the ALGIERS MOTEL
(IT'S NOT A NICE STORY TO TELL)

Words & Music by MIKE MILLIUS
and DON THOMAS
© 1969 by Mike Millius & Don Thomas

CHORUS:
But it's not a nice story to tell, What
happened at the Algiers Motel, No it's not a nice

VERSE:
And the Oh, say can you see
people who decide on others' rights, Can you men who
take an-other's life, And lie right to your
face & pretend they have a stand, Then turn to go &

try to shake your hand. (Cho) Oh it's! (Cho) (*And the) people there know nothing while they

only know too well What happened at the Algiers Motel. (V.2) See the (But you) can't deny the

Continued on next page

NEW YORK TIMES,
APRIL 16, 1969

Among those arrested was Hubert James, field director for the National Welfare Rights Organization and the former director of the Citywide Coordinating Committee of Welfare Groups, one of the sponsors of the Central Park rally.
The rally began at 10:30 A.M. at the Central Park bandshell and the crowd reached a peak estimated at about 5,000 people three hours later.
The crowd's attitude toward the welfare system appeared to be summed up by a young folk singer, Mike Millius, who drew cheers as he sang that his relief check was "not enough to live on, and a little too much to die."
Algiers Motel. Oh no you cant deny the Algiers Motel. No no you cant deny the Algiers Motel.

Chorus:
But it's not a nice story to tell
What happened at the Algiers Motel
No it's not a nice story, etc.

1. Oh say can you see people
Who decide on others' rights
Can you see men who take another's life
And lie right to your face
And pretend they have a stand
Then turn to go & try to shake your hand.

(Repeat Chorus and add:)
* And the people there know nothing
While they only know too well
What happened at the Algiers Motel.

(Transcribed by A. Cunningham)

(Ed. Note: Mike Millius wrote this song after reading John Hersey's book THE ALGIERS MOTEL INCIDENT. It tells the story of how three young black men -- Aubrey Pollard, 19, Fred Temple, 18, and Carl Cooper, 17 -- were shotgunned to death in The Algiers Motel (now renamed The Desert Inn) near downtown Detroit during the 1967 riot in that city. Four policemen were indicted for murder when witnesses said that the police, infuriated when they found the youths with white prostitutes, savagely beat and then deliberately executed the three young men with shotgun blasts from only a few feet away. One of the policemen, Ronald J. August, recently was placed on trial for murdering Aubrey Pollard.)

ARE YOU BOMBING WITH ME JESUS?

Words & Music by SHURLI GRANT
© 1968 by Shurli Grant

CHORUS:
Are you bombing with me Jesus, On the side of Uncle Sam?
Are you bombing with me Jesus, Will you be there on my side?

VERSE 1:
Are you bombing with me Jesus, On the side of Uncle Sam?
Are you bombing with me Jesus, Will you be there on my side?

VERSE 2:
Are you bombing with me Jesus, On the side of Uncle Sam?
Are you bombing with me Jesus, Will you be there on my side?

VERSE 3:
Are you bombing with me Jesus, On the side of Uncle Sam?
Are you bombing with me Jesus, Will you be there on my side?

Verse 4:
Are you bombing with me Jesus, On the side of Uncle Sam?
Are you bombing with me Jesus, Will you be there on my side?

* For use in church services, play with gentler touch.

heard a lad in prayer, He prayed to Jesus up above to overcome his fear. Are you bombing with me....

2. A boy was in his death plane
Napalm flying high
His prayers were sent to heaven
As he rained Death from the sky.

CHO.

3. The pilot with the A-Bomb
In the plane Enola Gay
His hand upon the Rosary
As he bombed Japan that day.

CHO.

The FREDERICK DOUGLASS--MARTIN KING Library is being established in North Louisiana by Rev. F.D. Kirkpatrick to help preserve Black Heritage. Gifts of pertinent books are welcomed. Send to:

FREDERICK DOUGLASS--MARTIN KING Library, P.O. Box 687
Grambling, Louisiana 71245
SONG of the SIXTIES

Words & Music by ANDREW WILDE © 1968 Andrew Wilde Used by permission

Mrs. Brown Mrs. Brown, We've just destroyed a town, We've left it burning brightly in the night! Though your loving son has died, Look on the bright-er side, Our re-cords show our ca-sual-ties were light.

Hil-da James

Hil-da James, We have a list of names of those who fell de-fending God and right.

