BOX 193
CATHEDRAL
STATION
NEW YORK
25
N. Y.

BROADSIDE

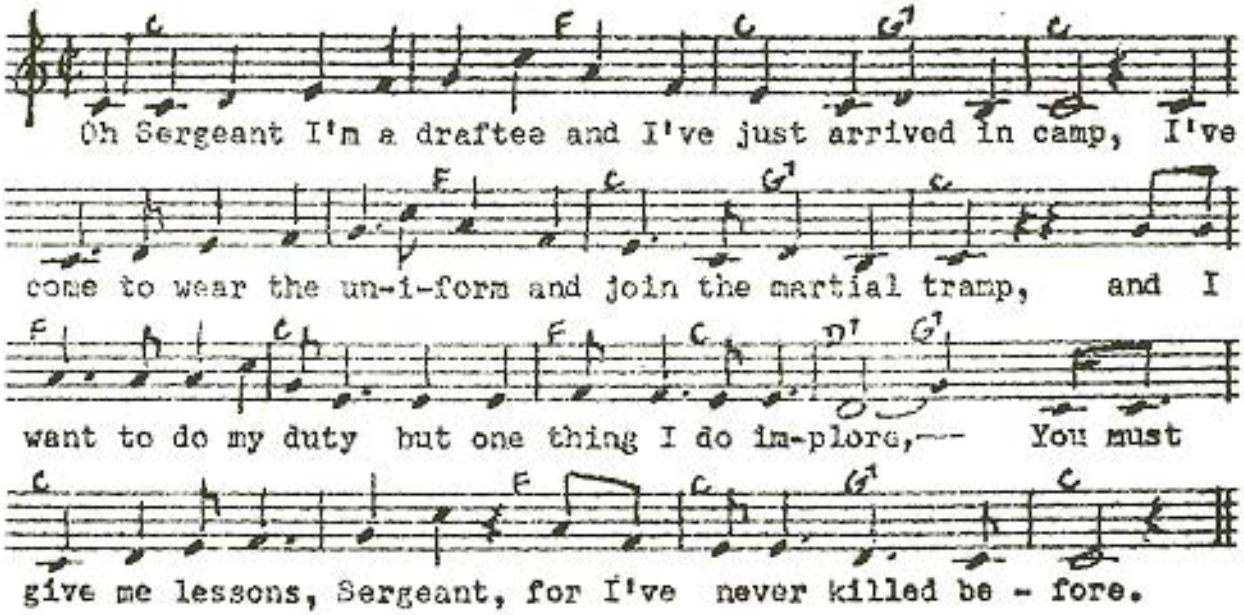
#28
LATE JUNE
1963

35¢

THE WILLING CONSCRIPT

by TOM PAXTON

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To do my job obediently is my only desire
To learn my weapon thoroughly and how to aim and fire
To learn to kill the enemy and then to slaughter more
I'll need instructions, sergeant
For I've never killed before.



Now there are rumors in the camp about our enemy
They say that when you see him he looks just
like you and me
But you deny it, sergeant, and you are a man of war
So you must give me lessons
For I've never killed before.

Now there are several lessons that I haven't
mastered yet
I haven't got the hang of how to use the bayonet
If he doesn't die at once am I to stick him with it more?
Oh I hope you will be patient
For I've never killed before.

