

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

BROADSIDE # 25

LATE
APRIL
1963
PRICE
35¢

Thought for Now

Submarine T is built to withstand sea pressures up to X feet. It undergoes major structural repairs and replacements. It is necessary to test it to see if it will function properly. The tests include a dive to a depth of X feet. Would anyone with

THE SUBMARINE CALLED

THRESHER

By Gene Kadish © 1963

ordinary common sense conduct such a test at a point where the ocean's depth beyond X feet is measured not in feet but in miles?

To what kind of unthinking people are we entrusting not merely the lives of 100 or so men, but of all of us when we put them in charge of nuclear-armed submarines?

FREDERIC C. SMEDLEY.

Briskly

1. 'Twas on a bright & sun-ny day not too long a-go The
2. The fastest deepest submarine was caught beneath the brine And

wind blew strong the sea broke white but all was still be-low; The
caught were all her sailors a hundred twenty nine; A-

sub-mar-ine called Thresher was on a deep sea dive, She
mong them were two brothers and Shaffer was their name; Their

dove be-low her safe-ty range and crushed her crew a-live. The
mother kept a midnight watch but still they died in fame.

Thresher was a nu-cle-ar sub with mo-dern guns and gear, But

none of her de-signers— could make her re-appear.

Am Dm Emaj Am Dm G Am E Am

NEW YORK POST

Cold-War Toll

One hundred twenty-nine lives sacrificed on the altar to the god of war. That should have been the headline to a tragic story. Forty five million dollars criminally wasted—with money so desperately needed for domestic purposes. How long is the immoral wasting of this country's wealth and lives of men to go on?

SAUL GOODMAN.

3. Well if it's best & biggest too
And if it's made for war
Just like the ship called
Thresher
We'll make a million more
But hope this loss will bring
to pass
A day we'll live to see
When ships are all designed
to sail
Together peacefully. (Refrain)

MRS. CLARA SULLIVAN'S LETTER

Words: Malvina Reynolds

© 1963

Tune: Peter Seeger

The musical score is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four lines of music. The first line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is simple and folk-like. Chords are indicated by letters G, C, and D7 above the staff. The lyrics are: "Dear Mister Ed-i-tor, if you choose, please send me a copy of the labor news; I've got a son in the infantry and he'd be might-y glad to see that someone, somewhere, now & then, Thinks 'bout the lives of the mining men In Per-ry Count - y". The second line has chords G, C, G, C. The third line has chords G, C, Am7. The fourth line has chords C, D7, a triplet of eighth notes, and G.

In Perry County and thereabout
 We miners simply had to go out
 It was long hours, substandard
 pay
 Then they took our contract away
 Fourteen months is a mighty long
 time
 To face the goons from the picket
 line
 In Perry County

I'm twenty-six years a miner's
 wife
 There's nothing harder than a
 miner's life
 But there's no better man than a
 mining man
 Couldn't find better in all this
 land
 The deal they get is a rotten
 deal
 Mountain greens and gravy meal
 In Perry County

We live in barns that the rain
 comes in
 While the operators live high
 as sin
 Ride Cadillac cars and drink
 like a fool
 While our kids lack clothes to
 go to school
 Sheriff Combs he has it fine
 He runs the law and owns a mine
 In Perry County

What operator would go dig coal
 For even fifty a day on the
 mine pay-roll
 Why, after work my man comes in
 With his wet clothes frozen to
 his skin
 Been digging coal so the world
 can run
 And operators can have their fun
 In Perry County.

-- Continued →

LETTER ... continued

When folks sent money to the Hazard Press
To help the strikers in distress
They gave that money, yours & mine
To the scabs who crossed the picket line
And the state militia & the F.B.I.
Just look on while the miners die
In Perry County

Dear Editor:

I am a miner's wife. I have been married 26 years to a coal miner and you can't find a harder worker than a coal miner. We have been treated so unfair by our leaders from the sheriff up to the president. I know what it is to be hungry.

The operators have the money and the miner doesn't have anything but a bad name. You couldn't find better people anywhere in the whole world. But we have our pride too. We are tired of doing without. The operators have beautiful homes, Cadillacs and aeroplanes to enjoy, and our homes (camp houses, by the way) look like barns.

We don't want what the operators have. All we want is a decent wage and good insurance that will help our families. Is this too much to ask?

