A Dollar An Hour

Words & Music by RON TURNER  Copyright © 1972 RON TURNER

I pick out the cotton, dig ditches
for the lines
Work sun to sun to survive
My life is lived on other men's land
Where in this am I to find my pride?

For a dollar an hour, for a dollar an hour
I am called a wet-back to my face
My earnings are little and my savings are less
For this I am called a disgrace.

I have no union, I have no legal deeds
I'm protected by no government power
If I complain about conditions I'll be woken in the night
And dragged off by a hand on my collar.

My dying day will come, in a pauper's grave
I'll be
It's a grave without headstone or flowers
For who could afford such luxuries
Who could squander on a dollar an hour?

For a dollar an hour, for a dollar an hour
Enough to barely survive
It is not to myself but to unwritten laws
That I find I am made to abide.

I went to the boss, said "My brother needs a job"
He needs some work real bad
He's been out a searching for many a day
Worse luck my brother never has had."

Boss says, "He works for me, and he's gonna work real hard,
I don't want to hear complaints or a holler;
He's here like you, and you're against the law
He'll be gettin' fifty cents an hour."

The skeleton at the plough
KATY

Words and Music by RON TURNER
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Some said that I was brave, others I'm a fool, For leaving home so young when I ought to be in school, But down to the tracks I rode where the Katy runs at nine, And waited in the river bed underneath the Katy line.

(2) In the dreams & a gunny sack,

CHO: Oh the Katy she's a lady who's treated me just fine, I'm a waiting for the day when she'll carry me down her line, There's no better, don't sweat her, rolls like the tide a coming in,

In the east, out to the west, she's treated me just like the best.

2. In the slash pines there were hoboes cookin' up their food
In the depot was the brakeman lightin' up his stooge
The yardman was so ploughed he couldn't walk the tracks
And I caught that train a-runnin' with my dreams and a gunny sack

CHO.

3. I was on the train that carried gold from Denver to Kentucky
I've been on the cars where the steel slabs are straight to New York City
I've slept with cattle and dined with ladies who filled me full of gin
When they mistook my pin for a diamond and thought me a gamblin man.

4. In the Black Hills of Dakota sun was sinkin low
On the green banks of the Missouri trees were lettin go
In the blue grass of Kentucky six white horses raced the train
And I heard ship bells a clangin on the grey grey coast of Maine.

CHO.

5. Many a time I've rode that line from K.C. to San Antone
I'm sixty-one and have just begun the last journey to my home
I'll be the first to admit that hoppin freight is lots of fun
But once you let it in your blood your ramblin days begun.

CHO.

(Cont. from page one)

Every day I look around and I see men scratching dirt
Just trying to earn a dime, In the land of plenty there are plenty of poor
And the numbers are growing all the time.
For a dollar an hour, for a dollar an hour, It is all for my work I am paid.
I work for the rich and I live with the poor, When was it I became enslaved.

Boycott Lettuce.

ICEBERG LETTUCE

"The Skeleton at the Plow" is from a one-hundred-year-old British song as published in THE PAINFUL PLOW (Cambridge University Press, 1973). An excerpt from the foreword to the song shows how little times have changed:

Those who owned and held the land believed that the land belonged to the rich man only, that the poor man had no part nor lot in it, and had no sort of claim on society. They thought that when a labourer could no longer work, he had lost the right to live. Work was all they wanted from him.

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(Advt.)
JUST THE WAR  by LARRY ESTRIDGE  © 1972 Larry Estridge

Let there be no mistake about it
let there be no mistake at all
Though many hardy nations nations have risen
then also fall
You know some have tried to drag down the
whole world in their death throes
None may try as hard as an unchanging America
And none may come as close as America

Just look at that little girl
she is running down the road
She is screaming for her life
and she is tearing off her clothes
Her back it is melting like an ice cream cone
Just some napalm bombs they
went a little wrong
went a little wrong

CHORUS:
But it's just the war
and it's just the war
We've all heard about such things before
It's just the war
and it's just the war
We've all seen such things before

Well I didn't grow on any farm
but I love the land
I've even scraped and worked to grow
a few things here and there
But I know about our policies in Vietnam
Where destroying the soil is but
one part of the plan
one part of the plan

