

Broadside

BROADSIDE # 15, NOVEMBER 1962 -- BOX 193, NEW YORK 25, N.Y.

35¢

THE BALLAD OF OXFORD, MISSISSIPPI

by Phil Ochs
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Lively Am F C

I'll sing you a song about a southern town where the Devil

Am F

had his rule --, when marshals faced an angry mob just to

C Am G

send one man to school --. His name was Jimmy Meredith and the

Am G Am G

tide he helped to turn, For he chose to stay that terri-ble

Am CHORUS

day to keep his right to learn. There was blood, red
There was hate, cold

Dm G7 Am

blood on their hands, yel-low dirt on their clothes
hate in their hearts; shot from their soul like a gun

I. F

and what they thought they were doing Only God & the
and as they threw their

E7 12. Am

Devil knows --. stones & bricks they screamed, "See what

E7 Am

you have done!"

(cont'd reverse side)

Recall Barnett Row Over Negro in Hartford Eatery

Hartford, Conn., Sept. 30 (UPI). — The Hartford Courant said today that Gov. Ross Barnett of Mississippi raised such a ruckus because a Negro was eating in a Hartford restaurant with him 12 years ago that police marched him off to the station house.

According to the Courant, Barnett, then an attorney, had come to Connecticut to try a damage suit for a construction worker.

When Barnett saw the Negro eating in the restaurant, he demanded that the restaurant owner throw the Negro out. The owner refused.

Barnett became so abusive that the restaurant owner called police. They took him into custody. After reaching the police station, he cooled off and was released without being charged after he apologized for his behavior to the restaurant owner, the newspaper reported.

BALLAD OF OXFORD, MISSISSIPPI (continued)

The governor made a promise he would keep the trouble down
But when the mob got ugly, no troopers could be found
And all the rebel scum was there, they screamed into the night
The rebel flag waved in the air, the symbol of states rights. (CHO)

Gas was hurled against the mob after each attack
Marshals faced the angry guns, but they never fired back
And when the smoke had cleared away, and the fury felt its pain
Two men were dead, and a hundred bled; the South had risen again.

(Skip CHO)

So listen Mr. Barnett and Mr. Walker, too
The times are changing mighty fast, they'll roll right over you
But someday you'll head farther south, to the southern tip of hell
And it's hot down there, white hot down there, let's hear your
rebel yell. (CHO)

NOTES: The clipping at the top could apply to MONBO as well as to BALLAD OF OXFORD....BROADSIDE #16 will have a rediscovered Woody Guthrie song....The tune of WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON has spurred a wave of topical song verses in the South. An example:

They say in Mississippi, no neutrals have we met

You'll either be a freedom fighter, or a Tom for Ross Barnett.

More verses to come....BROADSIDE subscribers may have noted we have not quite met our announced schedule. This has been due, among other things, to the unavailability of one of our editors. Each subscriber will get a full quota of issues, however.

BROADSIDE, P.O. Box 193, CATHEDRAL STATION, NEW YORK 25, N.Y.

A publication (with a twice monthly goal) to distribute topical songs. Sis Cunningham, Editor; Gil Turner; Pete Seeger

(advisory). Rates: 1-yr (or 22 issues)--\$5. 5 trial issues-\$1.50.

Mixing religious fundamentalism with far-right social and economic views, these groups employ the inflammatory appeal of a Christian Nationalist movement. Their ranks include evangelists of the "bawl-and-jump" school, jingoists who want to invade Cuba, and businessmen who call the New Frontier the last milepost on the road to communism.

John A. McCone, head of the Central Intelligence Agency, owns more than a million dollars in stock in the Rockefeller con-

His predecessor, Allen Dulles, who engineered the unsuccessful invasion of Cuba in April '61, also is connected with the Rock-

