



FOLKWAYS RECORDS FN 2501

GAZETTE

WITH

Pete Seeger

WITH BANJO AND 12 STRING GUITAR

Containing a Collection of Topical Songs, Old and New
without direction as to content or pressure.

Long Live the United States! Vol. 1, No. 1, 1958

"... the price of happiness is
freedom, and the price of free-
dom a brave heart."

— An Athenian saying.

Alas! from vice can goodness
ever spring? Is mercy hoped
for in a tyrant king?

Shah Nameh—
The Book of Kings

54) Arjuna said: What ... is
the description of the man of
steady wisdom ... ?

56) He who is not perturbed
by adversity ... who is free
from ... fear, and wrath is
called a man of steady wisdom.

— Bhabavad Gita

Oh Give Thanks! Who remem-
ber us in our low state. For his
mercy endureth for ever.

— Hagadah.

... were our mouth filled with
melodion song as the sea is
with water ...

"...leave behind us footprints
on the sands of time."

— Don Quixote

"Is the dollar only real? ..."

John Greenleaf Whittier

When you see me laughin', it's
to keep from cryin'.

— Negro Blues

AN ACROSTIC

As Negroes and L rs in
judgement agree! No wonder
that vice with her airs so free!
Device and low cunning do
commonly stand! Related in
friendship and join hand in
hand! Experience doth teach
us that poor black and white!
When blended together, as
one, will unite!

from the Massachusetts Spy,
March 7, 1771

Without freedom of thought,
there can be no such thing as
wisdom: and no such thing as
public Liberty without free-
dom of speech. This is the
right of every man, which
ought to know no bounds but
the injury of others ... Who-
ever would overthrow the
liberty of the nation, must be-
gin by destroying the freedom
of speech; a thing terrible to
public traitors, i.e., to all
enemies of civil and religious
liberty.

— (Benjamin Franklin?)
Eleutherius in the
Massachusetts Spy, 1771

Blessed are the peacemakers:
for they shall be called the
children of God.

Blessed are they which are
persecuted for righteousness'
sake: for theirs is the king-
dom of heaven.

— From: The Sermon
on the Mount

If trouble was money, I'd be a
millionaire.

— Negro folk Blues

A man ain't nothing but a
man.

— John Henry

Some men will rob you with a
six-gun, some with a fountain
pen.

— Woody Guthrie

The right of free discussion is
... to be guarded by the friends
of mankind with peculiar jeal-
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sacred, and the most endan-
gered of all our rights. He who
would rob his neighbor of it
should have a mark set on him
as the worst enemy of free-
dom.

— William Ellery Channing

Strike the right of associating
for the sale of labor from the
privileges of a freeman, and
you may as well bind him to a
master, or ascribe him to the
soil.

— William Cullen Bryant

"And perhaps in the back-
ground of this portrait they
will see, more clearly than can
be seen today, a picture of an
American way of life which,
in the intervening years, we,
the people, may have sold for
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by Alexander Woollcott on his
comment on "Mary White" by
William Allen White, from
"The Woollcott Reader" pub-
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Press.

Includes:

Pretty Boy Floyd
Banks of Marble
TVA Song
Martian Love Song
42 Kids
State of Arkansas
Declaration of Independence
Teachers Blues
The Wild West is Where I Want to Be
Demi Song
Ballad of Sherman Wu
Roll On Columbia
Reuben James
Then We'll Have Peace
The Scaler
Newspapermen
Talking Atom
Battle of Maxton Field
Doctor Freud
There is Mean Things Happening
in This Land

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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Smithsonian Institution

Office of the Assistant Secretary
for Public Service



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I have always believed that it is the duty and privilege of publishers of materials that reach a wide audience to make available to the general public as great a variety of points of view and opinions as possible -- without the heavy hand of censorship or the imposition of the publishers' editorial view. It is with this point of view that Folkways Records and Peter Seeger have collaborated on this new album of contemporary topical and political songs -- believing that the complete documentation of American life makes the issuance of such material our public responsibility. To those who believe in the free and uncensored expression of not only their own beliefs, but the opinions and ideas of others, I dedicate this album.

- Moses Asch

THE LIVING NEWSPAPER OF HISTORY

by
Irwin Silber

Traditional folk song, in addition to its inherent artistic worth and emotion-fulfilling qualities, has always served as the "living newspaper" of history. Our growing knowledge of the folk heritage has enabled us to obtain a better insight into the moods and mores of the common people of all eras.

While the history books can provide us with the dates and places of the events which have shaped our world, folksongs have helped us to understand the living, human materials which make history. Our American Revolution, for instance, has been documented by political pronouncements, major and minor battles, and an analysis of economic and social causes leading to that gigantic upheaval. But what a gap in our knowledge if there were no "Yankee Doodle" or "Riflemen of Bennington" to help us emotionally identify ourselves with the ordinary Americans of that day who shouldered their muskets at Concord, Lexington, Bunker Hill and Valley Forge, who marched thousands of foot-sore miles in Washington's ragged army, and who stood stiffly at attention when Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown and the band played "The World Turned Upside Down."

Our American folk heritage is rich in topical folk song -- jubilant election songs like "Lincoln and Liberty", tragic ballads like "Casey Jones" and "The Titanic," militant labor songs like "Solidarity Forever" and "Hold The Fort," narrative songs of desperadoes and heroes like "Jesse James" and "The Cumberland Crew," songs of sarcasm and cynicism like "The Farmer Is The Man" and "I Was Born About 10,000 Years Ago."

With the tremendous growth of newspapers, radio, and television, many thought that this form of traditional song would die out. After all, why sing the story of events familiar to all within hours of their occurrence? The old adage, "nothing is as old as yesterday's newspaper" seemed to be a fitting epitaph for topical songs in the century of mass communication.

And yet, with a strange and undeniable persistence, these songs continue to be written and sung by hundreds of thousands of people. For the unique character of folk song, the ability of a song to get at the heart and sense of an historic event in a few short lines, and with deep human imagery, will never be replaced by all the printing presses and TV antennas in the world.

The songs on this record were all written during the last 25 years -- and each song is a comment in one way or another on some important event or news story or personality of our time. In preparing this record, the problem was not one of finding material which would document an unsubstantiated theory, but to select from the thousands of songs available a representative cross-section of the great wealth of topical song which actually exists.

The subject matter ranges from Pretty Boy Floyd the outlaw to Sigmund Freud, from a Negro boy in Little Rock, Arkansas, to flying saucers, from the Grand Coulee Dam to the Ku Klux Klan, from the high cost of living to the atomic bomb.

The lyricists and composers (where the tune is original) include professional song-writers like Celius Dougherty, Lee Hays, Woody Guthrie and Malvina Reynolds, as well as university students, lumberjacks, newspapermen and school-teachers.

Wherever possible, I have tried to provide photostats of actual newspaper headlines and stories which inspired the song or which comment on the same event. In this connection, I would like to extend my heartfelt thanks to the staff of the New York Public Library, Newspaper Division (137 West 25th St., NYC) and particularly to Mr. Philip Falco, for their tireless assistance in helping to track down these news stories and making the photo-copies which help to document these notes.

Most of the songs in this album first appeared in print in the pages of SING OUT magazine, a folksong quarterly published in New York. The songs on this record which appeared in SING OUT are:

Pretty Boy Floyd; Banks of Marble; TVA Song; Forty-Two Kids; State of Arkansas; The Wild West Is Where I Want To Be; Ballad of Sherman Wu; Roll On Columbia; Then We'll Have Peace; Demi Song; Battle of Maxton Field; Doctor Freud.

For further information about SING OUT, write to:

SING OUT
121 West 47th St.
New York 36, N.Y.

PETE SEEGER has brought untold hours of listening delight to millions of Americans interested in the folk heritage of our country. Through personal appearances, more than two dozen Folkways long-playing records, radio programs, television shows, and a number of publications, Seeger has helped us to hear and see and appreciate the great variety of American folk music.

His long-necked five-string banjo has been heard in every state of the Union -- on concert stages and in union halls, at children's camps and on university campuses.

Here, in Gazette, Pete Seeger tries to show that American folk music is still a living, vital, creative force in our lives -- and can be as much a reflection of the present as of the past.

If you are interested in other Pete Seeger records, write to Folkways Records, 117 West 46th St., for our special Pete Seeger catalogue.

Floyd Trapped, Shot to Death By U. S. Agents

(Copyright 1934 by Associated Press)

EAST LIVERPOOL, O., Oct. 22.—Violent death at the hands of eight pursuing officers ended the crime career of Charles Arthur (Pretty Boy) Floyd on an isolated farm



Above: Pretty Boy Floyd and his wife and son—a picture made during one of his rare visits home. Right: Adam Richetti (coatless), Floyd lieutenant, and his jailer.



near here today. He was shot to death in a burst of fire from two machine guns, pistols and rifles, as he made his final effort to escape the relentless clutches of the law.

The rays of a setting sun were falling upon the wooded Columbiana County hills toward which Floyd started running to find a refuge.

Pretty Boy Floyd

Words and music by Woody Guthrie.

Charles Arthur "Pretty Boy" Floyd, ranked up until the time of his death as American "Public Enemy Number One", was born on a farm near the town of Sallisaw in Eastern Oklahoma around the turn of the century. His career of violence and outlawry which covered a period of some eight to ten years, earned him an unenviable reputation as a daring bank robber and a ruthless killer.

Floyd, whose nickname "Pretty Boy" was supposedly given him by fellow Oklahomans impressed by his pocket comb and careful pompadour "slick as axle grease", struck terror in the hearts of bankers throughout the Midwest as a result of a long record of hold-ups which emptied the coffers of dozens of small-town banking establishments.

The outlaw attracted national prominence after an incredible escape from guards on a train taking him to jail -- an escape in which Floyd plunged through the window of a speeding train and down an embankment.

While most newspaper accounts depicted him as a ruthless bandit who showed no mercy for any of his victims, the legend grew up in the Oklahoma hills that Floyd was a modern-day Robin Hood of crime who stole from the rich to give to the poor. The New York Times said:

"His reputation grew steadily; he became a myth as well as a man. He was likened more and more to the lawless 'heroes' of the old West."

With his growing reputation as a criminal, Floyd became suspect of every major unsolved crime in the United States. When he was accused of being a participant in the Kansas City massacre of June 17, 1933, which took the lives of five men, Floyd mailed a public denial of his complicity to Federal officers.

On October 11th, 1934, Floyd and two companions shot their way out of an Iowa trap. But now Federal agents were hot on his trial. On October 22nd, Floyd was shot to death in an isolated farm near East Liverpool, Ohio.