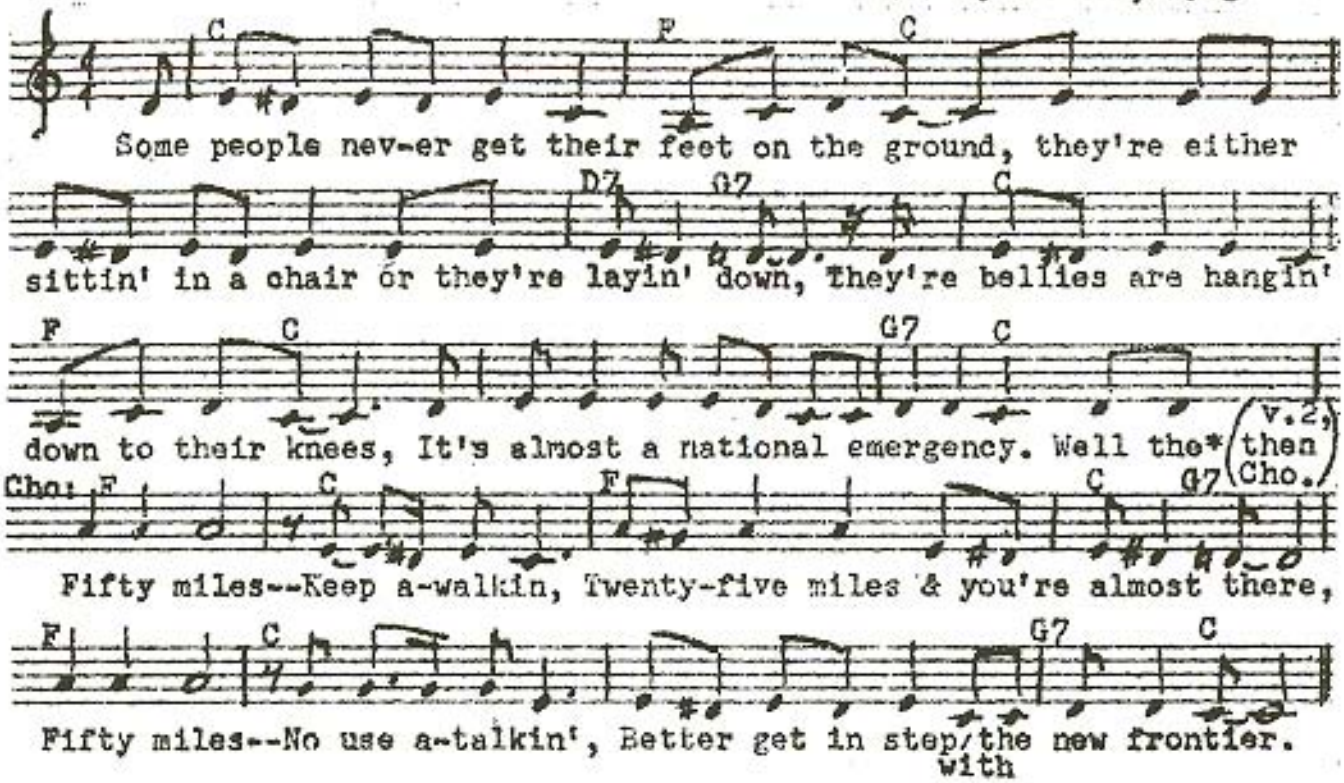
(continued →)

And the hand grenade is something that I just don't understand,
You've got to throw it quickly or you're apt to lose your hand,
Does it blow a man to pieces with it's wicked, muffled roar?
Oh, I've got so much to learn, because I've never killed before.

Well, I want to thank you, sergeant, for the help you've been to me,
You've taught me how to kill, and how to hate the enemy,
And I know that I'll be ready when they march me off to war.
And I know that it won't matter that I've never killed before,
I know that it won't matter that I've never killed before.

FIFTY - MILE HIKE

By Phil Ochs
(c) by author, 1963



* Well, the President put on his walkin shoes
He had a country with 30 million pounds to lose
He remembered a promise he made 'way back when
He's gonna get the country movin' again. (CHO.)

Rockefeller's happy with his brand new wife
And Richard Nixon's done enough running for life
And Lyndon Johnson is too busy a man
And Joseph P. Kennedy bought out Tom McCann. (CHO.)

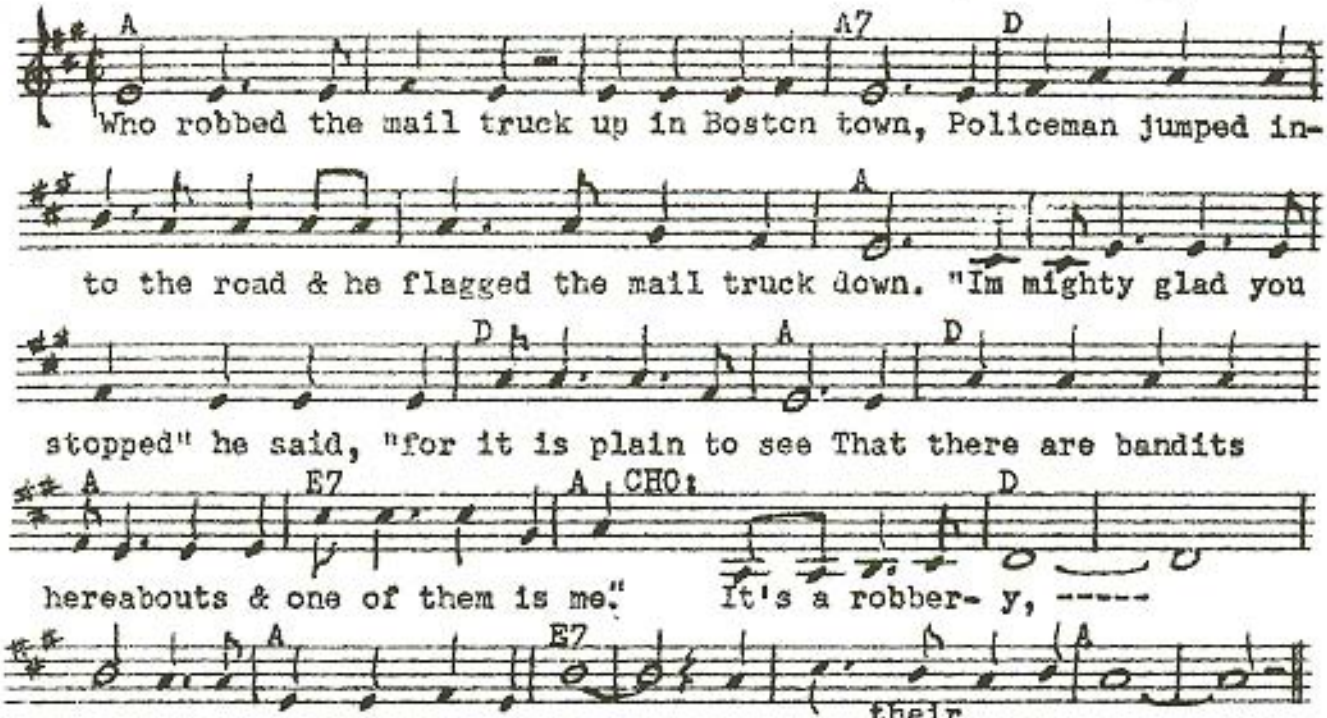
So I decided I would carry my load
Grabbed a carton of cigarets and I hit the road
The golf clubs were heavy and the gin was slow
If you got to get healthy that's the way to go.(CHO.)

