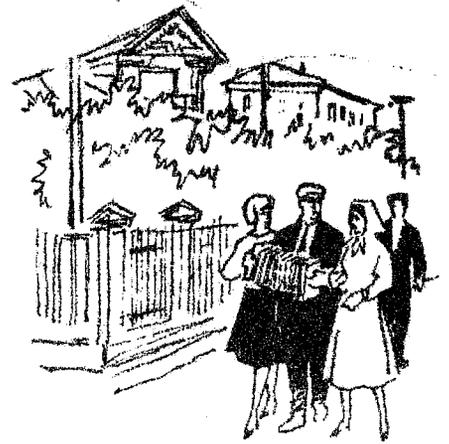
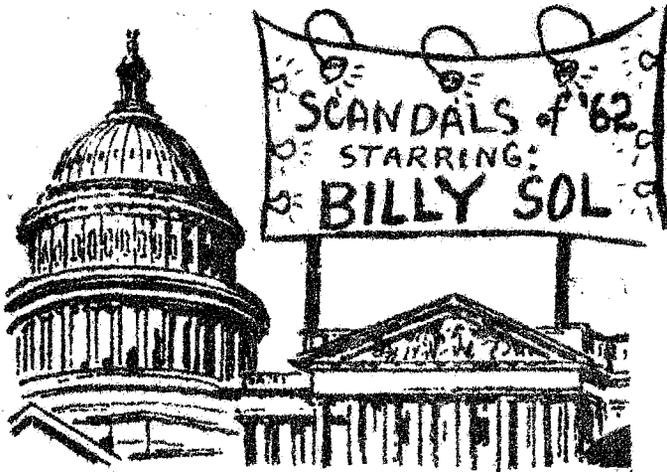


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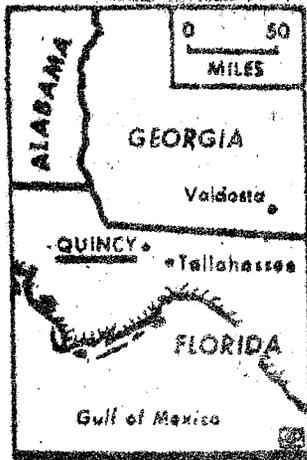
BROADSIDE # 13, SEPTEMBER 1962 -- BOX 193, NEW YORK 25, N.Y.

35¢



" DO RUSSIAN PEOPLE
STAND FOR WAR."

Drown

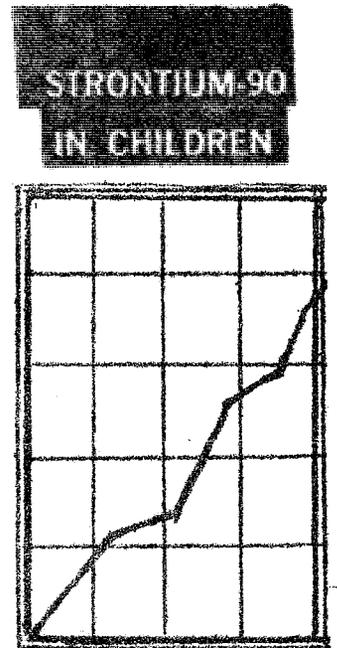


DISASTER SCENE
Map locates Quincy, Fla.

"WE PRAY TO GOD
IT NEVER
HAPPENS AGAIN."



"THE LITTLE GENERALS "



" MACK THE BOMB "

War-Seekers Insane, Says JFK

By RICHARD MCGOWAN

Washington, July 31 (NEWS Bureau).—"Anyone who desires war these days is insane," President Kennedy replied emphatically today to a young Brazilian who accused the U. S. of "building a war machine like Hitler."

QUINCY, Fla. (AP)—Seventeen children and their Sunday school teacher drowned Saturday while on a church picnic outing when their small boat filled and sank without warning in a deep lake.

The picnic group, all Negroes, was from the Blessed Hope church near Quincy, a northwest Florida town about 20 miles northwest of Tallahassee.

By THEODORE SHABAD

Special to The New York Times.

MOSCOW, Aug. 29 — Robert Frost, the poet, and Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall arrived here today for ten-day visits under the United States-Soviet exchange program.

