

## *Mon Haïti*

*Adieu ma chérie*

*trésor de ma vie...*

*par*

*Victor René Sadot*

●  
songs

poetry ● articles

## Editor's Notes

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So much has happened in the last few weeks, it's amazing. Haiti, the Philippines, the Challenger—and now the Swedish Prime Minister, Olaf Palme has been assassinated! There's certainly no way of knowing what might be next, but we are trying to anticipate some possibilities with upcoming issues of BROADSIDE. In a year that has had the least strikes—with the fewest workers—in the 39 years that the labor department has kept track, the Hormel strike is in the forefront of the news. It has been most frequently mentioned that the workers were striking over a slight pay give-back, overlooking the real issues of job security, working conditions and, of course, the broad issue of concessions. In May, BROADSIDE will bring together songs from the Hormel strike and other recent labor struggles, including an organizing drive in which BROADSIDE reader Larry Moore was involved, in the clerical section of a shipping company in Long Beach, California. (One of his songs, "Rockin' At the Office," is in this issue.)

On Friday, March 21, there will be a Phil Ochs tribute concert at the Postcrypt Cafe at Columbia University. All of the events of the recent few months would've been great material for Phil. Years ago BROADSIDE published his song "Celia," which refers to the Philippines, and one can only speculate what he would have written about Marcos now. A good friend of Phil's, Vic Sadot will be at the concert along with BROADSIDE's founder, Sis Cunningham. Vic has written a lovely song about Haiti, included in this issue. It seems that a lot of things in the world of topical songs and political events bring me back to thinking about Phil. Though I never saw him perform, his influence has been so great. With all of these events around us and the meaning of it all ever so elusive, it would do you well to go to this night of music by Phil and see what he might have said about it all. The Postcrypt is in the basement of the church on Columbia campus and admission is free.

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# Mon Haïti

(My Haïti) *Musique et paroles par Victor René Sadot*  
*Music and words by Victor René Sadot*

**G** **EM**

A- dieu me cher- ie  
*Goodbye my Love* tre-  
 sor de ma vie  
*source of my life*

Il me fait triste, mais tant  
*me makes me sad but too bad*

**G** **EM**

A- dieu mes vieux  
*Jane will old friends* Les vis-  
 ges et tes yeux  
*and eyes your face*

**Bm**

Res- tent dans mon coeur et esprit  
*will stay in my heart and my mind* mais  
 je re- tourne- rai mon Haï- ti  
*I'll come back to you, my Haïti* oui  
 je re- gagne- rai mon pays  
*I'll win you back my country*

Land of mine, my poor ol' papa  
 My poor but pretty homeland  
 So long I say to family and friends  
 Flowers of my paradise island  
 But I'll come back to you, my Haïti  
 Yes, I'll win you back, my country

Nothing to eat, Despair and defeat.  
 No job here can I find  
 No Liberty for workers like me  
 All who speak out their minds  
 But I'll come back to you, my Haïti  
 Yes, I'll win you back, my country

Across the sea of bitter tears  
 Each one vows to return  
 So many die when the waves hit so high  
 Never to see him again  
 But we'll come back to you, my Haïti  
 Yes, we'll win you back, our country

## Demonstrate!

There will be a demonstration in Washington DC on March 29 to protest the Duvalier - appointed transition government. Buses leave NYC at 6:00 AM, rt \$20. For more info call 718 434-3940.

Du terre de mass, mon peuvre vieux papa  
 Mon peuvre mais juli pays  
 Au revoir je dis aux familles et amis  
 Les fleurs de mon bel paradis  
 Mais je retournerai, mon Haïti  
 Oui, je régagnerai mon pays

**Musique instrumentale**

Rien à manger, pas d'esperance  
 Pas de travail est ici  
 Ni de liberté pour les ouvriers  
 Tous qui disent leurs avis  
 Mais je retournerai, mon Haïti  
 Oui, je régagnerai mon pays

Au travers la mer des larmes amères  
 "Je retournerai", chacun dit  
 Beaucoup sont perdus quand les vagues  
 font les coups  
 Jamais revoir leur patrie  
 Mais nous retournerons, mon Haïti  
 Oui, nous régagnerons notre pays

**Musique instrumentale à la fin.**

Copyright April 12, 1983  
 Victor René Sadot

# A young man in the Philippines says, "If they really want change, why don't they quit fooling around and just blow up Malacanang Palace?"

