

Original Talking Blues  
Talking Butcher  
New Talking Blues  
Talking Dust Bowl  
Dry Voters — Wet Drinkers

Talking Columbia  
Talking Miner  
Talking Subway  
Talking Union  
Talking Sailor

Talking Inflation  
Talking Social Worker Blues  
Old Man Atom  
Talking Guitar Blues  
I Like Ike

FOLKWAYS RECORDS / NY FH 5232

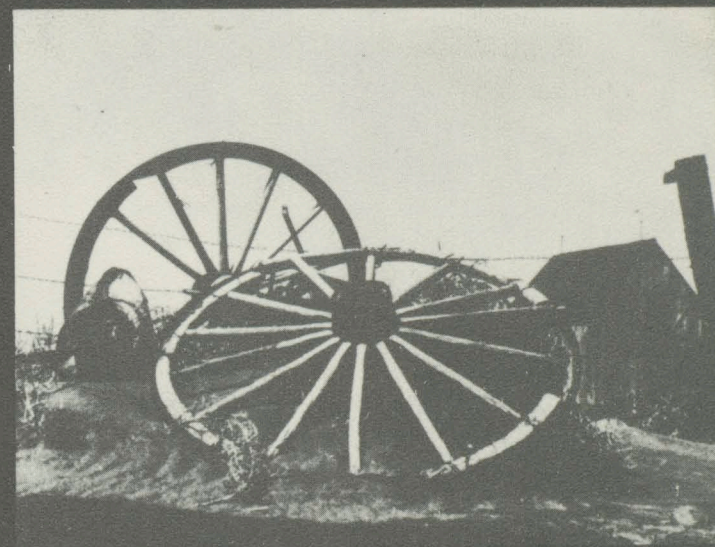
edited by KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN

# THE TALKING BLUES

sung by

**John Greenway**

accompanying himself on the guitar



M  
1630.18  
G816  
T147  
1958

MUSIC LP

Descriptive notes are inside pocket

# TALKING BILUERS



# THE TALKING BLUES

John Greenway

## AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE

by  
JOHN GREENWAY

Hwaet! We Gardena in geardagum... When the Anglo-Saxon scop struck a chord on his harp and began reciting the epic of Beowulf in the fire-lit mead-halls of Mercia a thousand years ago he must have used a form like the talking blues--a series of chord progressions on the harp accompanying a rhythmic chant. So too, perhaps, two thousand years earlier the Psalmist chanted to his kinnor.... But this is wholly in the realm of speculation, as any statement about the origin and development of the talking blues must be; for, like other minor forms of folk expression, the talking blues was ignored by collectors when it was still possible to do solid research work. Thus also the folksong of social and economic protest was ignored or consciously suppressed by an entire culture, English and American, so that now we dredge a few remaining examples from the bottomless oblivion of folk memory. It has always been so; scholars ever saw folksong as cultural archaeology, and archaeology, as we know, is the exhumation of things dead. Even in the 18th century, when Bishop Percy made the first serious collection of folksong, balladry was already moribund. And early in the 20th century, when the talking blues was first collected, John Lomax, the greatest of our ballad-hunters, was expressing the opinion that America had no genuine indigenous folksong at all. If such pieces as "John Henry," "Young Charlotte," and "Jesse James" were by this reasoning unworthy of serious attention, who could be blamed for ignoring such slight forms as the talking blues? The contemptuous attitude of white prison wardens toward the Negro songs turned Lomax to a truer evaluation of American folksong, but still only a few early scholars, to my knowledge, recorded texts of a talking blues form. In his American Negro Folk Songs (1928) White prints a stanza of a song "heard at a Negro minstrel show" in Louisburg, North Carolina, in 1915:

If you want to go to heaven  
I'll tell you what to do;  
Just grease all over in Brunswick stew,  
The devil will grab at you and miss his man  
Then you slip right over into the Promised Land.  
Eat chitterlings.

### CHORUS:

Oh, mourner, you shall be free  
When the good Lord sets you free.