While everybody's goin' out and havin' fun
They ought to lose some weight in more ways than one
Fifty miles of thinkin is a heavy strain
But it's about the only cure for an overweight brain. (CHO.)



THE GREAT MAIL ROBBERY

By Tom Paxton



Now Uncle Sam is sad tonight and the Post Office is blue
They lost a lot of money and they don't know what to do
They sent a lonely mail truck in the evenin dews and damps
And the money in that truck would buy a helluva lot of stamps. Cho.

But there was someone waitin for that lovely mail truck load
A detour sign escorted it right down a lonely road
A welcome party waited just a few miles down the line
Saying get into the back, my boys, and you'll be treated fine. Cho.

The bandits drove the mail truck about an hour or more
Now and then they'd stop and they'd throw money out the door
And when the ride was over and the pleasure trip was thru
The bandits disappeared and bid the postal boys adieu. Cho.

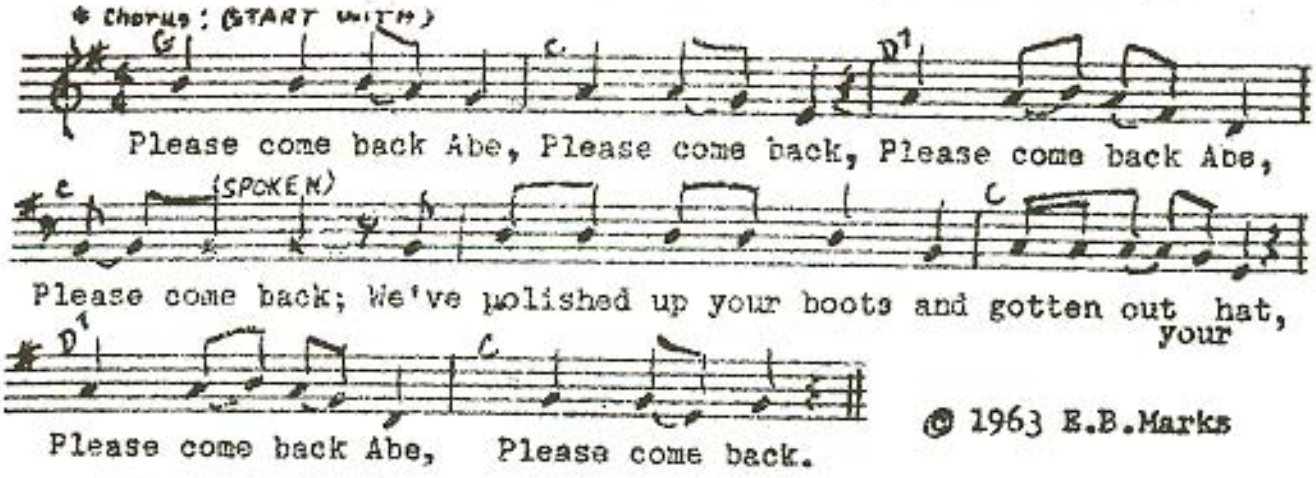
Now lots of people wonder where those bandits are today
They got a million dollars and made their getaway
There's fifty thousand dollars if you get em live or dead
But till they catch those boys poor Uncle Sam's face is red. Cho.

