

Broadside

BROADSIDE #s 9 & 10, July 1962 - Box 193 N.Y.C. 25, N.Y.

35¢

SONG OF THE PUNCH PRESS OPERATOR

words: Bernie Packer
tune: Peter Seeger

A7 G E7
I got a job in a factory- Feeding a beast that don't / me- It
A7 G E7 like
don't give a damn about how I feel- Long as I / it a ration of
A7 D C D
steel- And pity the man that knows the grief that comes with the
E A7 A7
bite of that monster's teeth. CHO: Watch yer mitts at the start/
A7 G E G E7
the stroke- It's a repeat killer & will "go for broke"- It
A7 G E7
should have been melted twenty years back but it feeds the boss
A7 D C D
& he loves that snack- Oh beast, spare my hands- I'll use them
E A7
to slay you if I get the chance.

2. There aint no guards to
slow up a man
Keep yer foot on the pedal
and yer eye on the ram

If yer hand should slip, why, the boss don't shout
He buys new fingers as he throws you out
There's plenty of slaves to feed the jaws } (repeat)
And the press don't stop when there aint no cause }

3. There aint one man out on the press
That wouldn't quit if jobs weren't scarce
But a man has to have a daily meal
And the press must be fed it's cold rolled steel
While deep inside remains the dream
That makes us the masters, not the machine. } (repeat)

CHORUS

A FEW NOTES ON PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED BROADSIDE SONGS

"CARLINO" -- "WORK FOR PEACE" -- "THE SHELTER DIGGERS"
"WE'VE GOT TO FIND ANOTHER WAY"

End of a Boom

A dispatch from Albany further documents the decline and fall of that briefly flourishing enterprise known as the shelter business. Of 35 companies that went into the field in this state when shelters were the big thing, only ten survive.

A personal horror-story is recited by

Robert Leahy of Schenectady. He invested \$40,000 in moulds and organized the Northeastern Fibreglass Co.

"There was a lot of fever, but I sold only one shelter," he laments. Now, he says, he is concentrating on swimming pools, moving, one might say, with the Washington tide.

"TALKING JOHN BIRCH" "THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY"

PITTSBURGH POST-GAZETTE: The returns are in and it looks like the extreme right is out. In the spring primary elections, Richard Nixon won handily over ultra-conservative John Shell and in the same primary, Sen. Kuchel, a liberal Republican, buried two rightwingers by an even greater margin. "Down in Texas, former Maj. Gen. Edwin Walker, darling of the Birchers, straggled in last of six in a race for the gubernatorial nomination . . . The ultra-conservative cause talks a good campaign . . . But when the chips are down, voters of this country seem more inclined to trust those with views that have some relation to reality."



"LEAVE MY VAN ALLEN BELT ALONE"

PAGOPAGO, American Samoa, July 9—The dazzling and sustained brilliance from America's high-altitude thermonuclear explosion last night left some Samoan natives terrified that the heavens might fall on them.

A number of natives, unaware of the source of the celestial display, fled into their homes or entered village churches to pray.

"Crazy white man!" one Samoan said in his native tongue.

"THE BUTTON PUSHER"

Dept. of Reassurance

Worrying lately about H-bombs being set off accidentally by some trigger-happy clerk? You can relax—a little. The Air Force has been worrying too—so much that they've finally begun stepping up the psychological testing system for personnel likely to go on any kind of atomic weapon duty (such as minding the stockpile). Since the spring, all such airmen have been undergoing careful rescreening by commanding officers; re-rescreening will be scheduled periodically. (Airmen who didn't finish high school are automatically ineligible—the AF considers them the more likely to become bored and unreliable.)—From the current issue of The Insiders' Newsletter.

OK, we're relaxed—a little.

