

JELLYBEAN BLUES

SUNG BY
JOE GLAZER



Songs of REAGANOMICS

- JELLYBEAN BLUES
- THE FOX AND THE CHICKENS
- DON'T WAKE THE PRESIDENT UP
- RONALD REAGAN HAD A RANCH
- A SWEET FELLOW LIKE ME
- THE FOX IS NOT OUR FRIEND
- HOOD ROBIN'S MY NAME
- A HANDFUL OF JELLYBEANS
- JOBS! JOBS! JOBS!
- GET THE GOVERNMENT
OFF YOUR BACK
- DON'T BLAME ME
- SOCIAL SECURITY SONG
- THE MORAL MAJORITY

THE WASHINGTON POST

EPA, at Industry's Request, Eyes Looser Chemical Rules

Institute Says Real Widening Rich-Poor

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1982

Sharp Rise in Poverty Traced to Reagan Window

Unemployment: The Outlook Is Grim

By Daniel Yergin

Long-Term Unemployed Face Disaster as Benefits Run Out

People aren't marching in the streets, but there's a lot of quiet suffering out there," said an official of the Department of Human Resources.

Hitting Where It Hurts

Jobless Rate Exceeds 10% In 18 States

Groups of elderly fight Medicare, Medicaid cuts

"I blame the AMA (American Medical Association) for causing inflation," replied Dostal. The coalition passed a resolution asking elected representatives to restore Medicare and Medicaid cuts, cut the military budget and tax high-income corporations and

Reagan Told of Battle Six Hours Afterward

Reagan Promises Jobs in Youngstown

By Lee Lescaze
Washington Post Staff Writer
LOS ANGELES, Aug. 19 — President Reagan was not told that U.S. F14s had shot down two Libyan jets until six hours after the incident, White House deputy press secretary Harry Speakes said today. "There was no need for a presidential decision on the matter," Speakes said in explaining why presidential counselor Edwin Meese III acted not to inform Reagan until 4 a.m. Washington

Duck-and-Run Politics

David S. Broder
"Don't Blame Me" seems to be the theme song of this August in Washington. After two weeks of political reporting on the road, what strikes a returning reporter is that duck-and-run has become the name of the game in this capital.

Reagan VETOES HOUSING STIMULUS BILL: First President Reagan vetoed an appropriations program designed to cut mortgage interest to bear only the administrative costs. Buyers would have been required to pay a half-million construction

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
Tuesday, July 13, 1982

Social Workers See Federal Cuts Starting To Take Toll on Poor

Bob Holcomb

THE PLAIN DEALER

Thursday, August 20, 1981

THE WASHINGTON POST

elevators going under, arm machinery bankruptcy."

Colman McCarthy



His fans call him *The Political Minstrel* and *Labor's Troubadour*. (Republicans have other names for him!) Joe Glazer has sung at meetings and rallies for Harry Truman, Adlai Stevenson, John F. Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, Hubert Humphrey, Jimmy Carter, and the legendary Joe Smith. Has he ever sung for Republican rallies? "No," Joe Glazer says, "because my guitar would immediately go out of tune." In 1980 he sang at The White House for President and Mrs. Carter. He looks forward to being invited back after the 1984 elections.

Side One

1. Jellybean Blues (2:00)
2. Around The Corner — Prosperity (3:09)
3. Ronald Reagan Had A Ranch (2:10)
4. Social Security Song (Too Old To Work) (2:40)
5. Gentleman Jimmy Watt (2:46)
6. Don't Blame Me (1:44)
7. Get The Government Off Your Back (3:14)
8. Hood Robin's My Name (1:30)

Side Two

1. The Fox And The Chickens (3:06)
2. The Moral Majority (2:46)
3. A Handful Of Jellybeans (1:57)
4. Don't Wake The President Up (4:12)
5. The Fox Is Not Our Friend (2:33)
6. A Sweet Fellow Like Me (3:00)
7. Jobs! Jobs! Jobs! (2:25)

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS

- JERRY FALWELL: God does not listen to this kind of music.
- DAVID STOCKMAN: The truly needy can't afford this record, for which they should be truly grateful.
- PRESIDENT REAGAN: How can they say that about a sweet fellow like me?
- Spirit of HARRY TRUMAN: Give 'em Hell, Joe!
- Spirit of JOHN F. KENNEDY: Ask not what your country can do for you. Dash out and buy Joe Glazer's record.
- Spirit of HUBERT HUMPHREY: It's about time someone socked it to this crowd.