. . . . . .

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C O M E B A C K A B E By Peter La Farge



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(Verses Spoken)

1. Abe, I ain't no educated man
   And I never spent long in school,
   I never learned much but the ABC's
   -- and the Golden Rule.
   I never read by firelight,
   We had e-lec-tricity.
   But I read all your speeches, Abe,
   And they sure sound good to me. (CHO.)

2. I heard you had troubles with your wife,
   But -- I -- do too.
   Funny, a guy like me
   Havin somethin in common with you.
   You know, I love my wife,
   But when I sneak in about three --
   Well, Abe, you understand --
   And that sure sounds good to me. (CHO.)

3. I've heard it said you're the Great
   Emancipator,
   That's a mighty big word --
   I'll study on it later.
   Kinda scares a man never passed a
   spellin bee.
   In fact, I don't know just what it means,
   But it sure sounds good to me. (CHO.)

4. Abe, what we need right now
   Is a rail-splittin man,
   A long, lanky honest fellow
   To do what he can,
   To fix up our troubles.
   I know you've got the key,
   And if just once I could see you pass
   It'd mean a lot -- to me. (CHO)

*1st time, regular tempo; other times fast.

In this space we wanted to put a sketch of a tall black hat and a pair of boots with the caption: WANTED -- A MAN TALL ENOUGH TO WEAR THIS HAT AND BIG ENOUGH TO WEAR THESE BOOTS. But we've lost our artist, at least for a while.... so instead, a little singing history:

First it was " The Old Gray Mare". Then it became "Old Abe Lincoln Came Out Of The Wilderness." Then it was "The Old Gray Mare" again. And now Negro teenagers have (as noted in SING OUT) changed it again, this time to:

I ain't scared o' your jail 'cause
I want my freedom
I want my freedom
I want my freedom
I ain't scared o' your jail 'cause
I want my freedom
I want my freedom now.