By the 1930's a more enlightened attitude prevailed among folksong collectors, and John Lomax's son, Alan, collected recording of talking blues from California to Florida for the Archive of American Folk Song.

But now it is too late; there is no way to sift out contamination present in collected examples. When I was in Australia two years ago I sang to a large number of audiences Woody Guthrie's "Talking Dust Bowl", a song I truly believe had never before been heard in the antipodes. I learn now from my correspondents Down Under that several Australian informants have come out of the bush with talking blues wondrously similar to Woody's composition. So there is nothing left but speculation.

Although there are few if any Negro records of talking blues, there is no doubt that the form was originally Negro. A great deal can be inferred by analyzing the internal evidence of the earliest examples of the talking blues. The complete text of the version recorded by White (the first selection on this record) as garnered from the 1926 record of Chris Bouchillon and collated from other sources reveals a cultural milieu of extreme meagerness, such as only the Negro of the lowest economic stratum suffered in. The singer never aspires, for example, to higher comestibles than "lasses, chittlins, and corn bread", and aside from food his only interest is women. These themes accord with Lomax's 1917 analysis of the Negro's interests as expressed in his folksong: "...what he eats and his women." The fact that this selection and its companion piece, the "New Talking Blues", emanate from a Southern White provenance corroborates rather than disproves the ultimate Negro origin. The stanzas beginning "There ain't no use of me workin' so hard, I got a woman in the white folks' yard" and those dealing with the effect of a bucket of lard or grease on a Negro are ubiquitous in turn-of-the-century Poor White satires on the Negro, though not so generally familiar as the libels dealing with chicken stealing. The "home brew" stanzas are later additions from the Prohibition era and serve to date these particular versions.

The satirical element that pervades the early talking blues offers a possible explanation for the scarcity of absence of Negro examples in this genre. There seems to be some evidence (unfortunately not documented) that the talking blues were first performed by Negroes for Negroes as an in-group vehicle of anti-white satire, like the songs collected by Lawrence Gellert (Negro Songs of Protest, Me and My Captain.)

It may be significant that genuine Negro folksinging tends to eliminate melody from the singing, though the accompanying instrument may carry elaborate melodies (examples are numerous, from Louis Armstrong to Leadbelly), and to substitute for the sung melody an augmented interest in strong rhythm, one of the characteristics of the talking blues.

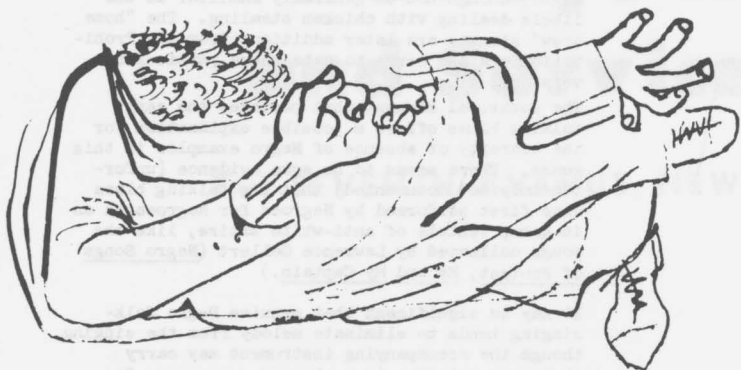


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If we wished to pursue speculation still further afield, we might cross to Africa and examine the tendency toward the strong-rhythm weak-melody in Negro song from the Tigral of Eritrea to the Bambala of the Belgian Congo (whose litigation songs, which alternate between chant and singing, are thought to be the origin of the West Indies calypso). But pure speculation is essentially profitless, and there is much in the talking blues that is not fundamentally Negro. The basic pattern of the talking blues stanza, a quatrain of four-accent lines, usually riming aabb (though some few use the alternate rime pattern, abab) and strongly iambic, is British. However, the exaggerated 2/4 rhythm is Negro, as are the laconic, incoherent, commentary phrases that end each stanza --compare Leadbelly's repertoire, in which nearly every song has as much interlinear rubrics as text, or the third line of the ordinary blues form which (like the talking blues' extrametrical passages) serves as a commentary on the first part of each stanza.

