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SUMMERTIME IS OVER: This is one of a number of Spanish resistance songs gathered in Spain in the summer of 1961 by a group of daring young Italians and released recently on an LP album by a recording company in Italy. To avoid the Fascist Franco police the songs were recorded hastily in such places as the cellar of a Madrid shopkeeper or in the back of a car parked briefly by the roadside. Spanish citizens who provided the material did so at great personal risk.

A.L.Lloyd, writing in the British magazine SING, notes that the songs show the Spanish people have never ceased to resist the Fascist dictatorship forced on them by Francisco Franco and his late allies, Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini.

IRA HAYES of course was one of the Marines shown raising the American flag on Iwo Jima in the famous World War II photograph. Peter La Farge is the son of the novelist ("Laughing Boy") and longtime fighter for Indian rights, Oliver La Farge.

SAVE OUR SHORES ("Northwestern We Hardly Knew Ya"): This song grows on you after a few singings. It is one of about a dozen protest tunes written by Patrick J. Walsh of the Chicago Council of American Youth Hostels as his part in the wide campaign to save one of the last surviving natural beauty areas in the Midwest -- a picturesque stretch along Lake Michigan in Indiana known as the "Sand Dunes". A battle is currently raging in Congress and among the citizenry between those determined to destroy the dunes -- Northwestern U, Clint Murchison, Bethlehem Steel, sundry politicians, et al -- and those trying to save what Director W.J.Beecher of the Chicago Academy of Sciences calls "one of a kind" in the world because of its botanical, zoological and natural beauty.

TWELVE LEGIONS: We inadvertently left out a line in the last verse (the word in the 5th verse should be "liberal") of this John Brunner song as it appeared in the July Broadside. The whole 6th verse should read:

Twelve Legions on the march,
Twelve Legions, Twelve Legions
Twelve Legions on the march,
Growing every day!
Sign the pledge and pay your dues,
You've got money we can use --
Pretty soon we'll turn on Jews,
We're well along the way!

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The question is clear and simple: is Georgia beyond federal law? What the Attorney General does in response to that question will have repercussions on every front of the battle for equal rights—especially in the light of the news that Georgia has once again jailed the Rev. Martin Luther King.

The U.S. government cannot falter or equivocate in the face of this massive assault.

Every swaggering racist sheriff, every bully with a badge in every benighted Southern bailiwick is watching Washington, D.C., and Albany, Ga., at this moment.

The re-arrest of Rev. King and his followers, less than 24 hours after the lawless exhibition by law-enforcement officials in Terrell County, has once again laid bare the shame of the South. But it is also the shame of the nation. Georgia has become a crucial battleground from which the Kennedy Administration cannot call retreat.

KEEP ON A-TRAVELIN' ON

Ain't go'n let segrega-tion turn us around, turn us around,

Keep on a-walkin', keep on a-talkin', keep on a-travelin' on

(a-marchin' a-long)

2. Ain't go'n let no injunction turn us around, etc.
3. Ain't go'n let no police cars turn us around, etc.
4. Ain't go'n let old jim crow turn us around, etc.
5. Ain't go'n let no shotguns turn us around, etc.
6. Ain't go'n let Chief Pritchett* turn us around, etc.

This song was first sung in the mass non-violent demonstrations in Albany, Georgia, in July, 1962. Put in whatever names and words fit the situation.

*Chief of Police in Albany, Georgia.
1. Gather around me people, and a story I will tell
About a brave young Indian — you should remember well,
From the tribe of Pima Indians, a proud and peaceful band,
Who farmed the Phoenix valley in Arizona land —
Down their ditches for a thousand years the sparkling water rushed,
Till the white man stole their water rights and the running water
Now Ira's folks were hungry, hushed.
And their farm grew crops of weeds,
But when war came, he volunteered and forgot the white man's greed.

2. They started up Iwo Jima hill, two hundred & fifty men, (D.S.)
But only twenty seven lived to walk back down again;
And when the fight was over and Old Glory raised,
Among the men who held it high was the Indian Ira Hayes. (D.S.)

3. Ira Hayes returned a hero, celebrated through the land,
He was wined and speeched and honored, everybody shook his hand.
But he was just a Pima Indian — no money, no crops, no chance;
At home nobody cared what Ira 'd done, and when do the Indians dance?