20,000 people attended Floyd's funeral at the little hillside cemetery near Akins, Oklahoma, on October 28th. The outlaw had selected his own grave a year and half earlier. "Right here is where you can put me," he told his mother in May, 1933. "I expect to go down soon with lead in me -- perhaps the sooner the better."

Like Floyd, Woody Guthrie has become something of a myth. Perhaps no one else in our time -- not even Irving Berlin or Cole Porter or Rodgers and Hammerstein -- have written as many good songs as the famed Dust Bowl balladeer. Woody's songs number in the thousands and a considerable portion of these have become an indelible part of our national literature.

Woody's characterization of Pretty Boy Floyd as a modern-day Robin Hood is a conception shared by many in Oklahoma who knew the notorious outlaw personally. John Steinbeck, who spent a great deal of time among these folk in preparing *The Grapes of Wrath* indicates this point of view in the words of Ma Joad from that novel:

"I know Purty Boy Floyd. I knowed his ma. They was good folks. He was full a hell, sure, like a good boy oughta be. I don' know all like this -- but I know it. He done a little bad thing a' they hurt 'im, caught 'im an' hurt him so he was mad, an' the nex' bad thing he done was mad, an' they hurt 'im again. An' purty soon he was mean-mad. They shot at him like a varmint, an' he shot back, an' they they run him like a coyote, an' him a-snappin' an' a-snarin', mean as a lobo. An' he was mad. He wasn't no boy or no man no more, he was jus' a walkin' chunk a mean-mad. But the folks that knowed him didn't hurt 'im. He wasn' mad at them. . . ."

PRETTY BOY FLOYD SLAIN AS HE FLEES BY FEDERAL MEN

CORNERED ON OHIO FARM

Melvin Purvis Leads
Officers in Shooting
Down Outlaw.

BANDIT FALLS IN FLIGHT

Unable to Use Pistols After
Ignoring Purvis's Order
to Surrender.

LONG SOUGHT AS KILLER

If you'll gather 'round me children,
A story I will tell,
About Pretty Boy Floyd, the outlaw,
Oklahoma knew him well.

It was in the town of Shawnee,
On a Saturday afternoon,
His wife beside him in the wagon,
And into town they rode.

And a deputy sheriff approached him,
With a manner rather rude,
With vulgar words of anger
Which Miss Floyd overheard.

Pretty Boy grabbed a log chain,
The deputy grabbed his gun,
And in the fight that followed,
He laid that deputy down.

Well he took to the trees and timbers,
To live a life of shame,
Every crime in Oklahoma
Was added to his name.

Yes, the outlaw took to the country
Along the river's shore,
And Pretty Boy found a welcome
At many a farmer's door.

There's many a starving family,
The same old story told,
How the outlaw paid the mortgage
And saved their little home.

Others told of a stranger
Who came to beg a meal,
And underneath the napkin
Left a thousand dollar bill.

In Oklahoma City
Upon a Christmas Day,
A whole carload of groceries
Come with a note to say:

You say that I'm an outlaw,
You say that I'm a thief;
Well, here's a Christmas dinner
For the families on relief.

Now as through this world you wander,
You see lots of funny men,
Some will rob you with a six-gun,
And some with a fountain pen.

Yes, as through this world you wander,
As through this world you roam;
You won't never see an outlaw
Drive a family from their home.

20,000 ATTEND BURIAL OF FLOYD IN OKLAHOMA

**Preacher at Grave Blames
Forces of Environment for
Turning Youth to Crime.**

SALLISAW, Okla., Oct. 28 (AP).—The bullet-riddled body of Charles A. (Pretty Boy) Floyd, Oklahoma's outlaw, was buried in a little hill-side cemetery near the village of Akins today while a curious crowd estimated at 20,000 persons looked on.

His last resting place was a grave he reputedly had picked for himself more than a year ago with a remark to Mrs. Walter Floyd, his widowed mother:

"Right here is where you can put me. I expect to go down with lead in me—perhaps the sooner the better."

The mother, Mrs. Ruby Floyd; the outlaw's widow, his 12-year-old son, Jack Dempsey Floyd; four sisters and two brothers sat in a small arbor shielded from the eyes of the crowd as the simple casket was lowered into the grave.

The Rev. W. E. Rockett of the Sallisaw Baptist Church conducted the final services, assisted by the Rev. Owen White of the Akins Baptist Church.

"If heredity alone could direct the lives of our restless youth," Mr. Rockett said in a brief talk, "we in all probability should not be here on this sad occasion, but a stronger force, environment, steps in to defeat heredity. Thus oftentimes the example of consecrated mothers, fathers and grandparents are nullified by the evil forces of environment."

The thousands of onlookers stood about the cemetery and the crowd overflowed onto near-by pastures. Fences were torn down to make room for parked cars.

A steady stream of motor cars from twenty States came to the cemetery from Sallisaw. Some spectators came in wagons and buggies and others on horseback.

ten years, has become something of a minor classic. Since the song was first introduced by Pete Seeger to a hootenanny audience in New York (and subsequently recorded by The Weavers in one of their pre-commercial releases), it has grown in popularity. In Canada, members of the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers Union showed me verses which they added about their own working conditions and I have heard young people and workers sing it with enthusiasm and conviction in the belief that it is a traditional song of long standing rather than one of recent composition, which is its own tribute to the integrity and craft of the songwriter and his creation.

I've traveled 'round this country,
From shore to shining shore;
It really made me wonder,
The things I heard and saw.

I saw the weary farmer
Plowing sod and loam,
I heard the auction hammer
Just a-knocking down his home.

But the banks are made of marble,
With a guard at every door,
And the vaults are stuffed with silver
That the farmer sweated for.

I've seen the seamen standing
Idly by the shore,
And I heard their bosses saying,
"Got no work for you no more."

But the banks are made of marble,
With a guard at every door,
And the vaults are stuffed with silver
That the seamen sweated for.

I've seen the weary miner
Scrubbing coal dust from his back,
And I heard his children crying,
"Got no coal to heat the shack."

But the banks are made of marble,
With a guard at every door,
And the vaults are stuffed with silver
That the miner sweated for.

I've seen my brothers working
Throughout this mighty land,
I prayed we'd get together,
And together make a stand.

Then we might own those banks of marble,
With a guard at every door,
And we would share those vaults of silver
That we have sweated for!

**Jobless Rise
186,000 in U. S.
To 3,374,000**

Washington, Jan. 14 (AP).—The government reported today that unemployment increased by 186,000 in the nation last month while the number of workers

609,600 Jobless In Week Set Record

Labor Dept. statistics show a record total of 2,809,300 workers covered by the unemployment compensation system were jobless the first week of January.

The department reported Friday in Washington that initial claims for unemployment insurance, a measure of layoffs, were 609,600, also a record in the second week of January.

The figures indicated total unemployment in the nation would exceed 4,000,000 in January. The unemployment compensation system covers only about 43,000,000.

Banks of Marble

Words and music by Les Rice

Grim reminders of the Depression of the 1930's captured the headlines in American newspapers over the past year and a half or so. Mounting unemployment statistics, lay-offs, growing expenditures in unemployment insurance all served to recall the bitter days of long bread-lines and emergency soup kitchens which dotted the American landscape in the winter of 1931 and '32.

A statistic, of course, is just another long number -- until you become one. The man with a job rarely knows that a depression is on, while the man waiting on the unemployment insurance line doesn't know the meaning of the word prosperity.

In 1948, when the first of the post-war depressions (or recessions, if you choose) was being felt by millions of working people across the country, an apple farmer in Newburgh, N. Y., sat down and wrote a song which, in the past

TVA Song

Words: George Rucker
Music: "Down in The Valley"

The Tennessee Valley Authority was one of the most ambitious and successful of the New Deal measures introduced by President Roosevelt in his efforts to combat the depression. Simply, the proposal was to use the resources of the Federal Government in the development of power projects in the Tennessee Valley in order to provide cheap electric power to millions of Americans.

The proposal was immediately attacked as "socialistic" by the representatives for the private utilities corporations, chief spokesman for which was Wendell L. Willkie, then president of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, owners of the Tennessee Electric Power Co.

Despite the bitter opposition of wealthy industrialists, the TVA was launched and, in an historic decision by the Supreme Court, the constitutionality of the law creating TVA was sustained. Since that time, TVA has more than

WILLKIE ATTACKS TVA AS 'BRUTAL'

Offers to Accept Any Value
Set by SEC on Holdings
in Tennessee Concern

The text of Mr. Willkie's statement is printed on Page 48.

By RUSSELL R. PORTER
Special to The New York Times
WASHINGTON, Nov. 28.—Wendell L. Willkie, president of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, urged the Congressional committee investigating the TVA today to call on the Securities and Exchange Commission to fix a fair price for the sale of the Tennessee Electric Power Company, one of the four C. and S. operating companies in the Tennessee Valley, to the TVA.
Mr. Willkie offered to bind himself

NEW POWER PLANT PLANNED BY T. V. A.

Kentucky Project Will Serve
Atomic Installation to Be
Constructed Near By

PADUCAH, Ky., Jan. 4 (AP)—The Tennessee Valley Authority will build a steam electric power plant on the Kentucky side of the Ohio River about 15 miles northwest of Paducah, it was announced today.
The plant will be used in connection with the atomic energy installation which will be constructed near by.
Announcement of the site was made by W. L. Sturdevant, T. V. A. Director of Information, Knoxville, Tenn.
About 1,000 persons will be employed in building the electric plant, Mr. Sturdevant said. He said 200 to 300 of the employees would start work within the next two or three months.

proven its worth to the nation as a whole in the wholesale reclamation and irrigation of land as well as the electrification of countless communities.

It was down in the valley that's called Tennessee,
Uncle Sam started something in the year thirty-three;
We dreamed a great dream then, that's now here to stay,
Saw democracy's future when we built TVA.

Now rivers that once ran unchecked to the sea
Use the force that was wasted for electricity.
And rains that washed topsoil away in the night,
Help turn the great turbines, turning dark into light.

Where once private power said it couldn't be done,
You can see fairlights twinkling, you can hear highlines hum:
Fertilizer and science are reclaiming the soil,
And REA co-ops help lighten the toil.

From the vision of Norris, who was true to a dream,
Came a blueprint for freedom and democracy's team;
The farmer and worker helped to build a new day
That was built for the people of the great U.S.A.

