

Broadside

BROADSIDE # 14, OCTOBER 1962 -- BOX 193, NEW YORK 25, N.Y.

35¢

The Battle of Mississippi

Oxford, Miss., Oct. 1 (Special).—James Meredith enrolled today at the University of Mississippi.

The simple, hour-long registration procedure completed, Meredith was asked if, with all things considered, he was pleased to be here. He said quietly: "No, this is not a happy occasion."

He was referring to the eight hours of bloody rioting on the Ole Miss campus last night and early this morning following his arrival. Two persons were left dead and scores were wounded. Even as he was filling out forms, seething citizens were raining rocks and pop bottles on incoming Army convoy trucks in downtown Oxford.

Meredith Statement

I dream of the day when Negroes in Mississippi can live in decency and respect of the first order and do so without fear of intimidation, bodily harm or of receiving personal embarrassment, and with an assurance of equal justice under the law.

ARKANSAS GAZETTE: Gov. Barnett's backers are the Gen. Walkers, the neo-Fascists, the arch-segregationists and the hate-mongers. "The whole situ-

Premier Castro declared that "racists who oppose entrance of that youth to the university" also were clamoring for United States forces to invade Cuba.

"Hitler, then, has not cured the world of racism? There are,

MONTREAL STAR: Gen. Walker wanted a Civil War when he urged, "It is now or never. Bring your flag, your tent and your skillet." This is a

One of the mob's charges on the Lyceum, the administration building, followed a harangue by former Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker from the pedestal of a Confederate monument across the mall from the Greek-revival structure of white columns and brick masonry.

"Sit 'em, John Birch," a student shouted from across the street.

Strife at Ole Miss

Oxford, Miss., is a sleepy town of 5,000 that smells of red clay and sweet jasmine. William Faulkner, long its most famous citizen, lies buried beneath three tall oaks in the hills nearby. Stretching over 640 acres of wooded hills in Oxford is the University of Mississippi—Ole Miss—the pride of Oxford and of all Mississippi.

BROADSIDE is waiting for a song about one of the most important events of this year -- the enrollment of James Meredith in the University of Mississippi. His courage is as deserving of the Distinguished Service Cross as any soldier's bravery on a battlefield. Perhaps more so, since he stands alone. The least tribute we could pay him would be a good lasting song in his honor.

Bar Negro With Clubs

that James H. Meredith, a 29-year-old former staff sergeant in the Air Force, be enrolled as a student at the University of Mississippi. In

leaving the calm town. [1:6-7.] As the only Negro among 5,500 whites, Mr. Meredith faces the delicate task of winning acceptance. When asked if it wouldn't be a long, difficult life, he replied slowly: "Well, I've been living a lonely life a long time." [29:5.]

James Howard Meredith is asking for nothing but the opportunity to pursue his education in what seems to him the most suitable institution in his own home state. If he is admitted, he will be subjected, as the only Negro on the campus, to an ordeal difficult for a white person to imagine. No court can issue an injunction providing for him a full and happy social life. All

The Governor and the state of Mississippi are now treating the world to the degrading spectacle of a university campus turned into a military encampment in order to bar a single mild-mannered Negro from attending classes on a basis of equality with the white man.

But when the pale green sedan carrying Mr. Meredith entered Sorority Row a scream of rage that could be heard at the main gate began to rise. It followed the car as it headed toward the center of the campus.

And then the violence erupted.

BONN, Oct. 2—The West German public was almost unanimous today in interpreting the bloodshed at Oxford as a blow to American prestige in Asia and Africa.

Japanese Child U. S.

"The existence of racial discrimination in the United States should be disgraceful to the country which is regarded as the leader of the free nations camp."

The only reason for Meredith's presence here is academic. "I won't take part in any campus activities," he said today, and then he added with obvious wistfulness, "not even the glee club."

Has Large Room

His room is large, about 15 feet long and 12 feet wide, but the cement floor is bare, the whitewashed walls have no pictures and there is no desk. A bureau and three cots are in the room. The effect is that of a cell.

Last Thursday tension rose as the hour neared for Mr. Meredith's arrival in Oxford. Plainclothesmen and state police ringed the campus as hundreds of students milled about the historic Lyceum Building. They chanted: "We will bury all the niggers in the Mississippi mud."