4. Then Ira started drinking hard, jail often was his home,
They let him raise the flag there and lower it as you'd throw a dog
He died drunk early one morning, a bone.
Alone in the land he'd fought to save,
Two inches of water in a lonely ditch was the grave for Ira Hayes.

Yes, call him drunken Ira Hayes,
But his land is still as dry
And his ghost is lying thirsty in the ditch where Ira died.

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Note: This song was recorded by Peter La Farge
on the new Columbia album "Ira Hayes And Other Ballads".
Summertime is over,
Before very long, boys,
The government will come down.
And tu ru ru ru,
The remedy's up to you.

Ya se fue el ver-an, Ya viene el in-vier-no, Dentro de muy pe-que no se-guir-ri-no, y tu ru ru ru Que la cul-pa la tie-nes

tu, y tu ru ru ru, Que la cul-pa la tie-nes tu.

Summertime is over,
Winter comes to town.
The government will come down.
And tu ru ru ru,
The remedy's up to you.

Todos los ministros
Se iran al de ster-ro,
Y Francisco Franco
Delante de ellos.

En España nadie
Come ya caliente.
Nos vamos hacer
Una funda pa' los dientes.

La verdura es cara,
No hay quien come fruta,
Y todo por culpa
De un hijo de - Ferrol.

Mas de cien pesetas
Cuesta la ternera,
Ni que el animal
Un hijo de Franco fuera.

All the politicians
Have to flee the country,
With Francisco Franco
The first over the frontier.

None of us poor Spaniards
Go home to eat meals.
We'll have to make
A padlock for our teeth.

Vegetables are expensive,
Fruit is for the rich,
And all on account of
A son of - Ferrol.

Half a pound of cow beef,
Dollar and a quarter.
You'd think the animal
Was one of Franco's daughters.

Y los esquiíeles
No saben que hacer.
En cuanto se mueven
Los van a llegar.

Los americanos
Son dueños de todo.
Yo soy español
Pero en España me jodo.

Cruas, militares,
Monjas y accionistas,
Y del Opus Dei,**
También los falangistas,
Hacen las maletas;
Pronto sera tarde,
Idos del país
Que la casa está que arde.
Y tu ru ru ru,
Que la culpa la tienes tu.

Ya los esquiñoles
No saben qué hacer.
En cuanto se mueven
Los van a llegar.

Los americanos
Son dueños de todo.
Yo soy español
Pero en España me jodo.

Cruas, militares,
Monjas y accionistas,
Y del Opus Dei,**
También los falangistas,
Hacen las maletas;
Pronto sera tarde,
Idos del país
Que la casa está que arde.
Y tu ru ru ru,
Que la culpa la tienes tu.

Nowadays the Spaniards
Don't know what to do.
Bound to get arrested
If they so much as move.

Here the Yanks are masters;
Isn't any doubt.
And I'm a poor Spaniard
And Spain is up the spout.

All you priests and generals,
Millionaires and ministers,
Catholic Action bigots
And likewise falangists,
You can pack your baggage;
Shades of night are falling.
Get out of the country
For things have started boiling.
And tu ru ru ru
It's all on account of you.

*Ferrol is Franco's birthplace. It is used to replace a more vigorous rhyme, namely "puta" (whore).

** Opus Dei: A religious order now the most powerful economic pressure group in Fascist Spain, and popularly known as "God's Fifth Column".

"ALL ARE GONE, THE OLD FAMILIAR FASCES"

Transcribed by A.L. Lloyd.
Composed 1959.
Author unknown.

Non-Communist but Not Free
To the Editor of The New York Times:

Dictatorships, one-party states, countries without a parliamentary regime or with false parliamentaryism, police terror, concentration camps, untried and biased courts, judicial murders, even slavery can be found in the non-Communist countries. In dealing with the subject it is a sweeping and misleading generalisation to call them "free." Robert Major.

PERO HASTA CUANDO (How Much Longer) sent in by Waldemar Hille

Ya no me vengas a llorar con esos ojos, Todas las noches las paso soñándote, - Estoy dormido y despierto adorándote, Te busco y no te hallo, y me pongo a llorar.

Pero hasta cuando, mujer, pero hasta cuando -? Pero hasta cuando lloraran tus ojos verdes -? Yo soy el hombre que sufre sin verte estoy en el carcel cuando saldremos de aqui?

--- FINE

Don't come to me crying with those eyes
I pass all the nights dreaming of you
Sleeping and awake I am adoring you
I look for you and don't find you, and I begin to cry.