It is much easier to trace the development of the talking blues from the late 1920's to the present. The widespread dissemination of the talking blues after Bouchillon's very popular record gave rise to a multiplicity of talking blues on a great variety of subjects, a cross section of which we have tried to represent on this record, from the aftermath of marital infidelity ("Talking Butcher") to the pangs of unrequited Prohibition ("Dry Voters-Wet Drinkers"); but a cascade of talking blues poured out of folk and sophisticated composers just before and after World War II, mostly on socio-economic inequalities. At the present time the talking blues seems to be at the height of its popularity; at last the form has achieved an assured place in American folk expression.



NOTES BY KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN

SIDE I, Band 1: TALKING GUITAR BLUES

This song is the work of Ernie Tubb, popular country and western singer, whose numerous recordings are well known to hillbilly and country fans throughout the world. One of the most prolific of the country song writers, Tubb should perhaps be recognized as also being one of its most proficient writers.

Unlike most of the talking blues which have been written since World War II, this song contains little in the way of a protest message (unless it is to poke fun at the hundreds of thousands of Americans who have recently become addicted to the "play-it-yourself" fever.) That the talking blues form is still popular with many people not interested in the numerous social-conscious take-offs, is attested to by the excellent sales of Tubb's own recording of the song, as well as to the several covering records issued in this country and abroad as sung by other country and western singers.

Interestingly enough, Dr. Greenway learned this song from an English recording ("Ernest Tubb's Talking Blues", English Capitol CL 13443) as sung by Red Murrell.

Now, if you want to get in trouble, let me tell you  
how to do it:  
You get you a guitar, and then you're into it;  
You play all day and you play all night  
And your folks say you'll never learn to play  
the thing right.  
They're always fussin' at you. Gripin'.  
Won't let you practice.  
Tryin' to run you out to the henhouse.

Well, I bought a guitar about a year ago  
And the man said I could learn it in a week or so,  
And he gave me a little book and a pick or two  
And he said, "There, John, it's up to you!"

That dirty dog. Cost me 4.95. Every cent of  
money I had.  
Cotton pickin' money, too. Good guitar though.  
Called it a "Pluckitt."

Nevertheless, I spent my dough  
And I couldn't let it go to waste, you know,  
So I took the book, guitar, and all  
And I went back home where the trees are tall,  
Way down in Missouri. Good place to be if  
you got a guitar.  
Awful if you ain't.

Well, for weeks and weeks I labored hard  
To try and learn those few main chords;  
The book says they're easy as A B C  
But, oh, my fingers was a-killin' me.  
They got sore on the ends. Couldn't mash the  
strings down.  
Wanted to quit. Felt disgusted.

Well, I kept on playing with all my might,  
And I could see Ma's hair was turnin' white;  
Her face was lined with discontent,  
She said her patience was pretty near spent.  
She was nervous. Ears ringin'. Wanted to scream.  
Couldn't get no relief.

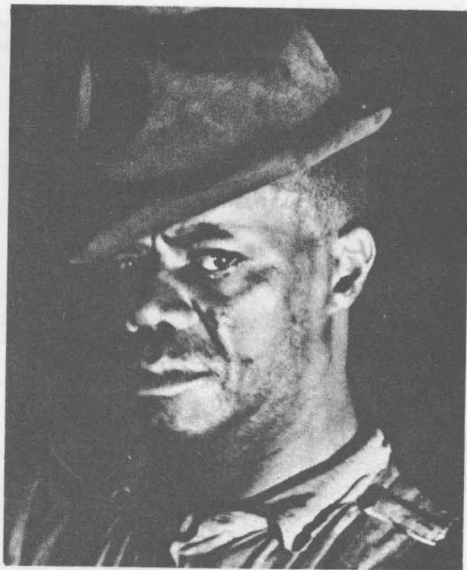
Oh, sister, she took it the worst of all  
'Cause she got married that follerin' fall,  
She said for love--but I got my doubts;  
I think that guitar just chased her out.  
She's a game gal though. Just couldn't take it.  
Limit to everything.