Performers: Joe Glazer sings all vocals. Mike Auldrige on dobro and steel pedal guitar; Phil Rosenthal on mandolin guitar and banjo. Additional guitars: Steve Jones and Joe Glazer. Back-up voices: Greg Artzner and Terry Leonino. Thanks to Joe Ames and Victoria Ames for special production assistance.

Joe Ames composed *Gentleman Jimmy Watt*, *Get The Government Off Your Back* and *Don't Wake The President Up*. Paul McKenna composed *Hood Robin's My Name* and *The Fox Is Not Our Friend*. All other songs composed by Joe Glazer.

Front Cover Design by Dorothy Fall. Back Cover Design by Janet Bliman. Front Cover Cartoon by Mark Gotbaum.

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SIDE ONE

JELLYBEAN BLUES

by Joe Glazer

Ronald Reagan and his buddies spend more on one meal
Than you can make in a week digging coal or hauling steel.

CHORUS: If you've got it you can flaunt it from your head
to your Gucci shoes,
But if you're working for a living you're singing
the Jellybean blues.

Some folks are flying in their private Lear Jet,
While poor folks are falling through the safety net. **CHORUS**

They say working men and women have to realize,
The time has come for them to economize. **CHORUS**

When I'm working on a job I've got my dignity,
Please don't make a welfare case out of me. **CHORUS**

Copyright 1981 by Joe Glazer. Based on an idea by Tim Foley.

AROUND THE CORNER — PROSPERITY

by Joe Glazer

Lost my job, lost my car,
My TV's on the bum.
Cupboard's bare, nothing there,
Not a stick of chewing gum.
My unemployment insurance is gone
There is no hope in sight;
But the word comes from *Camp David*
Everything's gonna be all right —

CHORUS: Just keep those chins up
Just wait and see —
Around the corner — prosperity.

The bills pile up, month by month,
My credit is all gone.
I'm worried sick, can't sleep at night,
I toss and turn till dawn.
My dog's left home, my cat's gone too,
There is no end in sight.
Comes the word from *California*
Everything's gonna be all right. **CHORUS**

Down on the farm, the well's run dry
The chickens have the flu.
The cows won't calve, the bulls won't bull.
I don't know what to do.
The drought was bad, but the floods are worse
I'm in an awful plight;
But the word comes from *Barbados*
Everything's gonna be all right. **CHORUS**

Now supply side may be good for some
But it's raising hell with me.
I'd like to be supplied with a steady job
So I can feed my family.
But I've got holes in my hat and my wallet's flat
And my bankbook is a fright
But the word comes from the *White House*
Everything's gonna be all right.

FINAL CHORUS: Just keep those chins up,
Just wait and see —
Just have a little patience;
At the end of the tunnel;
Sooner or later;
By next Christmas;
Around the corner — prosperity.

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RONALD REAGAN HAD A RANCH

by Joe Glazer

Ronald Reagan had a ranch,
Ee-eye, ee-eye-o.
And on this ranch he had a Stockman,
Ee-eye, ee-eye-o.

With a chop-chop here, chop-chop there,
Here a chop, there a chop,
Everywhere a chop-chop.
Ronald Reagan had a ranch,
Ee-eye, ee-eye-o.

And on this ranch he had a Donovan,
Ee-eye, ee-eye-o.
Cut OSHA here, cut CETA there,
Cut the workers' benefits everywhere;
Chop-chop here, chop-chop there,
Here a chop, there a chop,
Everywhere a chop-chop.
Ronald Reagan had a ranch,
Ee-eye, ee-eye-o.

And on this ranch he had a Watt,
Ee-eye, ee-eye-o.
Oil on the waters, smog in the air,
Chop down the forests everywhere.
Etc, etc.

