Though for Now

Submarine T is built to withstand sea pressures up to X feet. It undergoes major structural repairs and replacements. It is necessary to test it to see if it will function properly. The tests include a dive to a depth of X feet. Would anyone with
MRS. CLARA SULLIVAN'S LETTER

In Perry County and thereabout
We miners simply had to go out
It was long hours, substandard pay
Then they took our contract away
Fourteen months is a mighty long time
To face the goons from the picket line
In Perry County

I'm twenty-six years a miner's wife
There's nothing harder than a miner's life
But there's no better man than a mining man
Couldn't find better in all this land
The deal they get is a rotten deal
Mountain greens and gravy meal
In Perry County

We live in barns that the rain comes in
While the operators live high as sin
Ride Cadillac cars and drink like a fool
While our kids lack clothes to go to school
Sheriff Combs he has it fine
He runs the law and owns a mine
In Perry County

What operator would go dig coal
For even fifty a day on the mine pay-roll
Why, after work my man comes in
With his wet clothes frozen to his skin
Been digging coal so the world can run
And operators can have their fun
In Perry County.

-- Continued --
I believe the truth will out some day
That we're fighting for jobs at decent pay
We're just tired of doing without
And that's what the strike is all about
And it helps to know that folks who are telling the story straight & true — In Perry County

By PATRICK MASSEY

LONDON (AP)—To the tune of "I Love a Lassie," British band-the-bomb marchers closed on London for a rally today singing "I've Got a Secret, a Nice Official Secret." A new flood of government-secret pamphlets appeared and several demonstrators clashed with police who moved in to confiscate them at one point along the line of the annual Easter march. One man trundling a wheeled basket loaded with the pamphlets was arrested and charged with assaulting police. Marchers were snapping up the leaflets from persons shouting "Get your official secrets here!"

The pamphlets were a revision of those circulated after the march began last Friday. They contained details of secret establishments to which government agencies would disperse in time of nuclear war. Security agencies sought to learn how the information leaked, a leakage that might bring new criticism in Parliament of Prime Minister Harold Macmillian's government.

A secret extremist group known as "Spies for Peace" claimed credit for circulating the pamphlets.

Among the marchers were clergymen, Communists, members of Parliament, anarchists, beatniks with guitars and long hair, and a small element of young toughs.

Policemen were seizing the pamphlet wherever it cropped up. While the marchers were breaking camp in Acton Green, thousands of the pamphlets, in an abridged version, were distributed.

Shelter Against Fallout?

To the editor in the New York Times:

During the last few weeks "Fallout Shelter" signs have been sprouting on the facades of apartment and office buildings throughout Manhattan. They appeared with no advance notice, no doubt on the theory that the public opinion which was strong enough to prevent the shelter nonsense was now quiescent and would not be strong enough to get the signs removed once they were in place.

Have we forgotten that there is no such thing as an adequate shelter? Moreover, I'd be willing to wager that there's nothing new about these buildings except the signs themselves.

PHILLIS GOLDSTEIN,
New York, April 7, 1962.

"MASTERS OF WAR" by BOB DYLAN

(see BROADSIDE #20)

After all, these old graybeards who want a stiff, stern policy, are not the ones who are going to die on Cuban or American soil if there be a war.

We'll grab up all the jobless youngsters in the United States and subject them to a war. I'd be willing to bet that both Keating and Goldwater have their shelters from atomic or hydrogen bombs.

Mr. Stratton, a New York Democrat, speaking after his return from a 2½-day-visit to the United States naval base at Guantanamo Bay, said: "I found myself a little bored with the antics of old men still desperately trying to stir up wars for young men to fight."

Asked who he meant, Mr. Stratton said: "Senator Keating (see BROADSIDE #20) would be one that would qualify."
R. S. G. - 6
(From London's Broadsheet King --John Foreman)
I've got a secret, a nice official secret
And I've published it for all the world to see
Now this nice little secret is not a little secret
And M.I.5 are after me!
They've got a shelter, a nice official shelter
And it's got no room for you & me!
So we went along to see it 'tho
it was so very secret
And we saw what there was to see!

So Mac, won't you tell us what you're keeping in your cellars
Won't you tell us what you're keeping down below?
We are marching through Whitehall for we think the question's vital
And we'll go marching till you let us know!

RAISE A RUCKUS TONITE:
Sing Along With Jack

1. My old woman callin' to me
   Raise a ruckus tonite
   "There goin' be hootin' on the A.B.C. - Raise, etc.
   So I lay my gui'tar down, Raise -
   And all my children runnin' around, Raise -
   Singin' "Come along, good old daddy, come along,
   Lord, the picture tube's all right
   The Defenders no more, hey we got some fun in store
   We gonna raise a ruskus tonite."

2. So I look on the screen & what do I see, Raise, etc.
   A million Pepsi Cola ads starin' at me, Raise -
   Shining little bourgeois, Raise -
   And who in hell's goin' set them free, Raise -

3. So we listen to 'em sing along
   Raise, etc.
   How can so many people be so wrong, Raise -
   Woody's sick & I am too, Raise -
   If this is folk song, Pete, you're through, Raise -

Come along, Georgey Babbitt, come along
They're a-rockin' on TV
It's a Dick Clark show, and if Huddie's eyes weren't closed
He'd raise a ruckus tonite

Come to bed, little children, come to bed
Everything's goin' to be all right
It was no nightmare, listen to me, I declare
Lawrence Welk he just come early tonite.

by Kevin McGrath
Tune: 1st part of "I Love a Lassie"
We've been to show it, so that everyone will know it
And even tho' they wouldn't let us pass
Since we've been along to show it now everyone will know it
They can stuff their little secrets in their files!