On hand to welcome Mr. Frost were the Soviet poets Aleksandr Tvardovsky, Aleksei Surkov and Yevgeny Yevtushenko. Mr. Tvardovsky will reciprocate Mr. Frost's visit by going to the United States in October.

Mr. Tvardovsky, who sat stony-faced, and Mr. Yevtushenko, who had been listening with a thin-lipped smile, broke into laughter when Mr. Frost added:

"If the Russians beat my country in everything, then I will become a Russian."

Moscow, Sept. 1 (AP).—Poet Robert Frost went to a Soviet school today and recited one of his poems and some Mother Goose rhymes.

Several pupils in halting English asked him what he thought of the Soviet peace program "It's great," replied Frost.

Washington, July 12 (NEWS Bureau).—Henry H. Marshall, the first Agriculture Department official to get wise to Billie Sol Estes' illegal cotton allotment transfers, was murdered, Sen. John L. McClellan (D-Ark.) declared today.

Waving a .22 single-shot, bolt-action rifle before an audience in the Senate caucus room, McClellan said:

"It is my irrevocable conclusion that no man could commit suicide with a weapon like this."

Marshall's bullet-riddled body

was found June 3, 1961, on a Texas farm. The death was ruled suicide at the time. Later, a grand jury reviewed the finding but was unable to agree on the cause of death.

"He would have had to place

the gun in an awkward position, pull the trigger and then work the bolt, while wounded, four more times," McClellan declared at a Senate rackets committee hearing.

It was incredible, he said, that the man was able to shoot himself even once.

Strontium-90 can cause leukemia and bone cancer. We have been most concerned about Strontium-90 because if falls on the leaves of plants, is eaten by cattle and man, and finds its way into the bone structure of men, women and children. Some Strontium-90 is filtered out by the cow. The rest passes into milk we drink.

"An estimated total of 25,000 to 150,000 cases of leukemia will ultimately occur, if tests are stopped in 1958, from tests already held."

—UNITED NATIONS REPORT ON RADIATION.

Sing Out for Hughes

(Campaign song for H. Stuart Hughes, independent candidate for U.S. Senate in Massachusetts on a peace platform.)

(to the tune of "Roll On, Columbia")

A new voice is speaking across our great land
It tells of a hope for the future of man.
Let's make a first gesture and stretch out our hand,
So stand up and sing out for Hughes.

Chorus:

Stand up, and sing out for Hughes
Stand up, and sing out for Hughes
We still have the chance, and it's our chance to choose,
So stand up and sing out for Hughes!

Let's join all our voices in this our great quest
The bringing together of East and of West;
World peace is the vision that won't let us rest,
So stand up and sing out for Hughes.

Chorus (repeat):

Our children must live in a world without war
And fear for tomorrow must haunt us no more.
We're here on the threshold—let's open the door,
So stand up and sing out for Hughes.

Chorus.

DO RUSSIAN PEOPLE STAND FOR WAR?

words: Y. Yevtushenko
music: E. Kolmanovsky

Translation: Olga Moisseyenko, Tom Williams, Sis Cunningham.

The musical score is written on five staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single line. Chord symbols are placed above the staff: Cm, Fm, G, Cm, Eb, Bb7, Eb, Eb7, Ab, G, Cm, C7, Fm, Ab, Bb7, Eb, Eb6, Fm, Bb7, Eb, Fm, G, G7, Cm. The lyrics are printed below the staff, with some words like 'answer' and 'answer' appearing above the notes. The lyrics are: "Do Russian people stand for war? Go ask the sons on plain & shore; Those sons & daughters best Whose soldier fathers lie at rest. Beneath the birch & poplar tree; The answer given silent-ly Will none the less be strong & sure-- Ask them if Russians are, Ask them if Russians are, Ask them if Russians are for war."

Those soldiers died on every hand
Not only for their own dear land
But so the world at night could
sleep

And never have to wake and weep;
Go ask the soldiers from the ranks
The lads you hugged on Elbe's
banks

And who remember all they saw --
Ask them if Russians are,
Ask them if Russians are,
Ask them if Russians are for war.

