

BROADSIDE  
#19  
PO BOX 193  
CATHEDRAL  
STATION  
NEW YORK 25  
N. Y.

# BROADSIDE

JANUARY  
1963  
PRICE  
35¢



## THE DIRECT DIGIT DIALING SONG

Operator if you would  
I wish that you would dial  
Six thousand eighty billion  
(I'm not finished by a mile)

Five hundred sixty million  
Nine hundred thousand more  
One hundred thirty seven  
Extension twenty four.

Each time I dial that number  
It seems to come out wrong  
I've talked to Lloyds in London  
And a call girl in Hong Kong.

Then John F. said "hello" to me  
In Boston Accent pure  
I think I talked to Hitler  
Though I couldn't tell for sure.

Words: Van Corey, © 1963 by author  
(Tune: Wabash Cannon Ball)

I dialed across the date line  
And - very strange to say -  
The answer started yesterday  
And lasted through today,

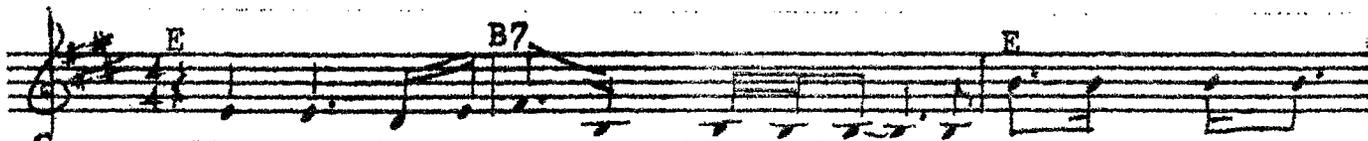
I was just about to quit & put  
The phone back on the shelf  
When I suddenly found out I was  
Connected with myself.

Bring back the old exchanges -  
Leave well enough alone!  
I want to see my "Murray Hill"  
There upon the phone.

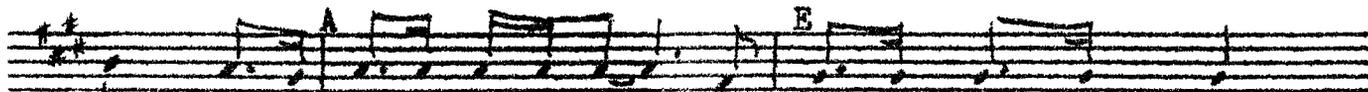
This total digit dialing  
Is ruining my life  
I need the help of UNIVAC  
To call home to my wife.

T I M E W A S

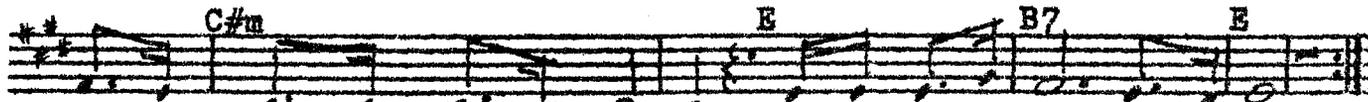
Words & music by Phil Ochs  
 © 1962 by Joy Music Co.



1. Time was when a man could live a-lone-- A man could build a



home, have a family of his own-- The peaceful years would flow,



He could watch his children grow--- But it was a long time a-go.



Time was when troubles were few-- When there weren't so



many people to tell you what to do. It was a long time ago.

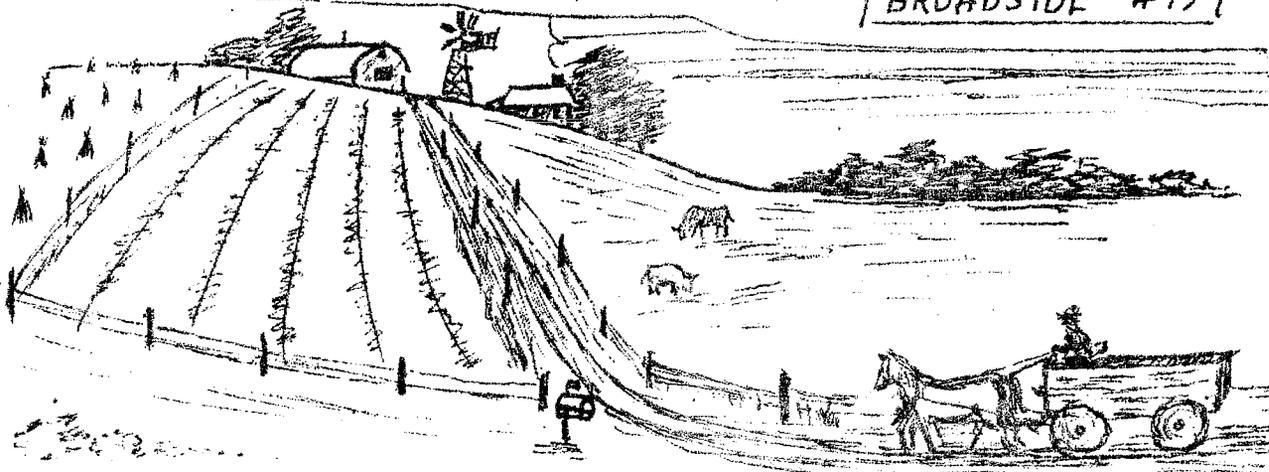
2. Time was when a man could have his land,  
 He could farm it with his hands, He was free to make a stand  
 He could live a life of toil, With his future in the soil,  
 But it was a long time ago.