CHORUS:
We've made a land
where things just will not grow
We've made a land
where babies are born each day deformed
Well I know we've been told
we have to stop those communist beasts
And that the ending is always
just out of reach
just out of reach

CHORUS:
We've all seen magazines
movies and picture books
We are familiar with those tortured
Asian looks
But I've got to admit it still gets me
a little bit shook
To hear my countrymen bragging about
killing gooks
just killing gooks

But it's just the war
and it's just the war
We've all heard about such things before
It's just the war
and it's just the war
So much easier said when it's
ten thousand miles from your shore

(Repeat first verse)

WE WHO  by LARRY ESTRIDGE  © 1972 Larry Estridge

CHORUS:
We who are the spirits of the revolution
we will not fit in
and we will not give in
We who are the spirits of the revolution
we will not fit in
and we will not give in

We who are coming to understand
more of the horrors
we will not fit in
and we will not give in
We who are indelibly bourgeois and refuse to
be so are increasingly aware
We who are unleashing powers
move toward life
We who experience tragedy
in the unending cycles of destruction
We who gamble with our lives

CHORUS
We who believe in the flowering of freedom
we will not fit in
and we will not give in
We who are thirsty for greater knowledge
We who walk the night
this side of desperation
We who are thirsty and looking for
better ways to proceed
We who tremble then proceed

CHORUS:
We who are wise enough to continue learning
we will not fit in
and we will not give in
We who find brothers and sisters in the
struggling peoples of this earth
We who are coming to understand
more of the mysteries
We who are coming to see more of the reality
We who have met the beast within ourselves

CHORUS:
We who are able to go beyond our anger
we will not fit in
and we will not give in
We who are able to go beyond our awe
We who are not content to admit despair
We who care, we who burn, we who struggle
with the knowledge that the path is long

CHORUS
We whose radiance is a wonder in life
we will not fit in
and we will not give in
We whose anger cannot be conquered
We whose love cannot be bound
We who are singers of the new morning
We whose tears have freely flowed

CHORUS
We who have come to understand
something of the horrors
we will not fit in
(Repeat rest of first verse)

CHORUS (repeat last 2 lines)
**BIG BILL**

*Words and Music by JUDY & DANNY ROSE-REDWOOD*

© 1972 by Judy & Danny Rose-Redwood

Here's to Big Bill Haywood here's to a mining man here's to those who gave their lives as this century began the history books won't tell you they don't want you to know there was hell in the Rockies, a thousand feet below.

2. Big Bill was 6-foot-2, and he weighed 255 Wheeling rock in a mining shaft where a man is half alive And when they formed the Union Bill was on the line Traveling thru the Western states going from mine to mine.

3. Wall Street owned Colorado, Rockefeller and all Didn't give a damn on who the chips did fall The miners had to struggle against big money and guns But if anyone could hold their ground the miners were the ones.

4. Big Bill had a mangled hand, and only one good eye But when a poem moved him, you know the man could cry And when the miners heard him, they knew he spoke for them Any time you're feeling low just remember Bill again.

(Repeat first verse)

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**La Lucha Continuara (The Struggle Goes On)** © 1972 by Judy & Danny Rose-Redwood

They called her Morning Glory She was eight years old and strong She died in the early Florida morning

Some lives are real but aren't long CHO: And it's Huelga, Huelga, Huelga

CHO: And it's Huelga, Huelga, Huelga

Now the man who owns the canefields in Belle Glade Same man he owns the sugar mill

She was my sister And a sister of the Black Eagle too And now the fieldworkers who used to be forgotten Have a union that's for the many, not just the few.

The struggle goes on and on (2x)

While most of us were sleeping Her day had already begun Talking to the workers Working with the strikers Waiting for the rising of the sun

(Notes on above songs, BIG BILL - in memory of the fighting spirit of Big Bill Haywood, an organizer for the Western Federation of Miners in the early part of this century. The Wobbles live on! La Lucha Continuara (The Struggle Goes On) - another memorial, this one for Nan Freeman, whose friends called her "Morning Glory" for the joy she brought to others. She was killed accidentally by a truck while on a picket line in Belle Glade, Florida in Jan. '72. During a sugar strike at the Talisman Sugar Co., Nan was on the picket line at 3:30 AM, talking to the truck drivers who were delivering sugar from the field to the plant. - D & J.) ED. NOTE: For a beautiful recording of the latter song - plus 3 others (see B' side #120) send $1.35 to TALLER (GRAF- ICO), United Farm Workers, PO Box 62, Keene, CA 93531. All proceeds to UFW.