So if you've got a secret, any nice official secret
Just you pass it on & pretty soon you'll see
How this nice little secret will be no one's little secret
For we'll publish it for all the world to see!

By Lee A. Pederson
Tune: "Raise A ---"

Come along, Georgey Babbitt, come along
They're a-rockin' on TV
It's a Dick Clark show, and if Huddie's eyes weren't closed
He'd raise a ruckus tonite

Come to bed, little children, come to bed
Everything's goin' to be all right
It was no nightmare, listen to me, I declare
Lawrence Welk he just come early tonite.

BROADSIDE # 25
DAVEY MOORE

BY PHIL OCHS
© 1963 by author

1. It was out to California young Davey Moore did go, To meet with Sugar Ramos — and trade him blow for blow. To spring was fast approaching it was good to be alive.

His wife she begged and pleaded — you have to leave this game
Oh is it worth the bloodshed and is it worth the pain
But Davey could not hear above the cheering of the crowd
He was a champion and champions are proud.

Cho: Hang his gloves upon the wall, Shine his trophies bright clear, Another man will fall before we dry our tears for the fighter must destroy as the poet must sing, As the hungry crowd must gather for the blood upon the ring. — blood upon the ring.

2. And thousands gave a roar when Davey Moore walked in
Another man to beat, another purse to win
And all along the ringside a sight beyond compare
The money chasing vultures were waiting for their share
He stood there in his corner and he waited for the bell
The signal of the struggle of two men facing hell
And when the bell was sounded, the blows began to rain
And blows will lead to hate — hate drives men insane. (Cho.)

3. The fists were flying fast and hard the sweat was pouring down
And Davey Moore grew weaker with every passin' round
His legs began to wobble and his arms began to strain
He fell upon the canvas floor, a fog around his brain
At last the fight was over — young Davey fought no more
He lost the final battle behind a doctor's door
And back at the arena the screaming crowd is gone
And death is waiting ringside for the next fight to come on. (Cho.)
HOW LONG
By Phil Ochs
© 1963 by author

1. How long, how long can we go on—How long, how
   far, how far have we gone—How far, how
   long—can we go on—this troubled land—may never
   far—have we gone—so many battles—without a
   last;—There is no future in the past.
   Why the fear of the comin' of the mornin', Why the
   tremblin' at the call, Can't we hear the final warnin', Can't we
   see the writin' on the wall. ——writin' on the wall.

2. So many years before the dawn
   So many years before the dawn
   So many children have never grown
   So many cannonballs have flown.
   So many rains had to fall
   So many rains have had to fall
   So many storms before the flood
   So many rainbows red with blood.
   Why the fear of the comin' of the mornin'
   Why the tremblin' at the call
   Can't we hear the final warnin'
   Can't we see the writin' on the wall.
   How long, how long can we go on
   How long, how long can we go on
   This troubled land may never last
   There is no future in the past.

BROADSIDE #25
Words and Music by Peter La Farge

CUSTER

It's not called an Indian victory
But a bloody massacre
And the general he don't ride well any more.

There would have been more enthusiasm
If them Indians were losing
But the general he don't ride well any more.

General George A. Custer
His yellow hair had lustre,
But the general he don't ride well any more.

He got bombarded violent
And now old George is silent
And the general he don't ride well any more.

Now I will tell you "busters"
I'm not a fan of Custer's
And the general he don't ride well any more.

To some he was a hero,
But to me his score was zero
And the general he don't ride well any more.

Now George, he'd had victories,
But never massacres;
And the general he don't ride well any more.

Old George had done his fightin'
Without too much excitin'
And the general he don't ride well any more.

When the men were away at huntin',
Old Custer would come in pumpin'
And the general he don't ride well any more.

He kill children, dogs and women
With victories he was swimmin'
And the general he don't ride well any more.

Now the Sioux were gettin' tired
And their temperatures were fired,
And the general he don't ride well any more.

Crazy Horse sent out the call
For Sitting Bull and Gaul
But the general he don't ride well any more.

Twelve thousand warriors waited
They were unanticipated
And the general he don't ride well any more.

Thus the Little Big Horn
Massacre was born.
And the general he don't ride well any more.

The Cheyenne and the Sioux
Had quite a lot to do
And the general he don't ride well any more.

Old Custer split his men
Well he won't do that again
'Cause the general he don't ride well any more.

But he wasn't fighting women
The Indians left them hidden
And the general he don't ride well any more.

The proud 7th Cavalry
It got plumb massacred
And the general he don't ride well any more.

Custer made his stand
With his little band
And the general he don't ride well any more.

Custer got eliminated
And his legend uncreated
And the general he don't ride well any more.

Hey, Mr. President, we're going to charge you rent
For every treaty broken for every treaty bent.
We are making reservations
That will be just for whites.

We will be honest about the white man's rights
Hey, Mr. President we're going to charge you rent, etc.

We are going to be the tourists,
We'll come to see you dance.
You'll let us know the reason
Why you prance.

Hey, Mr. President, we're going to charge you rent, etc.

We're not unpatriotic
We just like to see
Like to see your culture
How intriguing it will be.

Hey, Mr. President, we're going to charge you rent, etc.

You get out your medicine men
You get out your squaws
And we will give you justice
Under Indian laws.

Hey, Mr. President, we're going to charge you rent, etc.
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BROADSIDE, P.O. Box 193, Cathedral Sta., New York 25, N.Y.

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