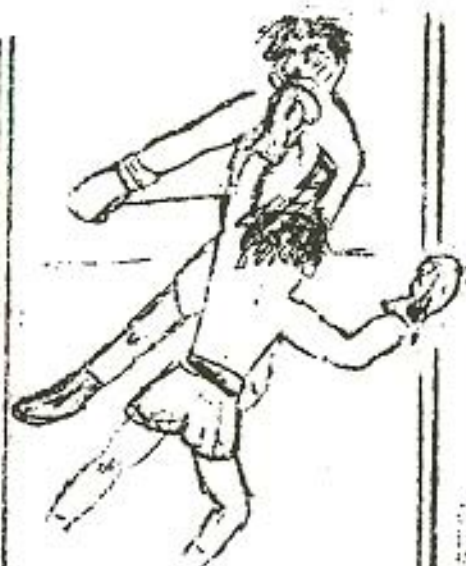


# BROADSIDE

Price -- 35¢

BROADSIDE # 4 MID-APRIL 1962 BOX 193, CATHEDRAL STA., NEW YORK 25, N.Y.

## - SONGS FROM THE HEADLINES -



**BENNY "KID"**

**PARET**

By Gil Turner

"Cuba is where he was born, that is where he should be buried," said Mrs. Chicago. She is a work-worn, 55-year-old woman who flew from her home in Santa Clara, Cuba, Friday after being notified of her son's injuries.

Miami, April 7 (AP).—Benny (Kid) Paret, who was battered to death while losing his welter-weight boxing championship, was buried today.

allude, in a brief sermon at the graveside, to Paret's boxing career. He expressed the hope that his family will have a happy future.

### MODERN MOTHER GOOSE - By Maurice Sugar

Tests to September 1958 would cause from Carbon 14 alone 100,000 gross physical or mental defects; 360,000 cases of still births and childhood deaths, and 900,000 cases of embryonic and neonatal deaths.

—ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION REPORT.

### INFLATION MARCHES ON

By Ernie Marre

Fear, uncertainty, confusion and bewilderment were some of the feelings stock market analysts expressed yesterday in talking about the steels, as these already battered issues ran into stiff new selling in the wake of last week's seventy-two-hour price crisis.

More analysts, such as Mar-

### PHYSICIANS IN PLEA TO END ATOM TESTS

An appeal by 520 physicians to all governments to cease nuclear weapons tests through in-

A 25-year-old payroll examiner for the State Department of Labor jumped or fell to his death yesterday from his sixth-floor apartment at 300 Lenox Road in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn. The police said the man, Rudolph Panissidi, had been worried that the child expected by his wife, Veronica, 25, would be born with deformities because of nuclear fall-out. The couple had one child, Paul, 5.



THE SHELTER DIGGERS

words by Agnes Friesen  
music: Woody Guthrie's  
version of "The  
Buffalo Skinners."

The musical score consists of four staves of music in a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a treble clef staff. Chord markings 'Dm' and '(Ab)' are placed above the staff. The lyrics are written below the staff.

I found myself in Brooklyn in the year of six-ty two- When a  
well-known famous millionaire came up, said how do you do- Whatta you  
say, young feller, how would you like to go- And dig me a  
fall-out shelter two hundred feet be - low.

Well, me being out of work right then, to the millionaire I did say  
Digging this fallout shelter depends upon the pay  
If you will pay good wages and compensation too  
I think that I will go with you -- Two hundred feet below

Of course I'll pay good wages, give compensation too  
If you'll agree to work with me until the shelter's through  
But if you do grow weary and try to run away  
I'll send your name and address to the old H.C.U.A.