You'll nev-er see your Bill, but we took that foreign hill And our re-cords show our ca-sual-ties were light. Six died Sun-day morning, and when the sun was high, Eight-y six were shot between the eyes. One hun-dred nine-ty seven on Mon-day at e- leven Had earned their Woolworth Me-dals with their lives. So shed no tears for Abraham to-night. Just shed no tears for A-braham to night. - We're in a mortal scrim-mage For some pres-i-dental image And our re-cords show our ca-sual-ties were light.

2. Mr. Lane, Mr. Lane
There are nations to contain
As our Holy armies battle left and right
Though Frankie will be gone
Do not carry on
Dance a jig, for our casualties were light.

Ed Shapiro, Ed Shapiro
Your Herbie died a hero
But we defoliated everything in sight
By Jesus and Jehovah
You'll laugh when this is over
Because, you see, our casualties were light.

CHO:
Six died Sunday morning, and when the sun was high
Eighty-six were shot between the eyes
One hundred nine-ty seven on Monday at eleven
Had earned their Woolworth medals with their lives
So shed no tears for Ebenezer White
Shed no tears for Ebenezer White
Our Bulletins insist he never will be missed
Because, you see, our casualties are light.

35,000 GIs KILLED IN VIETNAM

10,000 GIs KILLED SINCE THE PEACE TALKS STARTED MAY 1968

BROADSIDE #98
**WHEN the MORNING COMES AGAIN**

Words & Music by PETER IRSAY

© 1969 by Peter Irsay

The fingers of the wind— are strummin' on the sun— And majestic sounds of music fill the sky— And tho you may not know me— I'll be here and then— I'll be gone— when the mornin' comes a-gain.

1. I've watched your eyes a-countin' the stars upon the sky
And if you fear I'll see you I come not to cause you pain
And I'll be on my way when the mornin' comes again.

2. Early in the mornin' I'll stand upon the sea
And gaze upon reflections runnin' wild
And if I chance to catch my own I'll sing its song again
And wait 'til the mornin' comes again.

3. I've watched your eyes a-countin' the stars upon the sky
And I've seen them close as I was passin' by
And if you fear I'll see you I come not to cause you pain
And I'll be on my way when the mornin' comes again.

4. I'm the song of all that's livin', I'm the song of all that's died
I can see you when you think you are alone
I can sing a song of love that will cease the poundin' rain
And I'll see you when the mornin' comes again.

5. I can speak the tongue of princes, I can speak the tongue of slaves
I can bring a child a dream for to embrace
I can span the universe with the thoughts inside my brain
And I'll be here 'til the mornin' comes again.

6. And now I must be gone for I mustn't lose the sky
The moon and stars and sun will be my guide
You offered me your love not even askin' for my name
So I'll be here when the mornin' comes again.

---

**I Shall Not Be Unmoved**

Words & Music By PETER IRSAY

© 1968 by Peter Irsay

I shall not be un-moved— I shall not be forced to crawl neath this earth— tho' cowardly words against me be used— I shall not re-main un-moved.

I will not heed the warmonger's tongue
I will not be shaken by his hate-pain words
By his forecast of enemies still yet unknown
By his torn flesh and his torrents of doom.

The smell of the air in the cities you breathe
Walk through this jungle of which we have made
Through fear and through hatred
Through swords and through kings.

I shall not invest in your capital games
So many unseen faces and unspoken names
Of unheard thoughts in an army of brains
Smothered in ashes and burning in pain.

I shall not remain unmoved
I shall not remain unspoken, as soon
I shall carry a candle and point to their eyes
I shall not condemn this seagull to die.

---

Linda Jean Fraine
TALKING AIR POLLUTION
By JACK FRANSKY and LANCE ARNOLD
I woke up one morning feeling like death
So I opened my window & took a deep breath
I fell to the floor and started to choke
My eyes full of tears, my lungs full of smoke
Chicken Little once said, "The sky is falling!" He knew something, baby.

So I cleaned the carbon from out of my nose
And brushed the soot from off of my clothes
Slammed down the window, went away mad
Fished as Hell 'cause the air was so bad.
A while ago we prayed for rain
Today we pray for air.

I called up the President and told him right plain
"Hey, listen, man, I don't like the new rain."
"Don't bother me about small stuff", he said with a groan
And I heard him coughing at the end of the phone
"Can't you see we're doing all we can do
We're painting the smokestacks red, white and blue"

That's patriotic smog.
It's ridiculous and I don't think it's right
That when you want a grey car you have to buy white
No wonder we're spending millions for space
The air down here is killing the race.
"Caution: Cigarette smoking may be hazardous to your health." What about breathing? Looks like we'll all have to wear TRUE Filters, (one in each nostril.)