MORIARTY'S MONEY

words: D Brooks
tune: traditional

G7 C F A C

Cho: If I'd a found Mor-i-ar-ty's money- If I'd been the luck - y one
Last Cho: NO, If I'd a found Mor-i-ar-ty's money - - If I'd a been the one

I'd a kept it, every dollar- That's what I'd a done. {v. } Do you
 I'd a left it, every dollar- That's what I'd a done. {End}

C F C

think I should a turned it in- Those bills so neatly stacked? Well, I

F C D G7 F

may be a little bit nutty- But I'm not completely whacked- I'm not a

C G7 C

fool who'd turn it in- Cause here is how I feel- Why send it down to

Am D7 G7 C A G7 C

Wash-ing-ton For some big-ger thief to steal? (If I'd a --)

The first thing I'd a gone and done
 I'd bought me a Cadillac
 A chauffeur driving up in front
 Me riding in the back
 As I go by let the people guess
 As they turn around and look
 Am I just a banker or broker
 Or a really highclass crook. Cho

In my suite of rooms in the best hotel
 Here's what I have in mind
 I'm ordering up the swankiest girl
 The most expensive kind
 And while I sip my highball
 Don't you think too harsh of me
 For I'm using some of Moriarty's cash
 To cure juvenile delinquency. Cho

The \$2,421,580 cash hoard found in the trunk
 of an old car housed in a dilapidated Jersey City
 garage almost certainly belongs to Joseph (News-
 boy) Moriarty, 47, Jersey City Police Chief Austin
 Conley said yesterday.

Supreme Court Justice J. Vincent Keogh
 is a welcome sign that an important moral
 issue will not be buried under legal techni-
 cality and official cynicism.

Keogh was convicted last month of tak-
 ing a \$22,500 bribe as part of a conspiracy
 to obstruct justice. He was found guilty.

Two New Jersey business men
 yesterday reported the theft of
 \$115,000 in cash and jewels from
 a safe deposit box at a midtown
 bank. However, the police said
 later the men might have been
 swindled of \$100,000.

A Denver oil promoter and
 building contractor pleaded guilty
 in Federal Court here yes-
 terday to conspiracy charges in
 two separate cases in which the
 public was defrauded of a total
 of \$9,000,000 in the sale of
 stock.

said. The ambulance-chasing in-
 quiry began in 1957.

Meanwhile, the investigation
 has grown into a statewide
 scrutiny of more than 1,400
 doctors and a few dentists.

cont'd

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I'd catch me a jet to Italy
Rent a villa by the sea
And invite them busty movie queens
To come up and play with me
I'm sitting there in my new silk sox
Watching the champagne fizz
Who knows but restin' on my knee
Might be a girl named Liz. Cho

Moriarty left only millions
Scattered idly around
They tell me down on Wall Street
There are billions to be found
I think I'll go and get me some
I really believe I will
And if the F-B-I gets nosey
I'm on the next plane to Brazil. Cho

I'll buy myself a Congressman
Maybe a judge or two
For I'm going into business
That's what I plan to do
I aim to visit the White House
Drop in on the Kennedy's
Since Jack put out his welcome sign
For us business S.O.B.'s. Cho

No, I'll have to tell you honestly
What a fool I'd more likely be
I'd take Moriarty's millions
And invest in A. T. and T.
A thousand shares of Zero-Ox
Give me some of I.B. and M.
There goes Moriarty's money
And I'm back where I began.

Cho: No---if I'd found Moriarty's
money,
If I'd a been the one
I'd a left it, every dollar
That's what I'd a done.

A convicted bookie and another man have been nabbed in the investigation of the disappearance and "probable theft" of \$1,200,000 worth of negotiable stocks from the vaults of Bache & Co., one of the largest Wall Street houses, the district attorney's office revealed yesterday.

THE WEEK IN REVIEW: I'll wager that 20th-Fox puts the cameras back on "Something's Got to Give," and what's more, that MM will be back in the leading role. The money scene of the picture—Marilyn swimming in the pool in the nude—is filmed already, in color, and that's big business. The big business men in New York are beginning to realize this.

later, Burton pounded on her door. The make-up men worked overtime the following day trying to cover up the bruises on her body and face from a beating. Before shooting that day, however, a meek Anthony begged his Cleopatra's forgiveness and all's love and kisses again.

pected when it was first discovered he had flown to Brazil Tuesday after withdrawing nearly \$2,000,000 in funds from the E. L. Bruce hardwood flooring firm he headed.

district Attorney's office dispatched to Brazil nearly two years ago to bring back another fugitive.