Time was when troubles were few  
 When there weren't so many people to tell you what to do.

3. Time was when a man could have his pride,  
 There was justice on his side, And there was no need to hide,  
 The world was far away, There was truth in every day,  
 But it was a long time ago.

(Repeat Bridge and 3rd Verse) (Coda)

BROADSIDE #19



# TAKE IT AWAY

Words & music by Malvina Reynolds  
© 1963 by Malvina Reynolds

The musical score is written on a grand staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is primarily eighth and quarter notes. Chord symbols are placed above the staff: D, A7, D, G, D, A7, D, G, D, A7, D, G, D, A7, D. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words like 'it's' and 'our' appearing below the line of the staff.

We've got to take over P. G. E., It's become a dreadful pest  
it's spreading a-tomic poison stuff over all the Golden West. They're  
starting a plant at Bo- de-ga, a place that was wild and pure; They  
call it an a- tomic park, but it's an a-tomic sewer. TAKE IT A- WAY,  
--- TAKE IT A- WAY ---, There's a killer gang at the very top of  
our P. G. & E. to-day. We need that e-lectric power to make country  
run, But what's the use of e-lectric juice, the people are gone.

All around Eureka town  
Dosimeters are set, To see,  
When the plant gets running  
What kind of dose we'll get.  
The Primary School is  
across the road,  
From where the smoke will roll,  
And there's 2 little dosimeters  
On the schoolhouse electric pole.  
They have public relations men  
Could fascinate the birds,  
They even hypnotize themselves  
With their own delightful words.  
There'll never be an accident  
To set the state in flames,  
They never speak of an accident,  
"Excursion" is the name.

[BROADSIDE #19]

P.G.& E. buys lots of stuff  
And local business booms;  
They also buy officials  
In those jolly smoke-filled rooms.  
The A.E.C., the P.U.C.,  
The County Board and all,  
They shake a leg  
and sit up and beg  
At Gas & Electric's call.  
There's a rock fault at Bodega  
Where many a quake has been,  
And that's the very site  
they chose,  
To put their reactors in.  
There used to be an iron rule  
For a plant of stone & steel,  
But now they've got a quickie job  
You could stave in with your heel.

CONT'D →

TAKE IT AWAY -- 2

It's time we kicked these  
bandits out  
And took their toys away.  
Lord knows it's we that  
foot the bills  
With the taxes that we pay.  
The subsidies pay half the cost,  
Our gas bills pay the rest,  
And we need our own great power  
plant  
To save the Golden West.

Take it away,  
Take it away,  
From the killer gang at the  
very top  
Of P. G. & E. today.  
We need electric power  
To make our country run,  
And we'll produce  
That electric juice  
In a company of our own.

\*\*\*\*\*



THE DUNES ARE YOUR LAND

Tune: "This Land" by Woody Guthrie  
Words: Pat Walsh

The dunes are your land  
The dunes are my land  
From jack pine forests  
To prickly cactus  
From sunlit beaches  
To reedy marshes  
Sand dunes were made  
For you and me!

I climbed and slid down  
A lakeshore sand cliff  
And went in swimming  
In breezy beaches  
The wind that whispers  
Among the trees says  
Sand dunes were made  
For you and me!

I hiked the hillsides  
Where wild grape grows  
Beside the willow  
Among the wild rose  
From all this scenery  
The thought came to me  
Sand dunes were made  
For you and me!

The ferns bend soft fronds  
Beside the marsh ponds  
I heard the bull frogs  
Out in the peat bogs  
The more I wondered  
The more I pondered  
Sand dunes were made  
For you and me!