Martian Love Song

Words: Lee Hays
Music: Earl Robinson

Ever since that fateful fall day when the first sputnik was propelled into orbit around our shrinking planet, the eyes of man have been focused on the skies. Speculation on the possibilities of intelligent life on the other planets of our solar system has long been a favorite pursuit of science-fiction fans and college sophomores, and the flood of reports of mysterious "flying saucers" over the past years has helped to fire the imagination of many others.

Despite the fact that science has fairly conclusively shown that the possibility of intelligent life in our solar system is extremely remote, the speculation has, if anything, increased.

No one, of course, has a greater interest in the possibility of life on Mars or Saturn or distant Pluto than the folklorists of the Earth. For with

the passage of time and the development of increasingly fast and accurate recording equipment, the time is not far distant when most of the available traditional folk heritage will have been collected. And with this area fast fading into oblivion it would be a rare researcher indeed whose eyes wouldn't light up at the prospect of a foundation grant to collect the folksongs of Venus -- provided, of course, that there are some folk there to have songs.

Operating on the tested Boy Scout premise that it is always best to "Be Prepared," song-writer Lee Hays has created this Martian love song in preparation for that possible future time when venturesome space pilots from the Earth will go joy-riding with winsome Martian lassies -- and, undoubtedly, run out of fuel in the neighborhood of some deserted asteroid.

My true love's an ordinary thing,
You'd know her anywhere,
By her pink antenna and her polka dot skin
And the hydrogen sulphide of her hair.

Oh, my darling, how I miss you,
I never needed you so much,
Till I missed your crimson eyelids
And the scales I love to touch.
You're my cosmic little sweetheart
And your thought-waves are the most,
Sending growls of love-like thunder
All along the Martian Coast.

My true love's an ordinary thing,
You'd know her anywhere,
With her pink antenna and her polka dot skin
And the hydrogen sulphide of her hair.

We were ready to be married
When an Earthman led her astray,
And I haven't seen my darling
Since that sad Galactic Day.
Oh, if you meet her in Chicago
Or on Venus or Mercury,
And if you happen to recognize her
Send her back to me.

My true love's an ordinary thing,
You'd know her anywhere,
By her pink antenna and her polka dot skin,
And the twenty-four dimples on her chinny-chin-chin,
And the hydrogen sulphide of her hair.

HIGH SPEED OBJECTS REPORTED IN THE SKY

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16 (AP)—A retired rear admiral, once head of the Navy's guided-missiles program, said today reliable reports indicated that "there are objects coming into our atmosphere at very high speeds."

Admiral Delmer S. Fahney told a news conference that "no agency in this country or Russia is able to duplicate at this time the speeds and accelerations which radars and observers indicate these flying objects are able to achieve."

There are signs that "an intelligence" directs such objects "because of the way they fly," the admiral went on.
"They are not entirely actuated by automatic equipment," he said. "The way they change position in formations and override each other would indicate that their motion is directed."

An Air Force spokesman said that service was still investigating all reports but had found no concrete evidence that there were flying saucers. He said that a majority of the reports had been found upon checking to have some logical explanation, but that a percentage remained unexplained.

Admiral Fahney called a news conference following an organizational meeting of a new private group, the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena, of which he is board chairman.

2 IN NAVY BALLOON WILL STUDY MARS

Ascent Friday May Reveal
Planet's Water Content—
Special Telescope Set

Two Navy balloonists plan to take a telescope to 80,000 feet in the next week or so to see if they can penetrate some of the mysteries of the planet Mars.

The flight is tentatively scheduled for Friday. The launching site will be the Stratobowl, a natural depression in the Black Hills near Rapid City, S. D. The trip is expected to last less than twenty-four hours.

A prime objective of the experiment will be to determine the water-vapor content of the Martian atmosphere, and thereby to get an idea about whether Mars has enough water to support life.

AIR MYSTERY IN PARIS

Unidentified Object, on Radar,
Flew at 1,500 M.P.H.

Special to The New York Times
PARIS, Feb. 19.—Aviation circles were speculating today on the identity of a strange object, alternately hovering and flying at speeds in excess of 1,500 miles an hour, picked up Friday night by radar operators at Orly International Airport.

The object made a "blip" on the radar screen approximately twice as large as that of the average airliner, according to technicians. It appeared to be at an altitude of about 5,000 feet and was seen to follow aircraft taking off or coming in for a landing at Orly.

A radio beacon station southwest of Paris also reported the object but neither the radar at Le Bourget Airport nor the Paris Observatory reported contact. A spokesman at the observatory suggested that it might have been a United States weather balloon launched in Germany and blown west by the "jet stream" air currents.

With new school construction lagging far behind rapidly increasing school enrollment in the United States, the problem of over-crowded class-rooms has grown to major proportions.

An unnamed Arkansas school-teacher penned this song which has been heard and acclaimed by thousands of school teachers throughout the country. It was subsequently re-printed by the New York Teacher News, newspaper of the Teachers Union.

U. S. SCHOOLS FACE RECORD SQUEEZE

Education Office's Figures on Shortage Underscore Defeat of Bill in House

Special to The New York Times.
WASHINGTON, Aug. 24—One paramount fact holds true for the nation's schools this year, whether segregated or unsegregated—they are going to be crowded as never before.

According to estimates released by Dr. Lawrence G. Derthick, United States Commis-

SCHOOLS TO REACH PEAK ENROLLMENT

U. S. Predicts 43.1 Million Total This Fall—Shortage of Teachers Continues

Special to The New York Times.
WASHINGTON, Aug. 16—The Government predicted today that school and college enrollment this fall would reach a high of 43,135,000. This would be an increase of 1,769,000 over the 1956-57 academic year.

Dr. Lawrence G. Derthick, Commissioner of Education, said the largest increase would come in the kindergarten through

Now, some people say a teacher's made out of steel,
But a teacher's made of stuff that can think and feel.
A mind and a body and a tortured soul,
The ability to teach the shy and the bold.

I teach 42 kids and what do I get?
Another day older and deeper in debt.
St. Peter don't you call me to that Heavenly Gate,
I owe my soul to the youth of this state.

I was born one morning it was cloudy and cool,
I picked up my register and walked to the school.
I wrote 42 names on my class roll,
My superintendent said, "Well, bless my soul!"

I teach 42 kids and what do I get?
Another day older and deeper in debt.
St. Peter don't you call me to that Celestial Shore,
I have 42 students and they're sending me more.

There's a child in every seat from wall to wall,
Any more who come will have to stand in the hall.
They're breathing down my neck, they're walking on my toes,
They're telling me their joys and I'm sharing all their woes.

I teach 42 kids and what do I get?
Another day older and deeper in debt.
St. Peter don't you call me to that Celestial Shore,
I have 42 students and they're sending me more.

The bell rings at four but my bed's not made,
I still have all those papers to grade,
The faculty meets at seven they say,
And tomorrow is a meeting of the PTA.

I teach 42 kids and what do I get?
Younger in heart, nothing to regret.
St. Peter don't you call me, I can't leave here,
I'll have 42 students again next year.

WARREN CALLS HIGH COURT FOR LITTLE ROCK DECISION; SESSION STARTS THURSDAY

SPECIAL TERM SET

Ruling on Integration Stay Likely Before School Opens

By ANTHONY LEWIS

Special to The New York Times
LOS ANGELES, Aug. 25—Earl Warren, the Chief Justice of the United States, today called the Supreme Court into extraordinary session to resolve the school integration issue in Little Rock, Ark.

The court will convene at noon Thursday in Washington. It will hear oral argument and, in all likelihood, hand down a decision before the scheduled opening of Little Rock schools on Sept. 8.

The Chief Justice, who is here for the annual meeting of the American Bar Association, telephoned the clerk of the Supreme Court in Washington yesterday. The clerk issued the formal call for a special term this morning.

Lemley Order Is Issued

The action is in all respects most unusual. The Supreme Court has not met in special



The New York Times
Chief Justice Earl Warren

VIRGINIA RULING

Judge Advises Norfolk to Review Negro Integration Bids

Excerpts from the judge's message are on Page 17.

Special to The New York Times.
NORFOLK, Va., Aug. 25 — Negroes cannot be legally barred from white public schools because of racial tensions or isolation of the Negro child in a white student body, United States District Judge Walter E. Hoffman advised the Norfolk School Board today.

The judge referred back to the board "for further consideration" applications of all 151 Negro children seeking admission to white schools in September. The board last week denied all the applications. The judge asked the board to report on its review of the cases Friday.

Fifty-seven students have objected to the school board's rejections. Of these applicants sixteen were denied for reasons

LITTLE ROCK SETS DELAY ON SCHOOLS

Opening Put Off to Sept. 8

By Blossom—Faubus to Offer Bills Today

State of Arkansas

Words: Dave Arkin

Music: State of Arkansas

In the spring of 1954, the United States Supreme Court ruled unanimously that racial segregation of students in publicly-supported institutions of education was illegal. The Court ordered complete racial integration of American schools to proceed with "all deliberate speed."

In September, 1957, the school board of Little Rock, Arkansas, prepared to institute the first steps in a program of gradual desegregation of the city's high schools. Nine Negro students were admitted to the city's white high school. One of these nine was a youngster by the name of Terrence Roberts.

Under the pretense of keeping law and order, Arkansas' Governor Orval E. Faubus called out the State Militia to prevent the Negro students from entering the school. Subsequently, the Federal Government flew in troops of the United States Army with orders to enforce the ruling of the Supreme Court.

As these notes are being written, in October, 1958, the schools of Little Rock are shut and Governor Faubus is once again attempting to defy the orders of the Supreme Court to proceed with school desegregation.

This song was written shortly after the incidents of September, 1957, by a Los Angeles song-writer. He used a traditional Arkansas folk-tune for his melody, "The State of Arkansas," sometimes known as "Charley Brennan," who sings:

I've traveled this wide world over,
Some ups and downs I've saw,
But I never knew what misery was
Till I hit old Arkansas.

SUPREME COURT FORBIDS EVASION OR FORCE TO BALK INTEGRATION; LOWER BENCH BANS FAUBUS PLAN

ARKANSAS TROOPS BAR NEGRO PUPILS; GOVERNOR DEFIANT

Faubus Wires Eisenhower He
Will Not Cooperate With
U. S. Agents in Little Rock

DECRIES 'INTERFERENCE'

Mayor Scores Use of Militia
Without His Request—400
Near School Boo Youths

Text of Governor's telegram
to the President, Page 20.

By BENJAMIN FINE

Special to The New York Times.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Sept. 4
—The state militia barred nine
Negro students from the white
high school here today.