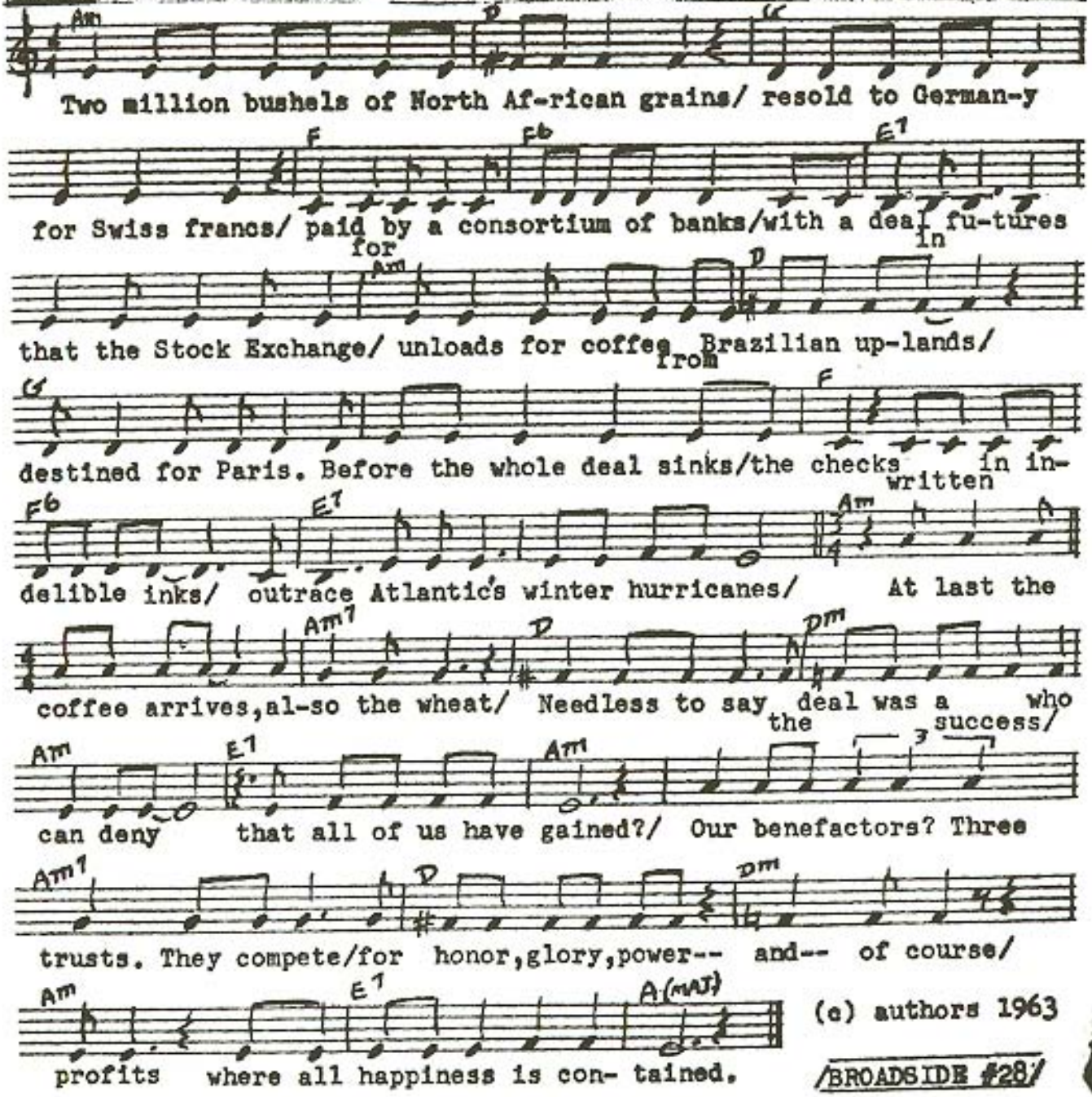
Business

Translated from the French of Guillevic

By WALTER LOWENFELS

Music by Pete Seeger

Two million bushels of North African grains
resold to Germany for Swiss francs —
paid for by a consortium of banks
with a deal in futures that the Stock Exchange
unloads for coffee from Brazilian uplands
destined for Paris. Before the whole deal sinks
the checks written in indelible inks
outrace Atlantic's winter hurricanes.
At last the coffee arrives, also the wheat.
Needless to say the deal was a success.
Who can deny, that all of us have gained?
Our benefactors? Three trusts. They compete
for honor, glory, power—and—of course
profits where all happiness is contained.

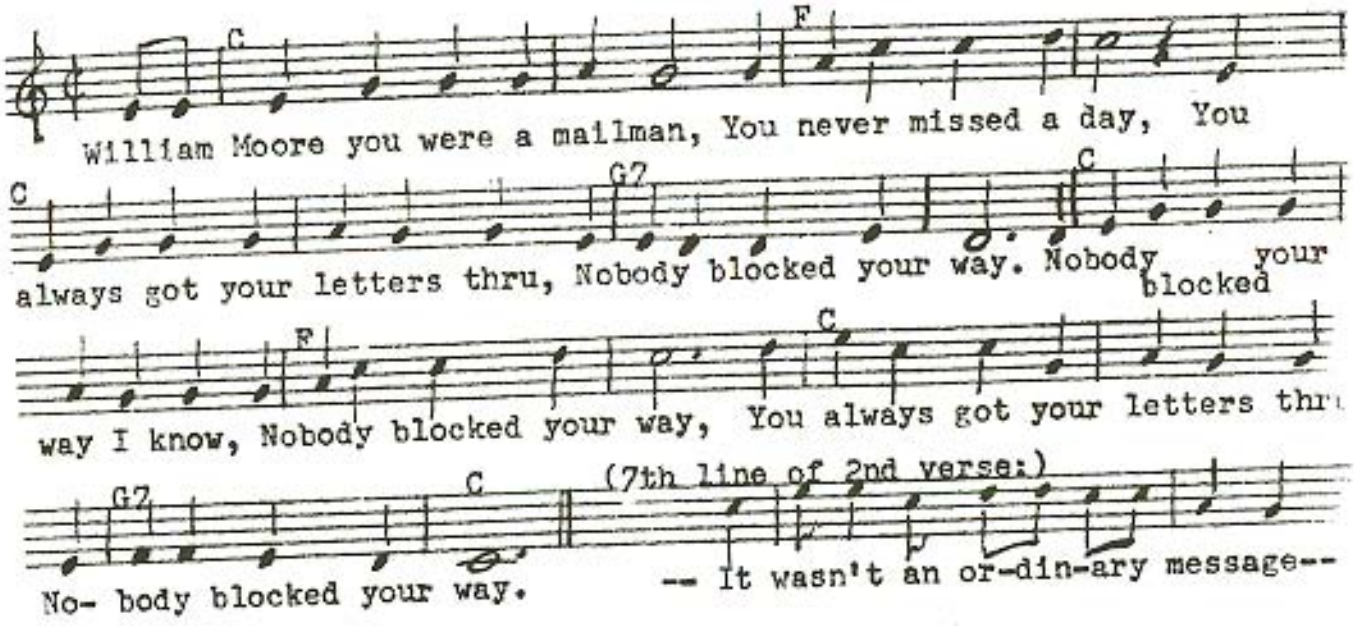


(c) authors 1963

/BROADSIDE #28/

WILLIAM MOORE THE MAILMAN

Words: Seymour Farber
Tune: Peter Seeger
(c) by authors, 1963



2. One day you had a message
You felt you had to shout
It wasn't an ordinary message
Took you beyond your route.

Took you beyond your route,
I know
Took you beyond your route
It wasn't an ordinary message
Took you beyond your route.

