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NEW YORK
25
N. Y.

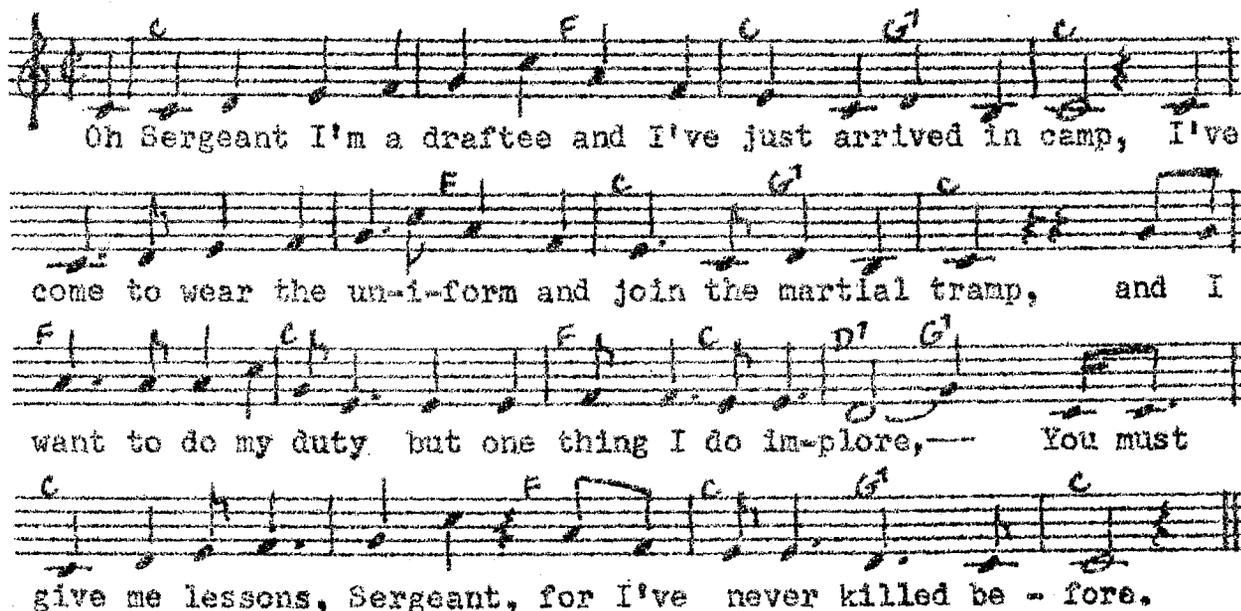
BROADSIDE

#28
LATE JUNE
1963
35¢

THE WILLING CONSCRIPT

by TOM PAXTON

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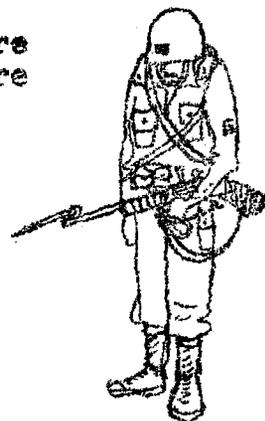


Oh Sergeant I'm a draftee and I've just arrived in camp, I've
come to wear the un-i-form and join the martial tramp, and I
want to do my duty but one thing I do im-plore, — You must
give me lessons, Sergeant, for I've never killed be - fore.

To do my job obediently is my only desire
To learn my weapon thoroughly and how to aim and fire
To learn to kill the enemy and then to slaughter more
I'll need instructions, sergeant
For I've never killed before.

Now there are rumors in the camp about our enemy
They say that when you see him he looks just
like you and me
But you deny it, sergeant, and you are a man of war
So you must give me lessons
For I've never killed before.

Now there are several lessons that I haven't
mastered yet
I haven't got the hang of how to use the bayonet
If he doesn't die at once am I to stick him with it more?
Oh I hope you will be patient
For I've never killed before.



(continued →)

And the hand grenade is something that I just don't understand,
You've got to throw it quickly or you're apt to lose your hand,
Does it blow a man to pieces with it's wicked, muffled roar?

Oh, I've got so much to learn, because I've never killed before.

Well, I want to thank you, sergeant, for the help you've been to me,
You've taught me how to kill, and how to hate the enemy,
And I know that I'll be ready when they march me off to war.

And I know that it won't matter that I've never killed before,
I know that it won't matter that I've never killed before.

