

BROADSIDE
#19
PO BOX 193
CATHEDRAL
STATION
NEW YORK 25
N. Y.

BROADSIDE

JANUARY
1963
PRICE
35¢



THE DIRECT DIGIT DIALING SONG

Words: Van Corey, © 1963 by author
(Tune: Wabash Cannon Ball)

Operator if you would
I wish that you would dial
Six thousand eighty billion
(I'm not finished by a mile)

Five hundred sixty million
Nine hundred thousand more
One hundred thirty seven
Extension twenty four.

Each time I dial that number
It seems to come out wrong
I've talked to Lloyds in London
And a call girl in Hong Kong.

Then John F. said "hello" to me
In Boston Accent pure
I think I talked to Hitler
Though I couldn't tell for sure.

I dialed across the date line
And - very strange to say -
The answer started yesterday
And lasted through today,

I was just about to quit & put
The phone back on the shelf
When I suddenly found out I was
Connected with myself.

Bring back the old exchanges -
Leave well enough alone!
I want to see my "Murray Hill"
There upon the phone.

This total digit dialing
Is ruining my life
I need the help of UNIVAC
To call home to my wife.

TIME WAS

Words & music by Phil Ochs
© 1962 by Joy Music Co.

1. Time was when a man could live a-lone-- A man could build a
home, have a family of his own-- The peaceful years would flow,
He could watch his children grow--- But it was a long time a-go.

Bridge
between
v. 2 & 3

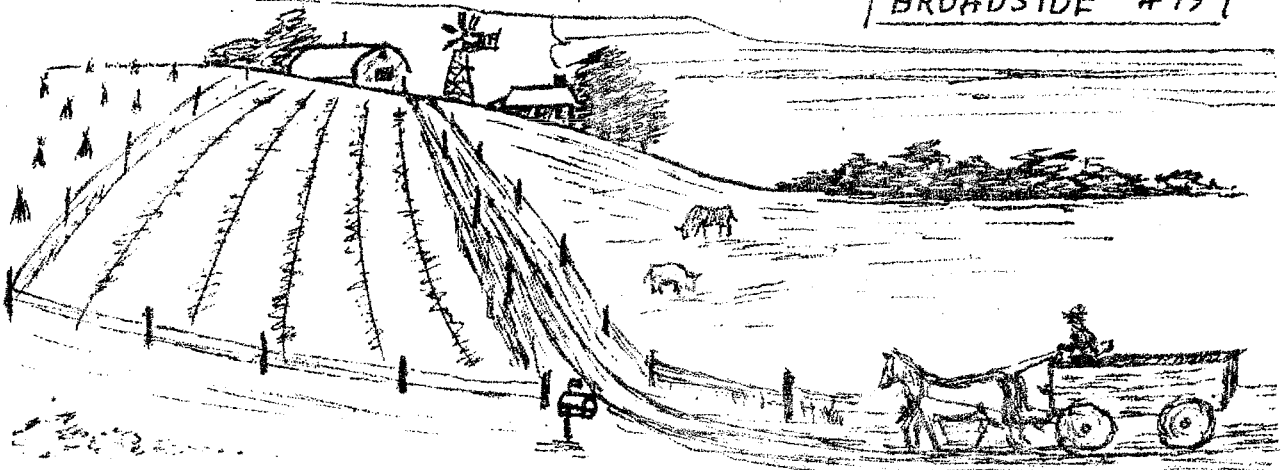
Time was when troubles were few-- When there weren't so
many people to tell you what to do. It was a long time ago.

D.C. (Coda)

2. Time was when a man could have his land,
He could farm it with his hands, He was free to make a stand
He could live a life of toil, With his future in the soil,
But it was a long time ago.
- Time was when troubles were few
When there weren't so many people to tell you what to do.
3. Time was when a man could have his pride,
There was justice on his side, And there was no need to hide,
The world was far away, There was truth in every day,
But it was a long time ago.