Sure we know how to fight a war
But we don't want to see once
more
The soldiers falling all around
Their countryside a battleground;
Ask those who gave the soldiers
life
Go ask the mother, ask the wife,

And you will have to ask no more
If Russian people are,
If Russian people are,
If Russian people are for war.

(Instrumental interlude to
cover four lines of verse, then
song concludes with):

The working people of each land
Will come for sure to understand
Throughout the world on sea and
shore

Ask them if Russians are,
Ask them if Russians are,
Ask them if Russians are for war.

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THE BALLAD OF DOCTOR DEARJOHN

By Earl & Helen Robinson

I'm a rather poor man with a worrisome life, Ten years I've been
wed to a sickily wife; She does nothing all day but sit down and
cry And a wishin' to God that she would die.

I take her each week to see Dr. Dearjohn
She likes him all right but his fees are so strong
It's hospital, therapy, medicine too
The bills are gigantic and what can I do?

A friend of me own came to see me one day
He saw that my wife was a-fadin' away
But he knew of a method that could make her strong
Twas the medicare plan of Saskatchewan

"It's government sponsored and they pay the bill
When you or your wife or your children get ill
It lessens the worry when sickness is near --
And there's something left over for skittles and beer!"

I ran out to tell it to my friend the doc
He grew purple and green and went into shock
"Don't believe all this garbage that you've been fed
It's socialist, communist, and also it's red!"

"A patient's and doctor's relationship
Would be spoiled by government dictatorship
The rights of us both must always be free."
Sez I, "That's the truth now but what about the fee?"

I went home and thought out the whole matter through
My wife was still sickly but what should I do?
Must I work my whole life here in Saskatchewan
Just to pay for the freedom of Doctor Dearjohn?

(continued on next page)

The Ballad of Doctor Dearjohn (continued from previous page)

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#13
Sept. 1962

Oh doctor, oh doctor, oh doctor dear Sir
I hope there's a way that we both can concur
Perhaps we can find us a compromise plan
To heal my sick wife here in Saskatchewan

Well I hear that the doctors and government met
With the help of Lord Taylor from Great Britain yet
Yes the government sat down with Dr. Dearjohn
And the world will be praising of Saskatchewan!

B I L L Y S O L

Words: Phil Ochs

Tune: "Jesse James"

It was in the year of Nineteen Fifty Three
The Chamber of Commerce took a vote,
They picked ten young rising men and Bill was one of them
But the government disagreed, and I quote:

CHORUS:

Stand Tall, Billy Sol, we don't know you at all
Take down those pictures from the wall
Well we don't want to handle an agriculture scandal
We have got to face elections in the fall.

Well Billy started out with just one little lamb
And his fortune just grew and grew
But irregularity in his share of parity
Came to light and the charges really flew.

CHORUS:

Well JFK denied and Orville Freeman sighed
He said everyone around was fair and square
But he was no more convincin' than Ezra Taft Benson
As resignations cropped up everywhere.

CHORUS:

And now I'd like to say that crime sure doesn't pay
But if you want to make some money on the sly
Well you can always rent the U.S. government
It's the best one that money can buy.

CHORUS:

THE LITTLE GENERALS

words & music
by Malvina Reynolds

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single line. Chord symbols are placed above the staff: C, F, C, G7. The lyrics are: "All the little generals are running out of war, Oh, my, It's e-". The second staff continues the melody with chord symbols C, G7, C, F. Lyrics: "nough to make you cry; They've all these little khaki colored". The third staff has chord symbols C, G7, C, G7, C. Lyrics: "guns & tanks, & all the money waiting in the U. S. banks, But". The fourth staff has chord symbols Gm, Am. Lyrics: "when they start an action, people say 'No thanks', And it's". The fifth staff has chord symbols D7, G7, C. Lyrics: "hard to get a war these days -----". The sixth staff is marked "CODA" and has chord symbols A7, D7, G7, C. Lyrics: "Thank Heaven, it's hard to get a war these days -----".

All the little generals are running out of war,
Oh, my, It's enough to make you cry,
They're sitting on their build-up till they get a pain,
They march the soldiers up the hill and down the hill again,
But logistics they get rusty when they're standing in the rain,
And it's hard to get a war these days.