3. The message dealt with brother-
hood
And love and friendship too
It wasn't a regular message
So they wouldn't let you thru.

They wouldn't let you thru,
I know
They wouldn't let you thru
It wasn't a regular message
So they wouldn't let you thru.

4. They stopped you, William Moor
I know
But your message did get thru
For they can kill a man for sur
But not his message too.

But not his message too,
I know
But not his message too
For they can kill a man for sur
But not his message too.

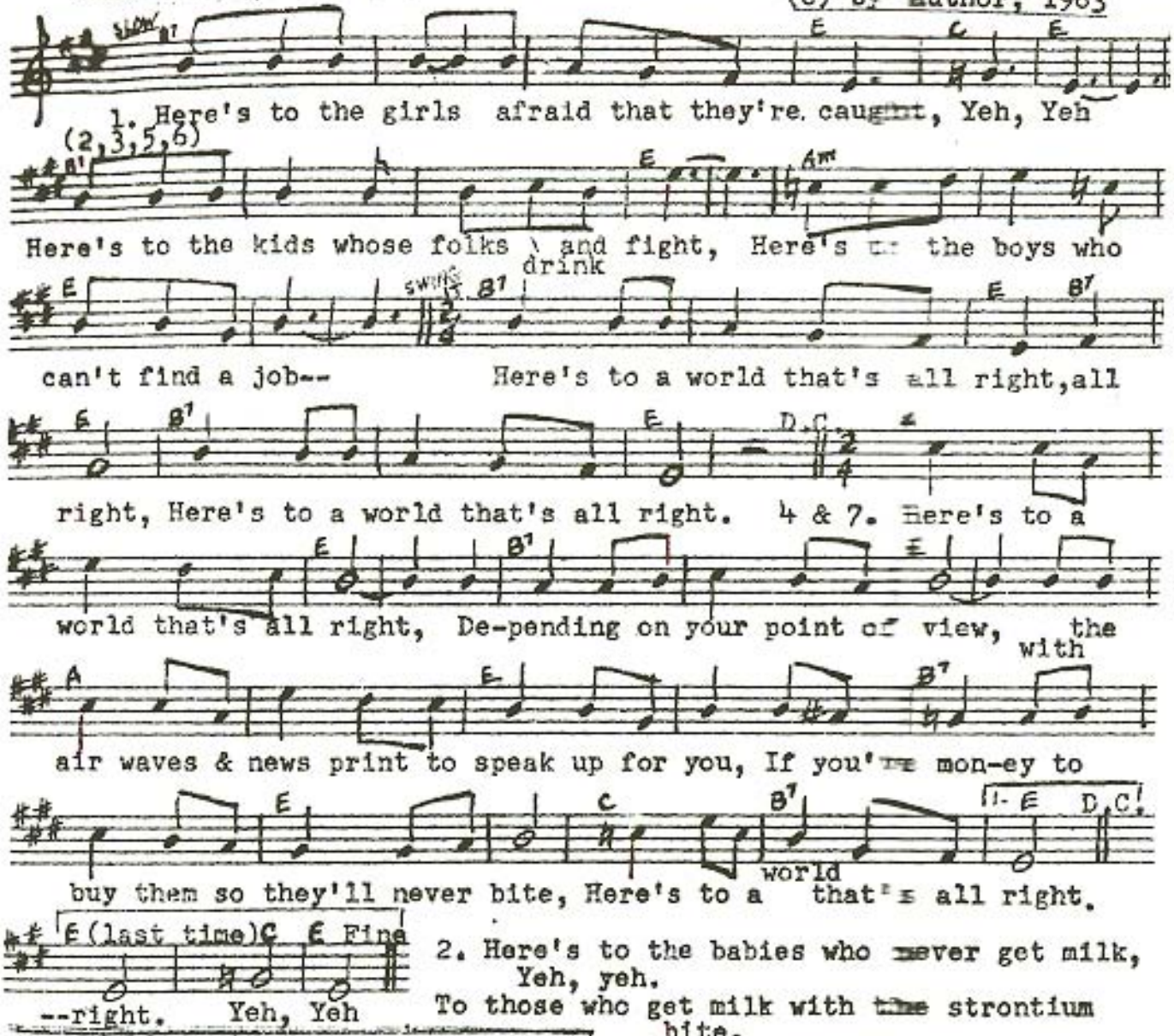
(v. 5, last half of tune only.
Suggest playing first half as
interlude.)