(Repeat Bridge and 3rd Verse) (Coda)

BROADSIDE #19



TAKE IT AWAY

Words & music by Malvina Reynolds
© 1963 by Malvina Reynolds

The musical score is written on a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with some bass clef notes in the lower register. Chord symbols (D, A7, G) are placed above the staff at various points. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words like 'it's' and 'our' appearing below the line of the staff.

We've got to take over P. G. E., It's become a dreadful pest, *it's*
spreading a-tomic poison stuff over all the Golden West. They're
starting a plant at Bo- de-ga, a place that was wild and pure; They
call it an a- tomic park, but it's an a-tomic sewer. TAKE IT A- WAY,
--- TAKE IT A- WAY ---, There's a killer gang at the very top of
P. G. & E. to-day. We need that e-lectric power to make *our* country
run, But what's the use of e-lectric juice, *when* the people *all* are gone.

All around Eureka town
Dosimeters are set, To see,
When the plant gets running
What kind of dose we'll get.
The Primary School is
across the road,
From where the smoke will roll,
And there's 2 little dosimeters
On the schoolhouse electric pole.

They have public relations men
Could fascinate the birds,
They even hypnotize themselves
With their own delightful words.
There'll never be an accident
To set the state in flames,
They never speak of an accident,
"Excursion" is the name.

[BROADSIDE #19]

P.G.& E. buys lots of stuff
And local business booms;
They also buy officials
In those jolly smoke-filled rooms.
The A.E.C., the P.U.C.,
The County Board and all,
They shake a leg
and sit up and beg
At Gas & Electric's call.

There's a rock fault at Bodega
Where many a quake has been,
And that's the very site
they chose,
To put their reactors in.
There used to be an iron rule
For a plant of stone & steel,
But now they've got a quickie job
You could stave in with your heel.

CONT'D →

TAKE IT AWAY -- 2

It's time we kicked these
bandits out
And took their toys away.
Lord knows it's we that
foot the bills
With the taxes that we pay.
The subsidies pay half the cost,
Our gas bills pay the rest,
And we need our own great power
plant
To save the Golden West.

Take it away,
Take it away,
From the killer gang at the
very top
Of P. G. & E. today.
We need electric power
To make our country run,
And we'll produce
That electric juice
In a company of our own.



THE DUNES ARE YOUR LAND

Tune: "This Land" by Woody Guthrie
Words: Pat Walsh

The dunes are your land
The dunes are my land
From jack pine forests
To prickly cactus
From sunlit beaches
To reedy marshes
Sand dunes were made
For you and me!

I climbed and slid down
A lakeshore sand cliff
And went in swimming
In breezy beaches
The wind that whispers
Among the trees says
Sand dunes were made
For you and me!

I hiked the hillsides
Where wild grape grows
Beside the willow
Among the wild rose
From all this scenery
The thought came to me
Sand dunes were made
For you and me!

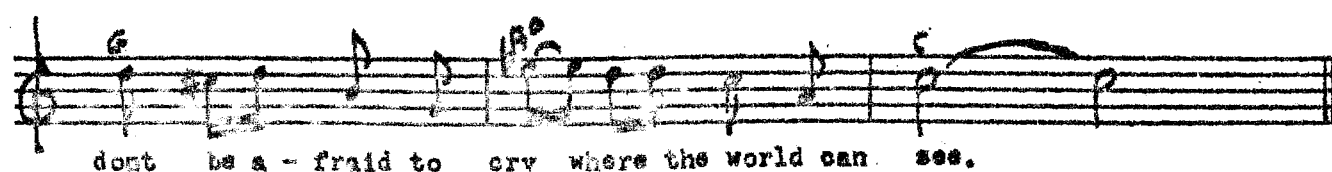
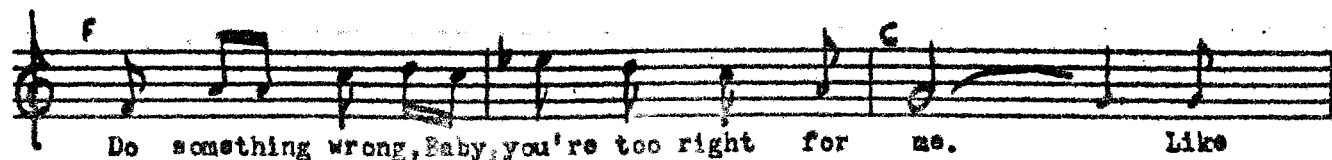
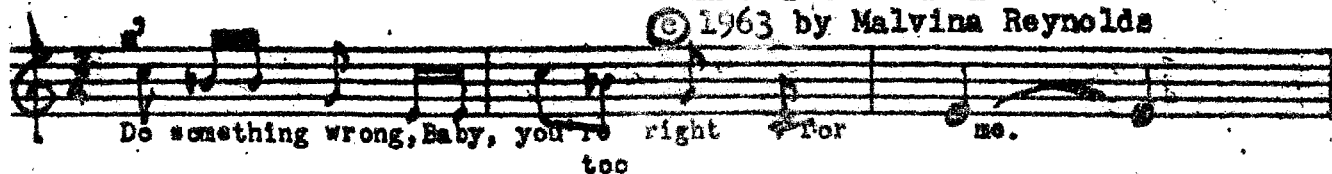
The ferns bend soft fronds
Beside the marsh ponds
I heard the bull frogs
Out in the peat bogs
The more I wondered
The more I pondered
Sand dunes were made
For you and me!