All the little generals are running out of war,
Oh, my, It's enough to make you cry,
They paddle out to Cuba and get drowned in the bay,
They start a thing in Laos, but the folks don't want to play,
And even up in Holy Loch, the kids cry, "Go Away!"
And it's hard to get a war these days.

All the little generals are running out of war,
Oh, my, It's enough to make you cry,
They take the mighty atom bombs and tie them up with bows,
And Teller puts on perfume so they smell just like a rose,
But they smell like Hiroshima when the fall-out blows,
And it's hard to get a war these days,
Thank Heaven -- It's hard to get a war these days.

M A C K T H E B O M B

Words: Nancy Schimmel

Music: Kurt Weill

Oh, the shark has pretty teeth,
dear,
And he shows them pearly white,
And the AEC has figures,
But it keeps them out of sight.

When the shark bites with his
teeth, dear,
Scarlet billows start to spread;
Strontium 90 shows no color,
But it leaves you just as dead.

Strontium 90 leaves no clue,
dear,
It's not like thalidomide;
If the baby is deformed, dear,
You just blame the other side.

Strontium 90 leaves no trace,
dear,
No one knows who gets the knife,
You can always say that
background
Radiation took the life.

In your milk on Monday morning
Comes an extra little kick,
Well, the taste is just the same,
dears,
But the Geiger counters tick.

Oh, the shark has pretty teeth,
dear,
And he shows them, pearly white;
And the AEC has figures,
But they keep them out of sight.

W E P R A Y T O G O D I T N E V E R
H A P P E N S A G A I N

Words: Allen Brant

Music: "Titanic Disaster"

On the 18th day of August
In the year of '62,
There was sadness and sorrow
under sunny skies of blue,
Eighteen people had to die,
no one knows the reason why,
But we pray to God it never
happens again.

CHORUS:

It was sad, it was sad,
It was sad when that
tragedy occurred.
Eighteen people had to die,
No one knows the reason why,
But we pray to God it never
happens again.

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Seventeen of them were children
And the 18th was their teacher
From a church outside of Quincy
in the state of Florida
They were boating on Lake Talquin
when the water rushed right in,
And we pray to God it never
happens again.

CHORUS:

As they sailed out on that lake
Just three hundred feet from
shore
Not a soul knew that they would
not see their loved ones
anymore.
But although they now are gone,
Yet their memory will live on,
And we pray to God it never
happens again.

CHORUS:



NOTES -- THE "FREEDOM FIGHTERS" by Steve Weinstein in our last issue should have had the credit: Tune, Malvina Reynolds' BATTLE OF MAXTON FIELD. Editor's omission.

BILLY SOL in this issue: 21-year-old Phil Ochs is of the excellent new crop of young topical song writers. Starting a year ago, he has written a dozen good ones: THE A.M.A., VIETNAM, JARAMILLO, etc. We plan to print as many as possible. He also writes fine "white" blues. Born in El Paso, Texas, kept moving -- New Mexico, Florida, Virginia, Ohio, Scotland and New York. Studied journalism at Ohio State for 3 years, then quit when, as he says, "I realized it was impossible to be true to my convictions and still be a success in journalism -- in or out of school."

DO RUSSIAN PEOPLE STAND FOR WAR? We print this song as our little part of the cultural exchange. One of the current top hits in the U.S.S.R. A comparison to presently popular U.S. hits would indicate -- to put it mildly -- that we suffer from much more than a space "lag". Y. Yevtushenko, now

a host to visitor Robert Frost in the Soviet Union, is a leading Soviet poet; perhaps some day No.1 on our own hit parade will be a poem by Robert Frost set to music.

BROADSIDE. We chose the name to carry on the tradition of the old broadside ballad, descendants of the folk ballad, and sold as printed sheets in the streets for some 4 centuries. Leslie Shepard of England has just published a new book "The Broadside Ballad" tracing this "dubious branch of literature". He shows how the broadsides linked folklore, politics and sociology in ways dramatic, humorous, "and sometimes frankly scandalous" to reflect the climate and the temper of the times. The figure on this page is a 19th century Long-Song Seller (with his titles brought up to date); it comes from Shepard's book; he got it from Mayhew's "London Labour and the London Poor".

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