5. Your message did get thru,
I know
Your message did get thru
For they can kill a man for su
But your message did get thru.



HERE'S TO A WORLD THAT'S ALL RIGHT

By Malvina Reynolds
(c) by author, 1963



2. Here's to the babies who never get milk,
Yeh, yeh.
To those who get milk with the strontium
bite.
Here's to the boys who can't
find a job -
Here's to a world that's all
right, all right, etc.

3. Here's to the kids who think
they are free. Yeh, yeh.
Till dogs and policemen show them
the light.
Here's to the boys who can't find
a job,-
Here's to a world that's all
right, all right, etc.

(Cont'd→)

San Francisco Chronicle June 5, '63

A Suicide at 20

A jobless San Lorenzo youth shot himself to death yesterday as his teen-age wife looked on.

The victim was Van B. Love Jr., 20, who shot himself in the heart with a 38 caliber revolver in the bedroom of his home at 16425 Ashland avenue, San Lorenzo.

Minutes earlier his wife, Janet, 19, had just come into the living room after borrowing money to pay the rent.

She found a note there from Love, saying he was despondent over not getting a job since his discharge from the Navy on May 6, according to Sheriff's Deputy Dale Chambers.

Note in hand, Mrs. Love opened the bedroom door—and he fired the fatal shot.

Here's To A World-- (Cont'd)

5.Here's to the millions who die, Yeh, yeh,
With neutron and chemical blight,
Silently die in the hospital night,
Here's to a world that's all right, all right
Here's to a world that's all right.

6. Silent and silent and still, Yeh, yeh,
Nobody knows of their plight,
But everyone knows how well everything goes
So here's to a world that's all right, all right, etc.

Here's to a world, etc.

IN THESE DAYS when all actresses seem to be going naked, pretty Tracy Reed, step-daughter of Sir Carol Reed, who's a Joan Collins look-like, claims SHE's holding out.

However, she told me that in "one quick flash" in the picture, "Dr. Strangelove," she's wearing nothing but a copy of "Foreign Affairs." In the picture, set in the Pentagon, it's brought out that the Pentagon lads call her "Miss Foreign Affairs." That's the direction that

LONDON, June 17 — As the Profumo affair continues to scatter its damage over Britain, Viscount Astor and his stately home at Cliveden have come under a virtual state of siege.

A helicopter hovered over the walled, outdoor swimming pool to get pictures of the place where Christine Keeler stood naked and wet one hot summer evening in 1961 and won the amorous attention of John Profumo, who has since had to resign as Secretary of State for War.

report that President Ayub Khan once cavorted with Miss Keeler in a swimming pool on the estate of Lord Astor.

BROADWAY: BEAUTIFUL CARROLL BAKER told me she's yielded to the nakedness trend (along with Kim Novak, Shirley MacLaine and Arlene Dahl). She didn't go naked in "How the West Was Won"—that wasn't how it was won—but did for "Station 6 Sahara" (it was very hot there) and for a Cosmo layout. "All our barriers are breaking down; we're reverting to a pagan society," Carroll said. "If the First Lady wears tight Capri pants and a swim suit, what are the poor actresses supposed to do to attract attention?"

Nancy Lady Astor, already made famous by the artist Charles Dana Gibson, who married her sister, built the "Cliveden set" into the most powerful informal political group in Britain before World War II.

Its main theme was to appease Hitler and thereby contain the threat of Communism. Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain belonged to it. So did Geoffrey

The theme evolved out of the belief that Hitler had certain "reasonable" demands for the restoration of Germany as a great state, and that the best way of keeping the peace in Europe was to meet these demands.

(Christine has told in a newspaper series that Ward introduced her to Profumo in July, 1961, when she emerged naked and clutching a towel in front of her at the swimming pool on the Cliveden estate of Lord Astor. Ward rented a cottage on the Astor grounds.)

lived off the earnings of prostitutes.

Ward had been accused of running a high-class call girl ring which provided girls to diplomats, businessmen, politicians and others of the British elite. It is feared that members of the upper echelons of British society may yet find their names

SEE "PLAYBOYS & PLAYGIRLS" BY BOB DYLAN IN BROADSIDE # 20

THE NEW YORK TIMES.

TUESDAY, JUNE 11, 1963.

New Folk Singers

By ROBERT SHELTON

A procession of new faces in folk music is filing through Greenwich Village night clubs and coffeehouses. The parade is taking separate, but nonconflicting, directions: More country musicians are coming to the city, and more city performers are turning to song writing. . . .