FIFTY - M I L E H I K E

By Phil Ochs
(c) by author, 1963

Some people nev-er get their feet on the ground, they're either
sittin' in a chair or they're layin' down, They're bellies are hangin'
down to their knees, It's almost a national emergency. Well the* then
Chor: Fifty miles--Keep a-walkin, Twenty-five miles & you're almost there,
Fifty miles--No use a-talkin', Better get in step/the new frontier.
with

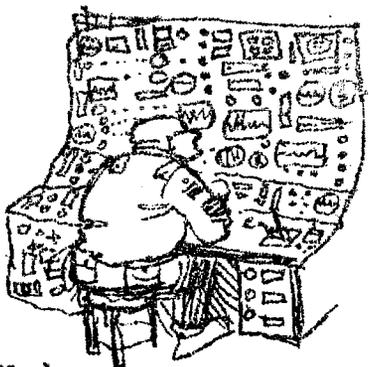
Chords: C, F, C, D7, G7, C, F, C, G7, C, F, C, G7, C

* Well, the President put on his walkin shoes
He had a country with 30 million pounds to lose
He remembered a promise he made 'way back when
He's gonna get the country movin' again. (CHO.)

Rockefeller's happy with his brand new wife
And Richard Nixon's done enough running for life
And Lyndon Johnson is too busy a man
And Joseph P. Kennedy bought out Tom McCann. (CHO.)

So I decided I would carry my load
Grabbed a carton of cigarets and I hit the road
The golf clubs were heavy and the gin was slow
If you got to get healthy that's the way to go.(CHO.)

While everybody's goin' out and havin' fun
They ought to lose some weight in more ways than one
Fifty miles of thinkin is a heavy strain
But it's about the only cure for an overweight brain. (CHO.)



HERE'S TO A WORLD THAT'S ALL RIGHT

By Malvina Reynolds
(c) by author, 1963

1. Here's to the girls afraid that they're caught, Yeh, Yeh
(2,3,5,6)

Here's to the kids whose folks and fight, Here's to the boys who
drink

can't find a job-- Here's to a world that's all right, all

right, Here's to a world that's all right. 4 & 7. Here's to a

world that's all right, De-pending on your point of view, the
with

air waves & news print to speak up for you, If you've mon-ey to

buy them so they'll never bite, Here's to a world that's all right.

E (last time) C E Fine
--right. Yeh, Yeh

2. Here's to the babies who never get milk,
Yeh, yeh.
To those who get milk with the strontium
bite.

Here's to the boys who can't
find a job -
Here's to a world that's all
right, all right, etc.

3. Here's to the kids who think
they are free, Yeh, yeh.
Till dogs and policemen show them
the light.
Here's to the boys who can't find
a job,-
Here's to a world that's all
right, all right, etc.

(Cont'd ->)

San Francisco Chronicle June 5, '63
A Suicide at 20

A jobless San Lorenzo youth shot himself to death yesterday as his teen-age wife looked on.

The victim was Van B. Love Jr., 20, who shot himself in the heart with a .38 caliber revolver in the bedroom of his home at 16425 Ashland avenue, San Lorenzo.

Minutes earlier his wife, Janet, 19, had just come into

the living room after borrow-ing money to pay the rent.

She found a note there from Love, saying he was de-pendent over not getting a job since his discharge from the Navy on May 8, accord-ing to Sheriff's Deputy Dale Chambers.

Note in hand, Mrs. Love opened the bedroom door—and he fired the fatal shot.

Here's To A World-- (Cont'd)

5. Here's to the millions who die, Yeh, yeh,
With neutron and chemical blight,
Silently die in the hospital night,
Here's to a world that's all right, all right
Here's to a world that's all right.

6. Silent and silent and still, Yeh, yeh,
Nobody knows of their plight,
But everyone knows how well everything goes
So here's to a world that's all right, all
right, etc.

Here's to a world, etc.

THE NEW YORK TIMES.

TUESDAY, JUNE 11, 1963.

New Folk Singers

By ROBERT SHELTON

A procession of new faces in folk music is filing through Greenwich Village night clubs and coffeehouses. The parade is taking separate, but nonconflicting, directions: More country musicians are coming to the city, and more city performers are turning to song writing. . . .

Three young songwriters and performers are giving an affirmative answer to the question whether folk songs are still being written. Tom Paxton at the Village Gate, Phil Ochs at the Thirdside, 87 West Third Street, and Len Chandler, who is in and out of the Gaslight Cafe, 116 MacDougal Street, are prolific composers and lyricists. They are reviving the broadside tradition of 17th-century Britain, and saying their piece at the same time.