Fully armed, the troops kept
the Negroes from the school
grounds while an angry crowd
of 400 white men and women
jeered, booed and shouted, "go
home, niggers." Several hundred
militiamen, with guns slung
over their shoulders, carrying
gas masks and billy clubs, sur-
rounded the school.

The nine Negro students said
that they would again attempt
to enter the all-white Central
High school tomorrow morning.

The troops acted under direct
orders of Gov. Orval E. Faubus.
In a news conference in his of-
fice, Governor Faubus said he
would not permit Negroes to
enter white schools in this city,
despite the order from the Fed-
eral District Court. He insisted
that he was not flouting the
court's orders, but acting to
preserve peace and to prevent
bloodshed.

'Unwarranted Interference'

Late tonight Governor Faubus
sent a telegram to President
Eisenhower asking him to stop
the "unwarranted interference
of Federal agents in this area."

The Governor declared that
he would not cooperate with the
Federal agents now investigat-
ing his use of troops to block
integration here.

The Governor also said in his
telegram that he had reason to
believe that the telephone lines
to his executive mansion "have
been tapped." He suspected
that the Federal agents were
tapping his wires.

"The situation in Little Rock
and Arkansas grows more ex-
plosive by the hour," the Gov-
ernor wired.

Meanwhile, Mayor Woodrow
W. Mann of Little Rock, the
capital of Arkansas, denounced
Governor Faubus for having
sent the militia into the city.

My name is Terry Roberts,
From Little Rock I come.
I went down to the schoolhouse,
The place they kept me from.
I went down to that schoolhouse,
And this is what I saw....
State troopers with steel helmets
In the State of Arkansas.

I went up to the troopers
And said, "Please let me in."
And all their guns were pointed
At the color of my skin.
They kept me from that schoolhouse
Where I'd be by law.
And that's what they call justice
In the State of Arkansas.

Now his name is Orval Faubus,
The Governor of the State,
He sent his army charging down,
Nine kids at the gate.
Three hundred National Guard were there
Dressed up to fight a war,
And that is why I'm late for school
In the State of Arkansas.

Oh listen, Mr. Governor,
And Mr. President, too.
Give me that Constitution
That's what you've got to do.
Give me that Constitution
I ask for nothing more.
Yes, that's what I want to study
In the State of Arkansas.

I've traveled this wide world over,
Some ups and downs I've saw,
But I never knew what misery was
Till I hit old Arkansas.

9 WRITE OPINION

It Goes Far Beyond
Little Rock Case—
Officials Warned

Declaration of Independence

Words: Wolcott Gibbs
Music: Celius Dougherty

Modern-day child psychology tends to subscribe to
the belief that the creative artistic expression
of the young should be cherished and encouraged
by parents and teachers -- and certainly every
doting mother and father who has been forced to
decorate the living-room walls with Junior's
finger-paintings brought proudly home from
nursery bears witness to the widespread prevalence
of this new and enlightened approach.

Wolcott Gibbs, the distinguished literary critic,
ascribes this song to his four-year old son.
Gibbs says:

"My four-year-old son has made up a song, or a
chant, or a poem, or something that he sings
every evening in his bathtub. It goes on
practically forever, like the Old Testament,
and I have been able to copy down only part
of it, but even this fragment seems to me one
of the handsomest literary efforts of the
year, as well as proof that children are the
really pure artists, with complete access to
their thoughts and no foolish reticence.
...I reprint it here because seldom, I think,
has the vision of any heart's desire been put
down so explicitly."

He will just do nothing at all,
He will just sit there in the noon-day sun,
And when they speak to him,
He will not answer them,
Because he does not wish to.

And when they tell him to eat his dinner,
He will just laugh at them,
And he will not take his nap,
Because he does not wish to.
He will just sit there in the noon-day sun.

He will go away and play with the Panda,
And when they come to look for him,
He will stick them with spears
And throw them in the garbage,
And put the cover on.

And he will not go out in the fresh air,
Nor eat his veg'tables,
And he will grow thin as a marble.
He will just do nothing at all,
He will just sit there in the noon-day sun.

Little Rock Schools to Stay Shut

The Wild West Is Where I Want To Be

Words and music by Tom Lehrer

The American West, once a highly-romanticized wild frontier country, exists in that nostalgic form these days only in the "adult westerns" which have been flooding TV sets over the country in recent years.

Where once tall, lean, sunburnt strangers rode up to the Last Chance Saloon on a spotted pinto, scientists employed by the Atomic Energy Commission have now pitched their radioactive tents and the FBI stands guard over the Nevada desert.

Tom Lehrer, an ebullient professor of mathematics at Harvard whose sardonic satires have brought him into sophisticated night clubs and into people's homes (via recordings) sums up the problem of the new wild west in this contemporary cowboy ballad.

Along the trail you'll find me lopin',
Where the spaces are wide open
In the land of the old AEC;
Where the scenery's attractive
And the air is radioactive,
Oh the wild west is where I want to be.

Mid the sagebrush and the cactus,
I'll watch the fellows practice
Droppin' bombs thru the clean desert breeze;
I'll have on my sombrero
And of course I'll wear a pair of Levis
Over my lead BVD's.

I will leave the city's rush,
Leave the fancy and the plush,
Leave the snow and leave the slush
And the crowd,
I will seek the desert's hush,
Where the scenery is lush,
How I long to see that mushrooming cloud.

Mid the sagebrush and the thistles,
I will watch the guided missiles,
While the old FBI watches me.
I'll soon make my appearance,
Just as soon as I get my clearance,
For the wild west is where I want to be.

NEW TESTING SITE IS SHOWN BY A.E.C.

Station in Nevada Desert to
Spur Nuclear Propulsion of
Space Ships and Arms

By GLADWIN HILL

Special to The New York Times.
MERCURY, Nev., Sept. 30—Any international suspension of atomic test explosions will not involve cessation of the nation's research in the application of nuclear propulsion for weapons. This became evident today as the Atomic Energy Commission displayed progress on its 500-square mile, \$20,000,000 "face in the hole"—a new experimental base for the development of nuclear propulsion for weapons and space vehicles. This work will involve the possibly unpredictable release of localized airborne radiation, which is the reason the site is in the desert. It is twenty-two miles northeast of Mercury, the base for the continental atomic bomb tests. There could conceivably be "runaway" nuclear reaction, because the scientists are venturing into a new realm of atomic power generation.

No Intentional Blasts

But the research involves no intentional atomic detonations, and hence does not come under the possible international ban.

A. E. C. officials stated frankly at the outset of the current Nevada bomb-test series that even if the suspension went into effect, work on the "Rover"

2D NUCLEAR BLAST BY A.E.C. IS SMALL

Device Is Detonated From
Tower—Fall-Out in Area
Is Minor, Official Says

By The Associated Press.

LAS VEGAS, Nev., June 2—The Atomic Energy Commission detonated a small nuclear device from a 300-foot tower on Yucca Flat at 4:55 A.M. today. The fireball was of short duration and did not touch the ground.

The blast caused formation of a relatively non-spectacular puff-ball of a cloud.

Observers speculated that the shot, one of the smallest of the forty-seven touched off here, had a yield between two and five kilotons. A kiloton is the equivalent of 1,000 tons of TNT.

The cloud rose to less than 20,000 feet, then moved off west of due north at slow speed. The typical mushroom shape held only for an instant before it became a fluffy, shapeless mass.

Heard in California

A spokesman for the test organization estimated that there was little debris in the cloud although the test tower, as usual, disintegrated. He added: "There should be only minor fall-out at any point outside the test site."

Roll On Columbia

Words and music by Woody Guthrie

In 1941, Woody Guthrie was employed by the United States Government to write songs about the Columbia River Project which was changing the face of the American Northwest. Heart of the development was the giant Grand Coulee Dam being erected on the Columbia River.

In some 30 days time, Woody wrote about two dozen ballads. These included such songs as "Pastures of Plenty," "Big Grand Coulee Dam," "The World Has Seven Wonders" and, what many people consider one of Woody's finest efforts, "Roll On Columbia."

Recently, Jenny Vincent performed the song for a Washington audience which included a member of the State Legislature. After the performance, the State Senator told Jenny Vincent that the singing of "Roll On Columbia" in the Legislature would have been more effective than a dozen speeches in getting a public works appropriation passed.

Green Douglas fir where the water cut through
Down her wild mountains and canyons she flew,
Canadian Northwest to the Ocean so blue,
Roll on, Columbia, roll on.
Roll on, Columbia, roll on,
Roll on, Columbia, roll on.
Your power is turning our darkness to dawn,
(So) roll on, Columbia, roll on!

Other great rivers lead power to you,
Yakima, Snake, and the Klickitat, too.
Sandy Willamette, and Hood River, too,
Roll on, Columbia, roll on!

At Bonneville now there are ships in the locks,
The waters have risen and cleared all the rocks.
Ship loads of plenty will steam past the docks, so
Roll on, Columbia, roll on'.

On up the river is Grand Coulee Dam,
The biggest thing built by the hand of a man,
To run the great factories and water the land,
Roll on, Columbia, roll on!

Tom Jefferson's vision would not let him rest,
An empire he saw in the Pacific Northwest.
Sent Lewis and Clark and we did the rest,
So roll on Columbia, roll on!

COULEE DAM BEGINS PRODUCING ENERGY

Thousands Throng Project as
First Generator Starts Two
Years Ahead of Schedule

INDIANS AT COLORFUL FETE

President in Message Stresses
Jobs Factor in Construction
and Value to Defense

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.
GRAND COULEE DAM, Wash.,
March 22.—The Grand Coulee Dam
turned over its first generator at
1:25 P. M. today, two years ahead
of schedule, and sent 10,000 of
an ultimate capacity of 1,374,000
kilowatts, or 2,475,000 horsepower,

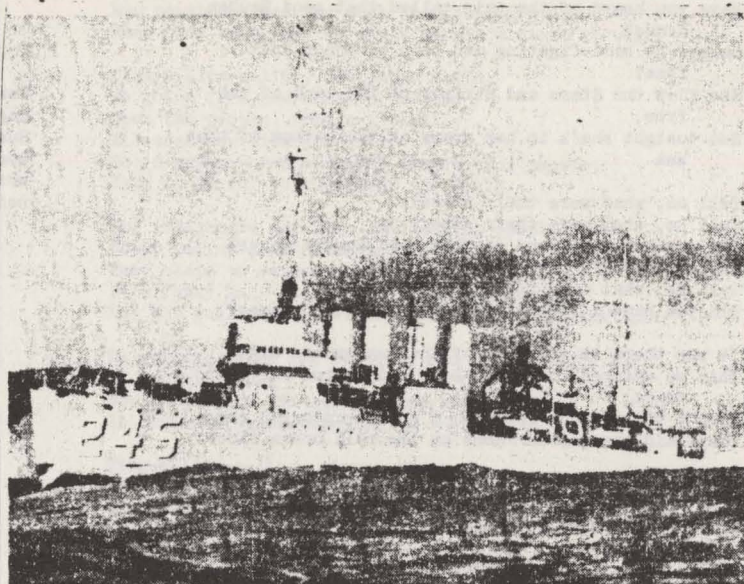
Grand Coulee Turns on Power
GRAND COULEE, Wash., Oct.
5 (AP)—A few gadgets were turned
last night and the world's
biggest generator—a 108,000-kilo-
watt giant—began functioning,
giving Grand Coulee Dam its first
big job since construction began
eight years ago. A 310-foot-long
head of water smashed down to
spin the turbine and Grand Coulee
was producing power for the in-
dustries and homes of the North-
west.