Malacanang Palace is the place also called "The Snake Pit" by the locals. It's where Marcos and friends reside. This quote comes from a recent article in the New York Times Magazine by Seth Mydans and it turns out that the most interesting part of the article is the quotes. He studied one middle class family and was attempting to show how the impending elections were having an effect on them. (The first quote in this article is from the youngest son of the family, twenty-three, who's a musician and that's what this article has to do with music, in case you were wondering.) But I'll get back to that. Mydans quoted each of their offspring and used their words to portray the situation. The thirty-year-old son who used to be a radical but is now into banking and "building capital" said, "I like to stay away from politics." The twenty-eight-year-old daughter says, "It's just another sham election." The twenty-four-year-old daughter says a lot in the article but it suffices to say here that she went to Colby College in the U.S. and is now in the Philippines and into guerilla political theater. Butch, the young son, is the musician of the family. He is in a rock and roll band called Modern Times and plays a lot of late nights in bars. But he does write protest songs which he plays mostly for his family. The one short paragraph describing the songs is like entering a time warp and here it is:

Butch, strumming a guitar, sang a song about blood, tears and shootings of children, and another that contained the line, "For the government's gone mad."

Classic bit, huh? (Sounds like someone describing Phil Ochs in the sixties.) There's no arguing it, protest music is getting a lot of good press these days (even in the New York Times). Bob Geldof has brought musicians concern for the world to the media and every other sector of the national music market except polka orchestrators has brought out a famine relief record. Any time you turned on your radio in the last two years you heard a working-class millionaire from South Jersey singing in a very bitter tone about the shame of unemployment in his hometown, or about the pathology of the Vietnam veteran. There's also the side-kick of this working-class rich guy "rapping" with thirty or so of his friends about the crime of apartheid and their collective stand on the issue. So much publicity for protest songs and so many being written and played on the radio. What is going on here?



By Jeff Ritter

Well, it looks like Seth Mydans had to put the bit about the young protest singer in the article because protest music has hit hipness once again. But before you go sit at the typewriter and start pounding out your own dirge against world-wide crimes, notice one thing. It seems that the subjects getting all this attention are of a special sort. The things that are being protested are being allowed to be protested. Vietnam is already well-known as our nation's blunder and the veterans among the many victims of that war and the overt racism of apartheid cannot be publicly condoned in this country even though it is commercially and economically condoned by the business sector. Hunger in Africa is even easier to be against.

Phil Ochs wrote at one time, "What's that I hear now, ringing in my ears? I've heard that sound before. It's the sound of freedom calling...." This song of his, "What's That I Hear?," still strikes me in a way no other song has and I'm not sure why. There's something about that song that I don't find in songs these days. Bruce Cockburn, a long well-known Canadian guitarist and writer came out with an album called "Stealing Fire" that was based on his trip to Central America and it had some of the best songs in years on it but they were different from Phil Ochs' songs. He sang, "If I had a rocket launcher, some son of a bitch would die." And he meant it too, I'm sure. But what happened to the hope that was in Phil Ochs' songs and the patriotism? Yes, there was patriotism in Phil Ochs' songs. "The Power and The Glory" had patriotism even in the line, "But she's only as rich as the poorest of the poor, only as free as the padlocked prison door." The most interesting analysis comes from John Trudell, the Native American activist, from a speech he made at the Black Hills International Survival Gathering in 1980, and I would like to quote some of that oratory.

"We will not get liberation if we do not seriously analyze the experience of our lifetimes. The enemy has studied. They understand what we were up to in the Sixties.... They have studied us.

"We have to understand the implications of slavery, and America is a slave state. All of you who grew up and left home, immediately you went into debt. There went your independence. Slavery is slavery. Whether you are indentured servants or in debt or in chains, slavery is slavery.

"They don't need you any more because they've got the entire world market with millions and millions of potential consumers. They are going to start to pull back the lies they dangled in front of your faces. They are going to start slapping you in the face with reality — the reality that there is no political freedom in America. The reality that there is no religious freedom in America. You are going to have to deal with that and stop making excuses for America."

Albeit a fairly radical viewpoint, but it's pretty close to how a lot of people seem to be feeling today. Songs these days are pointing out the total insanity and hopelessness of the world, not the crimes of one or two people. The statements at the beginning of this piece may serve to illustrate the point I'm finally getting to. The young son says that nothing will get done and they might as well blow up the palace and perhaps he's right. You'll notice that the older children are more concerned for their own well-being, both financially and mentally. The protest songs are doing nothing today because they are mostly about the topics that are already acceptable and only serving to bolster the resources and spirits of those who are already aware. Grand action is going to have to be taken if anything is to get changed. Certainly there have been changes in our world for the better and they have come about slowly. "For the government's gone mad" sums up the whole thing except it leaves out the part that it isn't just the government, it's the society.

