EVERYBODY WANTS FREEDOM
Learned from Len Holt of Norfolk, Virginia
Tune: "AMEN"

(Solo) 1. Everybody wants (Cho) Freedom (Solo) Everybody wants Freedom,

2. In the cotton fields, Freedom, "In the cotton fields, Freedom,

(Cho) Freedom (Solo) Everybody wants (Cho) Freedom, Freedom,

"Freedom, "In the cotton fields, "Freedom, Freedom,

Freedom. (In the, etc.)

3. Get yourself a little -- freedom, etc.
4. In the factory -- freedom ...
5. In your neighborhood -- freedom ...
6. Brother Johnson says -- freedom ...
7. Sister Mary says -- freedom ...
8. Captain Charlie hates -- freedom ...
9. We don't care, we'll get -- freedom ...
10. We're gonna sing and shout -- freedom ...
11. We're gonna walk and talk -- freedom ...

You just go on and on, improvising as you go, and getting in lots of rich harmony. This song is an example of how in the integration movement in the Southern states new words are always being put to old tunes, at meetings, on picket lines and in jail. Like this one, most of the tunes are old church hymns.
Mob Scene in Two Acts

From "Il Duce: The Life of Benito Mussolini," by Christopher Hibbert (Little, Brown, $6).

ACT I. At about half past ten on the night of May 9, 1926, a sudden roar which a journalist described as being like the noise of a volcanic eruption broke out from a crowd of some 400,000 people standing shoulder to shoulder around Palazzo Venezia in Rome. Benito Mussolini had stepped out on to the palace balcony... "He is like a god," one of his gerarchi said as he watched him standing there with such Olympian impassivity. "No, not like a god," his companion replied, "he is one."

ACT II (April 29, 1945): "Higher!" the crowd shouted. "Higher! Higher! We can't see."

In the office of Almanac House on W. 10th St. in New York City there was a fairly large bulletin board. An examination of the items thumb-tacked onto it gave one a pretty good conception of the life being led there. Announcements of upcoming bookings and directions how to get there, messages, newspaper clippings with possible song ideas underscored, beginnings of songs, whole songs produced by one or more Almanacs and tacked up for the others to pass judgement on, slogans to keep up morale ("Take it easy -- but take it.") Later on, as the world moved deeper into World War II, notices appeared containing appeals to join civilian defense, or gather scrap and old tires for the war effort (Pete Seeger, always conscientious, did look around for, find, and roll home a number of discarded tires). Next door to Almanac House was a firehouse, and one evening a delegation of firemen going about the neighborhood in the interests of defense preparations dropped in to invite the Almanacs to come over and be taught how to put out fires which might result if there were air raids. (CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR)
AN ANTHEM FOR THE SPACE AGE
Words & Music by Sis Cunningham

1. Yesterday is gone, today is racing on and tomorrow rolls
   toward us like a wave upon the shore; And new generations will
   shackled by the greed of other men; But now we are breaking the
   hold in their hands - A Freedom only dreamed of before.

CHO: For the Age of Space will be the Age of Peace - The greatest
since history began; Men & women of all races working hand in
hand to create true Brotherhood of Man.

2. For many hundred years paralyzed by fears, The minds of men /
   toward us like a wave upon the shore; And new generations will
   shackled by the greed of other men; But now we are breaking the
   chains they have wrought; No longer are we bound by what has been.

3. We're closing the final door to the horrors of war
   And no matter what trials on this earth have been ours
   As the rocket ship is launched, so is the human power
   To unlock the secrets of the stars.

CHO. For the Age of Space will be the Age of Peace
The greatest since history began
Men and women of all races working hand in hand
To create true brotherhood of Man.

4. In a world of peace, new energy released
   For that creative life we have never know before
   To grow and to love and to reach forever on
   For we have a Universe to explore --  CHO: Oh the Age of, etc.

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P.O.Box 193, New York 25, N.Y.
BROTHE, ALTHOUGH I DON'T KNOW YOU words & music, Les Rice © 1962 by author

A British import - Words by Enoch Kent; Tune is much like "The Man Who Waters the Workers' Beer"

THE BUTTON PUSHER

Chorus:
I'm the man, the well-fed man, in charge of the dreadful knob
The most pleasant thing about it is it's almost a permanent job!
When the atom war is over and the earth is split in three,
The consolation I've got, or maybe it's not, there'll be nobody left but me.

I sit at my desk in Washington
In front of a large machine
More vicious than Adolf Hitler
More deadly than strychnine;
In the evening after a tiring day
-- Just to give myself a laugh --
I hit the button a playful belt
And listen for the blast.  Cho.

If Khrushchev starts his nonsense
And makes a nasty smell,
With a wink and a nod from Kennedy
I'll blast them all to Hell!
And as for that fellow, Castro,
Him with the sugar cane
He needn't hide behind his whiskers
For I'll get him just the same.  Cho.

If my wife denies my conjugal rights
Or the morning milk is sour;
From eight to nine in the morning
You're in for a nasty hour;
The button being so terribly close
(It's really a dreadful joke!)
A bump with my arse as I go past
And you'll all end up in smoke!  Cho.

I'm thinking of joining the army,
The army of Ban the Bomb
We'll take up a large collection
And I'll donate my thumb,
'Cause without it I am powerless
-- And that's the way to be --
You don't have to kill the whole bloody lot
To make the people free!  Cho.