But until when (how long) woman, but until when?
But how long will your green eyes weep?
I am the man that suffers without seeing you
I am in prison, when will we get out of here?

BROADSIDE #S 11-12
AUGUST, 1962
THE "FREEDOM FIGHTERS" by Steve Weinstein © by author 1962

They landed on the beaches in a shooting screaming

wave; Their every aim was virtuous, they knew they had to

save the honor of their country which was going red;

On they surged in confidence by noble captains led. How they

fought- Oh how they fought, Those invaders whom the CIA had

brought; On the beaches they took those brave agents of re-

action, But unfortunately most of them got caught.

Oh the beach-head, the beach-
head
It must be made secure
The CIA man told us that
A week we must endure
And at the end of that short time
With Castro on the run
The U.S. Air Force will fly in
To get the big job done. (CHO)

Oh the wild accusations
In highest circles made
"We shouldn't have used mer-
cenaries
Even though well paid."
Or perhaps the valiant fighters
Should have gotten a large raise
To encourage them to hold out a
Bit longer than three days. (CHO)
AINT GONNA GRIEVE NO MORE

Come on, brothers, join the band- Come on, sisters, clap your hands- Tell everybody in every land- We aint gonna grieve no more. CHO: Aint a gonna grieve no more no more- Aint a gonna grieve no more no more- Aint a gonna grieve no more- Aint a gonna grieve no more- Aint a gonna grieve no more. Aint gonna grieve no more.

Red and white and brown and black,
We're ridin' this train on a one-way track,
Got this far and we aint turnin' back,
We aint gonna grieve no more.

CHO

Sing this song all night long,
Sing it to my baby from midnight on,
You can sing it when I'm dead and gone,
I aint gonna grieve no more.

CHO

Notify your next of kin,
We're gonna sing this song till the roof falls in,
You can knock us down, we'll get up again,
We aint gonna grieve no more.

CHO

There's a time to plant and a time to plow
Time to stand and a time to bow
There's a time to grieve, but that aint now
I aint gonna grieve no more.

CHO

BROADSIDE #s 11-12
AUGUST 1962
IF IT WISNAE FOR THE UNION  
words: Matt McGinn

tune: Join the British Army

Chorus:

Too ra loo ra loo ra loo, I'll tell you somethin' awfa true, You widnae hae yer telly the noo* if it wisnae for the Union.

I had a boss in Aberdeen, the nicest fella ever I've seen
But I think he thought I wis awfa green afore I joined the Union.

I had a boss his name wis Black, he told me I could call him "Jack";
He wis helluva good at gie'n the sack afore we joined the Union.

I had a lass in Inverness, and she wis one o' the very best,
But we couldnae afford tae marry unless I went and joined the Union,

(CHORUS)

Too ra loo ra loo ra loo, I'll tell you something else that's true,
The boss would have us black and blue if it wisnae for the Union.

I had a boss they called Calhoun, the nicest fella in Glesga**toon
Except for keeping your wages doon afore we joined the Union.

I had a boss called Alderdyce, and he wis really a helluva nice,
Except for the way he loaded the dice afore we joined the Union.

Too ra loo ra loo ra loo, there's twenty four hours a day it's true,
And we'd ha' been workin' the twenty two if it wisnae for the Union.

(CHORUS)

* Television set
** Glasgow

BROADSIDE #s 11-12
AUGUST 1962
WHITHER AMERICAN FOLK MUSIC? (A Few Comments)

"FOLK MUSIC HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE VOICE OF PEOPLE WHO FEEL THEY'VE BEEN DONE WRONG TO. THERE ARE FEW CONTENTED FOLK SONGS. SONGS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN USED TO COMMENT ON THE TIMES AND IT'S ALWAYS BEEN THE FUNCTION OF FOLK MUSIC TO PROTEST THE STATUS QUO." Peggy Seeger, quoted recently in SING OUT!

We recently received from England a copy of the new songbook "Songs For The Sixties" edited by Peggy Seeger and Ewan MacColl and published by the Workers' Music Association in London. The songs are uniformly of a high, solid quality; they range in content from men at work on various jobs to disasters at sea and in the mines to protests against preparations for atomic war, strontium 90, greedy landlords, the resurgance of Nazism, etc. In their foreword the editors note that while the popular revival of this kind of song in Britain is little more than ten years old, "we are witnessing an intensive bout of popular music-making, the like of which has not been seen in these islands since Elizabethan times." They go on: "The revival moves at an accelerating tempo, constantly widening its influence... New folk clubs, all over the country, spring up like mushrooms, new singers are constantly making themselves heard on radio and TV...." They point out that a key feature of the movement has been "the popular rediscovery of the art of song writing, for the revival has produced almost as many new songwriters as it has singers... The steadily-growing army of young creators is one of the most important, and most stimulating, aspects of the folk-music revival."