Still, the protest song movement plods on. Maybe having all those people singing on the radio, "I ain't gonna play Sun City" makes more and more people aware. The key line, "Separating of families I just can't understand" probably hits a lot of hearts and there's no faulting the

continued page 5

*Dmin* *C* *Dmin* *C* *Dmin*

Remember Pearl Har - bor bumper stick - ers say Toy - ota and Datsun and  
 Honda are takin' your jobs a - way He re - member that when you buy your  
 Japanese car the Big 3 and the union said But who will re - mem - ber  
 Vin - cent Chin and the rea - son why he's dead No it's not fair said Vincent  
 Chin as he lay there a - dy Amin in no it's not fair the peo - ple Amin  
 said as they stood there a - cryin' for jus - tice and Vin - cent Chin

Remember Pearl Harbor  
 The bumper stickers say  
 'Cause Toyota, Datsun and Honda  
 Have taken your jobs away.

Remember that when you buy your Japanese car  
 The Big 3 and the unions said.  
 But who will remember Vincent Chin  
 And the reason why he's dead.

Chorus:

No, it's not fair  
 Said Vincent Chin  
 As he lay there a-dying  
 No, it's not fair  
 The people said  
 As they stood there a-crying  
 For justice,  
 And Vincent Chin.

The Chins came here from China  
 To the Land of Democracy  
 Where Hing Chin worked as a waiter  
 And Lilly in a factory.

But there son Vincent got a college degree,  
 And he helped his mother make her way  
 He was out drinking with some friends one night  
 Celebrating his wedding day.

Chorus

Well, there was Ronald Ebens  
 Laid off at forty-three  
 A Chrysler foreman for seventeen years,  
 Now he's bitter as can be.

He thought Vincent Chin was Japanese  
 And he looked him right in the eyes  
 He said, "Cause of you, I'm out of work."  
 He didn't know the man he despised.

Chorus

Yes, Vincent was clubbed to death that night,  
 And his killer's still walking free.  
 And he's been stalking around this land of ours  
 Ever since that lynching tree.

Racism killed poor Vincent Chin,  
 And it makes the truth so hard to see.  
 What's important ain't skin-deep differences  
 But our commonalities.

Last Chorus:

No, it's not fair  
 As you can see  
 But the strenghts of all shall feed  
 The roots and leaves  
 Of the freedom tree  
 When unity plants the seed.  
 When unity plants the seed.

# It's Not Fair

Words and Music by Sam Stark

continued from page 4  
 song or idea behind it. But today when I hear Phil Ochs sing, "I've heard that sound before," I don't think about the freedom he was singing about, but the revolution he perhaps thought was coming soon. Well, today I think we've all heard that sound and it's either very far away or not coming at all. But protest and protest songs will go on and that can't be had. The artists in this world have to look at reality and comment on it. As long as the honesty of the medium is intact, the songs will have impact and affect something. BROADSIDE will continue because it's necessary to have one or more ways to spread the

songs and ideas among the people who know that change is necessary if not imminent. John Trudell, in a later part of his oratory made connections to the earth that Native Americans know more about than white folks. I don't know how long it will take for the wisdom of this viewpoint to sink in as long as we have to be busy fighting individual injustices but he sums up:

"The one thing that has always bothered me about revolution - every time I have seen the revolutionaries, they have reacted out of hatred for the oppressor. We must do this for love of our People and of the Earth."



Ami **Capo 2nd fret** words and music by James McCandless  
© 1983 James McCandless

Remember Titanic long and tall big enough to blot out the  
moonlight knifing through the North Atlantic with the keenest edge ever honed on an ocean  
liner 'till it came in touch with a keener edge  
sharpened by fate unforeseen iceberg the  
passengers were singin' and laughin' sailin' through the water on the safest ship in the  
world it was the farthest point technology had  
reached in all history un-  
sinkable when you're born on the fault line  
you live on the edge of time

to verse #2

# FAULTLINE

"Faultline"  
James McCandless

St. Christopher Publishing  
2235 N Southport  
Chicago, IL 60614

#### Faultline

Remember Titanic! long and tall, big enough to blot out the moonlight/knifing through the North Atlantic with the keenest edge ever honed on an ocean liner!