Reuben James

Words: Woody Guthrie and the Almanac Singers
Music: "Wildwood Flower"

On October 30, 1941, a torpedo from a Nazi U-Boat struck and sunk the United States Destroyer Reuben James which was then on convoy duty west of Iceland in the North Atlantic.

The Reuben James thus became the first American warship to be sunk in the Second World War, even



U. S. S. Reuben James

REUBEN JAMES HIT

First American Warship
Lost in War Torpedoed
West of Iceland

WAS WITH A CONVOY

Details of Sinking and
Fate of Rest of Crew
Are Not Yet Known

By CHARLES HURD
Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31.—The United States lost its first warship in the Battle of the Atlantic when the destroyer Reuben James was torpedoed and sunk last night west of Iceland while on convoy duty, the Navy Department announced today.

The Navy later announced that forty-four members of the crew had been rescued. It was without word, however, as to the fate of the other members of the crew of 120 officers and men which made up her complement.

SUNKEN DESTROYER AN OLD 4-STACKER

She Was Completed Too Late
for Service in the Last War

The United States Destroyer Reuben James, first American warship to be sunk in this war, was one of scores of World War destroyers which were completed too late to be used in the 1917-18 hostilities but the war careers of which were eventually realized when they were "resurrected from the graveyard" two years ago to enforce the Neutrality law.

Commissioned on Sept. 24, 1920, the Reuben James is similar in appearance to the fifty World War destroyers transferred to Great Britain in exchange for naval bases. Built in less than twenty months from the date of keel-laying, the fighting ship was 314 feet in length and had a beam of thirty feet. Although designed for a speed of 35 knots, the ship, which had been frequently overhauled and repaired, probably could do no more than 32 to 33 knots at the time of her sinking.

The Reuben James was armed with four 4-inch guns in her main battery, and a number of anti-aircraft guns for use against plane attacks. She had twelve twenty-one-inch torpedo tubes in triple mounts.

before the United States was in the war. The ship itself was an old World War I four-stacker which had been built too late to see service in the earlier conflict.

A total of 88 men and seven officers were lost when the Reuben James was sunk and the incident stirred Americans as no other had up until that point to a realization of the proximity (and inevitability) of war.

The ship was named in honor of Reuben James, a boatswain's mate who was born in Delaware in 1776 and was the hero of several naval battles in the War of 1812.

U. S. DESTROYER SUNK, 44 OF 120 CREW RESCUED;

Have you heard of the ship called that good Reuben James?
 Manned by hard-fighting men both of honor and fame?
 She flew the Stars and Stripes of the land of the free,
 But tonight she's in her grave at the bottom of the sea.

Tell me, what were their names?
 Tell me, what were their names?
 Did you have a friend on that good Reuben James?
 What were their names?
 Tell me, what were their names?
 Did you have a friend on that good Reuben James?

It was there in the dark of that uncertain night,
 That we watched for the U-Boat and waited for that fight;
 Then a whine and a rock and a great explosion roar,
 They laid the Reuben James on the cold ocean floor.

(CHORUS)

Now tonight there were lights in our country so bright,
 In the farms and the cities they are telling of that fight,
 And now our mighty battleships will steam the bounding main,
 And remember the name of that good Reuben James.

Then We'll Have Peace

Words and music by Russ Farrell and Roy Grice

Russ Farrell and Roy Grice, are a pair of hard-working amateur song-writers from the State of Washington. Russ is a logger who fells trees in the big Northwest woods and Roy is a cement finisher. They write and sing their songs for their friends and neighbors on the Olympic Peninsula.

When rich men act like poor men, and poor men eat like rich.
 When all men take the high road, no black men in the ditch;
 When mothers down in Kanya, can rear their children strong;
 And people on Algerias coast, can sing a freedom song....
 Then we'll have peace!

When people think of Jesus, as he said "Good will toward men."
 And drove the money changers from the temple they were in;
 When people "Turn the other cheek", and give a helping hand,
 To poor folk off in Martinique, or deep in togoland...
 Then we'll have peace!

When nations build the Aswan dam, so deserts turn to green;
 And atom power builds a world-The like we've never seen;
 When all our granaries are full (And soup lines don't appear.)
 When stores are filled with clothes and shoes, that to none are priced too dear.
 Then we'll have peace.

For peace is based on love and trust, where no man lives on man.
 Where each shall own his native soil, though tis Egyptian sand.
 For peace is based on tolerance, thus all men must be heard.
 "Good will towards men", and "Peace on Earth", if there be God
 Then that's his word.
 There shall be peace.

The Scaler

Words: Russ Farrell
 Music: "Wearing of the Green"

The "Scaler" in the logging industry is the company representative who determines what the logger is paid for his labor on the basis of measuring the "raw material" which the woodsman brings in. As his colleagues in other trades, the scaler is notorious among loggers for short measures and crooked dealing.

The coal miners of 1900 sang of this problem in "Miner's Lifeguard":

Union miners stand together,
 Heed no operator's tale,
 Keep your hand upon the dollar
 And your eyes upon the scale.

In this song, Russ Farrell, himself a logging man, tells how the system operates in the Northwest forests. For another logger's "complaint" song, see "Jerry Ryan" in Alan Mills' Songs of Newfoundland (Folkways FW 8771).

I headed for the logging woods, I took my chopping ax.
 I had to get some money quick, to pay that income tax.

List of the Missing on Reuben James

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4.—The names of seven officers and eighty-eight men lost with the destroyer Reuben James, for whom the Navy today announced it has abandoned hope, follow:

Officers

EDWARDS, Lieut. Comdr. H.F. Wood L., commanding officer, San Saba, Texas.
 GHETZLER, Lieut. BENJAMIN, Annapolis, Md.
 JOHNSTON, Lieut. (Junior) DEWEY G., El Cajon, Calif.
 DAUB, Lieut. (Junior) JOHN J., Salisbury, Pa.
 BELDEN, Lieut. (Junior) JAMES M., Syracuse, N. Y.
 SPOWERS, Ensign CRAIG, East Orange, N. J.
 WADE, Ensign HOWARD V., Glen Ridge, N. J.

Crew

*ANDERSON, PETER, water tender, first class, Sumner, Wash.
 BAUER, JOHN FRANCIS, JR., chief radio man, Chester, Pa.
 BEASLEY, HAROLD HAMNER, seaman, first class, Hinton, W. Va.
 BENSON, JAMES FRANKLIN, machinist's mate, second class, Swan Quarter, N. C.
 RIEHL, JOSEPH PETER, seaman, second class, Philadelphia.
 *BISHOP, FREDERICK ARTHUR, torpedo man, third class, Bayonne, N. J.
 BOYNTON, PAUL ROGERS, yeoman, first class, Carthage, Texas.
 BRITT, HAROLD LESLIE, coxswain, Athol, Mass.
 BYRD, HARTWELL LEE, seaman, first class, Ashboro, N. C.
 *CAMPBELL, JACK AUSTIN, fireman, first class, Greensboro, N. C.
 CARBAUGH, LEFTWICH ERASTUS, JR., fireman, first class, Princeton, W. Va.
 CARUSO, JOSEPH JAMES, radio man, second class, Pittsburgh.
 CLARK, JAMES BRANTLEY, fire control man, second class, Akron, Ohio.
 COOK, RAYMOND, mess attendant, first class, Warner, Va.
 COOPERIDER, CARL EUGENE, gunner's mate, third class, Bucyrus, Ohio.
 COSSOVYE, LAWRENCE RANDALL, gunner's mate, second class, Brookton, Mass.
 COUSINS, ALTON ADELBERT, chief machinist's mate, Auburn, R. I.
 COOK, CHARLES BEACON, chief torpedo man, Fort Worth, Texas.
 DANIEL, DENNIS HOWARD, yeoman, third class, Jesse, W. Va.
 DEVEREAUX, LAWRENCE DELANEY, chief boatswain's mate, Troy, Kan.
 DICKERSON, LEONIDAS CAMDEN JR., storekeeper, third class, Stuart, Va.
 DOIRON, GILBERT JOSEPH, water tender, first class, Sanford, Me.
 DRINKWATER, KARL LEE

seaman, first class, Chaffee, N. Y.
 DUNSTON, NEBRASKA, mess attendant, third class, Spring Hope, N. C.
 DYSON, CORRON, radio man, third class, Carville, Fla.
 EVANS, GENE GUY, boilermaker, second class, Vero Beach, Fla.
 EVANS, LINN STEWART, fire control man, third class, Hartselle, N. C.
 EVERETT, CARLYLE CHESTER, fireman, second class, Canandaigua, N. Y.
 FARLEY, EDWIN LOUIE, seaman, first class, Hurricane, W. Va.
 FITZGERALD, JOHN JOSEPH, quartermaster, third class, Hampstead, N. H.
 FLYNN, WILLIAM ALOYSIOUS, torpedo man, second class, Philadelphia.
 FRANKS, HARTLEY HARDY, ship's cook, second class, Gatesville, Texas.
 FRENCH, RALPH GEORGE, chief commissary steward, Hartford, Conn.
 GASKINS, LESTER CARSON, machinist's mate, first class, Pamlico, S. C.
 GREER, JOHN CALVIN, chief electrician's mate, Long Beach, Calif.
 GREY, ERNEST DWANE JR., seaman, second class, Madison, Wis.
 GRIFPIN, ARTHUR RAYMOND, signalman, second class, Wellesley, Mass.
 HARRIS, CHARLES WALDON, seaman, second class, Caryville, Fla.
 HENNIGER, WILLIAM HENRY, gunner's mate, first class, Newburgh, N. Y.
 HOGAN, FRANCIS ROBERT, gunner's mate, third class, Springfield, Mass.
 HOUSE, HUGH, gunner's mate, third class, Palmyra, N. C.
 *HOWELL, VERNON EVERETT, fireman, first class, Thornville, Ohio.
 HULIN, MAURICE WOODROW, fireman, first class, Revere, Mass.
 JOHNSON, JOSEPH, mess attendant, first class, Elm City, N. C.
 JONES, GLEN W., chief quartermaster, Ocean View, Va.
 KALANTA, ANTHONY J., electrician's mate, second class, Worcester, Mass.
 KAPP, DONALD, seaman, second class, Ithaca, N. Y.
 KEEVER, LEONARD A., chief machinist's mate, Little River, Kan.
 KLOEPPER, RALPH W. H., signalman, third class, St. Louis.
 *KRSTYNAK, VICTOR F., fireman, first class, Follansbee, W. Va.
 MAGARIS, PAUL L., radioman, first class, Fort Stevens, Ore.
 MERRITT, AUBURN F., seaman, second class, Baker, Fla.
 MONDOUX, ALBERT J., chief water tender, Glens Falls, N. Y.
 MORGAN, HIRMAN, machinist's mate, first class, Hamilton, Ohio.
 MUSELWHITE, EDGAR W., machinist's mate, first class, Plant City, Fla.