Now, my pa he took it a different way;  
He said, "You may turn your ma's hair gray  
And drive your sister away from home,  
But you or I, boy, is gonna start to roam.  
And I ain't leavin'. Never intend to.  
You figure it out."  
I did. Fast like.

So the next day after my clothes was packed  
I swung that guitar across my back  
And I caught myself a long freight train  
To search the world for my share of fame.  
I ain't found any. Just hardships. Heartaches.  
And handouts.

SIDE I, Band 2: ORIGINAL TALKING BLUES

We have no way of knowing, of course, if this was the first of all talking blues, but documentation and reporting of collected versions would seem to indicate that this is certainly one of the earliest of the songs employing the "talking blues" form. An inspection of the text, and a comparison of its lines with stanzas appearing in various pieces reported in several collections of Negro folksongs, quite clearly indicate its Negro origin. The song is an amalgamation of stanzas which have no static existence, freely crossing over from one song to another. Southern whites, who probably heard Negro field hands, laborers, and servants singing these stanzas, adapted the song as their own, added stanzas in the same free, syncopated talking form, and spread it through the rural south.



The version sung here was learned mainly from a 1926 recording made by Chris Bouchillon (Columbia 15120D). Bouchillon was a South Carolina poor white. Stanzas from various printed sources have been added to the Bouchillon version.

Essentially the same version, or other songs containing various stanzas found in this version, may be found in the following books:

White, Newman I., *AMERICAN NEGRO FOLK-SONGS*, Harvard, 1928, (p. 135).

Ferrow, E.C., "Songs and Rhymes from the South," in *Journal of American Folklore*, Vol. xxvi, 1913, (p. 158)

Scarborough, Dorothy, *ON THE TRAIL OF NEGRO FOLK-SONGS*, Harvard, 1925, (pp. 194, 225, 235, and 236).

Richardson, Ethel P., *AMERICAN MOUNTAIN SONGS*, Greenberg Publ., 1927, (p. 102).

Spaeth, Sigmund, *READ 'EM AND WEEP*, Doubleday, 1926, (p. 124).

If you want to get to heaven, let me tell you how to do it:

Grease your feet with a little mutton suet,  
Slide right out of the devil's hand  
And ooze right over in the Promised Land.  
Go easy. Make it easy. Go greasy.

Standin' in the corner by the mantelpiece,  
Up in the corner by a bucket of grease;  
I greased my feet with a little axle grease,  
Went slippin' up and down that mantelpiece.

Huntin' matches. Cigarette stubs. Chewin' tobacco.  
Left overs.

Make up the beds, gal, make 'em up nice,  
Clean out the house, and chase out the mice,  
Set up the table, and set it up right,  
'Cause old Preacher Johnson's gonna be here tonight.  
He's a chicken eater. Loves cake. Loves the sisters, too.

Standin' on the corner, standin' like a man,  
Standin' on the corner with a bucket in my hand.  
Standin' on the corner with a bucket in my hand  
Waitin' for sop from the white folks' hand.  
'Lasses. Sweetlin' potatoes. Cold biscuits.

Down in the wildwood, settin' on a log,  
My finger on the trigger and my eye on a hog.  
I pulled that trigger and the gun said "blip,"  
Jumped on that hog with all my grip.  
Eatin' hog eye. Love chittlins.

Behind the henhouse the other night  
It was awful dark and I had no light.

The farmer's dog run out by chance  
And he bit a big hole in the seat of my pants.  
I jumped gullies. Rode bushes. Plowed ground.  
Felt funny.

Behind the henhouse on my knees  
I thought I heard a chicken sneeze;  
Only a rooster sayin' his prayers  
And givin' out hymns to the hens upstairs.  
Just preachin'. Hens a-singin'. Little young chickens just a-hopin'.

They put me in the jailhouse on my knees  
All they give me was a pan of peas.  
The peas was red and the meat was fat,  
And I got stuck on the jailhouse just for that.  
Got sassy. Impudent. Wanted to fight.