And on this ranch he had a Schweiker,
Ee-eye, ee-eye-o.
Cut health care from A to Z,
Slice up social security,
Etc, etc.

And on this ranch he had a Weinberger,
Ee-eye, ee-eye-o.
MX missiles moving all around,
Hey Cap don't you move 'em near my town;
Cut health care from A to Z
Slice up social security;
Oil on the waters, smog in the air,
Chop down the forests everywhere;
Cut OSHA here, cut CETA there,
Cut the workers' benefits everywhere;
Chop-chop here, chop-chop there,
Here a chop, there a chop,
Everywhere a chop-chop.
Ronald Reagan had a ranch,
Ee-eye, ee-eye-o.

Copyright 1982 by Joe Glazer. Based on an idea by Barbara Wertheimer and friends.

SOCIAL SECURITY SONG (Too Old to Work)

by Joe Glazer

You work hard for a living until you get old,
And sometimes they push you right out in the cold.
When your working time's through you don't want charity,
You ought to retire with some dignity.

CHORUS: Too old to work, too old to work
When you're too old to work
And you're too young to die.
Who will take care of you,
How'll you get by
When you're too old to work
And you're too young to die.

You don't ask for favors when your work is through,
You've got a right to what's coming to you.
Sometimes your retirement check is so small
That one little shopping trip swallows it all. **CHORUS**

When you get too old to produce anymore
You have trouble keeping that wolf from your door.
You count all your nickels so you can get by
But Reagan says Social Security's too high. **CHORUS**

I've heard them called "golden" — those retirement years,
But too many old folks are haunted by fears.
I hope and I pray for that glorious day
When folks who retire will no longer say. **CHORUS**

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GENTLEMAN JIMMY WATT

by Joe Ames

A cowboy came down the mountain side,

Wearin' a coat made of grizzly hide
His hips were narrow but his grin was wide,
Gentleman Jimmy Watt.

He drove a station wagon that sure looked good,
Its sides were hand-carved sequoia wood
With a stuffed bald eagle mounted on the hood,
Gentleman Jimmy Watt.

Now the Double-R Ranch was hiring hands
To fight for the right to use public lands,
And they hired as ramrod to lead their band
Gentleman Jimmy Watt.

Now Watt believed that all creation
Was meant for commercial exploitation
Hated the thought of conservation
did Gentleman Jimmy Watt.

(**SPOKEN**) So he told all his big-money friends,
"Now gather 'round you fat-cats, listen to me.
Now you can . . .

*Drill for oil just off of the beach,
(All you'll disturb is some hammerhead sharks;)
Start strip-mining wherever you want,
Build sub-divisions in the national parks.*

*Dam up the rivers and drain the swamps,
Chop down the redwoods and chop down the
spruce;*

*Put whooping cranes on the hunting list,
Tear up the nests of the Canada goose.*

*Eat turtles and antelopes and other wild game,
(The snowy egret has a very nice taste;)
Build a shopping mall in Yosemite Park,
Flood the Mississippi with industrial waste.*

*Run an eight-lane highway up Mount Rainier,
Convert Monticello to a neighborhood tavern;
Start a rock quarry in the Petrified Forest,
Make a bomb shelter out of Carlsbad Cavern.*

*Harpoon the whales off the California coast,
Dump garbage into San Francisco Bay;
Use the Grand Canyon for a big land-fill,
Cut off the funding of the E.P.A.*

Now you might think Watt was just runnin' a bluff,
Tryin' to convince folks he was tough,
But the Double-R folks believe all that stuff,
from Gentleman Jimmy Watt.

So let me tell you folks that you better get wise
Or he'll sell the whole country to the big money guys,
And he'll do it in the name of Free Enterprise,
Gentleman Jimmy Watt
Gentleman Jimmy Watt
etc.

Copyright 1982 by Joe Ames.

DON'T BLAME ME

by Joe Glazer

I think we're in a recession,
But don't blame me.
It may become a depression,
But don't blame me.

I've studied all the facts and I can safely say,
It goes back to Jimmy Carter and to L.B.J.
In fact, our troubles started back in Kennedy's day,

So don't blame me.