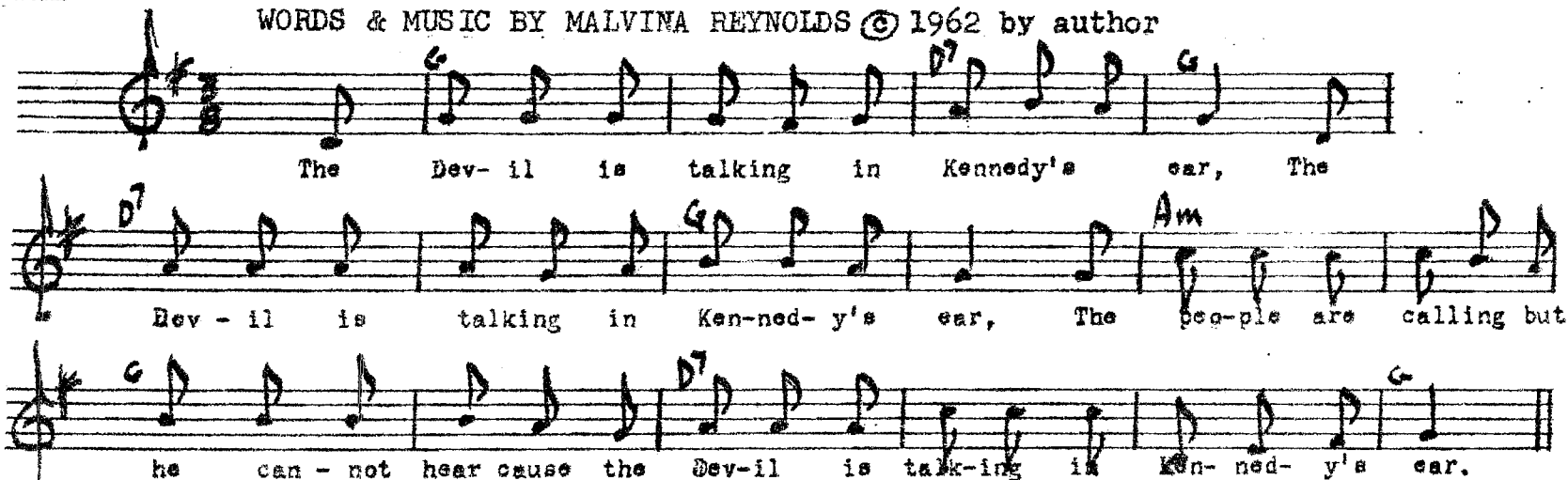
SUGAR SHARES CLIMB

By Vartanig G. Vartan
Of The Herald Tribune Staff

Speculation that private investment may recoup part of its staggering losses in Cuba drove up the prices of sugar shares yesterday in a flurry of trading. Cuban sugars were the only strong group in counter trading.

The Devil Is Talking

WORDS & MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS © 1962 by author



2. The ones that are closest, they make the most noise,
The ones that are closest, they make the most noise,
The bomb politicians, the nuclear boys,
The Devil is talking in Kennedy's ear.
3. Well Mr. McCone made a million or more,
And Mr. McCone made a billion or more,
And he makes a million with every war,
The Devil is talking in Kennedy's ear.
4. He can't hear the children, he can't hear the Pope,
He can't hear the children, he can't hear the Pope,
The voice of the people is our only hope,
Cause the Devil is talking in Kennedy's ear.
5. So we'll have to holler decisive and clear,
And we'll have to holler and talk without fear,
And we'll have to shout till the Devil can hear,
Cause the Devil is talking in Kennedy's ear.

It was from his home in Dallas that Mr. Walker called for a popular march on Mississippi to help Gov. Ross R. Barnett

broadcasts he exhorted: "Rise! Rally to the cause of freedom! The battle cry of the Republic: Barnett, Yes! Castro, No!"

OCTOBER 29, 1962.

About 8,000 pacifists rallied yesterday near the United Nations to urge a peaceful settlement of the Cuban situation.

The police said the demonstration was the largest ever held for peace in Hammarckjold Plaza, First Avenue and 47th Street. More than 5,000 men, women and children had marched from Bryant Park at 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue to take part in the rally.

OCTOBER 26, 1962.

The Student Peace Union had by far the largest number of demonstrators and occupied the choice position on the sidewalk, immediately in front of the White House. Young persons predominated, but there was a

The theme of the peace picketers was expressed in a variety of handlettered placards, some of which read: "Disarm Under World Law," "Peace, Si! Stick, No!" "We Must Not Invade Cuba" and "End This Madness."

POPE ASKS RULERS TO SAVE THE PEACE

'Anguished Cry of Peace'

"In all conscience," the Pope said, "let them give ear to the anguished cry of 'Peace! Peace!' which rises up to Heaven from every part of the world, from innocent children, and those grown old, from individuals and communities."

We repeat today that solemn warning. We implore all rulers not to respond deaf to the cry of mankind. Let them do everything in their power to save peace by doing, they will save the world the horrors of a war that would have disastrous consequences, such as nobody can foresee.

Let them negotiate, let them

COYOTÉ, MY LITTLE BROTHER

Words and Music by
Peter La Farge



They strychnined the mountains, they strychnined the plains
My little brother, the coyote, won't come back again.

When you hear him singing, the few that are left
He's warning the human race of his death.