Now I been here and I been there,  
I rambled round 'most everywhere.  
Purtiest little gal I ever did see  
A-walkin' up and down by the side of me.  
Mouth wide open. Catchin' flies. Knows I'm crazy.

There ain't no use of me workin' so hard--  
I got a woman in the white folks' yard.  
When she kill a chicken she saves me the head,  
She thinks I'm workin' but I'm lyin' in the bed.  
Sleepin'. Havin' a good time. Dreamin' about her.

There ain't no use of me workin' so hard--  
I got a woman in the white folks' yard.  
When she kill a chicken she saves me the feet,  
She thinks I'm workin' but I'm loafin' the street.  
Havin' a good time. Talkin' about her. To two other women.

#### SIDE I, Band 3: TALKING BUTCHER

This little-known talking blues is probably of white invention. Collectors have not reported it from tradition, and it may well have been a vaudeville or stage song originally. Dr. Greenway learned it from a student at Colorado State University, who informed him it had been recorded around 1938 on the Decca label by a little-known hillbilly singer whose name he had forgotten.

Well, I sneaked in the butcher shop the other night

To pay a little visit to the butcher's wife.  
The butcher come in, said "Who that Joe?"  
And I made a dive for the old front door.

When I hit that door, I hollered "Gimme space--  
I'm a one-woman man, gotta win this race;  
If I lose, gonna lose my life  
'Cause he wants to cut me with that butcher knife.  
He got fire in his eyes. Boy! He wants to cut.

Now across that river and up the hill  
The butcher behind me, gonna fill the bill;  
I says, "You don't get me while I'm on this hill  
I don't reckon you ever will.  
'Cause I'm long gone. Headin' through cedar groves.  
Just a-flyin'. Yes-siree."

Well, he run me down by the old meetin' house,  
I crept in there just as quiet as a mouse;  
I took a seat in the rear of the hall,  
When it came that butcher, that knife and all.  
He had fire in his eyes. Boy! He wanted to cut.

Now, the preacher in the pulpit heard a noise in the back,  
He said, "You sisters, you better clear that track--  
Grab them babies and run for your life  
'Cause he means business with that butcher knife!"

Women screamin'. Babies yellin'. Me a-hiddin'  
Yes-siree.

Now, one old sister was a-doin' her best  
But she run into a hornets' nest;  
The hornets stung her and she hit the ground  
And her and them hornets went around and around  
Swellin' up. Hurtin'. Couldn't get no relief.

Now, one old sister was as tired as she could be  
And she made straight for a simmon tree;

She made that tree and she made it fast  
Said, "I'm tired o'runnin' in this tall grass."  
Toenails scrapin'. Bark a-flyin'. Yes-siree.

Listen here, folks, this story I told:  
You go out night-courtin' big and bold,  
You see a butcher with a knife in his hand  
You better hide, 'cause he's a mean man.  
He got fire in his eyes. Boy! He wants  
to cut.

SIDE I, Band 4: NEW TALKING BLUES

The success of Chris Bouchillon's earlier re-  
cording of a talking blues was undoubtedly  
responsible for his waxing of the "New Talking  
Blues", recorded early in 1928 (Columbia 15262D).  
A large part of this piece may have been  
Bouchillon's own creation, but several of its  
stanzas were from oral tradition, including  
several maverick poor-white, anti-Negro stanzas.



I went down in Georgia to the country fair--  
The birds and the lions and the monkeys were there;  
The lion broke loose and started through the crowd,  
And I couldn't help but holler out loud.  
I felt runnish. Tore my britches. On a barbed  
wire fence.

I went down to Florida to get rich quick;  
I bought me a lot and a load of brick.  
But I got scared of the snakes and the  
alligators,  
So I decided to come back later.  
I don't like snakes. Rather die poor. Live  
a long time.

I took me a wife about five years ago,  
We got one kid, he's just about four.  
He gets up at the table and he slaps his Maw,  
Rubs 'lasses in my hair and says, "Ain't  
you my Paw?"  
Sticks potatoes in my ears. Rubs mustard in my  
eyes. Runs string beans up my nose.