The despoiling of our beautiful country goes on apace. In California they pick out the most scenic areas to build their atomic reactors. In Indiana they are trying to erect a steel plant in the middle of one of the beauty spots of the world -- "The Dunes". Pat Walsh has written a number of songs to help in the battle to save "The Dunes", of which the above is one of the best. See also Broadside #11-12

# Do Something Wrong

Words by Malvina Reynolds  
 Music traditional  
 © 1963 by Malvina Reynolds

Do something wrong, Baby, you're right too For me.

Do something wrong, Baby, you're too right for me. Like

don't be a - fraid to cry where the world can see.

Don't be ashamed to holler  
 When you're hurt,  
 Break your face and put your  
 Neat feet in the dirt.

Don't be afraid  
 To walk in some parade,  
 You can die spotless,  
 You can die afraid.

Wear your heart  
 On a placard in the street,  
 When you're laid out,  
 It's time to be discreet.

The ones that bleed you,  
 Like to see you nice,  
 If you want to be free,  
 You've got to pay the price.

Do something wrong, Baby, you're too sweet for me,  
 Don't be ashamed of words like Liberty.

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## THE UNION

Words and Music by  
 James M. Mejuto, © 1963 by author

Start with Cho. E

Cho: You got-ta go & join the band, You got-ta go & do it now.  
 1. You want to work a full day, A week of thirty hours, say;

You got-ta tell that union man that you want to fight it now.  
 And then the un-employed today will get their share of the work-ing day.

2. And when the boss comes and tells you, son  
 We don't need you now, your work is done  
 And then you'll tell that union man  
 The working man will run this land. Cho.



# The H-Bomb's Thunder

Words by John Brunner  
Tune: Life is like a mountain railway, & Miner's Lifeguard

TRIUMPHANTLY

Don't you hear the H-Bombs' thunder, Echo like the crack of  
want your homes to tumble, Rise in smoke towards the  
doom? While they rend the skies asunder, Fall-out makes the earth a  
sky? Will you let your cities crumble,  
tomb. Do you Will you see your children die? Men and  
Women stand together, Do not heed the men or war. Make your  
minds up, now or never; Ban the Bomb for evermore.

"The H-Bomb's Thunder" was first published in Britain in 1958 and has become a classic. It has been the "anthem" of the Campaign For Nuclear Disarmament since the first march to Aldermaston. The author, John Brunner, is 28, a former RAF man, and a noted science fiction writer. We reprint the song from "Songs For The Sixties", London. (U.S. agent is Hargail Press, 157 W. 57 St., New York City).

The 2nd British song is from SING magazine. We reprint it now because, as the author notes, Christmas may not come next year.

Below is a fine American round for Christmas singing. By Dave and Charlotte Sear. Of course you don't have to wait to see what happens to Christmas -- you can start singing it now.

Tell the leaders of the nations Make the whole wide world take heed: Poison from the radiations Strikes at every race and creed. Must you put mankind in danger, Murder folk in distant lands? Will you bring death to a stranger, Have his blood upon your hands?	Shall we lay the world in ruin? Only you can make the choice. Stop and think of what you're doing, Join the march and raise your voice. Time is short; we must be speedy, We can see the hungry filled, House the homeless, help the needy, Shall we blast, or shall we build?
---	---

Men and Women, stand together,  
Do not heed the men of war.  
Make your minds up, now or never,  
Ban the Bomb for evermore.

Moderato

When war is banished and  
fighting doth cease and  
free men live to-gether in a

C.S.

World at Peace well  
shout our hal-le-lu-jahs and  
praise God on high- and

Sing man's glory till our  
song rends the sky

## New tidings

A carol for Christmas by Tony McCarthy. Tune: God rest ye merry, gentlemen

God rest ye merry, gentlemen, sleep easy in your beds,  
The independent British bomb is flying overhead,  
It's meant to kill the Russians when the rest of us are dead,  
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,  
O tidings of comfort and joy.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry, upon that blessed morn,  
King Herod killed the infants for he thought they did him scorn,  
Now radiation kills the babes before they're even born....

The kings of old brought frankinsense and costly presents dear,  
But we in Britain are too poor to do such things, I fear,  
The H-bomb bill's a cool two hundred million quid a year....

I've got a little tin hat and I wear it every day,  
It keeps me safe by darkest night from every gamma ray,  
And saves me from the H-bomb's power when they have gone astray....

If Jesus came on earth again to save the rich and poor,  
We wouldn't crucify him as the Romans did before,  
But I'd shoot him if I caught him at my fallout shelter door....

Now Kruschew's drinking vodka and Mac is toping beer,  
And Jackie makes the White House shake with bourbon and good cheer,  
I'll drink a toast to all of them if Christmas comes next year,  
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,  
O tidings of comfort and joy.