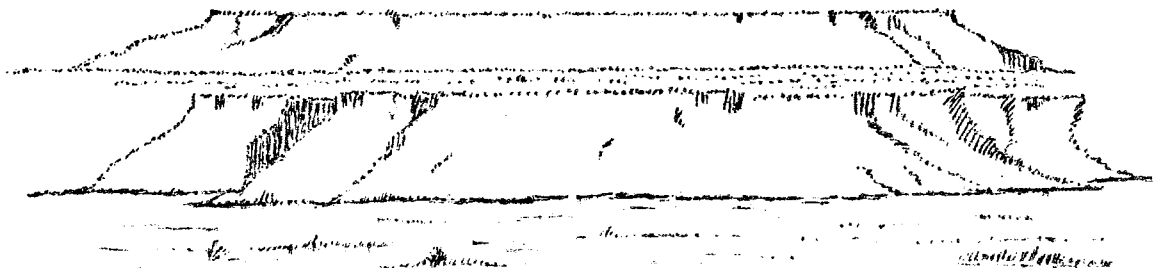
Don't poison the mesas, don't poison the sky
Or you won't be back; little brother, goodbye.

There will be no one to listen, and no one to sing
And never and never will there be spring.

Coyoté, Coyoté --- What have they done.

Note: This is one of many songs that
Peter La Farge is writing for a new
Folkways Album entitled "As Long As
The Grass Shall Grow." The title song
appeared in Broadside #14.

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TWO SONGS BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

FROM WAY UP HERE

Words: Malvina Reynolds

Tune: Peter Seeger

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From way up here the earth looks ve - ry small, It's
just a little ball of rock & sea & sand, no bigger than my hand.
From way up here, the earth looks ver-y small, They shouldn't
fight at all down there upon that lit-tle sphere. Their time is
short, a life is just a day, You'd think they'd find a way.
You'd think they'd get a-long and fill their sunlit days with song.
(Instrumental such as whistling, flute, violin or top string
of guitar ---) From way up here, the earth is very small, It's
just a lit-tle ball, so small, so beautiful & clear. Their
time is short, a life is just a day; Must be a better way ---

(con'd next page)

(Con'd from previous page)

To use the time that runs among the distant suns. From way here
the earth is very small, It's just a little ball, so small, so
beautiful & dear. (D.S.al) (Whistling or Instrumental)

LITTLE BITTY MOMMY

Words & Music: Malvina Reynolds
© 1962 by author

Little bitty mommy with the ba-by in the strol-ler
1-3. Signs the pe-tition at the table on the cor-ner, Says
2. Little bitty mommy kind of young and frail,
"What can I do? Little bitty mommy with the pony tail, Says,
"How can I do my share?" "How can I do my share?"
A contrail mark-ing up in the sky, a con-trail
tracing a-cross the blue; Arro-gant plane with the arrogant
sign, The child-like name on the print-ed line.

M O M B O

By Matt McGinn

c by author, 1962

Steady Tempo.

Mombo was a dusky man, the sun had burned him brown-- But

when he met with the color bar it never got him down. (Cho) He'd ask them

what color is the good Lord's skin, Tell me, brother, do; Is he black or

is he brown or is he just like you.

He went into a bar one night but he heard the barman say,
 "We don't want no Negroes here," so Mombo then said, "Pray,
 (Cho) "Tell me, what color, etc.

He went to pray in Pretoria but the preacher's face turned blue
 He thumped on his Bible and he told Mombo, "You're sittin' in
 the white man's pew."

(Cho) Oh, tell me, what color ---

He went in search of a room one day but the landlord turned
 him down
 Saying, "You can bet, we've a room to let but, man you're skin
 is brown."

(Cho) Oh, tell me, what color ---

NOTE: As tradition requires of a good topical song, the above was drawn from real life. It narrates the experiences of a Tanganyikan, Mombo Mokoko, who confounded racists by asking them to show him exactly where in the Bible it says that the Lord was white. There is, of course, no such designation. Matt McGinn, the Glasgow school-teacher-songwriter and singer who was in the U.S. recently, met Mombo while both were students at Oxford (Oxford University that is, not Oxford, Mississippi). Matt was there on a scholarship from the British Trade Union Congress and this winter will make a singing tour of Scotland's pubs under the auspices of the T.U.C. Incidentally, the chorus of "Mombo" has proved excellent for audience participation

THE ALMANAC SINGERS -- END OF THE ROAD

One morning in the middle of the winter of 1941-42 Pete Seeger tacked up a new notice on the bulletin board in Almanac House on West 10th Street. It was a friendly message from the Sheriff of New York County announcing the date of a forthcoming eviction for non-payment of rent. Woody Guthrie stood studying it for a while, then rejected it as a possible inspiration for a new song; after all, he had covered the eviction of millions of Americans in his DUST BOWL BALLADS. He went back to work on BOUND FOR GLORY. Some of the other Almanacs began to hustle around looking for another place to live, and found an apartment on Sixth Avenue near 9th street up above LUIGI'S and a dancehall called THE DOME.