Mr. Paxton is a superb melodist, using tunes that ring original and familiar. His voices concern about war in "The Willing Conscript" ("Sergeant, you must give me lessons, because I've never killed before") and discrimination, in "The Dogs of Alabama."

Mr. Paxton is not preachy, and he would just as soon compose a song about the sinking of the submarine Thresher or a rodeo rider as about some social issue. At least two of his 100 songs, "I'm the Man Who Built the Bridges" and "Rambling Boy," have the mark of classics.

Mr. Ochs, who prefers to be called a topical singer rather than a folk singer, performs only his own material. A former journalism student, he has become a sort of musical editorial writer. His satire is trenchant and his opinions are controversial in "50-Mile Hike," "William Worthly," "Talking Cuban Crisis" and "The Ballad of Billie Sol," a few of the 80 songs he has written to meet his self-imposed topical deadlines.

The songs of Mr. Chandler stress musical values more than topical statements. He can become a commanding performer. Among his 50 recent songs in the folk vein is a gem such as "To Be a Man," the theme of which is human dignity and hope in the future.

IN THESE DAYS when all actresses seem to be going naked, pretty Tracy Reed, step-daughter of Sir Carol Reed, who's a Jean Collins look-alike, claims SHE'S holding out.

LONDON, June 17 — As the Profumo affair continues to scatter its damage over Britain, Viscount Astor and his stately home at Cliveden have come under a virtual state of siege.

A helicopter hovered over the walled, outdoor swimming pool to get pictures of the place where Christine Keeler stood naked and wet one hot summer evening in 1961 and won the notorious attention of John Profumo, who has since had to resign as Secretary of State for War.

BROADWAY: BEAUTIFUL CARROLL BAKER told me she's yielded to the nakedness trend (along with Klm Novak, Shirley MacLaine and Arlene Dahl). She didn't go naked in "How the West Was Won"—that wasn't how it was won—but did for "Station 6 Sahara" (it was very hot there) and for a Cosmo layout. "All our barriers are breaking down; we're reverting to a pagan society," Carroll said. "If the First Lady wears tight Capri pants and a swim suit, what are the poor actresses supposed to do to attract attention?"

Nancy Lady Astor, already made famous by the artist Charles Dana Gibson, who married her sister, built the "Cliveden set" into the most powerful informal political group in Britain before World War II.

Its main theme was to appease Hitler and thereby contain the threat of Communism. Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain belonged to it. So did Geoffrey

The theme evolved out of the belief that Hitler had certain "reasonable" demands for the restoration of Germany as a great state, and that the best way of keeping the peace in Europe was to meet these demands.

However, she told me that in "one quick flash" in the picture, "Dr. Strangelove," she's wearing nothing but a copy of "Foreign Affairs." In the picture, set in the Pentagon, it's brought out that the Pentagon lads call her "Miss Foreign Affairs." That's the direction that

report that President Ayub Khan once cavorted with Miss Keeler in a swimming pool on the estate of Lord Astor.

(Christine has told in a newspaper series that Ward introduced her to Profumo in July, 1961, when she emerged naked and clutching a towel in front of her at the swimming pool on the Cliveden estate of Lord Astor. Ward rented a cottage on the Astor grounds.)

lived off the earnings of prostitutes.

Ward had been accused of running a high-class call girl ring which provided girls to diplomats, businessmen, politicians and others of the British elite. It is feared that members of the upper echelons of British society may yet find their names

SEE "PLAYBOYS & PLAYGIRLS" BY
BOB DYLAN IN BROADSIDE # 20

BROADSIDE #28

THE GREAT MAIL ROBBERY

By Tom Paxton

Who robbed the mail truck up in Boston town, Policeman jumped in-
 to the road & he flagged the mail truck down. "Im mighty glad you
 stopped" he said, "for it is plain to see That there are bandits
 hereabouts & one of them is me." It's a robber- y, ----
 Mail robbery, They got a- way---, They made their get a-way---

Now Uncle Sam is sad tonight and the Post Office is blue
 They lost a lot of money and they don't know what to do
 They sent a lonely mail truck in the evenin dew and damps
 And the money in that truck would buy a helluva lot of stamps. Cho.

But there was someone waitin for that lovely mail truck load
 A detour sign escorted it right down a lonely road
 A welcome party waited just a few miles down the line
 Saying get into the back, my boys, and you'll be treated fine. Cho.

The bandits drove the mail truck about an hour or more
 Now and then they'd stop and they'd throw money out the door
 And when the ride was over and the pleasure trip was thru
 The bandits disappeared and bid the postal boys adieu. Cho.