THIS ISSUE

## Bodega Plant

The Atomic Energy Commission announced yesterday that it will hold a public hearing in California on the controversial proposal to build a nuclear power reactor at Bodega Head on the Sonoma county coast.

The reactor has been bitterly opposed by conservationists who charge the plant will ruin Bodega Head's shoreline scenery, and by others who contend the reactor might be hazardous.

SEE BROADSIDE #15 & #16, & #17, & #18

## Meredith May Leave School

By the Associated Press

Oxford, Miss.

James H. Meredith has announced he will not register for second-semester classes at the University of Mississippi unless his situation improves.

The night before he announced his decision, the "Rebel" underground had distributed leaflets on the campus for the separation of the c--- from the curriculum and the impeachment and execution of President Kennedy.

During the Christmas holidays, shotgun blasts raked the home of Meredith's parents in Kosciusko, Miss. A few days earlier in Chicago, racists fired twelve shots through the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. James T. Jimmerson, uncle and aunt of Meredith.

Mr. Meredith said Mississippi Negroes are engaged in a "bitter war for equality. . . ."

"The enemy is determined, resourceful, and unprincipled," he said. "There are no rules of war for which he has respect. Some standard must be set."

learning." Kennedy urged the university to take appropriate steps so that Meredith could stay. As news of the planned withdrawal spread on campus, 500 students gathered at Meredith's dormitory and hissed him.

## Viet Nam

BROADSIDE # 14

United States military advisors are openly critical of the fighting ability of government forces. One infuriated American officer lashed out at the custom among some government troops of taking a mudday siesta, even during battle.

THIS ISSUE

## Indiana Dunes Can Be Saved

Last February, in his widely applauded conservation message to Congress, President Kennedy called for creation of an Indiana Dunes National Lakeshore. If the President meant what he said, he will direct the Corps to ignore the pressures being exerted by some Indiana politicians and by the steel companies that own land in the dunes and to come up with a plan to save this irreplaceable recreational area.

SEE "JARAMILLO" in BROADSIDE #14

## Squatters Invade Ranches

By the Associated Press

El Paso, Texas

Squatters from the Mexican states of Coahuila and Durango are reported infiltrating into southern Chihuahua to help invade big ranching properties, according to reports reaching Juarez, Mexico.

Cacinto Lopez, leader of the squatter movement, was reported heading toward Jimenez.

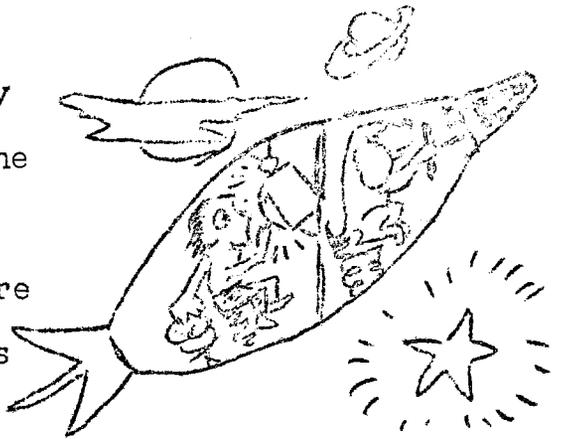
Leaders of the land grab say their action is an outgrowth of continued appeals to the federal government for land on which to work. They say the federal Department of Agrarian Affairs and Colonization at Mexico City has completely ignored their demands.



"SO YOU THOUGHT I WAS DEAD!"