Unemployment's hit 10 million,
But don't blame me.
Deficit's a hundred billion,
But don't blame me.

I've looked into my jellybean crystal jar,
And while I may not want to go back that far,
It tells me that the real villain was F.D.R.,

So, don't blame me.

Interest rates are out of line,
But don't blame me.
Business dying on the vine,
But don't blame me.

You know that I'm doing the very best that I can,
You've got to go back to the roots, to where these
troubles first began,
Hey, I think I've got the culprit! — Thomas Jefferson is
the man! (or was it George Washington?)

So don't blame me.

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GET THE GOVERNMENT OFF OUR BACK

Words: Joe Ames
Tune: Casey Jones Verse

Now, when Reagan was a candidate for President,
He told everybody everywhere he went
That the main thing wrong with our democracy
Was the Federal Government Bureaucracy.
He said he'd make us healthy, make us wealthy and wise
By cutting the bureaucracy down to size,
So I voted for Reagan and that's a fact
'Cause he said he'd get the government off my back.

Now lately things are not so good in my home town;
The factory where I worked has been shut down;
It's gonna stay closed 'til at least December,
And my unemployment benefits run out in September.
Some Congressmen said let's help the unemployed,
But Reagan and his buddies were upset and annoyed.
Extend unemployment checks? We can't do that
Because we gotta get the government off our back.

Now, my daughter worked at what they call a 'ten-cent store.'
Though you can hardly buy a thing for a dime anymore,
But the boss called her in and said, "I'm sorry Ruth,
But I've got to let you go and that's the truth.
There's no use frettin' and there's no use cryin'
With the factory closed, folks just aren't buyin',
But they say Reagan's gonna get things back on the track
By gettin' the government off our back."

Well, my dear old Daddy is losin' his farm.
He's a guy that never did a single soul any harm.
He got flooded out when the rains came late,
Couldn't borrow a dollar with the high interest rate.
He tried to get some help from the government,
They sent him a letter and here is how it went:
"You're on your own — sorry, Mac,
But we gotta get the government off your back."

My brother lost his job and his wife did, too.
They were absolutely broke with the mortgage overdue.
There weren't any jobs either one could find
And the payments on their furniture were months behind.
They tried to get on welfare, couldn't make the grade
Couldn't even qualify for emergency aid.
Now they're living by the railroad in a Hooverville shack,
Since Reagan got the government off their back.

Copyright 1982 by Joe Ames.

HOOD ROBIN

Lyrics: Paul McKenna & Joe Glazer
Tune: Home on the Range

When I was a boy, it was always a job
To read about brave Robin Hood.
But today things have changed, in a way that is strange,
Hood Robin's now haunting the woods.

CHORUS: Hood Robin's my name
I steal from the halt and the lame.
And I give to the rich
Now ain't that a switch
For the hero of story-book fame.

Copyright 1981 by Joe Glazer.

SIDE TWO

THE FOX AND THE CHICKENS

by Joe Glazer

He rode out of the West on a big white horse
Straight to Washington.
He said, "There'll be some changes made
Or I'll be a son-of-a-gun."
I said, "That's good, I think we ought to have
Some changes in this land.
But I got nervous
Mighty nervous,
When the man he picked to run the national forests
Had a big axe in each hand."

CHORUS: Who put the fox in charge of the chickens,
And how come the inmates are running the jail.
And who put Dracula in charge of the blood bank,
And how come Captain Ahab is guarding the big
white whale?

The President says, "Too much regulation
Gives industry a fit.
Let everything roll — pollution's not too bad,
Once you get used to it.
Here's my energy man, he'll see that we get
Production all across this land."

But I got nervous,
Mighty nervous,
When I saw that his energy man was marked
All over with the Exxon brand. CHORUS

Now the government's full of de-regulators
That may be good or bad.
But who's regulating the de-regulators,
That's what's got me scared.
I've heard of Jesse James and Robin Hood
Who gave the poor the rich man's purse,
But I get nervous
Mighty nervous,
When Ronald Reagan plays Robin Hood
One hundred percent in reverse. CHORUS

Copyright 1981 by Joe Glazer.