NEPTUNE, ALDON W., seaman, first class, Mannington, W. Va.
 ORANGE, HAROLD J., seaman, second class, Chicago.
 ORTIZUELA, PEDRO, officer's cook, first class, Manila, P. I.
 OWEN, BENJAMIN T., seaman, second class, Cornerville, Ark.
 PAINTER, WILLIAM H., seaman, first class, Greenville, S. C.
 PARKIN, JOSEPH J., chief water tender, Worcester, Mass.
 PATERSON, WILLIAM N., coxswain, Buffalo.
 PENNINGTON, BURL G., quartermaster, second class, Bigstone, Ky.
 POLIZZI, JOSEPH C., seaman, second class, Detroit.
 PORTER, CORWIN D., seaman, first class, Wauseon, Ohio.
 POST, FREDERICK R., boat-swain's mate, 233 East Thirty-second St., New York.
 POWELL, LEE P., pharmacist's mate, first class, Lenoir, N. C.
 RAYBILL, ELMER R., seaman, second class, New Point, Mo.
 REID, LEE LOUIS N., torpedoman, first class, Dallas, Texas.
 RESS, JOHN R. JR., seaman, second class, 187 Eighth St., New York.
 ROGERS, JAMES W., seaman, first class, Chattanooga, Tenn.
 RYAN, JOHN J. JR., coxswain, Somerville, Mass.
 RYCOWELSKI, CLARENCE, seaman, second class, Rogers City, Mich.
 SCHLATHAUER, EUGENE, chief water tender, Visalia, Calif.
 SETTLE, SUNNY J., seaman, second class, Charleston, W. Va.
 SORESENSEN, WALTER, gunner's mate, third class, Omaha.
 SOWERS, WALLACE L., seaman, second class, Cheriton, Va.
 STELMACH, JEROME, seaman, second class, Buffalo.
 TAYLOR, WILTON L., fireman, first class, New Castle, Pa.
 TOWERS, GEORGE F., chief gunner's mate, Gadsden, Ala.
 VOILES, LLOYD Z., seaman, second class, Chattanooga, Tenn.
 VORE, HAROLD M., fireman, first class, Glouster, Ohio.
 WEAVER, JESSE, seaman, first class, West Point, Tenn.
 WELCH, CHESTER L., fireman, third class, Cabin Creek, W. Va.
 WILSON, MARVIN J., ship fitter, third class, Gasaway, W. Va.
 WHARTON, KENNETH R., fire control man, first class, San Diego, Calif.
 WOODY, GEORGE J., seaman, first class, Acoville, W. Va.
 WRAY, EDWIN E., seaman, first class, De Queen, Ark.

*WASHINGTON, Nov. 4.—At least five of the seamen listed by the Navy as lost in the sinking of the destroyer Reuben James were reported safe tonight by relatives.
 Officials explained that last-minute changes in the ship's roster might account for the discrepancies and indicated that the official

I fell me down a whopping tree, hauled it to the mill.
Figured that I had enough to pay that doggone bill.

The scaler took his cheating stick, went ambling down that log.
When he got through a figuring up, my mind just jumped a cog.

He took two inches off for bark, the rest he took for rot.
When Jessie James pulled a trick like that, that hi-way man got shot.

Oh! The scaler is a honest man, he gyped me fair and square.
He said, "I'd give you more my friend, but the scale just isn't there."

So, I had to sell my logging truck, I hocked my chopping ax.
I've got to find some other way, to pay that doggone tax.

I'm headed off to logging school, I'm going to learn to scale.
It's a darn good way to gyp a man and still stay out of jail.

Newspapermen

Words and music by Vern Partlow

It is only appropriate that, in a record album dealing with songs inspired by the headlines, one song should be dedicated to the professional news-gatherer, the hard-working, professional reporter.

Vern Partlow, for many years a newspaper reporter in Los Angeles, decided to give an inside view of "The Front Page" some 11 or 12 years ago, and this song was the result.

Oh, newspaper men meet such interesting people
They know the low-down, now it can be told;
I'll tell you quite reliably off the record
About some charming people I have known.
For I meet politicians and grafters by the score,
Killers plain and fancy, it's really quite a bore.
Oh, newspaper men meet such interesting people
They wallow in corruption, crime and gore.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling, city desk;
Hold the press! Hold the press!
Extra, extra! Read all about it!
It's a mess; meets the test.
Oh, newspaper men meet such interesting people,
It's wonderful to represent the press

Now, you remember Mrs. Sadie Smuggery,
She wanted money to buy a new fur coat;
To get insurance, she employed skull-duggery;
She up and cut her husband's only throat.
She chopped him into fragments, she stuffed him in a trunk;
She shipped it all back yonder to her uncle in Podunk.

Now, newspaper men meet such interesting people;
It must have startled poor old Sadie's unc.
Ting-a-ling.

Now newspaper men meet such interesting people;
I've met the gal with million dollar knees.
Also the guy who sat upon a steeple;
(Just where the point was, I could never see.)
Yes, I've met Capone and Hoover, and lots of other fakes;
I've even met a genius who swallows rattlesnakes.
Now newspaper men meet such interesting people;
Like the richest girl who could not bake a cake.
Ting-a-ling.

Now newspaper men are such interesting people;
They used to work like hell just for romance,
But finally, the movies notwithstanding,
They all got tired of patches on their pants.
They organized a union, to get a living wage;
They joined with other actors upon a living stage.

Now newspaper men are such interesting people,
When they know they've got a people's fight to wage.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling, Newspaper Guild,
We got a free new world to build;
Meet the people, that's a thrill,
All together fits the bill.
Oh, newspaper men are such interesting people;
It's wonderful to represent the Guild.

Now publishers are such interesting people;
Their policy's an acrobatic thing,
They claim to represent the common people,
It's funny Wall Street never has complained.
Ah, but publishers have worries, for publishers must go
To working folks for readers, and to big shots for their dough;
Now publishers are such interesting people;
It could be press-titution, I don't know.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling, circulation.
Ting-a-ling-a-ling, advertising.
Get those readers, get that payoff;
What a headache, what a mess.
Oh publishers are such interesting people;
Let's give three cheers for freedom of the press!

Elvis Has a Fraulein—

**Model Sues Art Man
For Custody of Girl**

**Alberghetti to
Wed Musician**

**Wife Worth 1/2 Million
Awarded \$25 Alimony**

**Window Washer
Helped Clean Out
Bank, Say Cops**

Talking Atom

Words: Vern Partlow
Music: Talking Blues

August 6, 1945, ushered in a new area in the history of mankind -- the age of atomic energy. On that day, an American superfortress flew over the city of Hiroshima, Japan, its bomb doors slid open and a single bomb went hurtling downward. A few moments later, the world's first atomic bomb exploded, destroying 60% of the city.

Less than a week later, a second atomic bomb was dropped on the city of Nagasaki. Within a few days, Japan surrendered and the Second World War was over.

But the mighty weapon which opened the atomic age and brought the holocaust of 1941-45 to a close offered many more problems than solutions. Scientists, ministers, intellectuals, ordinary people throughout the world, fearing that at last man did have the means to destroy the world, began to express their concern over the possibilities of an atomic war. And then scientists became aware of a new danger -- radioactivity in the atomosphere which threatened the normalcy and the very existence of future generations.

Many people, like Vern Partlow who wrote "Talking Atom" felt that at last the world had come to a cross-roads where Hamlet's age-old soliloquy applied to humanity --

TO BE OR NOT TO BE?

I'm gonna preach you a sermon 'bout Old Man Atom,
Now I don't mean the Adam in the Bible datum,
No, I don't mean the Adam that Mother Eve mated,
I mean the thing that science liberated.
You know, Einstein said he was scared;
And he's scared - boy, I'm scared.

You know, life used to be such a simple joy;
The cyclotron was a super-toy,
Folks got born, they'd work and marry,
And "atom" was a word in the dictionary.
Then it happened.

These science guys from every clime,
They all pitched in, with overtime,
Before you knew it, the job was done,
They'd hitched up the power of the doggone sun!
Put a harness on old Sol;
Splittin' atoms right and left
While the diplomats was splittin' hairs.

'Course, the cartel crowd up and put on a show,
They're gonna turn back the clock on the UNO,
Grab a corner on atoms and maybe extinguish
Every damn atom can't speak English.
American for American atoms;
Step right up folks,
Let's atomize world peace!

Ah, but the atom's international, in spite of
hysteria,
Flourishes in Utah, also Siberia;
The atom don't care about politics,
Or who got what into whichever fix.
All he wants to do is sit around
And have his nucleus
Bombarded by neutrons!

Yes, it's up to the people, 'cause the atom
don't care;
You can't fence him in, he's just like air;
And whether you're white, black, red or brown,
The question is, when you boil it down:
To be or not to be ...
That is the question.

Yes, the answer to it all ain't military datum,
Like "Who gets thar fustest with the mostest atoms;"
But the people of the world must decide their fate;
We gotta stick together -- or disintegrate!
We hold these truths to be self-evident:
All men could be cremated equal!