The operators wouldn't go in a mine for fifty dollars a day. I've seen my husband come home from work with his clothes frozen to his body from working in the water. I have sat down at a table where we didn't have anything to eat but wild greens picked from the mountain side. There are three families around me, that each family of seven only had plain white gravy and bread for a week is true. Is this progress or what? I just can't understand

Mrs. Clara Sullivan Perry County, Kentucky

70,000 Rally in London

By PATRICK MASSEY

LONDON (AP)—To the tune of "I Love a Lassie," British anti-bomb marchers closed on London for a rally today singing "I've Got a Secret, a Nice Official Secret."

A new flood of government secret pamphlets appeared and several demonstrators clashed with police who moved in to confiscate them at one point along the line of the annual Easter march.

One man trundling a wheeled basket loaded with the pamphlets was arrested and charged with assaulting police. Marchers were snapping up the leaflets from per-

sous shouting "Get your official secrets here!"

The pamphlets were a revision of those circulated after the march began last Friday. They contained details of secret establishments to which government agencies would disperse in time of nuclear war.

Security agencies sought to learn how the information leaked, a leakage certain to bring new criticism in Parliament of Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's government.

A secret extremist group known as "Spies for Peace" claimed credit for circulating the pamphlet.

Among the marchers were clergymen, Communists, Members of Parliament, anarchists, beatniks with guitars and long hair, and a small element of young toughs.

Policemen were seizing the pamphlet wherever it cropped up. While the marchers were breaking camp in Acton Green, thousands of the pamphlets, in an abridged version, were distributed.

I believe the truth will out
some day
That we're fighting for jobs at
decent pay
We're just tired of doing without
And that's what the strike is all
about
And it helps to know that folks
like you
Are telling the story straight
& true -- In Perry County

Bertrand Russell, the philosopher who was until recently a member of the Committee of 100, issued a statement castigating the Government for its preparations for possible nuclear war.

"They reveal an official recognition that community life is not expected to continue, except perhaps briefly in remotely situated Government bunkers, where selected officials will administer each other and the mil-

lions of dead bodies in their region," he declared. "The Government has not told the people about these preparations because it has repeatedly shown itself determined not to admit the obvious about the nature of nuclear war," Lord Russell said.

Shelter Against Fallout?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TIMES:

During the last few weeks "Fall-out Shelter" signs have been sprouting on the facades of apartment and office buildings throughout Manhattan. They appeared with no advance notice, no doubt on the theory that the public opinion which was strong enough to prevent the shelter nonsense was now quiescent and would not be strong enough to get the signs removed once they were in place.

Have we forgotten that there is no such thing as an adequate shelter? Moreover, I'd be willing to wager that there's nothing new about these buildings except the signs themselves.

PHYLLIS GOLDSTEIN,
New York, April 7, 1963.

"MASTERS OF WAR" by BOB DYLAN (see BROADSIDE #20)

After all, these old graybeards who want a stiff, stern policy, are not the ones who are going to die on Cuban or American soil if there be a war.

We'll grab up all the jobless youngsters in the United States and subject them to atomic war. I'd be willing to bet that both Keating and Goldwater have their shelters from atomic or hydrogen bombs.

Mr. Stratton, a New York Democrat, speaking after his return from a 2 1/2-day visit to the United States naval base at Guantanamo Bay, said: "I find myself a little bored with the antics of old men still desperately trying to stir up wars for young men to fight." Asked who he meant, Mr. Stratton said: "Senator Keating might be one that would qualify."

BROADSIDE # 25

R. S. G. 6

(From London's Broadsheet King
--John Foreman)

I've got a secret, a nice official
secret
And I've published it for all the
world to see
Now this nice little secret is not
a little secret
And M.I.5 are after me!

They've got a shelter, a nice
official shelter
And it's got no room for you & me!
So we went along to see it 'tho
it was so very secret
And we saw what there was to see!

So Mac, won't you tell us what you're keeping in your cellars
Won't you tell us what you're keeping down below?
We are marching through Whitehall for we think the question's
And we'll go marching till you let us know! vital
on

by Kevin McGrath
Tune: 1st part of "I Love a Lassie"

We've been to show it, so that
everyone will know it
And even tho' they wouldn't let
us pass
Since we've been along to show it
now everyone will know it
They can stuff their little se-
crets in their files!

So if you've got a secret, any
nice official secret
Just you pass it on & pretty
soon you'll see
How this nice little secret will
be no one's little secret
For we'll publish it for all the
world to see!