There was no thought of hiring a professional mover, or even of renting a horse and wagon. The moving had to be done afoot with the help of volunteers. Arthur Stern rounded up his loyal little band of wood gatherers. Since the huskiest of this bunch wasn't free until around midnight the migration didn't really get under full steam before that hour. It was like ants moving from an old colony to a new one. In one direction proceeded a file of Almanacs and supporters, lamp shades on their heads, boxes of books and papers or articles of furniture in their arms; some were pushing beds (the old-fashioned kind with casters) piled high with clothes, bedding, etc. As this line pressed more or less steadily forward it was passed by a silent file of empty-handed ants returning to Almanac House for fresh loads.

Woody remained oblivious to what was happening around him (that's one way to get a book written). He kept typing away in the kitchen while stuff was being moved out from all around him. The house grew extra cold because the front door was propped open for the convenience of the movers, going in and out. Several times the burdened file was stopped by suspicious police, whose questions indicated they feared a gang of brazen looters had descended on Greenwich Village. Not until they backtracked to verify the movers' story were they satisfied. The cops in one squad car, learning they had stopped the same people for a second time, begged: "Please, if you ever move again do it in the daytime."

It was sun-up before the end of the operation came into sight. The last items to go were the typewriter and the kitchen table on which Woody was working. Later in the day, when a couple of Almanacs returned for a last check, they found Woody curled up on the cold linoleum kitchen floor in front of the still feebly hissing oven. He was sound asleep, hunched up tight as a ball under a spread out copy of the N.Y. Journal-American, his manuscript beside him. They went away and left him in peace. (He showed up at the new Almanac residence a few days later, found a corner to work in, and it was back to BOUND FOR GLORY.)

"THE SUN'S GONNA SHINE IN MY BACK YARD -- SOME DAY".... A month or two after this move, things took a turn indicating that Horatio Alger might not have been kidding the public after all; it seemed that all the perseverance and struggle under mounting difficulties were about to pay off for the Almanac Singers. Suddenly, within the space of a few days, all these things happened: they were signed by the William Morris agency for a nationwide tour; signed by Decca Records to record

their own songs; booked into the Rainbow Room at Rockefeller Center; and hired by a radio network to do a daily show consisting of topical songs they were to write on the happenings of each day.

Just as suddenly, all these arrangements were abrogated. The ink on the contracts wasn't even dry when a front page story appeared in a "liberal" NYC newspaper attacking the Almanacs. The article saw something strange in that "Peace Singers" had become "War Minstrels", the "peace" part referring, of course, to the JOHN DOE album.-- as though millions of other Americans hadn't undergone the same change as Fascism advanced. But to shorten a story meriting greater length, the news story resulted in the cancellation of all the contracts. For the Almanac Singers it was the beginning of the end.

What can one say, except to note that the blacklist is not a new thing in America, that we had McCarthyism long before McCarthy. Certain historical facts, however, should be kept straight. There was nothing alien about the JOHN DOE songs. They were a purely American phenomena, no more and no less. The album was an expression in song of the feeling and thinking of much of a whole generation of American youth. This was the generation which had been bluntly informed that World War I was not the noble crusade portrayed by the propagandists but the ghastly slaughter of tens of millions of human beings in order to enrich a handful of profiteers led by the munition makers. Above all, it was a young generation affected deeply by that great touchstone of the 20th century:

Spain. It was a generation profoundly (even permanently) shaken, disillusioned -- and angered -- to see its government reject the Spanish Republic's perfectly legitimate appeal for arms, and stand piously aside while Mussolini's Legions and Hitler's Luftwaffe smashed Spanish democracy and placed the Fascist butcher Franco into power. It is against this background that the JOHN DOE songs must be judged... Change a line or two and some of the songs could apply today. Who wants to die in VIETNAM for the unspeakable Diem family? Who wants to die in CUBA so that the gangsters can return to reopen their whorehouses in HAVANA?

Who can tell what further songs the Almanacs might have produced had they not been cut down in their prime. After all, it was not until 5 or 6 months later that the younger Almanacs went into the armed forces, Woody into the merchant marine, and the others their separate ways.... GF