THE MORAL MAJORITY

Tune: Silent Night
Lyrics by Joe Glazer

Silent night, holy night,
The Bible declares that we are right.
The Lord's on our side and He always will be,
For Jerry has talked to him — personally.
Righteous and pious are we,
The Moral Majority.

Immoral blokes, ERA folks,
Watching TV with rum in their cokes.
They'll never be sav-ed unless they go straight,
For we have the keys to that heavenly gate.
Righteous and pious are we,
The Moral Majority.

The thoughts that you think, may be off-beat or pink;
If so, you are tottering on the brink.
The books that you read and the movies you see
Should be carefully checked out by experts like me,
Righteous and pious are we,
The Moral Majority.

We do not care what religion you choose,
But take our advice, do not choose to be Jews.
For the good Lord above will heed none of your prayers,
Why, he hasn't heard Hebrew for 2000 years.
Righteous and pious are we,
The Moral Majority.

Copyright 1981 by Joe Glazer.

A HANDFUL OF JELLYBEANS

by Joe Glazer

CHORUS: Grab yourself a handful of jellybeans,
Jellybeans, jellybeans,

Just grab yourself a handful of jellybeans
They'll see you through the day.

I had a job in a factory
For twenty-five years or more.
One day the boss shut the plant down tight
And he pinned this note to the door. CHORUS

I wrote a letter to Washington,
I said I've gotta have some bread.
I got an answer from my friend Ronnie
And this is what it said. CHORUS

They say jellybeans are good for your soul,
And good for your heart and your head.
But I'm getting mighty tired of jellybeans —

I'd rather have some meat and potatoes,
fish and chicken
soup and salad
fruit and vegetables
ice cream and apple pie

I'll even take some peanuts — instead. CHORUS

Copyright 1981 by Joe Glazer.

DON'T WAKE THE PRESIDENT UP

by Joe Ames

One night the White House telephone rang very, very late.
The caller said, "I'm the Secretary of State.
I must talk to the President for he should know
That the Cubans have invaded Guantanamo."
The White House operator said "I cannot put you through,
For, Mister Secretary, it's a quarter past two.
You'll have to leave the message with someone else,
I got those orders from the President himself."

CHORUS: We can't disturb the President for every little thing.
He's sleeping upstairs in the family wing.
Can't wake him every time we hear the telephone
ring.
We won't wake the President up.

The telephone rang in the middle of the day,
It was Casey who was calling from the CIA.
He said "I called to tell the President a Russian spy
Is in the White House kitchen baking apple pie."
But the White House operator said "The President is tired.
If I were to connect you, it would likely get me fired.
He's taking his siesta now and I've been told,
That if you were to call I should put you on hold." CHORUS

The Secret Service called just a little after dark.
They said "A UFO has landed in Lafayette Park.
Some little green creatures came running out the door,
They were wearing Krypton T-shirts and that's all they wore.
Some of them are talking to a parking meter,
We can hear them screaming 'Take us to your leader.'"
But the White House operator said "You called too late,
Please call back in the morning at half past eight." CHORUS

One day a call came from the Secretary of Defense
He said "We have intelligence that doesn't make much sense.
I have to tell the President that we've just found
An unknown submarine in Long Island Sound.
An unmarked aircraft carrier is anchored off Cape May,
And several mystery ships have entered Chesapeake Bay.
I have to tell the President we may be in a scrap."
But the operator said "Right now he's taking his nap." CHORUS

Now out on the horizon, you can see a lot of ships.
And on the radar screen there are a lot of little blips.
The red telephone is ringing long and loud,
And over in Jersey City there's a mushroom cloud.
A saboteur has sawed the wings off Air Force One,
And the Chiefs of Staff are meeting in the Pentagon.
The President will tell them what action they should take,
And they know they'll get the word as soon as he's awake.

FINAL CHORUS: We can't disturb the President for every little
thing.
He's sleeping upstairs in the family wing.
Can't wake him every time we hear the

telephone ring.
We won't wake the President —
Shouldn't wake the President —
Mustn't wake the President —
Can't wake the President —
Sshhh — don't wake the President up.