Their findings raise various questions for envious Americans.
1. Why hasn't our own folk music revival (after all, we got off to a head start both in time and quality) been accompanied by a comparably healthy, ever-widening growth?
2. If our revival isn't going in a similar direction, just where is it going? Life is never static.

To find answers one has to begin with the blunt, inescapable fact that Britain has enjoyed a climate of much greater freedom than has prevailed in the U.S. this last sad quarter century. Here not only songwriters and singers but everyone in the cultural field, as elsewhere, has been forced to work under the shadow of an upraised club threatening ostracism, blacklisting, economic deprivation, and even jail itself. The one Neanderthal hand holds a club over those who might challenge the "status quo". The other hand holds forth a wilty carrot, the promise of some financial reward and even a taste of fame for the conformist. It is no accident that only one halfway good novel, "Catcher in the Rye" has been commercially published in the U.S. during these past 25 years. Or that paintings by chimpanzees find a readier market than those done by human artists. But there are now healthy signs that this period of insanity may be coming to an end. The Falk verdict against the sordid blacklisters was a good omen. There have been others. In Massachusetts Professor Hughes of Harvard got almost 150,000 signatures on his program of peace and reason and Newsweek gives him a chance of beating the Kennedy and Lodge clans in the forthcoming Senatorial election.
We saw, some ten years or so ago, a few of those foremost in the folk music field submit to the carrot-and-club treatment. They got down on their knees, kissed feet and swore "the Earth does not move." Others kept their self respect and have plugged away hard in the intervening years, but you have to admit the going here has been much tougher than on the isles of our British cousin. The atmosphere that has existed has affected the entire American population, made the people nervous and tense and uneasy and uncertain. Some audiences have been as reluctant to listen to hard-hitting, meaningful songs as some singers to sing them. It could be symbolic that a number of the first folk songs to become popular in our revival were songs of retreat and even passive submission. In these songs someone was always getting out from under, either saying "Good Night" or "Good Bye" or pleading with a freight train to please hurry up and carry them at utmost speed to the nearest cemetery where they could crawl into a grave and not bother nobody anymore. In the resulting confused atmosphere, wise heads who should have been giving direction stumbled headlong into pitfalls themselves. "The John B. Sails" is entrancing music, but the lyrics are strictly on the level of "Amos & Andy". The railroad corporations would gladly have shelled out a cool million bucks to Madison Avenue for the line "Railroad Bill, he never worked and he never will" and for getting it the circulation it has had. Especially in these days when they are getting ready to fire no less than 40,000 railroad workers on the grounds that their jobs are "featherbedding".

The strength of the songs in "Songs For The Sixties" lies in the fact that they are grounded in a deep respect for the dignity and work of man. Its editors credit the skiffle movement as the force "which finally broke down the barrier of public indifference" and opened the breach for the current British folk music revival. But over there people who knew where they wanted to go moved quickly in after the skifflers and took over. Here, after all these years, our own brand of skifflers are still riding high. They tend to dredge up and offer for popular consumption songs dealing with murder, drunkenness and other forms of human depravity. "Tom Dooley", when you come down to it, is just another aimless murder story no different from the hundreds of such stories in the "detective" magazines cluttering up our newsstands. But actually, with these groups it is not so much the content of the song, as the style in which it is delivered. Generally their approach to a song is to let the audience in on the fact that they consider the song something to be ridiculed, the butt of a great hilarious joke, whoever wrote it a slob, and they are singing it just to give themselves and the audience some kicks. Hardly a sound basis for the growth of a healthy folk music movement.

With the popular quartets the big thing is the approach, the style. In Washington Square this summer the overwhelmingly popular style is bluegrass, meaning Scruggs bluegrass. Listening to our new young generation of 5-string banjo pickers, and watching them furiously strum away on their instruments, you can comprehend what Peggy Seeger was driving at when she recently described Scruggs as nothing more than "mechanical pyrotechnics". It is interesting to
discover how deeply they are involved in learning musical techniques while showing only the barest minimum of interest in the lyrics of the songs they play. They seem to be submerged in an almost total fascination with musical technicalities.