*BROADSIDE - Dear Folks: We think of you often and it's past time to say hello again. It's springtime here, blossoms on so many trees. There's a kind of magnolia with thick, orchid-like petals on its blossoms, that is just incredible.

BROADSIDE #121
NEW RELEASES - SPRING 1973

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INITIATION 
OR A HUICHOL RITUAL 
(For Ramon Medina Silva, Huichol 
Artist and Mara 'akámé)

Blindfolded 
in the sacred peyote desert 
the water is poured over the head 
walking so many miles 
to meet peyote pilgrims 
O Watakame (clearer of the brush) 
help us to see the arrow 
with feathers and the 
number five 
help us to see the deer 
that will take us into 
the sacred mundane world

Let me chew datora now 
I will not vomit like greedy 
gringos who eat too much 
and enter into the tomb 
of the dead 
It is strong and bitter 
and I see beautiful flowers 
but when one has enough 
one leaves 
Why take all? 
if you do elder brother 
will withdraw all his 
flowers his flesh 
I must stay up all night 
to find my life 
I greet you the North/ 
South/above and down below/ 
I have eaten the foam of 
the sea/ no one can sing 
Louder than me 
Great Elder Brother Walak 'tari 
says "follow the direction of 
the deer's horns, his tracks 
and you will find peyote 
and maize."

And peyote is a 
five pointed deer shot 
with four arrows 
(I cut with care the 
flesh from the roots)

And the Mara 'akámé says 
"eat your flesh, your body 
my brother, then you will 
rise again. Eat it, it is 
your life, in this way you 
will live and live."

And I'm singing that 
"I've eaten the foam and 
flowers and waves of the sea, 
who knows better how to 
play music, think, make 
designs of yarn, it is I."

The Mara 'akámé and I are 
both crying as we depart from 
each other

HABIB TIWONI 
San Luis Potosi, Mexico

(Even: The above poem will be in Tiwoni's 
next book of poetry "What Time Is The Sun").

EVEN IF THE SEA CHAFES 
(For Brother Dudley Archer)

Ship sail, ship sail 
how many men on deck? 
(A Caribbean Children's game)

Don't turn 
your back on her 
promise me 
you'll return to the sea 
(most vibrant woman of all) 
at the apex 

of this chantey 
she waits 
for 
seaman you, seaman I 
...gifted from birth with 
sun skin 
salt skin 
we've both studied the tapestry 
of the sea that rocks on 
white legs 
of sand...
(The swaying of her swollen stomach 
as she tosses back her seaweed hair) 
Concerto waves of her voice thundering 
(come to sea 
come to stare 
into the blue eyes of the sea) 
...forget lan' brudder man 
Ah sea wife waits 
fo' yew an' me

HABIB TIWONI 
New York
out in america

By RON TURNER © 1972 by Ron Turner

harvest time all around
the cotton country
from the hobo jungle
at the railroad's curve
i could see a green tractor
drivin slow thru the brown fields
tickin off the cotton bolls
spittin em thru a long green chute
into the screen wagon behind when
the train stopped
i clumb up onto a freight car
hid beneath the rubber tires
of the trailer on top
nobody knew what i was doing
except me

in san antone near the
freight yards
the barber stood by the
front door of his shop
and tole me the true
story of the fight between
mexicans and texans
nobody believed it except me

for one dollar
the sign said
see hank williams' cadillac
sunday afternoon cowboys
reached for their beer money
everyone headed inside except me

vicksburg highway has
long lonesome curves
the beams of auto headlights
swept around the guardrails
and shone in my face
if i died there
no one would know except me

hot streets of houston
shoppers ran from door
to door
the blind saxaphone player
raised his silver horn to
his lips and
blew for the street
nobody followed him except me

fourteen years old and pregnant
the gravedigger's wife
had never been
out of town
her dreams were
blonde and beautiful
nobody listened to her voice except me

rain fell for seven minutes
on the red clay of georgia
mist rose among the peach trees
as i walked thru the scrub
playing my harmonica
nobody heard it except me