Three young songwriters and performers are giving an affirmative answer to the question whether folk songs are still being written. Tom Paxton at the Village Gate, Phil Ochs at the Third Side, 57 West Third Street, and Len Chandler, who is in and out of the Gaslight Cafe, 116 Macdougal Street, are prolific composers and lyricists. They are reviving the broadside tradition of 17th-century Britain, and saying their piece at the same time.

Mr. Paxton is a superb melodist, using tunes that ring original and familiar. He voices concern about war in "The Willing Conscript" ("Sergeant, you must give me lessons, because I've never killed before") and discrimination, in "The Dogs of Alabama."

Mr. Paxton is not preachy, and he would just as soon compose a song about the sinking of the submarine Thresher or a rodeo rider as about some social issue. At least two of his 100 songs, "I'm the Man Who Built the Bridges" and "Rambling Boy," have the mark of classics.

Mr. Ochs, who prefers to be called a topical singer rather than a folk singer, performs only his own material. A former journalism student, he has become a sort of musical editorial writer. His satire is trenchant and his opinions are controversial in "50-Mile Hike," "William Worthy," "Talking Cuban Crisis" and "The Ballad of Billie Sol," a few of the 60 songs he has written to meet his self-imposed topical deadlines.

The songs of Mr. Chandler stress musical values more than topical statements. He can become a commanding performer. Among his 50 recent songs in the folk vein is a gem such as "To Be a Man," the theme of which is human dignity and hope in the future.

BROADSIDE #29

NOTES: "Dear Sis Cunningham: Last night I happened to see "Hootenanny" on TV. To close the show all sang 'Mama Don't 'Low'. I think they forgot to sing a most important verse. Maybe you could put it in to remind them.

Blacklist don't 'low Pete Seeger singing 'round here
Blacklist don't 'low Pete Seeger singing 'round here
We don't care what Blacklist don't allow
We want Pete Seeger anyhow... "

Sent in by Allen Brant. He is the author of "We Pray To God It Never Happens Again" in Broadside #13... NY POST: "The satirical songs of the Chad Mitchell Trio, including one which spoofs the John Birch Society, have been blue-penciled from the CBS 'Repertoire Workshop' series... The Mitchell group was dropped...amid objections to the Birch song as well as other numbers satirizing segregation at the University of Mississippi and neo-Nazism." Here we glimpse the road down which the Blacklisters are travelling, followed by those supporting them by omission or commission -- are they already accepting the murder and torture -- with guns,clubs,dogs and electric cattle prods-- of America's Negro people? And forgetting the six million Jewish people murdered in the gas ovens by the Nazis?... As almost every news item shows, the Negro Freedom struggle is a singing movement. "We Shall Overcome", "Before I'll Be A Slave" "I'm Gonna Sit At The White Man's Table...One Of These Days", and in Jackson,Mississippi the police attacked a demonstration when a group of Negro girls started singing "This Little Light Of Mine". Briefing schools for Negro children include the teaching of songs such as "Ain't Gonna Let Segregation Turn Me Around"... One cannot help but compare it to the outburst of song and song creation in the French Revolution as described by A.L.Lloyd in the current SING OUT (121 W. 47th St., New York City)... America as a whole is now witnessing a floodtide of topical song-writing comparable to the '30's and '40's. Broadside cannot reflect it adequately. It already requires a book (we understand Simon and Schuster has a book almost ready on the new young songwriters and singers)... BUSINESS: From time to time someone protests that topical songs always seem to be about workers, minorities, the underdog -- okay, in this issue we've fixed that. Messrs. Guillevic, Lowenfels and Seeger have combined to produce what we truly see as a singing love sonnet to Big Business. We recommend it not only to folksingers but to the regular "thrushes" in the night clubs, who have been trying to beguile the men from Wall Streets, Madison Avenues, et cetera, all these years with sexy stuff. They may be surprised to find that to these guys (with a few exceptions like Lord Profumo who've already got it made) sex really runs second to their true love -- profits... The Newport Folk Festival -- July 26, 27, and 28 -- has over 100 performers listed, from all parts of the U.S. and representing every imaginable category of the "folksong world". It opens Friday afternoon with a panel on "Whither Folkmusic",which will get further treatment Sunday afternoon with a concurrent workshop on "Topical Songs and New Song Writers"... S. C.

BROADSIDE, P.O.Box 193, Cathedral Sta., New York 25, N.Y. A topical song publication with a twice-monthly goal. Sis Cunningham, Ed.;Gil Turner, Phil Ochs, Bob Dylan, Contr. Editors; Pete Seeger (advisory). Rates: 1-yr. (22 issues)..$5. 5-issue trial..$1.50.