NOTES

Newweek, September 24, 1962

When he returned from his inspection trip to South Vietnam a year ago, Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor drafted a top-secret three-page report recommending an immediate influx of U.S. arms, men, helicopters, and money. South Vietnam got them all. By last week, when Taylor arrived in Saigon again, 10,000 U.S. military men were on active duty in the beleaguered republic; tens of thousands of South Vietnamese soldiers had been flown into action in 140 U.S. helicopters; and U.S. expenditures were running at the rate of \$1.5 million daily. But Maxwell Taylor's year-old report had also recommended sweeping social, political, and economic reforms to win for President Ngo Dinh Diem's government the positive support of South Vietnam's war-weary people; of these last week there was little sign.

Many longtime French residents note that the regime of President Diem has much of the paternalistic, authoritarian overtone, the same emphasis on adulation for an aging ruler (though Diem is only 61), that marked the country when Vichy France was in power there during World War II. The whole effect seems to suggest that Diem regards himself as ruling with the mandate of heaven.

Turn, it Diem's brother, tired-eyed, brilliant Ngo Dinh Nhu. Like Diem, Ngo Dinh Nhu is honest, and a dedicated anti-Communist; unlike the President, Ngo Dinh Nhu is also a vicious political in-fighter with an unquenchable thirst for power.

Perhaps the most extraordinary personality in the Ngo dynasty is Ngo Dinh Nhu's wife. Mme. Nhu is a beautiful, gifted, and charming woman; she is also grasping, conceited, and obsessed with a drive for power that far surpasses that of even her husband. Like Diem and his brother, Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu sees the family as a dynasty rather than an evanescent political force. It is no exaggeration to say that Madame Nhu is the most detested personality in South

Matt McGinn, Glasgow singer and songwriter now visiting the U.S., has been kind enough to write us an American version of his song "If It Wasn't for the Union." The original with music appeared in BROADSIDE # 11-12. Here are his U.S. verses:

I HAD A BOSS IN IDAHO
AS NICE A MAN AS IS ON THE GO
BUT THE WAGES HE PAID WERE
A HELUVA LOW
BEFORE WE JOINED THE UNION.

CHO: TOO RA LOO RA LOO RA LOO
I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING
AWFULLY TRUE
THE BOSS WOULD HAVE US
BLACK AND BLUE
IF IT WASN'T FOR THE UNION.

MY FRISCO BOSS WAS TRULY GREAT
HE PAID US ALL ABOVE THE RATE
BUT HE DIDN'T OPEN THE GOLDEN
GATE
UNTIL WE JOINED THE UNION. (CHO.)

I HAD A BOSS DOWN TEXAS WAY
AND HE WAS ALWAYS BRIGHT & GAY
BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE
WAGES HE PAID
BEFORE WE JOINED THE UNION (CHO)

I HAD A BOSS THEY CALLED
KENNELL
HE TREATED HIS GRANDMA VERY
WELL
BUT THE LIKES OF US HE GAVE US
HELL
BEFORE WE JOINED THE UNION (CHO.)

A spokesman for the Chad Mitchell Trio says they were prohibited on NBC's "Tonight" show the other night from singing their song "The John Birch Society... Oscar Brand in the N.Y. Post: "The blacklist continues right along in commercial folk song entertainment."

BROADSIDE, P.O. BOX 193, NEW YORK 25, N.Y. -- A publication issued twice monthly to distribute topical songs and stimulate the writing of such songs. Sis Cunningham, Editor; Gil Turner; Pete Seeger (advisory). Rates: \$5 per year; \$1.50 for 5-issue trial subs.

V I E T N A M

by Phil Ochs

U. S. soldiers are a-dyin' over there, over there, As the
 status quo remains over there; U. S. soldiers ^{are} a-dyin' while their
 mothers sit home cryin'- It's a crime how they're dyin' over there.
 CHO: Viet-nam, Viet-nam, Oh why must we die in Viet-nam; Well
 I don't really care to die for the New Frontier & make Vi-et-nam
 safe for Di-em-o-cra-cy.*

(* Rule by a 1-family dictator-
 ship backed by 10,000 US troops.)

2. Now one family rules the country over there, over there
 And they lock up opposition over there
 Well I don't really crave to fill a Vietnam grave
 As one family fills their pockets over there. CHO
3. Now our soldiers burn the towns up over there, over there
 And they relocate the people over there
 Now this may sound like treason but it sure shows lack of
 reason
 To lock up groups of people over there. CHO.
4. Well if you want to stop the fighting over there, over there
 Then you better stir up action over here
 Drop your congressman a line, let him know what's on your mind
 And the crisis will be over over there. CHO.