The fugitive was Lowell M. Birrell, a lawyer charged with embezzling more than \$13,000,000 in stock market deals, and

here — and to BenJack Cage, who has been charged with wrecking a \$15,000,000 investment empire based in Texas.

A third financier, Earl Belle, would not be affected because he has a son born in Brazil.

Guilty of Sharing Bribe
Justice Keogh was convicted in Federal Court along with Elliott Kahaner, former assistant United States attorney in Brooklyn, and Antonio (Tony Ducks) Corallo. The justice and

Supreme Court Justice Louis L. Friedman admitted that he had destroyed some of the records sought in a Brooklyn ambulance-chasing inquiry, according to a report made public yesterday by the State Supreme Court's Appellate Division in Brooklyn.

ated. Yesterday, for instance, I. B. M. fell 16%, to close at 306 after touching a low of 300. On Wednesday the issue was down 12%, on Tuesday 23% and on Monday 12%, for an aggregate loss so far this week of 65% points. The dive from last October's high of 307 has been a startling 301 points for about 50 per cent.

New York business men of the Jewish, Catholic and Protestant faiths were urged last night to join in a program to improve the moral climate of the community.



SONG OF THE DISHWASHER

words & music
by Jim Gold

Dm F Dm F A7 Dm

All day long I wash each dish, Every meal, you'd think I was a fish;
 My hands swim with speed & grace through the water that taste, cleans off

F C7 F C7 F

At night when my work is done into bed I quickly creep but
 when I close my eyes to dream I see dishes in my sleep.



2. Busboys bring their trays to me
 Piled so high they cannot see
 With peels and bones and greasy meats
 Salad leaves and peas and beets.

I try to sing while I work
 A song about another place
 But before my song is through
 Plates are piled up to my face.

3. At my table and scrape all day
 The food that must be thrown away
 Scrub off egg and rake off ham
 And push my fingers through the jam.
 The dishes fill the rack so fast
 I have no time to think or scream
 Beneath the water they do sink
 Until I bring them up to clean.

4. When I see the stars at night
 Shining like bulbs of light
 There's a dipper in the sky
 First to wash and then to dry.
 Then each star becomes a dish
 Circling round the universe
 When I reach eternity
 Washing stars will be my curse.

(Repeat 1st verse as chorus)

EVERYBODY TALKS ABOUT MINE MILL

words & music
by Malvina Reynolds

C G7 C

Everybody talks about Mine Mill, Mine Mill, Mine Mill, Everybody

D7 G7 F

talks about Mine Mill, I'll tell you the reason why. It makes the stooges

C G7 Dm

fume & fret, the miners know it's their best bet, & it's a Union you

Am G7 C End G7

won't forget un-til the day you die. The company rages at

If you stick a-long with

C G7 Dm

Mine Mill with ev- ery name they can call, But if the

Mine Mill it's not going to be --- a cinch. You'll fight for a

C D7 G7 F

company fears you, You know you're on the ball; No mat - ter

de - cent liv - ing, And get there inch by inch; But knuck - le

C G7 C G7

what you say or do, they make it seem a crime, But

under to the company and work real long and hard, And they'll

F C G7

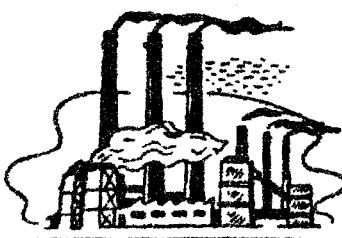
if you're on your bend- ed knees they'll love you

tell you you're a good little boy, and give you a

C D.C.

all the time.

pretty blue card.



TWELVE LEGIONS

words: John Brunner

air: Puggy in a Well (Five Fingers)

"An American anti-communist organization - the Twelve Legions, of Los Angeles - is moving into this country to combat 'the communist infiltration which is threatening the British educational system'."
 -- (The Manchester Guardian, January 30, 1962)

Twelve Legions on the march, Twelve Legions, Twelve Legions,
 Twelve Legions on the march From Californ-i-ay! We're out to /the
 subtle Red Whose propaganda you've been fed -Say! Did / hear what
 Nixon said? He's in the Kremlin's pay!