Now lots of people wonder where those bandits are today
 They got a million dollars and made their getaway
 There's fifty thousand dollars if you get em live or dead
 But till they catch those boys poor Uncle Sam's face is red. Cho.

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BROADSIDE #28



WILLIAM MOORE THE MAILMAN

Words: Seymour Farber
Tune: Peter Seeger
(c) by authors, 1963

William Moore you were a mailman, You never missed a day, You
always got your letters thru, Nobody blocked your way. Nobody blocked
your way I know, Nobody blocked your way, You always got your letters thru
No- body blocked your way. -- It wasn't an or-din-ary message--

2. One day you had a message
You felt you had to shout
It wasn't an ordinary message
Took you beyond your route.
Took you beyond your route,
I know
Took you beyond your route
It wasn't an ordinary message
Took you beyond your route.
3. The message dealt with brother-
hood
And love and friendship too
It wasn't a regular message
So they wouldn't let you thru.
They wouldn't let you thru,
I know
They wouldn't let you thru
It wasn't a regular message
So they wouldn't let you thru.

4. They stopped you, William Moore,
I know
But your message did get thru
For they can kill a man for sure
But not his message too.
But not his message too,
I know
But not his message too
For they can kill a man for sure
But not his message too.

(v. 5, last half of tune only.
Suggest playing first half as
interlude.)

5. Your message did get thru,
I know
Your message did get thru
For they can kill a man for sure
But your message did get thru.

/BROADSIDE #28/



FOODSTUFFS	June 17	June 14
wheat, No. 2 red, bu.	\$2.43 1/2	\$2.43 1/2
do, No. 2 yellow, bu.	1.58 1/2	1.58 1/2
ye, No. 2 Western, bu.	1.70 1/2	1.71 1/4
oats, No. 2 white, bu.	.92 1/2	.93

Business

Flour, spring, 100 lbs.	6.90-7.00	6.90-7.00
Coffee, Colombian, lb.	.38 1/2	.38 1/2
Coffee, Santos 4s, lb.	.34 1/2	.34 1/2
Cocoa, Accra, lb.	.25	.24 1/2
Cocoa, Bahia, lb.	.27	.25 1/2

Translated from the French of Guillevic

By **WALTER LOWENFELS**
Music by **Pete Seeger**

Two million bushels of North African grains
resold to Germany for Swiss francs --
paid for by a consortium of banks
with a deal in futures that the Stock Exchange
unloads for coffee from Brazilian uplands

destined for Paris. Before the whole deal sinks
the checks written in indecipherable inks
outrance Atlantic's winter hurricanes.
At last the coffee arrives, also the wheat.
Needless to say the deal was a success.
Who can deny that all of us have gained?
Our benefactors? Three trusts. They compete
for honor, glory, power--and--of course
profits where all happiness is contained.

Two million bushels of North Af-rican grains/ resold to German-y
for Swiss francs/ paid by a consortium of banks/with a deal fu-tures
for
that the Stock Exchange/ unloads for coffee, Brazilian up-lands/
from
destined for Paris. Before the whole deal sinks/the checks written in in-
delible inks/ outrance Atlantic's winter hurricanes/ At last the
coffee arrives, al-so the wheat/ Needless to say deal was a success/ who
the
can deny that all of us have gained?/ Our benefactors? Three
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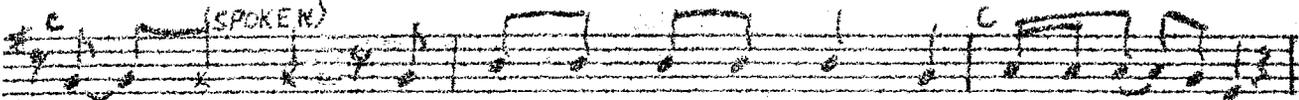
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BROADSIDE #28

COME BACK ABE By Peter La Farge

* CHORUS: (START WITH #)



Please come back Abe, Please come back, Please come back Abe,



Please come back; We've polished up your boots and gotten out hat,
Your



Please come back Abe, Please come back.