"But what is the song about? What do the words say?"

"That's not important. The way you play it, the style, that's the thing."

They wear you out with a rapid-fire barrage of technical terms. They go into great detail to show you the fundamental difference between Scruggsing and Seegering. "Now this is Scruggsing, you need picks to Scruggs. Watch, now I'm Seegering. You don't need picks to Seeger." (Scruggsing is the really big thing today, but to be a rounded-out banjo picker you should also be able to do some Seegering). A distinguishing characteristic of Seegering is T.I.B. -- Thumb, Index finger, Brush, Double-Thumbing is fine, but who needs to Double-Thumb if he can Scruggs! "Look, now I'm frailing. Now I'm hammering on. Now I'm pulling off."

The poor guitar players are left behind, but at least they are busy Travising.

The kids in Washington Square show you elaborate banjos which cost $350.00, and you are overwhelmed, remembering Woody Guthrie's $8 hockshop guitar and the old days when the Duke of Iron brushed a 10-cent tin piepan as the only musical background for the Calypso song he was putting across.

Jazz, as we know, grew out of the country blues, an anguished cry of an oppressed, tortured people, the Negro people in America. Country blues was the voice of a people who not only felt but knew they were being done wrong to; it was a protest against an intolerable status quo. The verbal content was the important thing, the harsh music designed to attract the listener to come and hear the singer's message. But when the commercializers moved the country blues into white night clubs and the NY recording studios they muffled the verbal content and in time eliminated it altogether. The new product was jazz. Now when one speaks of "modern" jazz he means a wordless display of musical technique, the words thrown away and the music itself changed so as to lull and distract rather than stir the human soul. Commercialization was the main pressure that brought about this change; there have been pressures additional to commercialization bearing down on the folk music movement in America.

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Editor's note: We see the above as only the beginning of a discussion, and welcome, for publication, comments on this article and the subject in general from our readers. Pro and con.

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NORTHWESTERN WANTS TO RUIN THE DUNES  
Words: Pat Walsh

(Tune: "Johnny I Hardly Knew Ya!", better known as "When Johnny Comes Marching Home")

Northwestern wants to ruin the dunes, to ruin the dunes  
Northwestern wants to ruin the dunes, to ruin the dunes  
Northwestern wants to ruin the dunes in spite of all our protest tunes.  
Well it only goes to show ya', that Northwestern we hardly knew ya'.

Clint Murchison has made a pile Consuming Dunes  
Clint Murchison has made a pile Consuming Dunes  
Clint Murchison has made a pile, his stockholders will always smile  
With their profits rising all the while by selling out the sand dunes.

The politicians have been paid to spoil the dunes  
The politicians have been paid to spoil the dunes  
The politicians have their way and they have had the most to say  
But the people cannot have their way and we're losing all our sand /dunes.

Governor Welsh has turned his back upon the dunes  
Governor Welsh has turned his back upon the dunes  
Governor Welsh has turned his back upon the voters he will lack  
For they still recall what he did say about the harbor survey.

And Halleck wants to wreck the dunes, to wreck the dunes  
And Halleck wants to wreck the dunes, to wreck the dunes  
Halleck is a leader in the House of Representatives  
But he doesn't represent the people back home in Indiana.

In Cleveland, Ohio, Lake Erie smells so, oh  
In Cleveland, Ohio, Lake Erie smells so, oh  
In Cleveland, Ohio, the people have no lakefront parks you know  
So the swimmers have no place to go except down in the sewers.

An S.O.S. means Save Our Shores, means Save Our Shores  
An S.O.S. means Save Our Shores, means Save Our Shores  
An S.O.S. means Save Our Shores from steel mills, saloons and stores  
They're wrecking land just like in wars by wasting all our lakeshores.

Oh sing these tunes to save the dunes, to save the dunes  
Oh sing these tunes to save the dunes, to save the dunes  
Oh sing these tunes to save the dunes or they will soon be all in ruins  
So spread the news by protest tunes and help to save the sand dunes.

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NOTE: Northwestern wants to buy the sand, Murchison plans to deliver it to Northwestern. When the sand dunes are scraped away, Bethlehem wants to build a steel mill there.

BROADSIDE #S 11-12
AUGUST 1962