2. Twelve Legions on the march
 (all verses as v. 1)
 Cleaning up LA!
 Our leader is the Rev'rend
 Schwartz
 He's wise to all the Kremlin's
 arts
 So now before the fighting starts
 Join with him and pray!
3. Twelve Legions on the march
 Come to the UK!
 Your teachers are all communist
 We know because we have a list
 Colin Jordan was the best
 They've taken him away!
4. Twelve Legions on the march
 Act without delay!
 We know a commie at a glance
 The men who help the Reds advance
 Macmillan here, De Gaulle in France
 And even Doctor A!

5. Twelve Legions on the march
 Ready for the fray!
 X calls himself a libaral
 His Bible is Das Kapital!
 Knock him down and make him
 crawl
 Don't let him get away!
 6. Twelve Legions on the march
 Growing every day!
 Sign the pledge and pay your
 dues
 Pretty soon we'll turn on Jews
 We're well along the way!
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BROADSIDE July 1962
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NOTES: Broadside, P.O.Box 193, Cathedral Station, New York 25, N.Y., is issued twice a month (except this month with vacations and all, when the 2 have been made 1). Rates are \$5 per year, 35¢ a single copy. Our aim is to help get more topical songs back into circulation; so sing ours as often and as loud as you wish... "Twelve Legions" is by the British author of the great "H-Bomb's Thunder"; Colin Jordan -- a teacher of all things -- was booted for making an Anti-Jewish tirade in Trafalgar Square... "Come With Us" is a song from West Germany reaching us via SING, the British magazine whose U.S. distributor is Hargail Press, 157 W. 57th St., New York City.

TALKING 1962 BLUES By Lalah L. Gray

Daddy goes to work every day... Gotta get money, got bills to pay
Send out the checks, and when you're through, don't get up!
More bills are due.

Don't like to gripe and sing the blues, but I see by your feet, it's
Time to buy shoes... Ah me, now what in hell's a man to do?
Earn a buck and a half an hour and it costs me two.

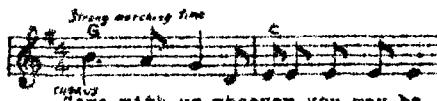
When you grow up things'll still be tough, and they'll try to tell
you, There ain't enough... There is enough!
There's people living in hotel suites, while other poor folks lie
Sleepin' in the streets.

Someway we gotta figure out a plan, to spread things out man for man.
It's gotta be stopped! There's been enough!
Some folks starvin' while other folks stuff.
No more!

German anti-bomb song

English version by Fred and Betty Dallas

Come With Us



Strong marching time
Come with us whatever you believe. Come with us and do not close your
eyes like the men who lead the world to destruction with their lies.

Stand and listen
Do not walk away.
Listen to our warning
Heed the words we say.
The bomb must go
And war itself be banned.
So do not be an ostrich
With your head stuck
in the sand.

Don't you see
The world has work to do.
The aged and the hungry
They all depend on you.
Don't you see
Your life may be your own
But you haven't got the
right to kill
The children yet to come.

Do you want
To blow this world apart?
Can the tears of Hiroshima
Never move your heart?
Can't you learn
The way to change your fate?
Protest! Protest! and
ban the bomb
Before it is too late.

WOODY WORKS ON HIS BOOK

Failure to make any financial progress, despite the active help of sympathetic friends, led, more than anything else, to a feeling of discouragement and a resultant slackening of joint song producing efforts by the Almanac Singers in early 1942. Perhaps the most concerned about this development was the youngest Almanac - Pete Seeger. Several of the others began to turn back to individual projects. Mill Lampell wrote the beautiful poem which later -- set to Earl Robinson's fine music -- became "The Lonesome Train". Woody Guthrie returned to his autobiography "Bound For Glory" and began to pound away on it with a concentration that has always remained enviable. He took over the long wooden table in the kitchen (nobody was using it to eat on anymore anyway), establishing himself there with an ancient, beat-up typewriter that had been donated to the Almanacs. Alone on the long, matching bench, his back to the warmth coming from the open oven door, he would type away at a fast hunt-and-peck pace all night, hour after hour. You could wake up almost any hour of the night and hear his machine going. When it got to cold he would draw an old army blanket around his hunched shoulders. From time to time he would brew himself a pot of Oklahoma style coffee (you just added new water to old grounds). When morning came he would either fall asleep beside his typewriter or stumble to his feet and disappear into one of the Almanac House rooms, leaving as many as 25 or 30 pages of new manuscript, on yellow pad paper single-spaced with no measurable margins. Toward evening he would wake up and go out somewhere to find some food (the Almanac cupboard was bare), although God knows if he found very much (he was so skinny you couldn't tell by looking at him if he had anything to eat in weeks). Then back to the typewriter.