© 1963 E.B.Marks

(Verses Spoken)

1. Abe, I ain't no educated man
And I never spent long in school,
I never learned much but the ABC's
-- and the Golden Rule.
I never read by firelight,
We had e-lec-tricity.
But I read all your speeches, Abe.
And they sure sound good to me. (CHO.)
2. I heard you had troubles with your wife,
But -- I -- do too.
Funny, a guy like me
Havin' somethin' in common with you.
You know, I love my wife,
But when I sneak in about three --
Well, Abe, you understand --
And that sure sounds good to me. (CHO.)
3. I've heard it said you're the Great
Emancipator,
That's a mighty big word --
I'll study on it later.
Kinda scares a man never passed a
spellin' bee.
In fact, I don't know just what it means,
But it sure sounds good to me. (CHO.)
4. Abe, what we need right now
Is a rail-splittin' man,
A long, lanky honest fellow
To do what he can,
To fix up our troubles.
I know you've got the key,
And if just once I could see you pass
It'd mean a lot -- to me. (CHO)

In this space we wanted to put a sketch of a tall black hat and a pair of boots with the caption: WANTED -- A MAN TALL ENOUGH TO WEAR THIS HAT AND BIG ENOUGH TO WEAR THESE BOOTS. But we've lost our artist, at least for a while... so instead, a little singing history:

First it was "The Old Gray Mare". Then it became "Old Abe Lincoln Came Out Of The Wilderness." Then it was "The Old Gray Mare" again. And now Negro teenagers have (as noted in SING OUT) changed it again, this time to:

I ain't scared o' your jail 'cause
I want my freedom
I want my freedom
I want my freedom
I ain't scared o' your jail 'cause
I want my freedom
I want my freedom now.

*1st time, regular tempo; other times fast.

BROADSIDE #25



NOTES: "Dear Sis Cunningham: Last night I happened to see "Hootenanny" on TV. To close the show all sang 'Mama Don't 'Low'. I think they forgot to sing a most important verse. Maybe you could put it in to remind them.

Blacklist don't 'low Pete Seeger singing 'round here
Blacklist don't 'low Pete Seeger singing 'round here
We don't care what Blacklist don't allow
We want Pete Seeger anyhow... "

Sent in by Allen Brant. He is the author of "We Pray To God It Never Happens Again" in Broadside #13... NY POST: "The satirical songs of the Chad Mitchell Trio, including one which spoofs the John Birch Society, have been blue-penciled from the CBS 'Repertoire Workshop' series... The Mitchell group was dropped...amid objections to the Birch song as well as other numbers satirizing segregation at the University of Mississippi and neo-Nazism." Here we glimpse the road down which the Blacklists are travelling, followed by those supporting them by omission or commission -- are they already accepting the murder and torture -- with guns, clubs, dogs and electric cattle prods-- of America's Negro people? And forgetting the six million Jewish people murdered in the gas ovens by the Nazis?... As almost every news item shows, the Negro Freedom struggle is a singing movement. "We Shall Overcome", "Before I'll Be A Slave" "I'm Gonna Sit At The White Man's Table...One Of These Days", and in Jackson, Mississippi the police attacked a demonstration when a group of Negro girls started singing "This Little Light Of Mine". Briefing schools for Negro children include the teaching of songs such as "Ain't Gonna Let Segregation Turn Me Around"... One cannot help but compare it to the outburst of song and song creation in the French Revolution as described by A.L.Lloyd in the current SING OUT (121 W. 47th St., New York City)... America as a whole is now witnessing a floodtide of topical song-writing comparable to the '30's and '40's. Broadside cannot reflect it adequately. It already requires a book (we understand Simon and Schuster has a book almost ready on the new young songwriters and singers)... BUSINESS: From time to time someone protests that topical songs always seem to be about workers, minorities, the underdog -- okay, in this issue we've fixed that. Messrs. Guillivic, Lowenfels and Seeger have combined to produce what we truly see as a singing love sonnet to Big Business. We recommend it not only to folksingers but to the regular "thrushes" in the night clubs, who have been trying to beguile the men from Wall Streets, Madison Avenues, et cetera, all these years with sexy stuff. They may be surprised to find that to these guys (with a few exceptions like Lord Profumo who've already got it made) sex really runs second to their true love -- profits... The Newport Folk Festival -- July 26, 27, and 28 -- has over 100 performers listed, from all parts of the U.S. and representing every imaginable category of the "folksong world". It opens Friday afternoon with a panel on "Whither Folkmusic", which will get further treatment Sunday afternoon with a concurrent workshop on "Topical Songs and New Song Writers"... S. C.

BROADSIDE, P.O.Box 193, Cathedral Sta., New York 25, N.Y. A topical song publication with a twice-monthly goal. Sis Cunningham, Ed.; Gil Turner, Phil Ochs, Bob Dylan, Contr. Editors; Pete Seeger (advisory). Rates: 1-yr. (22 issues)..\$5. 5-issue trial..\$1.50.