Run to the country; run to the sea
There has to be air somewhere for me
I've got to get away -- got to get out
Life isn't worth living when breathing's in doubt.
Send New York City to Vietnam!
Dump some soot on all the southern bigots and integrate 'em. It's a gross national product... So why don't we export it.

When the blue sky is grey sky it's too much to bear
And when you have to go in to get out of the air
You sit in your room & look at the smog
And wonder what ever happened to good old fog.
There's no solution to air pollution
Oh well, seems life is just a pile of rat-race droppings anyways...but now even the rats are dying
Looks like we'll all have to hitchhike to the moon.
© 1968 by J. Pransky & L. Arnold

Authors' note: "The background of this song is that we were walking down First Ave. in N.Y. and we looked up and saw this terrible black smoke pouring out of these smokestacks that were painted red, white and blue."

* * * * * * * * *

The following verse was made up by Pete Seeger and added to the song, "Both Sides Now", words & music by Joni Mitchell. Pete has given all copyright to the publishers of the original song so as not to confuse things.

March 11, 1969
"Daughter, daughter, don't you know
You're not the first to feel just so.
But let me say before I go,
It's worth it anyway.

Someday we may all be surprised
We'll wake and open up our eyes.
And then we all will realize,
The whole world feels this way.

We've all been living upside down,
And turned around with love unfound.
Until we turn and face the sun,
Yes, all of us, everyone."

* * * * * * * * *

Editor's note: Our young song-writers often express their inter-relationship with Nature. Here is a little song written by the now sixty-year-old editor of Broadside:

She goes out and sniffs the spring flowers
Then she sits in the sun for hours.
She goes out and looks at the roses
Then she lays in the hammock and dozes.
She hopes that the readers will pardon
Her purely imaginary garden.

A.C.

* * * * * * * * *

CORRECTION-B'Side #97 - M. Millius' song,
"If Jesus Was Alive Today": Beginning with the first F chord on 2nd line of music, the song modulates into the key of G, and all Sharps become Naturals. Continues to the 1st D chord in 3rd line, then goes back to original key of A. Also, dotted half note at beginning of 3rd line should be a dotted quarter note. (Hey, we badly need a music proof-reader! Lost ours to the lure of California.)
WALL STREET'S BIGGEST BUST
(A Talking Blues)

I went one day to Wall Street
Did'nt know what I would see
But when I once did get there
I felt just like a flea
This great crowd had gathered
I thought someone had jumped
But they had all come to see
Miss Gottfried's celebrated
bumps.

I looked around to find her
And met this guy
Who said
That he was Richard Nixon
I thought he'd lost his head
He talked of law and order
And leaders bold and new
I told him that was fine with me
But where does that leave you?

Just then I thought I saw her
And all her many charms
But two policemen came along
And grabbed me by the arms
They told me that white tigers
Could eat black panther cats
& they were wearing Wallace
buttons
Proudly on their hats.

They threw me down the subway
steps
But there to stop my fall
Was buxom Francine Gottfried
And I didn't mind at all
I thanked her but those cops
came back
And took her right upstairs
Just as the crowd had gone amuck
And swallowed her in cheers.

& then old Hubert Humphrey
Came upon the scene
He said he wished he got the
cheers
They gave to Miss Francine
I told him go on tour with her
Your wife could stay away
He said she would understand
But what about Ell Bee Jay?

'Tween Richard, George & Hubert
They say we had to choose
But I couldn't say which ticket
Had the biggest boobs
But boobs are where it's at today

Just count the money spent
I wish that Francine Gottfried
Had run for President.

(Copyright 1968 by ALVIN WARNAS)

(Ed.Note: Miss Gottfried's ample
dimensions caused 10,000 Wall St.
wheeler-dealers to abandon their
ticker machines last fall and pour
into the streets for a view. Six
automobiles were crushed as these
national financial leaders clambered
onto cartops for a glimpse of
Miss Francine).

* * * * * * * *
A TRAMP ON THE STREET
REVISITED

I used to drink whiskey, I used to
drink wine
I'd smoke marijuana, Most all of
the time.
And then I saw Leary & Letvin
debate. Now no more of that bull-
shit, Will I ever take.

(Chorus): Don't smoke marijuana,
Don't drop LSD
Don't mess with your minds, boys,
Or you'll end up like me,
My pockets are empty, Not a friend
can I keep, And I know that I'll
die, Like a tramp in the street.