"Bound For Glory" and the persistent, disciplined way he worked on it under the adverse conditions that existed provide a key as to what it was that spurred Woody Guthrie's creativity. The story he tells in the book is, of course, a very tragic one, a picture of life (at least in the first two-thirds of the volume) almost unbearable. Many modern American writers have produced, and are writing, books with shall one say an extremely bleak outlook on life. They show you a fearful picture, saying in effect look how horrible and terrifying is man's existence. But there they stop, with the implication that the situation is unalterable, that's the way things are, nothing can be done about it, and if you can't take it, then die. But the author of "Bound For Glory" says in his book (the title itself is an immediate statement) and in many of his songs read and listen, and then for God's sake do something to change things so that human beings won't have to go through the same suffering over and over again. There is everywhere in his message a deep and unshakable conviction that man can change things -- drastically -- for the better once he decides to do so. And he says furthermore "I'm going to keep on telling you this no matter how tough you make it for me." The late William Faulkner could have been speaking of Woody Guthrie, both as an individual and a symbol, when in his Nobel acceptance speech he declared: "Man will not only endure, but will prevail."

COMING: More On Woody and the Almanac Singers.

G U E S T A R T I C L E S

The Big Boys don't want to hear our history of blood, sweat, work, and tears, of slums, bad housing, diseases, big blisters or big callouses, nor about our fight to have unions and free speech and a family of nations. But the people want to hear about these things in every possible way. The playboys and playgals don't work to make our history plain to us nor to point out the road to travel next. They hire out to hide our history from us and to point toward every earthly stumbling block.

HOLLYWOOD SONGS DON'T LAST. Broadway songs are sprayed with hundreds of thousands of dollars to get them sprouted and going. They sprout, they burst, they bloom and fade. Wagonloads of your good money are shoveled and scattered onto them, but they are not our true history and we don't take them deep into our heart.

THE MONOPOLY ON MUSIC pays a few pet writers to go screwy trying to write and rewrite the same old notes using the same old formulas and the same old patterns. The songs sound sissified, timid, the spinning dreams of a bunch of neurotic screwballs. How can they be otherwise when they have no connection with the work and the fight of the human race? They are bad. They are hurtful, poisonous, complacent, distracting, full of jerky headaches and jangled nerves. I have seen soldiers and sailors on ships sail these insane records out over the water by the dozens. I have heard fighting men in war zones scream and demand that the gibbery radio be shut off or it would be smashed.

SEVERAL MILLION SKULLS HAVE BEEN CRACKED WHILE OUR HUMAN RACE has worked and fought its way up to be union. Do the big bands and the orgasm gals sing a single solitary thing about that? No. Not a croak. Our spirit of work and sacrifice they cannot sing about because their brain is bought and paid for by the Big Money Boys who own and control them and who hate our world union. They hate our real songs, our work songs, our union songs, because these are the Light of Truth and the mind of the racketeer cannot face our Light. I would not care so much how they choose to waste their personal lives but it is your money they are using to hide your own history from you and to make your future a worse one. Some day you will have a voice in how all of your money is spent and then your songs will have some meaning.... W. W. WOODY GUTHRIE, 1945.

Moneymakers have taken over the press. They want readers and advertisers; and so they cater to the low common denominator in the press. To that fact must be added the further one that the owners are largely conservative. The result is a press which with few exceptions gives no true account of forces at work in the world.

Supreme Court Associate Justice William O. Douglas