4 Geneticists Say Fall-Out Perils Future Generations

By JOHN W. FINNEY

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, June 4—Four prominent geneticists told Congress today that radiation from atomic weapon tests would harm tens of thousands and perhaps millions of children in future generations. They agreed that hereditary

WASHINGTON, Aug. 6—The White House and War Department announced today that an atomic bomb, possessing more power than 20,000 tons of TNT, a destructive force equal to the load of 2,000 B-29's and more than 2,000 times the blast power of what previously was the world's most devastating bomb, had been dropped on Japan.

The announcement, first given to the world in utmost solemnity by President Truman, made it plain that one of the scientific landmarks of the century had been passed and that the "age of atomic energy," which can be a tremendous force for the advancement of civilization as well as for destruction, was at hand.

At 10:45 o'clock this morning a statement by the President was issued at the White House that sixteen hours earlier—about the time that citizens on the Eastern seaboard were sitting down to their Sunday suppers—an American plane had dropped the single atomic bomb on the Japanese city of Hiroshima, an important army center.

5 PLANTS VANISHED

4.1 Square Miles of City
Laid Waste, Photos
of Epic Blow Show

'SUPERFORT' JARRED

Smoke Seethes 40,000
Feet—Flash Is Seen
170 Miles Away

By W. H. LAWRENCE

By Wireless to The New York Times

GUAM, Wednesday, Aug. 8—The first atomic bomb wiped out 4.1 square miles of the Japanese city of Hiroshima on Monday, it was announced today. Gen. Carl A. Spaatz, commanding general of the Strategic Air Forces, made the disclosure that 60 per cent of the city had been destroyed.

Hiroshima, on the Inland Sea, had a built-up area 6.9 square miles and a pre-war population of 343,000.

General Spaatz's announcement, based on a careful study of photographs taken a few hours after the bomb had been dropped, made clear the terrific destructive power

TRAINS CANCELED IN STRICKEN AREA

Traffic Around Hiroshima Is
Disrupted — Japanese Still
Sift Havec by Split Atoms

By The United Press

WASHINGTON, Aug. 6—The Osaka radio, without referring to the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima, hinted tonight at the terrific damage it must have caused by announcing that train service in the Hiroshima and other areas had been canceled.

First mention of the bomb came in a Japanese Domei agency dis-

ATOM BOMBS MADE IN 3 HIDDEN 'CITIES'

Secrecy on Weapon So Great
That Not Even Workers
Knew of Their Product

By JAY WALZ

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Aug. 6—The War Department revealed today how three "hidden cities" with a total population of 100,000 inhab-

FIRST ATOMIC BOMB DROPPED ON JAPAN;
MISSILE IS EQUAL TO 20,000 TONS OF TNT;
TRUMAN WARNS FOF OF A 'RAIN OF RUIN'

NEW AGE USHERED
Day of Atomic Energy
Hailed by President,
Revealing Weapon
HIROSHIMA IS TARGET
Impenetrable Cloud of
Dust Hides City After
Single Bomb Strikes

TEACHERS STRIKE IN PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Third Wage Clash in 6 Years
Delays School Opening—
City Seeks Injunction

By JOHN H. FENTON

Special to The New York Times.

PAWTUCKET, R. I., Sept. 4.—A teachers' strike interrupted the opening of schools today. It was the third such walk-out over wages in six years. About 10,000 youngsters resumed the fun and games of vacation. About 5,000 in the city's Roman Catholic parochial schools. Meanwhile, public schools in Manchester, N. H., opened on schedule. Teachers there held a two-day strike several months ago, and the State Supreme Court ruled they had no right to strike as municipal employees, and \$5,675 maximum for this Cal. J. Megal, national presi-

dent of the American Federation of Teachers, gave assurance by telephone from Chicago that the Pawtucket Teachers Alliance would get financial aid and other assistance on request. The alliance represents the 450 public school teachers here. Negotiations with the School Committee were resumed Monday after a lapse of two months. After having reached an agreement on sick leave provisions, the negotiators came to an impasse over wages in a night session that ended at 6 A. M. today. The talks were resumed tonight.

Schools were closed here for five weeks in 1951 in a salary dispute. There was a two-day strike in 1946. James A. O'Neill, City Solicitor, prepared a petition for an injunction against the alliance. He also sought a restraining order pending a hearing on the petition. Peter J. Barry, chairman of the School Committee, said the alliance had turned down a wage range of \$3,400 minimum to strike as municipal employees, and \$5,675 maximum for this year, with \$200 increases across

the board annually for each of the next two years. The present scales range from \$3,000 to \$5,400. Under a new state law, communities must pay \$3,200 to \$5,200 in no more than twelve annual steps beginning this month. The alliance is holding out for \$1,100 over three years. It was the second time this year that the Pawtucket school situation had drawn attention. Earlier, the Harvard University Center for Field Studies recommended the closing of fourteen of the city's twenty-two schools as fire hazards.

Idaho Teachers Walk Out

BONNERS FERRY, Idaho, Feb. 5 (AP)—Boundary County's fifty-six school teachers stayed off the job today—in their own words—to "dramatize the need for higher salaries" and a higher appropriation for education from the Legislature. Idaho salaries were said to be much lower than in neighboring Washington and Oregon.

Demi Song

Words: Oxford University Student
Music: "12 Days of Christmas"

A beleaguered Oxford University (England) Chemistry student is responsible for this plaintive lyric which seems to sum up the experiences of all chem students the world over. The "demi," incidentally, is the laboratory supervisor.

The first time I made it up,
The demi said to me:
"There's one metal more in Group 3."

The second time I made it up,
The demi said to me:
"Chloride isn't there,
And there's one metal more in Group 3."

The third time I made it up,
The demi said to me:
"Iron's there in traces,
Chloride isn't there,
And there's one metal more in Group 3."

The fourth time I made it up,
The demi said to me:
"Who said manganese?
Iron's there in traces,
Chloride isn't there,
And there's one metal more in Group 3."

The fifth time I made it up,
The demi said to me:
"No fluoride.
Who said managanese?
Iron's there in traces,
Chloride isn't there,
And there's one metal more in Group 3."

The sixth time I made it up,
The demi said to me:
Have you tried a flame test?
No fluoride.
Who said manganese?
Iron's there in traces
Chloride isn't there,
And there's one metal more in Group 3."

The seventh time I made it up,
The demi said to me:
"What was that explosion?
Have you tried a flame test?
No fluoride.
Who said manganese?
Iron's there in traces,
Chloride isn't there,
And there's one metal more in Group 3."

The eighth time I made it up.
The demi said to me:
"Try another mixture,
What was that explosion?
Have you tried a flame test?
No fluoride.
Who said manganese?
Iron's there in traces,
Chloride isn't there,
And there's one metal more in Group 3."

The ninth time I made it up,
The demi said to me:
"GO AND TAKE UP PHYSICS!"

Teacher's Blues

A traditional source of spontaneous music has always been the university campus. Student songs have a long and honorable history -- from Heidelberg to Harvard, from Oxford to Oberlin. In recent years, however, the teachers have begun to get into the act. Songs like "42 Kids" and "Teacher's Lament"

Oh life is a toil and children are trouble
Standards will fade and discipline flee.
My paycheck it dwindles and prices they double,
And nothing is what I had hoped it would be.

indicate some of the reasons why our teachers are singing the blues these days.

Back in 1947, a professor at Cornell University organized a quartet, known as the "Slipshod Four" and composed this "Teacher's Blues."

Oh, teacher, teacher, why are you so poor?
Oh, teacher, teacher, why are you so poor?
When it comes to unions, you're an amateur.

Now, unions are for workers, but a teacher has
prestige,
Oh, unions are for workers, but a teacher has
prestige.
He can feed his kids on that old noblesse oblige.

Now, prestige is fine, but so is bread and meat,
Prestige is fine but so is bread and meat.
What good is that white collar when you cannot
eat.

Yes, he wears a white collar, he's treated with
respect,
He wears a white collar, treated with respect;
Financially, he's solid wrecked.

Teacher, teacher, be a happy druge,
Oooh, teacher, teacher, be a happy druge.
You can stuff yourself with that old intellectual
sludge.

I got the Teacher's blues, those blues are on my
mind,
I got the Teacher's blues, those blues are on my
mind,
'Cause inflation's got me, done left me far behind.

PAY DISPUTE GIVES HOLIDAY TO PUPILS

363 Teachers Stay at Home
in Manchester, N. H.—
Court Asked to Act

By JOHN H. FENTON

Special to The New York Times.
MANCHESTER, N. H., Feb. 4.—This city's 363 public-school teachers stayed away from their classrooms today in a dispute over salaries. Twenty-two elementary and grammar schools and two high schools, with 9,217 pupils were closed. Mayor Joseph T. Benoit immediately sought an injunction in Superior Court. Judge Robert Griffith took the case under advisement until tomorrow. This cast doubt on whether there would be classes tomorrow. The work stoppage had been left to the discretion of

No. Carolina Indians Warn Klan on Rally

Special to the New York Post

Maxton, N. C., Jan. 17—The Ku Klux Klan prepared today to hold a giant rally here tomorrow, despite the threats of Indian tribesmen who said the KKK would be "wiped out."

At the same time, an Indian spokesman said he did not think the Klansmen would appear in this tense Robeson County town.

The Indians of the area are members of the Lumbee tribe, officially named by Congress in May 1956. The Lumbees were once part of the Cherokee tribe and are descendants of Colonial settlers who intermarried with coastal Indians.

Indians compose one-third of the county's population. They have expressed anger at the Klan because hooded men burned two crosses Monday night before Indian homes.

One cross was burned at near-by Lumberton, where an Indian family moved into a home pre-

viously occupied by whites. The other was burned at Pembroke, reportedly as a warning to an Indian woman rumored to be the sweetheart of a white man.

"I don't think the Klan will meet," Mayor J. C. Oxendine of Pembroke, an Indian, told The Post.

"If they do meet, there might be violence from our young fellows."

Oxendine said race relations between Indians and whites in the area have always been good. But he added that his people are "still

Continued on Page 20

Battle of Maxton Field

Words and music by Malvina Reynolds

It will be a long time before the Ku Klux Klan ventures out Robeson County, North Carolina. The last time local Klansmen sallied forth for a midnight Klambake, a band of 500 Lumbee Indians taught them a decisive lesson in squirrel-hunting and night-riding which will undoubtedly be remembered by the hooded hoods for a long time to come.

Early in January, 1957, Klansmen in Robeson County burned crosses before the homes of two Indian families. One cross was burned at the town of Lumberton where an Indian family moved into a home previously occupied by whites. Another was burned at the town of Pembroke, supposedly as a warning to an Indian woman rumored to be the sweetheart of a white man.