Copyright 1982 by Joe Ames.

THE FOX IS NOT OUR FRIEND

Lyrics: Paul McKenna
Tune: The Fox

They put a . . .

Fox in charge of the chicken coop.
Now all of us chickens had better re-group
Or pretty soon we'll be chicken soup,
The fox is not our friend-o, friend-o, friend-o,
Pretty soon we'll be chicken soup,
The fox is not our friend-o.

Our president believes in liberty,
He says that America must be free
So we've gotta turn it over to industry,
The fox is not our friend-o . . . etc.

He says he'll get the government off our backs
So he's chopping up the budget with a big meat-axe,
But poor folks are getting most of those whacks,
The fox is not our friend-o . . . etc.

The Interior Department's got Big Jim Watt,
A lover of nature Jim is not,
Gonna make the Rockies a parking lot,
The fox is not our friend-o . . . etc.

Ray Donovan's heading up the D.O.L.
(that's the Department of Labor)
All the right-to-workers think he's swell,
But he's cutting up OSHA all to Hell,
The fox is not our friend-o . . . etc.

The President has such a charming smile,
Always willing to go that extra mile,
And when he cuts your benefits he does it with style,
The fox is not our friend-o . . . etc.

All over the government it seems to me,
The fox is having one hell of a spree,
If it's not a fox it's a coyote,
The fox is not our friend-o . . . etc.

Repeat first verse.

Copyright 1981 by Paul McKenna.

A SWEET FELLOW LIKE ME

by Joe Glazer

How can you say that,
How can you say that
About a sweet fellow like me.
The man with his yacht,
Folks who don't have a pot,
Must sacrifice equally.
It's waste we are stopping
By cutting and chopping,
Please don't say that I'm mean;
Now don't be greedy,
If you're truly needy,
I'll send you a jellybean.

How can you say that,
How can you say that
About a sweet fellow like me.
I love education,
But we have inflation,
And the budget comes first, you'll agree.
It's waste we are stopping
By cutting and chopping,
Please don't say that I'm mean;
If your school lunchroom closes

I'll send you some roses
And a big jar of jellybeans.

How can you say that,
How can you say that
About a sweet fellow like me.
Too bad you're not working,
Are you sure you're not shirking?
Well, you must bear up cheerfully.
It's waste we are stopping
By cutting and chopping,
Please don't say that I'm mean;
Forget about food stamps,
They'll just give you stomach cramps,
Please have a jellybean.

How can you say that,
How can you say that
About a sweet fellow like me.
I love paintings and symphonies,
The arts and humanities,
But the budget comes first you'll agree.
It's waste we are stopping,
By cutting and chopping,
Please don't say that I'm mean;
If you feel you've been wronged
I'll sing you a song
And send you some jellybeans.

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JOBS, JOBS, JOBS

by Joe Glazer

I remember back in 1980 in the Presidential campaign,
I heard Ronald Reagan make a speech and he said it again
and again,
(He said) "We gotta have jobs and you will get 'em if
you vote for me;
I know you've gotta have a job if you're gonna feed your family."

CHORUS: "Jobs! Jobs! Jobs!" — that's what the candidate said.
"Jobs! Jobs! Jobs!" — you need a job to earn your
bread.
"Jobs! Jobs! Jobs!" — he said before election day
"A job for every worker," I heard Ronald Reagan say.

I was in the crowd in Youngstown with the Steelworkers that day;
I came to hear what the great communicator had to say.
He sure looked good as he waved his arms working up the crowd;
In front of those TV cameras, he said it clear and loud.

CHORUS

That was back in 1980 — a long, long time ago;
Things have gone from bad to worse — I'm sure all of you know.
Unemployment's breaking records — and Reagan doesn't give
a hoot;
Election day is coming and he's going to get the boot.

FINAL CHORUS: "Jobs! Jobs! Jobs!" You're gonna hear the
people say.
"Jobs! Jobs! Jobs!" We'll be talking on
election day
"Jobs! Jobs! Jobs!" Reagan's promise was
no good —
We'll put him on his horse and send him back
to Hollywood!

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