there, for where would the highways go?  
They just slide down the Pyrenees whenever it starts to snow  
And when the springtime comes around they love to sing and play  
And if anyone comes with a war budget, they hollar, 'Go away!'
- (Ed. note: as usual, we anticipate new verses being written to this song. Here's one)
5. I wandered down by the Pentagon, this newspaper clipping in hand.  
I hollered, I want to see everyone in MacNamara's band!  
I said, look what they did in Andorra, they put us all to shame.  
The least is first, the biggest is last; let's get there just the same!

HOME REPORT | *Members of the editorial staff and local correspondents report on life and happenings in and around Britain*

## Scots Bards, Yankee Tunes

FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN GLASGOW

THE Polaris missile base has weathered many demonstrations by the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament since the American depot ship, *Proteus*, sailed past Dunoon to drop anchor at Holy Loch in the Clyde just over a year ago. The CND remains a minority movement on Clydeside, but it certainly has all the best songs—which now even threaten to merge in the Scottish folk song tradition. Many of the anti-Polaris ballads are sung semi-professionally by a young art teacher, Josh MacCrae—"a fine lad from Glasgow," according to the great Jeannie Robertson, whose approval in these matters is worth having, based as it is on a reputation that began in Buchan and has spread round the world. The songs are not classics: they are not likely to survive as the best of the Jacobite ones, the last occasion on which there was quite such an outpouring of the muse. But they do have the first essentials of virility and emotion, they are mostly satirical, and they have much in common with the industrial-coalfield work songs that evolved naturally from the Gaelic and Lowland cultures.

Within two months of the *Proteus's* arrival the first anti-Polaris songbook was published in Glasgow (five editions in the past eight months). This was directly in the Scottish tradition of ballad circulation by way of cheap chapbooks sold at country fairs. The current edition (15 songs for 6d.) includes "The Glesca' Eskimos" (which celebrates the canoe attempts to board the *Proteus* and a contemptuous American reference to the Eskimo navy). This speaks feelingly of the demonstrators' trials in reaching the Holy Loch at all:

It's in and oot and up and doon and on and aff the piers,  
There's cooncillors, collaborators, pimps and profiteers;  
The hairies' jouk the polis' and the polis jouk the queers,  
We are the Glesca' Eskimos.

Others are "Ding Dong Dollar" (to the tune Marching Through Georgia) and "Ban Polaris—Hallelujah," which is sung to John Brown's Body and concludes:

When Dunoon folks breath atomic dust  
And drink the strontium waste,  
They'll hae clever deils for bairnies  
Dooble-heidit, dooble faced,  
Like the fish that soom in the Holy Loch  
The first three-leggit race.  
Send the Yankees hame.

Certain of the ballads are in good Scots but most get by on a deft Glaswegian patois. There are two prolific authors. One is a

For English reviewers:

<sup>1</sup> Women of the town. <sup>2</sup> The constabulary.

1114

Seeger, the American who avidly collects Scots songs, packed 2,400 people into St Andrew's Hall for a concert last winter.

Radio and television have actually jumped on to the bandwagon—in a decorous way. The BBC's *Tonight* programme leans heavily on Negro and Scottish singers, like the Glasgow pair, Robin Hall and Jimmy McGregor. The main danger, however, lies in the version chosen for broadcast becoming accepted as a sort of

Glasgow modern languages teacher, Maurice Blythman (who is also the poet, Thurso Berwick), and the other is Jim McLean, aged 24 and recently departed from Glasgow to see the world, meeting his expenses by playing the bagpipes.

The anti-Polaris repertoire is too new to excite real attention from academic folk song collectors. In the past, experts like the American, F. J. Child and Scotland's Marjorie Kennedy Fraser tended to assume that folk music was exclusively rural because they knew little themselves of industrial society or working class activity. It was the later Americans, John and Alan Lomax, who first sought and found the railroad, hill-billy, and general pioneering ballads that the opening-up of the United States produced in profusion. In Britain it took even longer to realise that rural work song (in Gaelic, Scots, or English) could have its genuine industrial counterpart.

Scotland itself, despite being one of the great European repositories, was slow to appreciate its wealth of this kind of folk song. It was not until 1951 that the School of Scottish Studies (currently directed by a Manxman) was founded at Edinburgh university on the model of the Irish Folklore Commission. Among the school's traditional collectors is Hamish Henderson, a wartime intelligence officer with the 51st (Highland) Division, who is also knowledgeable on modern political-industrial songs (he has himself written a splendid ballad on John Maclean, the Clydeside political agitator who died in 1923). He has traced and recorded rare songs, some of them thought to be extinct, taking "The False Knight upon The Road" from a 19-year-old tinker at a Blairgowrie berry-picking in the early 1950s. Tinkers, outside the Gaeltachd and often in it, usually know the best of the traditional ballads. The School of Scottish Studies has discovered several young ones, still only in their twenties, who can sing the great classical ballads as they were sung generations ago. Jeannie Robertson, in her middle fifties, has some that only she knows, and the hundreds in her repertoire were learned either at her mother's knee or in travelling through the north-east Scotland of her youth.

PAUL ROBESON'S fondness for Scotland may have an ideological content, but it derives partly from his insistence that primarily he is a folk singer. He enjoys the anti-Polaris stuff, hopes to go collecting in the Western Isles some day, and is adamant that "no intellectual can compose greater music than the people have done over 5,000 years." Backed up by the reputation of Jeannie Robertson, John Strachan (who farms at Fyvie—devotees know the name well) and Dr Alan Macdonald of Skye, there is now a corps of balladists, professional and amateur, who make their music at the drop of a hat. They write and sing about such events as the reiving of the Coronation Stone of Scottish nationalists, the troubles of Glasgow Rangers and the Celtic, the Polaris base, and the Auchengeich mining disaster in which 47 Lanarkshire colliers were killed in 1959. The first ballad about that disaster was being sung within weeks, the type that might have come from Ewan McColl (from Stirlingshire, where he was born Jimmy Miller) who is both playwright and prolific folk song author.

All this activity should not be confused with the bastardised skiffle groups who in the nineteen-fifties were born in city basements and cellars and strummed guitars to simple pop-ditties commercially commissioned. But even that outburst, although a pseudo-culture, is not to be despised. It helped to revive an awareness that music can be made without juke-boxes or orchestras and folk song has often subsequently emerged where skiffle began. In Glasgow in the past year three folk song clubs have been founded. Audiences of up to 200 throng their weekly sessions, and Pete

THE ECONOMIST MARCH 24, 1962

authorised version, although it may not be the best of many forms of the song extant. All in all, it looks like a healthy revival of what was thought to be a dying art. Glasgow is not, of course, the only place that fosters this spontaneous combustion. But with the anti-Polaris bards contributing so powerfully to the general movement it almost seems that some CND members thank their stars to have the Americans in Holy Loch.