As the next step in their campaign of intimidation, the Klan schedule a rally in a field just outside the little town of Maxton. Indian tribesmen warned the Klan not to hold the meeting but, spurred on by the Rev. James W. Cole, who claims the title of Grand Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan of the United States, the Klan proceeded with its plans.

About 100 local Klansmen showed up to hear Cole speak on "Why I Am For Segregation" -- but they didn't stay long. 500 Lumbee Indians, many of them toting squirrel guns and hunting knives, came to investigate. A pitched battle, lasting all of four minutes, ensued -- and the local Klansmen retreated in haste and disarray. Reverend Cole, finding discretion the better part of valor, never showed up at all.

The Klan has not been heard from in Robeson County since.

Malvina Reynolds, composer of the song, is one of our most prolific song-writers. Among her compositions are "Singalong," "Monaco," "Magic Penny" and many others. Several years ago a collection of her songs, "Song In My Pocket" was published on the West Coast.

Oh, have you seen the bed-sheet boys,
The terrors of the night?
They rallied here at Maxton
Just honin' for a fight.
Rally 'round you Klansmen bold,
But do not show your face,
We'll burn the fiery cross tonight
And save the Nordic race.

CHORUS:

Oh the Klan, oh the Klan,
It calls on ev'ry red-blood fighting man;
If you are free and white and bigot,
Get your courage from a spigot,
They be needing reinforcements
For to fight the Indian.

Now the Indians, the Indians,
They are our natural foe,
They lure our girls with coke and pie,
Take them to a show.
They wear blue jeans and leather coats,
But anyone can see,
They are not real Americans,
The like of you and me.

Now, the headlights shone, the Klansmen stood
In circle brave and fine,
When suddenly a whoop was heard
That curdled every spine.
An Indian youth with steely eyes,
He sauntered in alone,
He calmly drew his shooting iron
And conked the microphone.

(CHORUS)

Now another shot, the lights went out,
There was a moment's hush;
Then a hundred thousand Lumbee boys
Came screaming from the brush.
Well, maybe not a million quite,
But surely more than four,
The Klansmen shook from head to foot
And headed for the door.

Now, the troopers they were down the road,
They did not lift a gun.
They heard the noise, they said, "the boys
Are having a little fun."
But when they saw the night-shirt lads
Streaming down the road,
They knew that something went amiss,
The wrong switch had been thrown.

One lonely Klansman in the brush
The troopers chanced to find.
"The Klonsvocation ran away
And left me here behind!"
He staggered home that greenish morn
To greet his loving wife,
She beamed him with a rolling pin
For losing her kitchen knife.

(CHORUS)

Raid by 500 Indians Balks North Carolina Klan Rally

Special to The New York Times

MAXTON, N. C., Jan. 19—Five hundred Indians, including many armed with squirrel guns and hunting knives, balked a rally of 100 Ku Klux Klansmen near here tonight.

The rally followed a flare-up in tension between Indians and white racists in this intensely segregationist farming community. Six days ago two crosses were burned on Indian property.

The milling crowd broke up when an unidentified person threw a tear gas bomb. The gas carried quickly across the field, sending choking, weeping Indians and Klansmen alike into the bushes or toward their cars.

Four persons received minor

injuries. However, it was not determined whether the injuries were caused by rifle and shotgun volleys that were fired from time to time.

Weak War Whoops

Scattered shots and a few weak war whoops were heard as seventy-five of the Indians marched across a field toward an amplifying system set up by the Klan. The Indians later kicked it apart.

They shot the tires on a car that had towed an electricity

generator and shouted for the announced speaker, the Rev. James W. Cole, to show himself. He did not.

Mr. Cole, who lives in Marion, S. C., claims the title of Grand Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan in the United States. He was to have spoken on "Why I Am For Segregation."

Most of the 100 Klansmen who appeared showed a caution similar to Mr. Cole's. They were grouped on the far side of the generator and amplifier, but hung back when the Indians advanced on them. About a fourth of the Klan members carried rifles or shotguns. The disturbance took place in a privately owned field near Hayes Park, just outside of Maxton.

The Klan rally was scheduled to begin at 7:30 P. M., an hour before the rally was scheduled to begin. Two and one-half hours before the tear gas bomb broke up the crowd. The bomb was thrown shortly before the arrival of sixteen members of the

Tribute to Freud Asks for Him 'The Human Privilege of Error'

**Dr. Grinker, at Centenary Event, Says
This Is the Way for Psychoanalysis
to Progress With Medical Science**

Doctor Freud

Words and music by David Lazar

The 100th anniversary of the birth of the father of psychoanalysis, Sigmund Freud, was commemorated in many parts of the United States in the spring of 1956. While this song was not written specifically for Freud's centennial, its appearance at this time constitutes a kind of back-handed tribute to the tremendous growth of the science of psychology and the impact of the teachings of Dr. Freud over the past 50 years.

Oh it happened in Vienna
Not so very long ago,
When not enough folks were getting sick;
That a starving young physician
Tried to better his position
By discovering what made his patients tick.

CHORUS:

Oh, Doctor Freud, oh, Doctor Freud,
How we wish you had been differently employed.
For this set of circumstances
Sure enhances the finances
Of the followers of Doctor Sigmund Freud.

He forgot about sclerosis
But invented the psychosis,
Plus a hundred ways that sex could be enjoyed.
He adopted as his credo:
"Down repression, up libido!"
That was the start of Doctor Sigmund Freud.

(CHORUS)

He analyzed the dreams
Of the teens and libertines,
He substituted monologues for pills.
He drew crowds just like Wells-Saddler,
When along came Jung and Adler,
They said, "By God, there's gold in them thar
(h) ills."

They encountered no resistance
As they served as Freud's assistants,
And with Ego and with Id they deftly toyed.
Instead of toting bed-pans,
They bore analytic dead-pans,
Those ambitious Doctors Adler, Jung and Freud.

(CHORUS)

Now the Big Three have departed,
But not so this thing they started --
It's been carried on by many a goodly band.
And to trauma, shock and war-shock,
Someone went and added Rorschach,
The thing has got completely out of hand.

(CHORUS)

FREUD EULOGIZED AS PARLEY OPENS

**U. S. Psychoanalysts Begin
100th Anniversary Fete
With Chicago Session**

By EMMA HARRISON
Special to The New York Times
CHICAGO, April 27.—American psychoanalysts met here today to honor Sigmund Freud at the hundredth anniversary of his birth, which approached the date of May 6.
Eulogies of Freud and the unveiling of an exhibit of his manuscripts marked the opening of

the American Psychoanalytic Association's celebration. Dr. Ernest Jones, biographer and associate of Freud, was the guest of honor at the opening plenary session in the Morrison Hotel.
Dr. Jones spoke of the period after the turn of the century, when he and a small group worked with Freud in the development of psychoanalysis.
Dr. Jones is 77 years old and has completed two of a three-volume life of Freud.
Dr. Maxwell Gitelson, president of the association, remarked that Dr. Jones had been away so long that "he's become a prophet with honor."
In his opening address, Dr. Gitelson said the association had gathered not only to honor Freud but also to continue the consideration of the facts and ideas he introduced.

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Sigmund Freud this year was observed here yesterday with his partisans warning that it would be heresy to the father of psychoanalysis not to admit that he, too, could err.
The science will go further, said Dr. Roy W. Grinker, who knew Freud. "If we do not glorify Freud and deny him the human privilege of error."

He said that the Viennese genius had left "much unfinished business to his followers which can only be accomplished if yesterday's ideas are considered as points of departure and not as fixed limitations."
Dr. Grinker, director of the Institute of Psychosomatic and Psychiatric Research and Training, Michael Reese Hospital, Chicago, spoke at the Freud Centennial of the New York Academy of Medicine. The birth date is May 6.
"We should praise Freud's theories for their profound effect on the progress of modern medicine in his time," Dr. Grinker said. "However, the influence of psychoanalytic techniques on

the psychosomatic field has contributed some impedance."

Looking to Medical Future

He said that many psychoanalysts still insisted that psychoanalysis remain isolated from medicine, contending that they were following Freud in "preserving the purity of method."

He added that the psychosomatic field could not continue to develop by use of psychoanalytic methods alone because the process was "too isolated for exact measurements of functions of organs or systems involved in the disturbance."

Dr. Grinker reported that when he talked with Freud in

There Is Mean Things Happening In This Land

Words and music by John Handcox

John Handcox, a Negro share-cropper and organizer of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union during the days of the depression, also wrote many songs which reflected the conditions and hopes of his fellow croppers. Among his other songs are "Raggedy" and "The Man Frank Weems."

Of "Mean Things," Handcox said:

When the planters in East Arkansas saw that the people were joining the union they told them to git off the land. They didn't wait for some of them to git -- they threw them off. It was a cold winter. The hungry people had no place to go. When they held union meetings the laws clubbed them till they lay like dead on the ground. It didn't make no difference if they was men or women. They killed some union members and threw some others in jail. This was in the winter, in 1936.

In the spring, at cotton-chopping time, it didn't make much difference if we was working or not -- our young ones was still hungry! So we began to talk about a strike. Most of us was workin' from sun up to sun down and making less than 70 cents a day. We wanted \$1.50 a day for ten hours' work. We made handbills and posters and signs telling what we wanted, and plastered them up all over the place. There was about 4,000 altogether who said they would go out on strike.

The planters got scared. The laws arrested every man they could get ahold of and took them back to work at the point of guns. They beat up men and women, and they shot some, and tried to scare us. They ran a lot of folks out. But they couldn't break the strike. We had marches. We all lined up, sometimes more than a hundred of us on a line, and marched through the plantations, cross country. In lots of places where we marched the croppers stopped work and went on strike with us. At one plantation the scabs they had brought from other places dropped their hoes and run like rabbits for cover when they saw us comin'.

As we were marching, we were asking, like somebody asked in the Bible, "What you mean that you crush my people and grind the face of the poor?"

There is mean things happening in this land;
There is mean things happening in this land.
Oh, the rich man boasts and brags,
While the poor man goes in rags,
There is mean things happening in this land.

There is mean things happening in this land,
There is mean things happening in this land.
Too much cotton in our sacks,
So we have none on our backs.
There is mean things happening in this land.

There is mean things happening in this land,
There is mean things happening in this land.
Too much groceries on the shelves,
So we have none for ourselves,
There is mean things happening in this land.

(Repeat 1st verse)

PETE SEEGER

on FOLKWAYS RECORDS

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