The despoiling of our beautiful country goes on apace. In California they pick out the most scenic areas to build their atomic reactors. In Indiana they are trying to erect a steel plant in the middle of one of the beauty spots of the world -- "The Dunes". Pat Walsh has written a number of songs to help in the battle to save "The Dunes", of which the above is one of the best. See also Broadside #11-12

Do Something Wrong

Words by Malvina Reynolds
Music traditional

© 1963 by Malvina Reynolds



Don't be ashamed to holler
When you're hurt,
Break your face and put your
Neat feet in the dirt.

Don't be afraid
To walk in some parade,
You can die spotless,
You can die afraid.

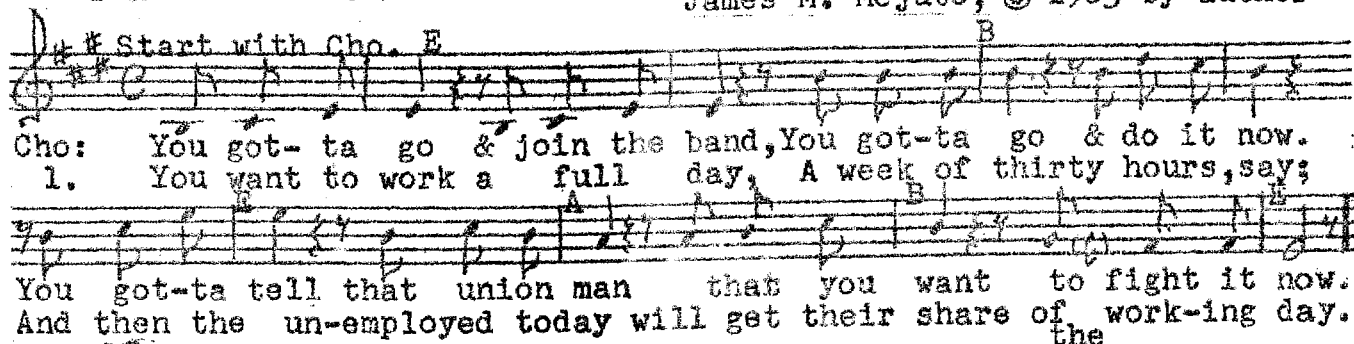
Wear your heart
On a placard in the street,
When you're laid out,
It's time to be discreet.

The ones that bleed you,
Like to see you nice,
If you want to be free,
You've got to pay the price.

Do something wrong, Baby, you're too sweet for me,
Don't be ashamed of words like Liberty.

THE UNION

Words and Music by
James M. Mejuto, © 1963 by author



2. And when the boss comes and tells you, son
We don't need you now, your work is done
And then you'll tell that union man
The working man will run this land. Cho.