Remember Mick Jagger, He got 90
days, He'd better learn his lesson,
That crime never pays.
Like Bob Dylan said, boys, 'When you
ain't got no direction home,
And who wants to end up,
Like a rolling stone. (Cho.)

My story ain't over, But the moral
is clear, Don't turn on your mind,
Your future's too dear.
You can't solve equations, When
you're up on speed, And don't touch
marijuana, It's a dangerous weed.
(Chorus)

(Copyright 1968 by ALVIN WARNAS)

* * * * * * * *
(Ed.Note: Alvin Warnas wrote this
song after hearing Boston's noted
Dr. Letvin put down Dr. Timothy
Leary in a T-V debate).
(Author's Note) I composed this song about my current situation as a young Yankee who went to Canada. It is the situation of some 20,000 young Americans. I find it strangely neglected in the U.S. publications I can get ahold of here. I am 23, a graduate of a prestigious U.S. University. In Canada I am a social worker for a provincial hospital. I found, as many other exiles have, that the conditions here are not much better than they were in the States. The N.D.P. -- the New Democratic Party -- is the only left wing party, outside of the Communists, in Canada. (K.C., Ontario).

Talking to a friend of mine, said he was having a great old time, Said Canada is the place to be, All that snow and ice for me, love 56 below zero weather, Frostbite and all that.

So I thought about the words he said, Looked like a choice between being alive and dead. And the letter my Draft Board sent made my decision for me. So north I went. However it was summer time when I left.

Talkin' to the immigration man, he said why did you come to this fine land. I said I couldn't stand that place down there, Riots and war are everywhere. He said he didn't blame me, so he let me in.

Getting a job was giving me a fit, Seems nobody wants an immigrant. I walked and walked till my feet were sore, I knocked on just about every door. 'Till I found out most everything in Canada was owned by that other country -- I'm not mentioning any names.

But now I find up here I'm free, I've ven joined the N.D.P. Grateful to everyone for accepting me. Even the R.C.M.P. -- Yankee Draft-Dodger. Dirty hippie Communist.

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THE BEERS FAMILY 1969 FOX HOLLOW FESTIVAL is set for Aug. 7-8-9-10.


THE 1969 NEUPORT FOLK FESTIVAL -- July 16 thru 20 will have Johnny Cash, Len Chandler, Jack Elliot, Joni Mitchell, Arlo Guthrie, Pete Seeger, Billy 'Edd' Wheeler, Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee, Muddy Waters, New Lost City Ramblers, etc. For info & ticket order forms write Newport Festivals, P.O. Box 329, Newport, R.I., 02840.

"This is an invitation to a FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL Aug. 17 in York, Pennsylvania. In Farquhar Park (Kevanis Lake), Newberry St. Any and all are welcome. Folk, Blues, Folk Rock, Minstrel, Bluegrass. A beautiful performing area and good sound system. For further info write to Rich Sara, 478 W. Market St., York, Penna."

One of the more imaginative institutions of its kind is BOB GAND'S VILLAGE SCHOOL OF FOLK MUSIC, 665 Timber Hill, Deerfield, Illinois. In his workshops Bob sometimes demonstrates unusual folk instruments like the Appalachian dulcimer, the fretless banjo, and the Arkansaw pickin' bow. He says, "Folk music instruments have been developed based on natural materials at hand and the performer's need to express his own musical ideas."
A Hundred Million Miles
Of Table
Words & Music by RIC MASTEN
© 1968 Mastenville Music

He sat down at my table, poured me out a drink of guilt

Laughed his golden laughter as he watched the lily wilt; Said:

"Baby, don't look now but there's a black man in this chair, And it's a hundred million miles across the table that we share."

He sat inside a shadow lookin out through yellow eyes
And the crown of thorns I'm wearin become a string of lies
He struck me with his kisses when I told him that I care
And it's a hundred million miles across the table that we share.

I held my hand out to him, and God it looked so pale
But I wanted him to notice where the soldiers drove the nails
He filled the room with laughter, not a drop of blood was there
And it's a hundred million miles across the table that we share.

He says, "I ain't a cripple, I ain't an armless man
And I don't trust no Whitey, with such a bushy-tailed hand
Man, I bet you'd hug the Devil if he put on kinky hair
And it's a hundred million miles across the table that we share."

I told him I was sorry, and he burned me with a grin
Said: "It's time to see the pink snake struggle with his skin."
How I cursed that faceless army that had come to put us there
With a hundred million miles across the table that we share
A hundred million miles across the table that we share.