FOR SIX LONG YEARS I'VE RAMBLED
THIS COUNTRY SO WIDE
OVER HILLS AND MOUNTAINS
CROSS PRAIRIES AND PLAINS
MANY PLACES AND PEOPLE
I'VE MET AND I'VE TOUCHED
NOW I STOP TO BehOLD THE TIMES
I'VE GRASPED IN MY CLUTCH

the battle fields of virginia
are surrounded by crosstie fences
stone bridge over bull run
soldiers died
their blood ran down the poles and bricks
nobody saw it except me

in the hills of tennessee
four farmers
drank beer and asked me if i was
a hippie
on my guitar i played mountain tunes
all young people were hippies except me

on seventh and d
near the d.c. slums
in thick glasses and overcoat
an old negro played her
guitar in winter
and nobody put their last dollar
into her cup
nobody except me

lovers of the lord sang hymns
on the mansion floor in the
hollywood hills
five girls and six boys
the preacher and his wife
everyone had a revelation except me

for a poet they held a banquet
if he had been alive
i dont think he would have come
and everyone was let into the library
except me

too dark and too few cars to get a ride
in the grass between two knoxville highways
i walked to a tree
and there i lay down in the cold night
nobody slept there except me

in the lobby of the peabody hotel
the delta ends
and the queen of beale street
sat on a folding chair
with her hand in the air
she didn't advise anybody to
 go down
except me

in a neva laredo whorehouse
a one legged desert rat
opened his overcoat
battery box round his waist
two electrodes in hand
how long can you take the juice
nobody had a quarter except me

UP ON THE TRESTLE
THE ENGINES DO ROAR
AND SHAKE DOWN THE SNOW
AT WINTER'S STEEL DOOR
AND THE COLD LONESOME HIGHWAY
WELCOMES IT'S OLD FRIEND
AS IT WINDS EVER OUTWARD
OVER ME WHICH TO SEND

the salvation army
is open
in greeneville mississippi
cold beans coffee and bread
for supper
everyone ate it except me

(cont'd on next page)
FASCINATED BY FIRE
we ate our last supper
on la playa de Mazatlan
to the sound of the restless sea
our candle
dripping hot tears
cried
in the arms of a white wine bottle
one foot away
a green-wine bottle embraced a white candle
as it dropped it's last tear
whistled our last good-bye
as my love and I departed
illicit reading, and writers darkly
those whom continues
a few weeks' ago South African censors
publishers ready to risk publishing
"fjelp" awaiting the censors' new ways of
now and then, of new black

"Oh no's" bearing
written in the cafeteria
Facultad de Filosofia y Letras, en
Universidad Nacional Autonoma
de Mexico)
"Dame un veinte?"

Look at her
this girl with the
malnourished skin
and the
fly-catchling mouth
(a beggar from birth)
as she moves
from table to table
chained in the cheapest
of rubber shoes
to the gleeful
"Oh no's" of the middle class
how many times a day
night
has her lips uttered the words
"dame un veinte?"

H. Tiwoni
8/5/71
Mexico City
(written in the cafeteria
Facultad de Filosofia y Letras, en
Universidad Nacional Autonoma
de Mexico)

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1972

JOHANNESBURG, South Africa--A few weeks ago South African censors banned a T-shirt bearing the legend, "Help Cure Virginity."

At the same time as T-shirts are being banned, Faulkner is no longer illicit reading, and writers darkly await the censors' new ways of dealing with their work, the quiet phenomenon of new black poets—and publishers ready to risk publishing them—continues in Johannesburg.

Why this upsurge of poetry under censorship?

It began last year with the publication of Oswald Mtshali's "Sounds of A Cowhide Drum," also published in New York. Fourteen thousand copies were sold in South Africa; a wide readership for any poet, anywhere.

(Mtshali's poetry first appeared in the US in BROADSIDE #105 -- Feb-Mar., 1970)

Malvina Reynolds

Malvina is pleased to report that she now has a supply of both her recent albums, "Malvina Reynolds" on Century City, and "Malvina" on Cass-andra. If you can't get them elsewhere, send $4.75 each (this includes postage and handling) to Schroder Music, 2027 Parker st., Berkeley, Calif. 94704.

Malvina Reynolds

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