With all his flattering talking, he signed up quite a few  
Some ten or twelve in number, an able-bodied crew  
Our trip it was a pleasant one, as we rode the B-M-T  
Out to Sheepshead Bay Road, and onward toward the sea

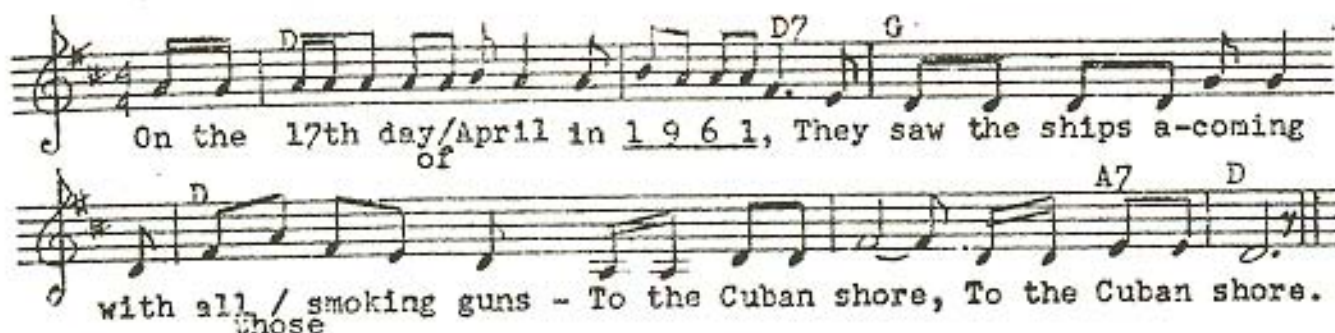
There our pleasures ended, our troubles all begun  
We struck a Con-Edison cable, electrocuting one  
With sewer pipes and seepage, our life it was no go  
Ban-the-Bombers waiting to picket us -- Two hundred feet below

Well, the fallout shelter finished, the millionaire would not pay  
"You drunk up all my whiskey, you're all in debt to me"  
Our gang it was outraged, "You cannot treat us so"  
We filled his hole and left him there -- Two hundred feet below.

BROADSIDE # 4  
Mid-April, 1962  
Box 123, Cathedral Sta.  
New York 25, NY

THE BAY OF PIGS

words: Martha Case  
music: "Mr. McKinley"  
c 1962 by author



Why don't you stay in Miami  
Drinking that Yankee beer  
Fidel said you won't like it much  
The banquet served you here  
On the Cuban shore  
On the Cuban shore

They're bringing back the gangsters  
And the men from United Fruit  
Led by Batistianos  
Who want to share the loot  
On the Cuban shore, etc

Rea said to Adlai  
No matter what you say  
You are only temporary  
Fidel is here to stay  
On the Cuban shore, etc

What gives with Allen Dulles  
Down at the C-I-A  
He armed the invaders  
And sent them on their way  
To the Cuban shore, etc.

Kennedy said to Dulles  
What's the latest news  
We are a great world power  
And can't afford to lose  
On the Cuban shore, etc.

Here come Jacqueline Kennedy  
All dressed in Paris blue  
She said Jack you took some bad  
advice  
They made a monkey out of you  
On the Cuban shore, etc.

His wise men from Harvard  
Brought the news to Jack  
The mercenary invaders  
Have lost their fool attack  
On the Cuban shore, etc.

Most are taken prisoner  
Some have lost their lives  
Cut down by the Quatro Bocas  
And those sharp machete knives  
On the Cuban shore, etc.

Some came from Guatemala  
Some from Key West  
It was defeat and prison  
And the sharks got all the rest  
In the Bay of Pigs  
Off the Cuban shore  
(Slowly) In the Bay of Pigs  
Off the Cuban shore

### The Cuban Invasion

The Cuban Government is in the midst of a celebration of the first anniversary of the three-day battle in and around the Bay of Pigs that ended with the capture of 1,200 Cuban invaders. The outcome of that battle was a blow to American pride and prestige which was certainly unmatched in the history of our relations with Latin America.

The monumental folly of the invasion, so far as the United States was concerned, grows with the passage of time, while the heroism, the idealism and the tragic waste of young Cuban lives were brought home to us anew by the recent trial of the captives and the ransom of the ill and wounded.