Mama's in the pantry fixin' up the yeast,  
Sister's in the kitchen preparin' for the feast;  
Papa's in the cellar a-mixin' up the hops  
Brother's at the window a-watchin' for the cops.  
Drinkin' home brew. It makes you drunk. If'n  
you don't bust.

Now, I'm just a city dude livin' out of town,  
Everybody knows me as Moonshiner Brown.  
I make the beer and I drink the slops,  
Got ten little orphans that call me Pop.  
I'm patriotic. Raisin' soldiers. Red Cross  
nurses.

Up in the mountains at a liquor still,  
Back in the mountains in the Blue Ridge hills.  
I like the still and I like the juice,  
But I don't like the cops who cut at the loose.  
I jumped valleys. Run over speed cops. Dodged  
cannonballs.

Standin' in the corner by the white folks' yard  
Up in the corner by a bucket of lard.  
I greased my feet with a little hog-eye lard,  
Went slippin' up and down that white folks' yard.  
Huntin' the cook. She gives me 'lasses. Clabber  
and corn bread.

There ain't no use of me workin' so much,  
I got a gal that brings me the mush.  
She works for the white folks down in Ca'line,  
She brings me everything from 'lasses to wine.  
Home brew. Chittlins. Corn whiskey.

I went possum huntin' the other night,  
It was awful dark and I lost my light.  
The dogs treed somethin' way down in the flat,  
We thought it was a possum, but it must have  
been a cat.  
I lost my job. Wife run me off. Had to bury  
my clothes.

There ain't no use of me workin' so hard,  
I got a gal in the white folks' yard.  
When she kill a turkey she saves me the wing,  
She thinks I'm workin' but I ain't doin' a thing.  
Loafin' the streets. Havin' a good time.  
Lookin' at the flappers.

SIDE I, Band 5: TALKING DUST BOWL

Woody Guthrie, whom Alan Lomax once called "our  
greatest contemporary folk poet," was the author  
of more than 30 songs relating to the great Dust  
Bowl disaster of the 1930s. Woody, himself, had  
lived through the years of drought and improvident  
farming methods which lead to the great dust  
storms which lifted up millions of acres of sun-  
burnt topsoil and swirled it into an endless mass  
of flying sand and debris. And when the cloud  
of dust settled, the barren subsoil wasn't fit  
to plant a crop in, or even live on, and  
hundreds of thousands of impoverished farmers  
packed up their few belongings, their family,  
and their will to live, and traveled west to find  
a better land. The chronicler of that great exodus  
was Woody Guthrie.

Woody originally recorded this song for Victor  
Records as one of 11 "Dust Bowl Ballads"  
issued in a two volume set by that company.  
Eight of these songs, including "Talking Dust  
Bowl" were later reissued by FOLKWAYS RECORDS  
(FP 11). In the present recording, Dr.  
Greenway has done an amazing job of capturing  
the flavor and mood of Guthrie's performance.

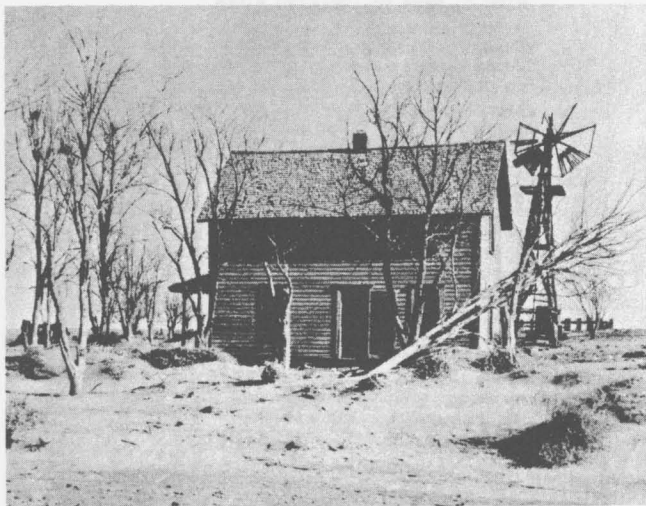
## YEARS OF DUST



### RESETTLEMENT ADMINISTRATION Rescues Victims Restores Land to Proper Use

Well, back in Nineteen Twenty-Seven  
I had a little farm and I called it heaven.  
Prices up and the rains come down  
And I took my crops all into town  
Got the money. I bought the groceries,  
and clothes for the children.  
Raised a big family.