RAISE A RUCKUS TONITE:
Sing Along With Jack

By Lee A. Pederson
Tune: "Raise A ---"

1. My old woman callin' to me
Raise a ruckus tonite
"There goin' be hootin' on the
A.B.C. - Raise. etc.
So I lay my gui-tar down, Raise -
And all my children runnin'
around, Raise -

Singin' "Come along, good old
daddy, come along,
Lord, the picture tube's all
right
The Defenders no more, hey we
got some fun in store
We gonna raise a ruskus tonite."

2. So I look on the screen & what
do I see, Raise, etc.
A million Pepsi Cola ads starin'
at me, Raise -
Shining little bourgeoiseez,
Raise -
And who in hell's goin' set
them free, Raise -

Come along, Georgey Babbitt,
come along
They're a-rockin' on TV
It's a Dick Clark show, and if
Huddie's eyes weren't closed
He'd raise a ruckus tonite

3. So we listen to 'em sing along
Raise, etc.
How can so many people be so
wrong, Raise -
Woody's sick & I am too, Raise -
If this is folk song, Pete,
you're through, Raise -

Come to bed, little children,
come to bed
Everything's goin' to be all
right
It was no nightmare, listen to
me, I declare
Lawrence Welk he just come early
tonite.

1. It was out to Cal-i-for-nia young Da-vey Moore did go To
He left his home in Springfield, his wife & children five; The
meet with Su-gar Ra-mos — and trade him blow for blow.
spring was fast approaching it was good to be a-live.

His wife she begged and pleaded - you have to leave this game
Oh is it worth the bloodshed and is it worth the pain
But Davsey could not hear above the cheering of the crowd
He was a champion and champions are proud.

Chorus:
Hang his gloves upon the wall, Shine his trophies bright clear, An-
other man will fall be-fore we dry our tears For the fighter must de-
stroy as the po-et must sing, As the hungry crowd must gather for the
blood upon the ring. --blood upon the ring.

BROADSIDE
25

2. And thousands gave a roar when Davey Moore walked in
Another man to beat, another purse to win
And all along the ringside a sight beyond compare
The money chasing vultures were waiting for their share
He stood there in his corner and he waited for the bell
The signal of the struggle of two men facin' hell
And when the bell was sounded, the blows began to rain
And blows will lead to hate -- hate drives men insane. (Cho.)
3. The fists were flying fast and hard the sweat was pouring down
And Davey Moore grew weaker with every passin' round
His legs began to wobble and his arms began to strain
He fell upon the canvas floor, a fog around his brain
At last the fight was over -- young Davey fought no more
He lost the final battle behind a doctor's door
And back at the arena the screaming crowd is gone
And death is waiting ringside for the next fight to come on. (Cho.)

HOW LONG

By Phil Ochs
© 1963 by author

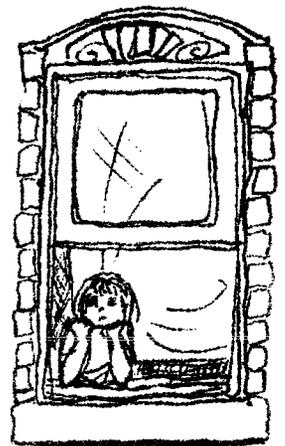
1. How long, how long can we go on — How long, how
How far, how far have we gone — How far, how
long — can we go on — this troubled land — may nev-er
far — have we gone — so man-y battles — with-out a
last; — There is no fu-ture in the — past. — — — vain.
gain, — So many young men lost in —
Cho. Why the fear of the comin' of the morn- in', Why the
tremblin' at the call, Can't we hear the final warn- in' Can't we
see the writin' on the wall. --writin' on the wall.

2. So many years before the dawn
So many years before the dawn
So many children have never grown
So many cannonballs have flown.

So many rains had to fall
So many rains have had to fall
So many storms before the flood
So many rainbows red with blood.

Why the fear of the comin' of the mornin'
Why the tremblin' at the call
Can't we hear the final warnin'
Can't we see the writin' on the wall.

How long, how long can we go on
How long, how long can we go on
This troubled land may never last
There is no future in the past.



CUSTER

Words and Music by Peter La Farge

It's not called an Indian victory
But a bloody massacre
And the general he don't ride well any more.

There would have been more enthusin
If them Indians were losing
But the general he don't ride well any more.

General George A. Custer
His yellow hair had lustre,
But the general he don't ride well any more.

He got bombarded violent
And now old George is silent
And the general he don't ride well any more.



Now I will tell you "busters"
I'm not a fan of Custer's
And the general he don't ride well any more.

To some he was a hero,
But to me his score was zero
And the general he don't ride well any more.