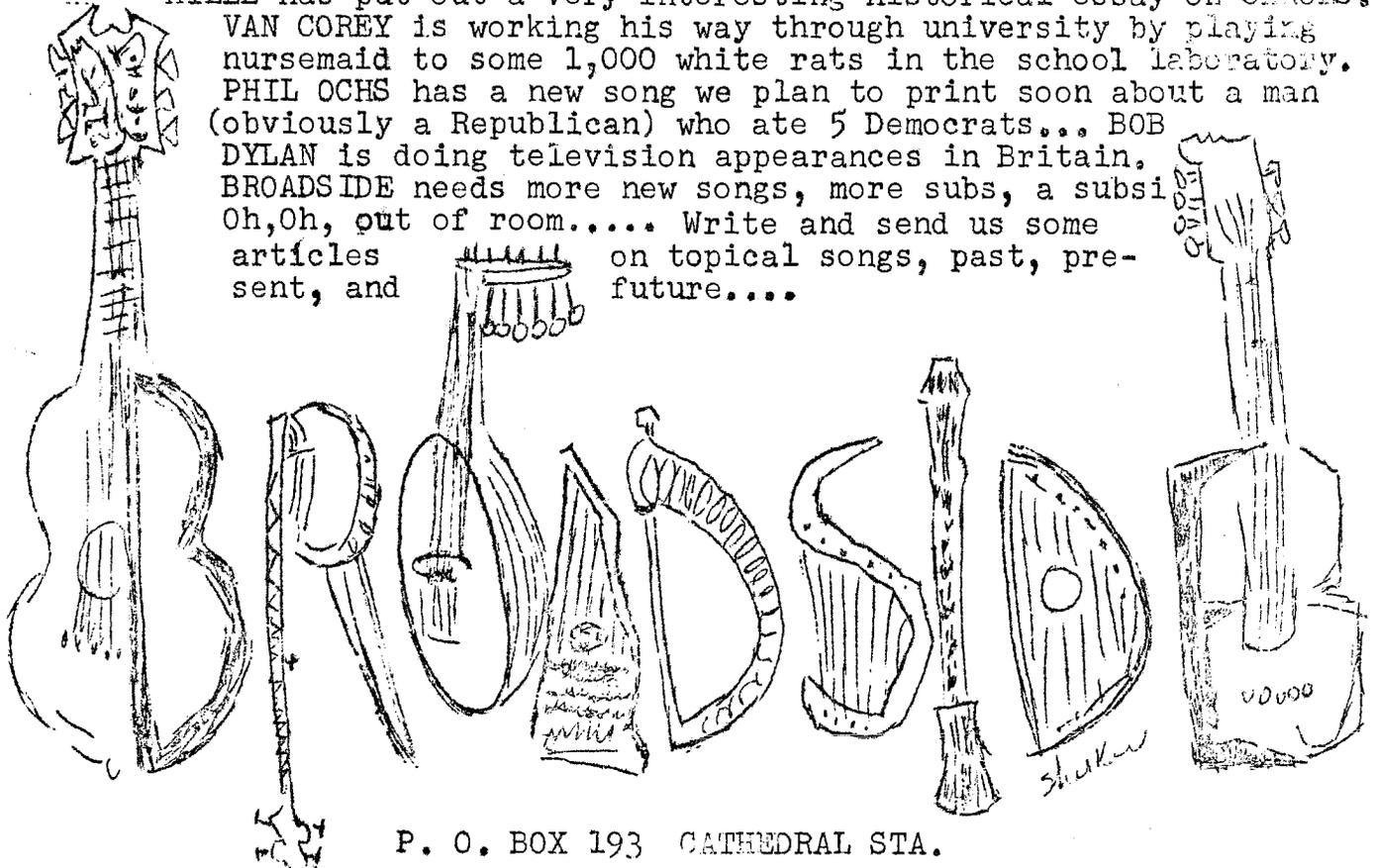
N O T E S

DO SOMETHING WRONG: "A subject close to my heart," Malvina Reynolds... TAKE IT AWAY: U.C. Prof. J.B. Neilands, board member of the N. Calif. Ass'n to Preserve Bodega Head & Harbor, to Malvina Reynolds after hearing her tape: "Many thanks for the song -- it is terrific! I am also amazed that you were able to punch it out with such Mozartian dispatch." With many less dangerous sites available the PG&E insists on building an atomic reactor practically on top the San Andreas fault where an earthquake could shatter it and spread atomic havoc for miles around. Prof. Nielands calls the project vulgar, destructive and rapacious, Bodega Head is unique as a place of natural beauty and as a living laboratory of great scientific value. It is also the home of 600 crab & salmon fishermen. At Eureka another plant is pouring out 50,000 micruries of atomic smoke per second onto a grade school virtually next door. What is left of the radioactive wastes the kids don't breathe continues to float on over a city of 28,000 people. When will they ever learn? -- apparently never... WALLY



HILLE has put out a very interesting historical essay on CARCIS.

VAN COREY is working his way through university by playing nursemaid to some 1,000 white rats in the school laboratory. PHIL OCHS has a new song we plan to print soon about a man (obviously a Republican) who ate 5 Democrats... BOB DYLAN is doing television appearances in Britain. BROADSIDE needs more new songs, more subs, a subsi Oh, Oh, out of room.... Write and send us some articles on topical songs, past, present, and future....



P. O. BOX 193 CATHEDRAL STA.  
NEW YORK CITY 25, NEW YORK

A publication (with a twice-a-month goal) to print topical songs and spread them around to be sung by one and all. Sis Cunningham, editor; Gil Turner; Pete Seeger (advisory) Rates: L-year subs...\$5.00. Trial subs. (5 issues)...\$1.50