Then the rains stopped and the wind grew high,  
And that black old dust storm filled the sky;



I traded my farm for a Ford machine,  
And I filled it full of this here gas-i-line  
And we started. Rockin' and rollin'.  
'Cross the deserts and mountains, out of the  
Dust Bowl, out to the Peach Bowl.  
Out to Californy.

Well, way up yonder on a mountain road  
With a hot motor and a heavy load,  
Rollin' right along, wasn't even stoppin',  
Hoppin' up and down like popcorn poppin',  
And then it happened. Had a breakdown.  
King of a nervous bust-down--  
Mechanic feller there--he charged me  
eighteen dollars--he said it was, uh,  
'engine trouble.

Well, way up yonder on that mountain road  
And way up yonder in the piney wood,  
I give that rollin' Ford a shove,  
I'm gonna coast just as far as I could.  
Commenced a-coastin'. Mexican overdrive.  
Pickin' up speed--  
Come a hairpin turn, and I didn't--quite--  
make it.

Well, man alive! I'm tellin' you,  
Them fiddles and the guitars really flew;  
That Ford took off like a flyin' squirrel,  
Flew half-way around this world.  
Scattered wives and children. All over that  
mountain.

Well, I got to California so dad-gum broke,  
So dad-gum hungry I thought I'd croak;  
I bummed up a spud or two  
And my wife she cooked a 'tater stew.  
An' we poured the kids full of it. Looked  
like a tribe of thy-mometers runnin'  
around.

Lord! Man! I swear to you  
That was sure some mighty thin stew;  
So damned thin, what I mean,  
You could read a mag-i-zine  
Right through it. Look at the pictures, too.  
See naked women.  
An' pretty whiskey bottles.

Always thought, though, always figured,  
That damned stew had been a little bit thinner,  
Some of these here politicians--  
I mean the honest ones--  
Could have seen through it.

SIDE I, Band 6: DRY VOTERS -- WET DRINKERS

As its title and contents imply, this song was  
written back in prohibition days. Bob Miller,  
amusic publisher whose catalogue of sheet music  
contains many items of folk and pseudo folk-  
style, is credited as author of this number, but  
it may well be that the song was written  
by some anonymous composer of the period who  
turned the song over to Miller for a few  
dollars.

Of the 15 talking blues in this album, this  
song is unique in that it contains a sung chorus  
rather than a talking commentary at the end of  
each stanza. Actually, the sung chorus was  
not infrequently used in early talking blues  
(as indicated from the few published texts  
collected from traditional informants), but for  
purposes of recording on 78 RPM records, with  
its limited time allowance, the chorus was  
usually dropped. Its use in this number is  
for the purpose of breaking up the monotony  
of the talking blues form.

Dr. Greenway learned this song from a tape re-  
cording sent to him by John Edwards, of Sydney,  
Australia.

I'm sittin' in the jailhouse, shackles on my feet,  
Drinkin' black coffee and eatin' fat meat;  
Lots of things goin' through my mind--  
Justice must be blind.  
If we must have this Pro-hi-bition  
It should also be for the lawmakers;  
If we can't drink, why should they drink?  
Well sir, they're fakers.

CHORUS:

Those dry voters, wet drinkers,  
They think the Lord has selected them;  
One hand on the Bible, one hand on the bottle,  
Gosh! Ain't they pious men?

Now, Mr. John Hancock on Independence Day  
Signed a Declaration, but it don't say  
That there would be clauses, white collar bosses--  
How do they get that way?  
What's good for the goose is good for the gander,  
Many a wolf hides in a sheep skin;  
We need less keepers, troublesome peepers--  
Always a-buttin' in.