Now George, he'd had victories,
But never massacres;
And the general he don't ride well any more.

Old George had done his fightin'
Without too much excitin'
And the general he don't ride well any more.

When the men were away at huntin',
Old Custer would come in pumpin'
And the general he don't ride well any more.

He kill children, dogs and women
With victories he was swimmin'
And the general he don't ride well any more.

Now the Sioux were gettin' tired
And their temperatures were fired,
And the general he don't ride well any more.

Crazy Horse sent out the call
For Sitting Bull and Gaul
But the general he don't ride well any more.

Twelve thousand warriors waited
They were unanticipated
And the general he don't ride well any more.

Thus the Little Big Horn
Massacre was born.
And the general he don't ride well any more.

The Cheyenne and the Sioux
Had quite a lot to do
And the general he don't ride well any more.

Old Custer split his men
Well he won't do that again
'Cause the general he don't ride well any more.

But he wasn't fighting women
The Indians left them hidden
And the general he don't ride well any more.

The proud 7th Cavalry
It got plumb massacred
And the general he don't ride well any more.

Custer made his stand
With his little band
And the general he don't ride well any more.

Custer got eliminated
And his legend uncreated
And the general he don't ride well any more.

HEY, MR. PRESIDENT

Words and Music by Peter La Farge



Hey, Mr. President, we're going to charge you rent
For every treaty broken for every treaty bent.
We are making reservations
That will be just for whites

We will be honest about the white man's rights

Hey, Mr. President we're going to charge you rent,
etc.

We are going to be the tourists,
We'll come to see you dance.
You'll let us know the reason
Why you prance.

Hey, Mr. President, we're going to charge you rent,
etc.

We're not unpatriotic
We just like to see
Like to see your culture
How intriguing it will be.

Hey, Mr. President, we're going to charge you rent,
etc.

You get out your medicine men
You get out your squaws
And we will give you justice
Under Indian laws.

Hey, Mr. President, we're going to charge you rent,
etc.

All music © 1963 by United International
Copyright Representatives, Ltd. (ASCAP)
Author and Composer: Peter La Farge
All rights reserved

I T ' S O U T ! ! !

Our own 12-inch LP:

BROADSIDE BALLADS - VOL.I

Singers & Songwriters include: FREEDOM SINGERS, NEW WORLD SINGERS, MALVINA REYNOLDS, BOB DYLAN, PHIL OCHS, PETE SEEGER, LES RICE, PETER LA FARGE, MARK SPOELSTRA -- MORE !

List price \$4.25. Order from Folkways Records, 121 W 47th St, NYC

BROADSIDE presents --

"C I T Y S I N G E R S i n C O N C E R T"

Saturday

May 11

8:30 p.m.

featuring

NEW WORLD SINGERS

Gil Turner Bob Cohen Happy Traum
(Atlantic Records)

and

Albert Hotel
23 E 10th St.
(Near
University
Place)

Passaic County CHAMBRAY PLAYERS

With Art Rosenbaum

(Folkways, Electra & Prestige Records)

Tickets: All seats \$1.50, at Folklore Center, 110 McDougal, GR 7-5987

Notes: You're going to agree with us that the new BROADSIDE LP is one of the most exciting albums you've ever listened to!.....Read Irwin Silber's open letter to President Kennedy re TV Blacklist in April-May SING OUT, 121 W 47th St., NYC,....Two songs by Peter La Farge in this BROADSIDE are from his Folkways LP "As Long As The Grass Shall Grow", the title song of which was printed in BROADSIDE #14 & is included in BROADSIDE LP....Omission: "Faubus Foibles" in #24 copyrighted by Marks Music....In song-title "R.S.G.-6" the letters stand for Regional Seat of Government; M.I., Military Intelligence (see clippings page for story); tune also known as I've Got Sixpence.If only one issue of BROADSIDE comes out in May it will be because increasing demands for a "Best of BROADSIDE" songbook require that we no longer postpone work on that project. Year subscriptions will be extended in such a case.

BROADSIDE, P.O. Box 193, Cathedral Sta., New York 25, N.Y.

A publication with a twice-monthly goal to print topical songs & pertinent articles & spread them around. Sis Cunningham, editor; Gil Turner, co-editor; Phil Ochs & Bob Dylan, contributing editors; Pete Seeger, advisory.

Rates: one-year...\$5.00 (22 issues). 5-issue trial sub...\$1.50

One More Note: Please pass the enclosed subscription blank on to a friend if not needed by you. Thank you !