The H-Bomb's Thunder

Words by John Brunner
Tune: Life is like a mountain
railway, & Miner's Lifeguard

TRIUMPHANTLY

Don't you hear the H-Bombs' thunder, Echo like the crack of
want your homes to tumble, Rise in smoke towards the
doom? While they rend the skies asunder, Fall-out makes the earth a
sky? Will you let your cities crumble,
tomb. Do you Will you see your children die? Men and
Women stand together, Do not heed the men or war. Make your
minds up, now or never; Ban the Bomb for evermore.

CHORUS

Tell the leaders of the nations
Make the whole wide world take heed:
Poison from the radiations
Strikes at every race and creed.
Must you put mankind in danger,
Murder folk in distant lands?
Will you bring death to a stranger,
Have his blood upon your hands?

Shall we lay the world in ruin?
Only you can make the choice.
Stop and think of what you're doing,
Join the march and raise your voice.
Time is short; we must be speedy,
We can see the hungry filled,
House the homeless, help the needy,
Shall we blast, or shall we build?

Men and Women, stand together,
Do not heed the men of war.
Make your minds up, now or never,
Ban the Bomb for evermore.

New tidings

A carol for Christmas by Tony McCarthy. Tune: God rest ye merry, gentlemen

God rest ye merry, gentlemen, sleep easy in your beds,
The independent British bomb is flying overhead,
It's meant to kill the Russians when the rest of us are dead,
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry, upon that blessed morn,
King Herod killed the infants for he thought they did him scorn,
Now radiation kills the babes before they're even born....

The kings of old brought frankinsense and costly presents dear,
But we in Britain are too poor to do such things, I fear,
The H-bomb bill's a cool two hundred million quid a year....

I've got a little tin hat and I wear it every day,
It keeps me safe by darkest night from every gamma ray,
And saves me from the H-bomb's power when they have gone astray....

If Jesus came on earth again to save the rich and poor,
We wouldn't crucify him as the Romans did before,
But I'd shoot him if I caught him at my fallout shelter door....

Now Kruschew's drinking vodka and Mac is toping beer,
And Jackie makes the White House shake with bourbon and good cheer,
I'll drink a toast to all of them if Christmas comes next year,
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.

"The H-Bomb's Thunder" was first published in Britain in 1958 and has become a classic. It has been the "anthem" of the Campaign For Nuclear Disarmament since the first march to Aldermaston. The author, John Brunner, is 28, a former RAF man, and a noted science fiction writer. We reprint the song from "Songs For The Sixties", London. (U.S. agent is Hargail Press, 157 W. 57 St., New York City).

The 2nd British song is from SING magazine. We reprint it now because, as the author notes, Christmas may not come next year.

Below is a fine American round for Christmas singing. By Dave and Charlotte Sear. Of course you don't have to wait to see what happens to Christmas -- you can start singing it now.

Moderato

When war is banished and
fighting doth cease and
free men live to-gether in a
World at Peace well
show our hal-le-lu-jahs and
praise God on high and
sing man's glory till our
song rends the sky

THIS ISSUE

Bodega Plant

The Atomic Energy Commission announced yesterday that it will hold a public hearing in California on the controversial proposal to build a nuclear power reactor at Bodega Head on the Sonoma county coast.

The reactor has been bitterly opposed by conservationists who charge the plant will ruin Bodega Head's shoreline scenery, and by others who contend the reactor might be hazardous.

SEE BROADSIDE #15
& #16, & #17, & #18

Meredith May Leave School

By the Associated Press

Oxford, Miss.

James H. Meredith has announced he will not register for second-semester classes at the University of Mississippi unless his situation improves.

The night before he announced his decision, the "Rebel" underground had distributed leaflets on the campus for the separation of the c--- from the curriculum and the impeachment and execution of President Kennedy.

During the Christmas holidays, shotgun blasts raked the home of Meredith's parents in Kosciusko, Miss. A few days earlier in Chicago, racists fired twelve shots through the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. James T. Jimmerson, uncle and aunt of Meredith.

Mr. Meredith said Mississippi Negroes are engaged in a "bitter war for equality."