'till it came in touch with a keener edge - sharpened by Fate! Unforeseen! Iceberg! (the passengers were singin' and laughin' sailing through the water on the "safest ship in the world")

it was the farthest point technology had reached in all history - Unsinkable! when you're born on the Faultline, you live on the edge of time when you're born on the Faultline, you live on the edge of time.

Remember the Hindenberg! long and tall, big enough to blot out the moonlight/knifing through the Jersey sky with the keenest edge ever honed on a zeppelin

'till it came in touch with a keener edge - sharpened by Fate! Unforeseen! Lightning! (the passengers were singin' and laughin' sailing through the sky on the "safest ship in the world")

it was the farthest point technology had reached in all history - Dingible! when you're born on the Faultline, you live on the edge of time when you're born on the Faultline, you live on the edge of time.

Remember Diablo Canyon! long and tall, big enough to blot out the moonlight/knifing through the Western sky with the keenest edge ever honed on a double reactor!

'till it comes in touch with a keener edge - sharpened by Fate! Unforeseen! Meltdown! (the passengers are singin' and laughin' sailing through life on the "safest power in the world") it's the farthest point technology has reached in all history - Earthquake-proof! when you're born on the Faultline, you live on the edge of time when you're born on the Faultline, you live on the edge of time when you're born on the Faultline, you live on the edge of time.

# NY Refugee

by Joel Gallob

(To the tune of "Dust Bowl Refugee")

"The song, in the first person like the original, briefly chronicles how SRO conversion and "deinstitutionalization" combined to create a majority of the problem. I have tried to carry on the tradition of keeping certain truths alive through song. I think Woody would have approved."  
Joel

## Chorus:

I'm a New York refugee  
just a New York refugee  
from the Cloisters  
to the Bowery  
this old city is a-killing me

Well they dropped me  
as an inmate  
and they left me  
on the street  
I don't mean to  
seem an ingrate  
but I'd really  
like some heat.

Now it's the winter  
and it's snowing  
all across the  
wide boulevard  
and this church stoop  
is made of marble  
and it's pretty  
pretty hard.

## Chorus

Think I'll ride on  
the subway trains  
think I'll sleep on  
the I-R-T  
till the cops come  
with their nightsticks  
come along to  
bother me.

Then I'll move to  
another station  
or I'll sleep in  
the subway yard  
chocolate donut  
be my ration  
cause the times is  
still mighty hard.

## Chorus

If this city  
had a heart  
it would find me  
one warm room  
while I could live out  
life that's left me  
and a chance to  
avoid this doom.

But if this city  
had a heart  
it would have kept me  
my S-R-O;  
but it doesn't  
so I lost it  
several long  
years ago.

## Chorus



When they co-oped  
the room I lived in  
lost my bearing  
near my mind,  
cause a space in  
New York City  
is im - possible  
to find.

## Chorus

Well they dropped me  
as an inmate  
and they left me  
on the street  
and I don't mean to  
seem an ingrate  
but I really  
need some heat.

## ANTI-APARTHEID CONCERT

Ashid Hennig, leader of the reggae group, Afrika Dreamland, is organizing a big songfest against Apartheid in the Nashville Civic Auditorium (10,000 seats), on April 13th from 2 PM to 2 AM. Tickets are \$15 to \$25. Holly Near and Pete Seeger will be among the other performers, and Gil Scott-Heron will be there. For more info or tickets write to South African Freedom Education, Inc., P.O.Box 23374, Nashville, TN 37202, or call 615 358-6175.

# For Nelson Mandela

Edith Segal

Nelson Mandela, a giant tree, unbent  
in apartheid's forest of hate.  
For 23 years you've withstood its storms,  
the shame of a bestial state.  
Nelson, Winnie, Zinzi,  
the Mandela family feared  
by the forces of greed, of oppression, of death,  
by the forces of justice revered.

Nelson Mandela, a clarion call  
resounding with freedom's alarm!  
We shall not falter, we shall not rest  
until you march with us arm in arm!

Peter Kuper



NELSON MANDELA

Samuel Kariku A. B. S.