J A R A M I L L O

By Phil Ochs

Lively

The peons of Mexico long have known suff'ring & pain -- Zapata &
 Villa have died there fighting in vain-- Ruben Jara-millo kept
 up the tradition, he fought for the land once a-gain, But for all his
 good deeds the brave Jaramillo was slain. A forty-five bullet has
 ended the life of a man who lived by the gun--But all of the bullets
 Mexico cannot undo all the work that he's done. All of the bullets
 Mexico cannot un-do all the work that he's done. (Fine)

2. The greedy caciques have stolen and plundered the land
 With pistoleros they rule with a cold iron hand
 The poor campesinos could stand it no longer, they asked Jaramillo
 to fight
 He reached for his gun for he thought that his cause made him right.
 CHORUS
3. For twenty long years he fought and he struggled and tried
 Epifania, his wife, always there at his side
 Often surrounded he always was hounded, they searched for him near,
 far and wide
 A man of deep sorrow but also a man of deep pride. CHORUS
4. Twenty-five hundred peasants he led to their long promised land
 And the army's revenge killed the wife and the sons and the man
 The assassins rejoiced with their whiskey and women but their
 laughter can never last long
 They can kill all the leaders but the people will always be strong.
 CHORUS

Talking Blues Syncopation

1. The Senecas are an Indian tribe of the Iroquois nation
 Down on the New York-Pennsylvania line you'll find / reservation
 After the U. S. revolution Cornplanter was a chief-- He told the
 tribe these men they could trust; that was his true belief-- He
 went down to Independence Hall & there a treaty signed, That
 promised peace with the USA & Indian / combined; George Washington
 gave his signature, the government gave it's hand, They said that
 now and forever more this was Indian land. CHO: As long as the
 moon shall rise, As long as the rivers flow, As long as the
 sun will shine, As long as the grass shall grow.----- grow.
 (spoken)

2. On the Seneca Reservation, there is much sadness now,
 Washington's treaty has been broken, there is no hope, no how.
 All across the Allegheny River, they're throwing up a dam,
 It will flood the Indian country, a sad day for Uncle Sam.
 It has broken the ancient treaty, with a politician's grin,
 It will drown the Indians' graveyards, Cornplanter, can you swim?
 The earth is mother to the Senecas, they're trampling sacred ground,
 Change the mint green earth to black mud flats,
 As honor hobbles down: (CHO.) (continued on next page...)

AS LONG AS THE GRASS SHALL GROW ... 2

3. The Iroquois Indians used to rule from Canada way south, But no one fears the Indians now, and smiles the liar's mouth. The Senecas hired an expert to figure another site. But the great good Army engineers, said that he had no right; Although he showed them another plan, and showed them another way, They laughed in his face and said no deal, Kinzua Dam is here to stay. Congress turned the Indians down, brushed off the Indians' plea, So the Senecas have renamed the dam, they call it Lake Perfidy. (CHO.)

4. Washington, Adams and Kennedy, now hear their pledges ring, The treaties are safe, we'll keep our word, but what is that gurgling? It's the back water from Perfidy Lake, it's rising all the time, Over the homes, and over the fields, and over the promises fine. No boats will sail on Lake Perfidy, in winter it will fill, In summer it will be a swamp, which all the fish will kill. But the government of the USA, has corrected George's vow, The Father of our country must be wrong -- What's an Indian any how. (CHO.)

THE NEW YORK TIMES, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1962.

Our Treatment of Indians

Coercion of Senecas Over Kinzua Dam Considered Shameful

Terma Editor of The New York Times:

Your editorial of Sept. 26 "The Lake of Perfidy" regrettably comes too late to be more than an epitaph to the victims of the Kinzua Dam. One wishes you would have named the men responsible for this outrage instead of cloaking them in the anonymity of the United States Government.

You are not alone in feeling shock and a deep shame at this proof of the utter dehumanization of our public and private policies. By what right do we justify the virtual destruction of the Seneca nation? Not by request of these Indians, who seem to have little desire to leave the scraps of ancient tribal land they still hold.

Ideologically we have always deplored the Machiavellian glorification of power. In the area of human rights we claim moral superiority over the Communist nations today. Historically we have also claimed this superiority over our contemporaries. Yet there is something psychopathic in a national conscience that spends millions yearly to announce our inherent goodness to the world while proving to anyone who cares to look that we coerce and exploit the weak in the age-old manner of powerful nations everywhere.

Areas of Self-Interest

Our history is not empty of other examples of unfeeling self-interest: the Mexican War, the Spanish-American War and the Panama Canal take-over are a few of the prominent ones. Self-interest was strong enough to overcome our philosophical scruples there, too. But that, of course, is not the point. The nation had much to gain in those instances.