A black bird and a white bird and a hundred million miles
Now, Liberal, here's a riddle to wrestle for awhile
Time to open up the cupboard and pray it isn't bare
'Cause it's a hundred million miles across the table that we share
A hundred million miles across the table that we share.

(Ed. Note: Of this song, RIC MASTEN says: "The evening the black gentleman tried to pick up my wife, and failing that, tried to pick me up and I didn't put him down because I didn't want him to think I was prejudiced, is recorded in A HUNDRED MILES OF TABLE."

RIC is a native born Californian, and makes his home in the Big Sur country where, with his wife, Billie, and four children, he raises vegetables and goats and fights the commercializers trying to despoil the beautiful landscape for "a fistful of dollars" (see B'Side #86). After dropping out of five colleges, the most prominent of which was Pomona, he began a ten year stint as a Hollywood rock and roll and country-western songwriter. He has written for Columbia Records, and was a contract writer for Warner Bros. for two years. Some sixty of his songs were published and released on records during this period.

In 1963 he dropped out again, this time from Hollywood -- he felt the rat race was destroying him as a human being and no amount of $$$ was worth it. (See B'Side #71). (It is a commentary on something or other that RIC threw away what so many of today's young songwriter-performers are struggling for). In the Big Sur, he made a living for his growing family as a day laborer in nearby Monterey, digging ditches and hauling garbage. He began writing songs again, at night, this time not for the market but to explore himself; "I wrote them to get my own head straight," he says. In 1965 he sang some of them for a Unitarian church gathering, The Unitarians liked them so well that Ric was invited to sing up and down the West Coast, and last summer at the church's General Assembly in Boston. Then he was chosen to be the Unitarians' BILLINGS LECTURER to present his "Sermons In Song" at more than 100 colleges all over the U.S. (Margaret Mead had held the previous Billings grant). Ric's season has been so successful the Unitarians have re-signed him for the coming year. G.F.)

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BROADSIDE #98

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Pioneer record sales, inc.
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Distributors Of: ASCH, BROADSIDE, RBF Records
(Adv.)
Some gather round people & hear my story. How a handful of students set Columbia free.

'Twas the thirtieth of April Nineteen sixty eight.

The trustees decided to build a new gym
With a little back door leading out into Harlem
The students decided that this wasn't right
So started the battle of Morningside Heights

Two hundred went marching along College Walk
And not too soon after freed Hamilton Hall
And on the next day came more liberty
The next one to go was the Low Library

Avery and Feyerweather next came those two
And soon the Math building was liberated too
"We'll stay here all day and all night if we must
The trustees are the ones that we do not trust"

Then up stepped the leader, one Mark Rudd by name
Said, "President Kirk, we won't play your game
You must cut your connection with IIA
We don't want to be educated for the CIA"

Mayor Lindsey, Chief Leary got a little uptight
"It seems like these students just want a good fight
If that's what they want, we'll gladly oblige
They've locked themselves in, now it's their suicide"

The cops came next morning, bout 800 strong
To New York's finest the students were wrong
They beat them and kicked them and threw them down stairs
And dragged them to jail by the legs or the hair

The next day Kirk said "Now it's over and done
The students have lost and we've once again won"
But the students they answered "Kirk, don't you fear
If you pull the same tricks we'll be back next year"

(Author's Note: "Dear Sir -- I got to thinking about how the old folk songs chronicle an event by simply telling the story of it, beginning with something like 'Come gather 'round me...' I thought that, for future students, the best way to tell them about Columbia was by a story song. So here is what I wrote.

THE BATTLE OF MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS
By Rich Wagner © 1968 Rich Wagner

Quotations

Thomas J. Watson, chairman of International Business Machines to an advertising conference in Brighton, England: "If we flaunt our wealth in the eyes of the people in the southern and eastern countries of the world we will drive them to despair, frenzy or revolution such as the world has never seen before." (Oh, come now, Tom, "If you've got it, flaunt it." You can always "take Salem out of the country butt").

Potent Prophecies: "The streets of our country are in turmoil. The universities are filled with students rebelling and rioting. Communists are seeking to destroy our country. Russia is threatening us with her might. And the republic is in danger. Yes, danger from within and without. We need law and order. Yes, without law and order our nation cannot survive. We shall restore law and order." --Adolf Hitler, Hamburg, Germany, 1932.

(FROM THE GUARDIAN, MAY 17, 1969. Spiro Goebbles was running for vice-president in that campaign).

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