# MAN OF PRINCIPLE

by CHRIS HICKEY © FWS

I'M A MAN OF PRIN-CI-PLE I'VE HIDE-N MY-SELF OF BLAME. IT'S A  
 LAME WORLD BUT I'M NOT THE ONE TO BLAME AN-OTHER MAN OF PRIN-CI-PLE  
 LET-TING IT ALL GO DOWN AN-OTHER MAN OF PRIN-CI-PLE LET-TING IT ALL GO DOWN AN-OTHER MAN  
 OF PRIN-CI-PLE LET-TING IT ALL GO DOWN, DOWN TO WHERE I'M SAFE AND SOUND.  
 I SAW THE  
 MIP-O-CRITE YOU WERE WHEN MY FIST WAS CLENCHED. YOU FIGHT FOR THE FREE-DM FIGHT THAT YOU CLAIMED  
 TO DES-PISE THEN IT CAME MY TURN TO PAY THE GOV-ERN-MENT'S TRES AND I  
 O-PENED UP MY HAND AND RE-AL-IZED I WAS JUST A PRIN-CI-PLED MAN I WOULD'NT  
 SHOOT AN-OTHER MAN BUT I'LL PAY FOR THE GAIN AS LONG AS I DON'T PULL THE TRIG-GER THEN I'M NOT  
 THE GUIL-TY ONE AN-OTHER MAN OF PRIN-CI-PLE FI-NANC-ING THE WAR AN-OTHER MAN  
 OF PRIN-CI-PLE FI-NANC-ING THE WAR AN-OTHER MAN OF PRIN-CI-PLE  
 FI-NANC-ING THE WAR AN-OTHER MAN OF PRIN-CI-PLE FI-NANC-ING THE WAR FROM FAR AWAY WHERE IT IS-BY MY FAULT

continued next page

## coming attractions APRIL

April's BROADSIDE will be devoted to a different sort of song from the Vietnam era. Some of these songs were parodies written by soldiers who were there. These come to us from the pages of the Westmoreland vs. CBS trial, where they were presented as exhibits! These songs, written to popular melodies, express some of the true attitudes of the folks who served in Vietnam. Besides being really interesting, the songs could be a useful tool for anyone interested in studying the attitudes of soldiers in Vietnam. Also included will be some recent songs on the topic of Vietnam and intervention.

## MAY

In May, BROADSIDE will be devoted to the memory of the Haymarket martyrs with a special issue devoted to union struggles and songs. Those of you with material directly from current union battles or relating to the plight of working people in this country and elsewhere are urged to send it in. We will also be having a benefit concert on May 1 at the Speak Easy in Greenwich Village devoted to these issues.

## JUNE

The annual "New Wave Folk" issue. Songs and digressions from the newest of the new groups and individuals interpreting folk music in a different way. The Violent Femmes, The Washington Squares, Phranc, Suzanne Vega and others.

Send \$5.00\* to:  
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## Editors Taking Out References to Shuttle

By United Press International

The New Yorker recaptioned a cartoon about spaceflight and reprinted 610,000 copies of the magazine's current issue after the explosion of the Challenger.

The original cartoon, showing two men sitting in a bar, was captioned, "I wish they'd shoot my Congressman into space."

More than 33,000 copies of the magazine, dated Feb. 3, were delivered to newsstands before the change was made, a spokesman for the magazine said Friday.

BURBANK, Calif., Feb. 1 (AP) — NBC has edited out references to the space shuttle from three situation comedies, including a telecast of "The Cosby Show" this weekend, a network spokesman said Friday.

The actors on "The Cosby Show" spoke a new version that was edited into the videotape, said Garth Ancier, NBC's vice president for comedy.

## The Flight of the Challenger

by Nick Crews

(Strong walking beat sung in a monotone of one's choice)

**Em** **C**  
 'Twas nearly zero hour  
**Am** **Gm**  
 Down Cape Canaveral way,  
 The Challenger stood ready **C**  
**Am** **Em**  
 For its shot to space that day.  
 The huge and stately rocket ship **C**  
**Am** **Em**  
 With reentry craft in tow,  
 Stood waiting for the astronauts **C**  
**Am** **Em**  
 All systems being go.

Chorus:

**G** **D**  
 So they stepped aboard the Challenger  
**A** **F**  
 Into orbit they were bound,  
**Gm** **C**  
 But as the craft rose higher a burst of fire  
**Am** **Em**  
 Sent pieces raining down.

Seven people in that space craft  
 As the rocket slowly rose,  
 A minute thirteen seconds,  
 A watching nation froze  
 As fire engulfed the soaring craft,  
 And with an anguished cry  
 We watched that billion dollar ship  
 Go up with seven lives.

(2nd chorus begins, "So they had...")