Afterward President Kennedy ruefully conceded that some lessons had been learned. One obvious lesson was that the Central Intelligence Agency, which had to bear the largest share of the blame, must never again be allowed to play such a role. The C. I. A. made the policy, picked the leaders (including Batista followers), misinterpreted the "intelligence," organized, trained and directed the invasion force.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1962.

BROADSIDE # 4 - mid-April 1962  
Box 193, Cathedral Sta. NYC 25, NY

THE WISE MEN

words & music by  
Malvina Reynolds  
c 1962 by author

1. The wise men, the wise men, they do not know a thing; They've  
 2. The wise men, the wise men, they give me a pain; They  
 gotten in-to leadership by tilting at the ring, By  
 don't know e-nough to come in out of the rain; The  
 wheel-ing, by deal-ing, by talking through their hat, &  
 rain is filled with poi-son, it falls on good & ill; If  
 when it comes to world affairs they're blind as a bat.  
 fall-out doesn't get you the firestorms will.  
 CHO: The wise men, the wise men they'll finish us for sure, The  
 fools we can en-dure, But Heaven knows the cure for the  
 wis-dom of the wise, wise men.

Their words flow like a river, they dazzle in your eyes,  
 A prestidigitation of half truths and lies,  
 Meanwhile the war machine goes rolling on and on:  
 The tapes will still be talking when everybody's gone. (CHO.)

Your fate and my fate, the fate of all the lands  
 Are being wildly juggled in their butterfinger hands:  
 The lobby's there to nudge them to let something fall,  
 Down tumbles U.N., world peace and all. (CHO.)

The wise men, the wise men, let's lock them in a room  
 And set them all to talking of negatons and doom,  
 And let them play at juggling maps and changing every border  
 And we won't let them out again 'til all the world's in order. (CHO.)

REPEAT FIRST VERSE

ENCLOSURE 4 4-6-68  
 Box 103, NYC 25, N.Y.

BENNY "KID" PARET

words by Gil Turner  
tunes: Len Chandler

They called him Benny Kid Paret, you might recall his name; He  
had a fine strong body choppin down the Sugar cane- His hands were  
quick, his muscles hard & many men did fall; They said that  
he was soon to be the champion of them all - - - - -

On Saturday night not long ago, you might remember when  
The people came from miles around to see him fight again  
The dusty smoke hung in the air, the time was drawing near  
He climbed the ropes and waved his hands and the people they did cheer

Eleven rounds he fought that night, it was a losing game  
He bit into his mouthpiece but he couldn't stop the pain  
His head fell back, his eyes went blind, he lost the final rope  
They hanged the Cuban boy that night upon a cross of rope

There's danger on the ocean where the waves roll mountain high  
There's danger on the battlefield where angry bullets fly  
There's danger in the boxing ring for death is waiting there  
Watching for a killing through the hot and smoky air

I've walked your streets and alleys, I've seen fighters in my time  
Some beaten crazy in the brain, and some were beaten blind  
And Benny's not the first to die, down on the canvas floor  
Brave men swallowed their last breath while the crowd screamed for more

You've heard about your Romans, long many years ago  
Crowding big arenas just to see the slaves' blood flow  
There's been lots of changes since those days and now we're civilized  
Our gladiators kill with gloves instead of swords and knives

His name was Benny "Kid" Paret, up from the Cuban land  
He once knew fame and glory, now his name is carved in sand  
His hands were quick, his muscles hard, and many men did fall  
He never stopped til he became the champion of them all.



## THE BAY OF PIGS -- by Martha Case

THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW  
APRIL 1, 1962

### Man Running

SIX CRISES. By Richard M. Nixon.  
466 pp. New York: Doubleday &  
Co. \$5.95.