"The enemy is determined, resourceful, and unprincipled," he said. "There are no rules of war for which he has respect. Some standards must be set."

learning." Kennedy urged the university to take appropriate steps so that Meredith could stay. As news of the planned withdrawal spread on campus, 500 students gathered at Meredith's dormitory and hissed him.

Viet Nam

BROADSIDE # 14

United States military advisors are openly critical of the fighting ability of government forces. One infuriated American officer lashed out at the custom among some government troops of taking a mudday siesta, even during battle.

THIS ISSUE

Indiana Dunes Can Be Saved

Last February, in his widely applauded conservation message to Congress, President Kennedy called for creation of an Indiana Dunes National Lakeshore. If the President meant what he said, he will direct the Corps to ignore the pressures being exerted by some Indiana politicians and by the steel companies that own land in the dunes and to come up with a plan to save this irreplaceable recreational area.

SEE "JARAMILLO"
in BROADSIDE #14

Squatters Invade Ranches

By the Associated Press

El Paso, Texas

Squatters from the Mexican states of Coahuila and Durango are reported infiltrating into southern Chihuahua to help invade big ranching properties, according to reports reaching Juarez, Mexico.

Cacinto Lopez, leader of the squatter movement, was reported heading toward Jimenez.

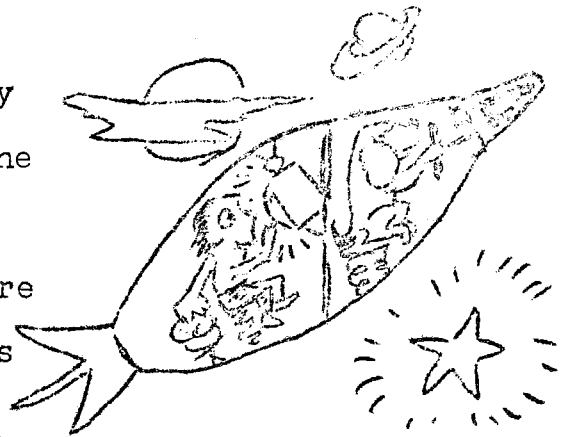
Leaders of the land grab say their action is an outgrowth of continued appeals to the federal government for land on which to work. They say the federal Department of Agrarian Affairs and Colonization at Mexico City has completely ignored their demands.



"SO YOU THOUGHT I WAS DEAD!"