Again, again I saw the thing  
 Replayed on my TV,  
 Speculations of the newscast:  
 CBS and NBC,  
 Some people had let fall a tear,  
 Some asked simply why,  
 For the sake of launching a satellite,  
 Those people had to die. (No chorus)  
 And that question's gonna linger  
 Like smoke in a cloudless sky,  
 And there'll be other satellites,  
 Part of Reagan's SDI.  
 And with Star Wars here, how many years  
 Till we wield that nuclear sword,  
 Like that ship, you know, earth's got seconds to go,  
 And all human kind's on board.

2nd chorus

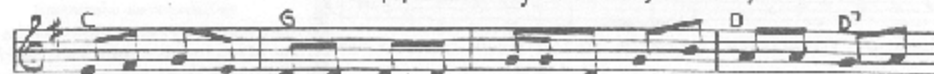
The countdown's on for planet earth,  
 Rockets glare and its blinding light,  
 From the friendly skies of SDI,  
 Have a pleasant flight,  
 From the friendly skies of SDI,  
 Have a pleasant flight.

# MAKE A GOOD NAME

© 1985 by Ray Makeever



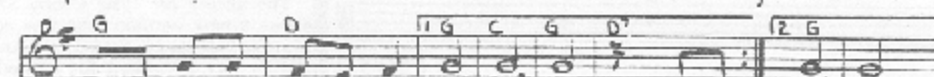
1. I was a young lad six years old in the  
Schmidt was the teacher and I liked her a lot
2. There was some kind of magic in these three young girls with their  
day I wrote my name like Misses Schmidt said In the
3. The next day Mary gave our papers back She an-  
All this happened thirty-five years ago



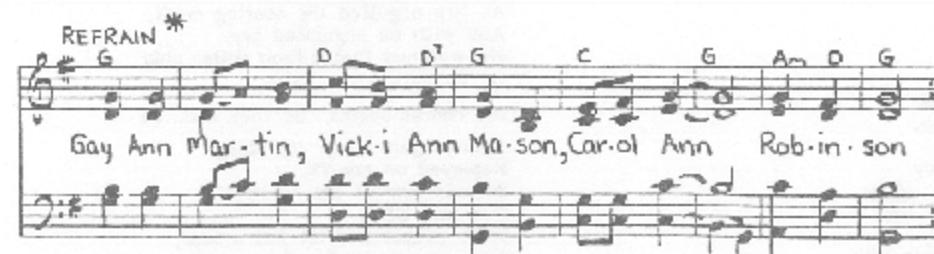
first grade class do-in' as I'd been told by my  
She liked me, too And some times I even got to  
pleated little skirts and their long golden curls and the  
upper right corner of my paper but instead of  
nounced what I had done and ev-ry-bod-y laughed And I  
Mary Schmidt is gone God rest her soul And



father who had said "If you follow the rules - you'll make a good  
do - her a fav-or like e-raise the board - But ev-en more than  
way they colored pictures so bold and free that must have touched  
Ray - mond Ben - ton Ma-kee-ver I signed Ray Ann Ma  
felt so bad that I could have cried But I swallowed my  
please keep these women as bold and free as the Ray Ann Ma



name at Jef-fer-son School - Mar-y (to REFRAIN)  
Mar-y I a dored  
some-thing deep in-side of me 'Cuz one fine  
kee-ver and it looked just  
tears and a part of me died  
kee-ver still liv-ing in me



\* Performance note: Teach audience the REFRAIN (Harmonies optional)  
and use REFRAIN as Intro. to Song.

## BROADSIDE

## NEEDS

## YOU!

## Send your songs!

Ray Makeever works for the Discovering Ministries program of the American Lutheran Church in the area of men's issues and is a freelance singer/songwriter doing music mostly about changing male roles and behaviors and social-spiritual justice concerns.

DO  
YOU  
HAVE  
ONE  
FRIEND  
WHO  
IS  
INTERESTED  
IN  
WHAT  
YOU  
ARE  
INTERESTED  
IN  
AND  
WHO  
MIGHT  
LIKE  
A  
SUBSCRIPTION  
TO  
BROADSIDE  
AND  
WHO  
MIGHT  
SUBSCRIBE  
OR  
WHO  
MIGHT  
REALLY  
APPRECIATE  
A  
GIFT  
SUBSCRIPTION  
?  
IF  
SO,  
NOW  
IS  
THE  
TIME  
TO  
GET  
OFF  
YOUR  
BUTT  
AND  
DO  
SOMETHING  
ABOUT  
IT  
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