By TOM WICKER

"SIX CRISES" is a remarkably readable book, marked here and there by the incisive political judgment and professional ability that Richard Nixon often displayed in his career as Congressman, Senator, Vice President and Presidential candidate. This is despite the

There is nothing funny, however, about Mr. Nixon's charge that Mr. Kennedy broke security restrictions for deliberate political purposes in his campaign remarks about intervening in Cuba; nor is it

Mr. Nixon's Cuban charge is astonishing, partly for his account of his own response. Mr. Kennedy knew through a briefing by Allen Dulles, he writes, that the Eisenhower Administration was arming and training Cuban refugees for an intervention against Castro. Thus, in openly advocating such a policy, Mr. Kennedy not only was breaking security but was charging the Administration with not doing something he knew privately that it was doing, but could not admit.

"For the first and only time in the campaign I got mad at Kennedy — personally," Mr. Nixon relates. His reaction, as Mr. Nixon reports it, is almost unbelievable. Despite the fact that he considered himself one of the authors of the planned Cuban operation, he went on television in the fourth Kennedy-Nixon debate to attack Mr. Kennedy for advocating intervention. This deliberately false statement of his views, he argues, protected security even at the cost of making him appear "softer" on Castro than was his opponent.

The moral implications of this curious tale are involved. One candidate is believed to be distorting the facts to his own advantage; to recoup the

damage, the other candidate conceives an opposite distortion to be his duty; so both appear in false positions, asking to be supported on the basis of those positions; and the simple virtue of truth is as forgotten as the people's right to know what their Government is doing.

It well may be, if Mr. Nixon's account is accurate, that in such devious action on both sides lay the seeds of the disaster that was to befall the nation when in April, 1961, the Kennedy Administration finally put into operation at least part of what had been planned in the Eisenhower Administration.

### THE SHELTER DIGGERS

by  
Agnes  
Friesen



## THE WISE MEN -- by Malvina Reynolds

London, April 12 (CDN)--  
Unless something happens to  
stop the nuclear race between  
the U.S. and the Soviet Union  
the American people may end

themselves confronted by a  
\$300 billion program for the  
development of a super-device  
to stop Russian Missiles.

Last fall the men whose awesome task it is to pick up the telephone or push the button which may set a nuclear war in motion thought they had such a war on their hands. These men were the head of the Strategic Air Command, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Defense Secretary and the President

The story starts with them standing before a big display board in the underground SAC headquarters in Omaha, Neb., and getting a signal from the missile early warning station at Thule, Greenland, indicating its possible destruction. Fantastic?

When Gen. Power, of SAC tried to get air defense command headquarters at Colorado Springs, the line was dead. He made the only possible decision, lifted his red telephone and ordered the jet bombers equipped with H-bombs in American bases around the world to be ready for takeoff. Presumably the President and other strategic Washington leaders were also notified.

The sequel is that within a few moments the communication snafu with both Thule and Colorado Springs was unraveled, the planes never got off the ground, the strike never happened. America had been given a close nuclear shave.

The device on which the  
Russians have been working is  
understood to be designed to  
paralyze the entire American

land-based missile arsenal by  
jamming its electronic and  
communications systems.



I N F L A T I O N    M A R C H E S    O N

Tune: John Brown's Body

By Ernie Morris  
April 13, 1962

Mine eyes have seen the rising of the price of U.S. Steel  
It gouges at the pocket in a way we all can feel  
And it has all the earmarks of a mighty dirty deal --  
Inflation marches on.

(Chorus):    Glory, glory hallelujah  
              Glory, glory hallelujah  
              Glory, glory hallelujah  
              Inflation marches on.

Material costs were dropping and the dividends were high  
And Labor signed a contract for the wages of years gone by  
The boss turned from the table and his prices hit the sky --  
Inflation marches on.    (CHO.)

U.S. Steel began it, Jones & Laughlin did it too;  
Bethlehem, Republic and Wheeling shared their view,  
And now our whole Republic pays to get the shaft and screw  
Inflation marches on.    (CHO.)

The mills are often idle, there's more than they can sell  
Machines replace the workers and cut the cost as well  
But up go the prices -- let the Nation go to Hell!  
Inflation marches on.    (CHO.)