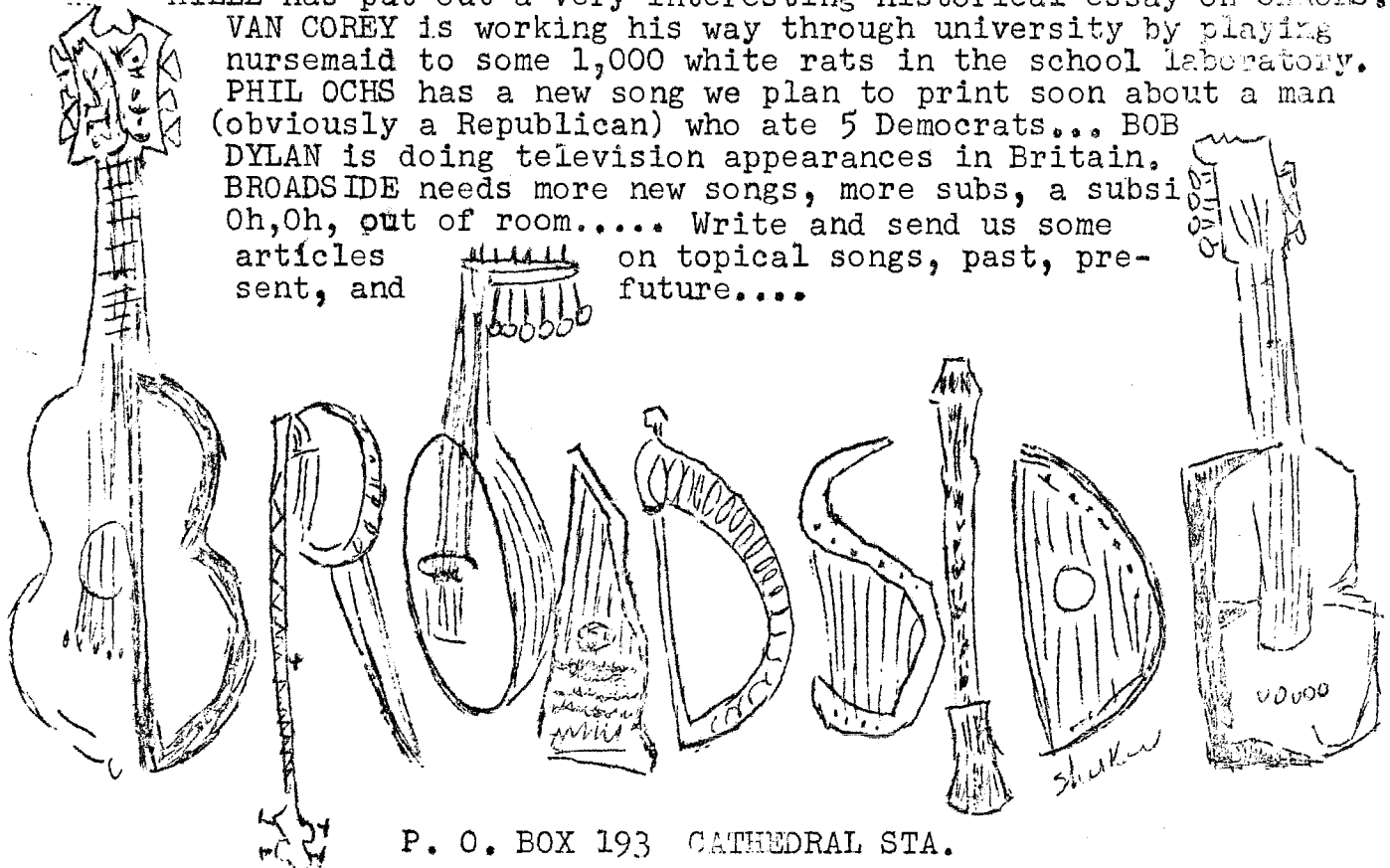
N O T E S

DO SOMETHING WRONG: "A subject close to my heart," Malvina Reynolds... TAKE IT AWAY: U.C. Prof. J.B. Neilands, board member of the N. Calif. Ass'n to Preserve Bodega Head & Harbor, to Malvina Reynolds after hearing her tape: "Many thanks for the song -- it is terrific! I am also amazed that you were able to punch it out with such Mozartian dispatch." With many less dangerous sites available the PG&E insists on building an atomic reactor practically on top the San Andreas fault where an earthquake could shatter it and spread atomic havoc for miles around. Prof. Nielands calls the project vulgar, destructive and rapacious. Bodega Head is unique as a place of natural beauty and as a living laboratory of great scientific value. It is also the home of 600 crab & salmon fishermen. At Eureka another plant is pouring out 50,000 micruries of atomic smoke per second onto a grade school virtually next door. What is left of the radioactive wastes the kids don't breathe continues to float on over a city of 28,000 people. When will they ever learn? -- apparently never... WALLY



HILLE has put out a very interesting historical essay on CARCIS.

VAN COREY is working his way through university by playing nursemaid to some 1,000 white rats in the school laboratory. PHIL OCHS has a new song we plan to print soon about a man (obviously a Republican) who ate 5 Democrats... BOB DYLAN is doing television appearances in Britain. BROADSIDE needs more new songs, more subs, a subsi Oh, Oh, out of room..... Write and send us some articles on topical songs, past, present, and future....



P. O. BOX 193 CATHEDRAL STA.
NEW YORK CITY 25, NEW YORK

A publication (with a twice-a-month goal) to print topical songs and spread them around to be sung by one and all.

Sis Cunningham, editor; Gil Turner; Pete Seeger (advisory)

Rates: 1-year subs....\$5.00. Trial subs. (5 issues)...\$1.50