We took because it benefited us to take and because the countries we took from were not strong enough to stop us. One is hardly naive enough to expect a strong nation to practice collectively, in toto, what its moral leaders preach. But always there was the hope that a country conceived as ours was could grow beyond man's natural rapacity.

These Indians, too, lack the strength to stop us. But, for reason's sake, what can we possibly gain here? Another dam, a little more power for power-rid New York State? In exchange for the entire nation, this is small indeed. It can only serve as a brutal reminder to other small nations that we are not to be trusted, for all our invocation of the ghosts of Jefferson and Lincoln.

The symbolic end of the great Athenian experiment, some 2400 years ago, was the seizure of tiny Melos. Perhaps we are witnessing the end of a similar experiment. It is a sad thing.

JOHN TAYLOR GATTO III.
New York, Sept. 20, 1962.

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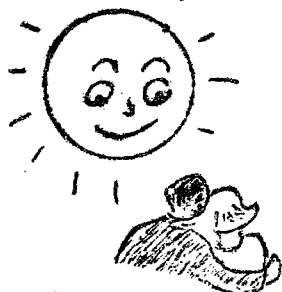
A LETTER TO MR. MOON

Words and Music by
Arnold Sundgaard

Brightly G D7

I must write to Mister Moon, I'll send a letter, ---- Does he
mind them shooting missiles into space, ---For a hundred million/ he's
smiled on lovers, ----- And now they're shooting rockets at his
face. --- (CHO): Mister Moon, Mister Moon, Mister Moon, Mister Moon,
Don't go way and leave us, Mister Moon. -----

Detailed description: The musical score is written on five staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The tempo/style is 'Brightly'. Chord symbols 'G' and 'D7' are placed above the staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff has a 'D7' chord symbol. The fourth staff has 'G' and 'C' chord symbols. The fifth staff has a 'D7' chord symbol. The lyrics include a choral part in parentheses: '(CHO): Mister Moon, Mister Moon, Mister Moon, Mister Moon,'.

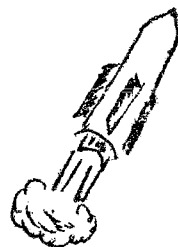


2. I must write to Mr. Moon, I'll send a letter
A hundred million lovers want to know
If they keep on shooting missiles like they're bullets
Will Mr. Moon keep smiling down below. (Cho.)
3. Oh they sterilize the missiles when they shoot 'em
They don't want no earthly sickness out in space
But the rockets that they send there are no better
If they put a frown upon his smiling face. (Cho.)

4. There's a harvest moon that shines for every harvest
A hunter's moon that glistens on the snow
And the full moon shines for lovers when they're dreaming
It seems to follow everywhere they go. (Cho.)

5. Oh the moon that shone when Adam was in Eden
Is the moon that shines on you and me today
Do you think our kids will see the moon tomorrow
If they keep shooting Mr. Moon away. (Cho.)

6. I must write to Mr. Moon, I'll send a letter
Does he mind them shooting missiles into space
For a hundred million years he's smiled on lovers
And now they're shooting rockets at his face. (Cho.)



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THE LITERACY TEST SONG

by Parnes Hall

Briskly C G C G C

Now the sixty elections have come & gone & I think you ought to

G C G C

note- In the South they've found a better way to have a fairer

F C F C

vote- Each voter must be literate & pass a lit'racy test- And I

G C G C

think that you will surely see this method is the best.

Well, a Southern gentleman saunters in, they ask "What's 2 & 2?"
 He hesitates and then says "4", they say "O.K. for you,
 "You're obviously literate, your knowledge is the best,
 "Now go and send the next man to take the voting test."

Well, a colored man comes shyly in and nervously sits down,
 They tell him to stand up and then they really go to town.
 "Now tell us in ten seconds, what's the square root of 73?"
 He fails to answer and thus proves his illiteracy.

Now this system was so excellent, but it had one tiny slip
 The governor came in to vote, he'd been on a trip,
 He'd been to Honolulu, he had a deep sun tan,
 He failed the test and I've never seen a more disgusted man.

New elections are a-coming and I think you ought to note
 In the South they've found a better way to have a fairer vote,
 Each voter must be literate and pass a literacy test,
 And I think that you will surely see this method is the best.

BROADSIDE # 14
 OCTOBER, 1962
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 NEW YORK 25, N.Y.