There's anger in the White House, and there's anger through the  
This greedy, grabby gouge may be more than we will stand, /land,  
Let's see them try to squelch the flames of discontent they fanned,  
As inflation marches on. (CHO.)

M O D E R N    M O T H E R    G O O S E    By Maurice Sugar

Mistress Mary, quite contrary  
Your garden will grow on a slant  
Of Strontium 90 you'll get  
A whole Pint-O  
From every darn seed you plant

Sing a song of sixpence  
A rocket roaring by  
Five and 20 megatons  
Bursting in the sky  
Come out of that shelter  
Where you have gone to hide  
Take a look around you --  
And commit suicide.

Jack & Jill went down the hill  
To reach their neighbor's  
shelter  
The neighbor shot them  
full of holes  
And sent them helter-skelter

Little Jack Helter sat in a shelter  
Eating his Christmas pie  
He put in his thumb -- and  
Pulled out a radioactive plum  
And said "What in hell's the use  
Of this damn shelter?"

Humpty Dumpty sat in a chair  
A boom and a blast -- and he  
wasn't there.  
The king and his men and his  
horses -- they knew -- just  
how to help him --  
But they weren't there too.

-----O-----

BROADSIDE # 4 Mid-April 1962 P.O.Box 193 Cathedral Station New York 25, N.Y.
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## THE GLESCA ESKIMOS

*(Chorus: Marching through Georgia)*

It's up the Clyde comes Lamin, a sugar doper Yank  
But down a dain sigle quid er when we coop him down the stank,  
Up the neck in stodge in sewage fillly snops your swank,  
-- We are the Glesca Eskimos.

*Chorus:* Hullo! hullo! we are the Eskimos,  
Hullo! hullo! the Glesca Eskimos,  
We'll joll that yaad' er'd Lamin,  
We'll spear him whinor he blows,  
We are the Glesca Eskimos.

It's in an oot, an up an doun, an on an aff the piers,  
There's counsellors, collaborators, prings an proficiers--  
The bairns joll the polis, an the polis joll the queers,  
-- We are the Glesca Eskimos.

There's dredgers an there's sludge-beats the loap the river etc etc,  
Ye lift yuir foun an pu the chair-- Ye ken fine wha ah' eren,  
But why in the hell has the Holy Loch been left outside the scene?  
-- We are the Glesca Eskimos.

We've been in many a rummy, lads, we've been in many a tear,  
We've sortit out this kind afore, we'll sort them anywhere,  
O, get yuir harpoons ready-- he's comin up for air  
-- We are the Glesca Eskimos.

When the Scots tried to board the U.S. Polaris subs in canoes the Americans referred to them contemptuously as "the Eskimo navy." So were born the Glasgow Eskimos. "Hairies" are prostitutes and "polis" the constabulary. It is being noted that British song-writers today are superior in important ways to our own. It was not always so. There, for instance, are there harder-hitting lines than: "They hung him for a traitor, they themselves the traitor crew." John Brown's Body is only one of many of our tunes borrowed by the Scots for their Anti-Polaris songs. Perhaps we can find something in these songs to borrow back in exchange.

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BROADSIDE, P.O. BOX 193, CATHEDRAL STATION, NEW YORK 25, NEW YORK.

A publication issued twice a month to distribute topical songs and stimulate the writing of such songs. Our policy is to let each writer speak freely through his or her song, even though we may not agree with all of the sentiments expressed. It has been suggested that where songs were inspired by newspaper stories the writers send along clippings to be used to illustrate the songs.

Sis Cunningham (Editor); Gil Turner; Pete Seeger (Advisory)

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Songwriters: The first step in copyrighting your song is to write to:

Copyright Division  
Library of Congress  
Washington, D.C.

And ask for copyright blanks form E

And as everybody took their guitars and songs, their poetry and perambulators, their ing-bouncers and dogs, and went peacefully home.