(CHORUS)

I didn't do nothin' but drink some gin  
To keep my back from cavin' in.  
They say we're equal--equal in what?  
Somethin' somebody forgot.  
If these dry votin' wet drinkers  
Would clean the trash from their own back door,  
They'd find plenty rubbish and much garbage  
At their own back door.



SIDE I, Band 7: TALKING COLUMBIA BLUES

This is one of 26 songs Woody Guthrie wrote  
for the Bonneville Power Administration and  
which were used to sell bonds to raise money  
necessary to build one of the greatest hydroelec-  
tric generating plants in the world. The power  
thus created resulted in the development of  
new industries, supplying work for hundreds of  
thousands of migratory workers.

Of his composition of "Talking Columbia Blues",  
Guthrie writes: "Talking Columbia Blues I  
made up one day while I was standing up along  
the Columbia River in sight of the Grand  
Coulee Dam, and all I done was just take out  
my pencil and scribble down this song." We  
can be sure that the description of the  
seeming ease and speed with which this song

was composed is no mere exaggeration on Guthrie's part. Long familiar with the talking blues form, and a natural poet of unusual proportions, it was probably no great task for Guthrie to 'dash' off this parody of the talking blues form, a task which he has accomplished many times, as his more than 15 songs in this style (5 of which are included in this album) surely attest.

Guthrie's original recording of this song is now filed away by the Oregon Department of the Interior. He later recorded it for the Disc Company of America in an album entitled "Ballads from the Dust Bowl" (Disc 610, record number D 202), from which this present recording was learned. "Talking Columbia Blues" has been re-issued on Folkways Records.

Well, down along the river just a-sittin' on a rock  
I'm a-lookin' at the boats in the Bonneville lock.  
Gate swings open, the boat sails in,  
Toot that whistle, she's gone again.  
Gasoline goin' up. Wheat comin' down.

Well, I filled up my hat brim, drunk a little taste,  
Thought about a river just a-goin' to waste;  
Thought about the dust, an' thought about the sand,  
Thought about the people, an' thought about the land.  
Folks runnin' round all over creation, lookin'  
for some kind of little place.

Well, I pulled out my pencil, scribbled this song,  
Figured all them salmon just couldn't be wrong;  
Them salmon fish is mighty shrewd,  
They got senators and politicians, too.  
Just about like the president. They run every four years.

You just watch this river, though, pretty soon  
Everybody's gonna be changin' their tune;  
The big Grand Coulee and the Bonneville dams  
Run a thousand factories for Uncle Sam.  
And everybody else in the world. Turnin' out  
everything from fertilizers to sewing  
machines, and atomic bedrooms and plastic--  
everything's gonna be plastic.

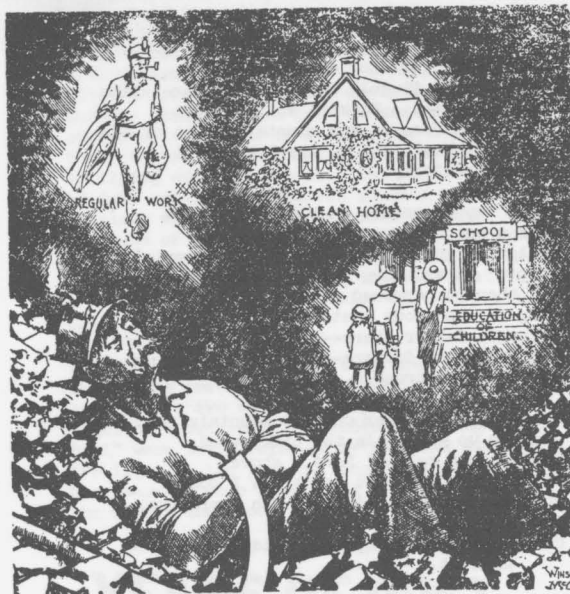
Uncle Sam needs houses and stuff to eat,  
Uncle Sam needs wool, and Uncle Sam needs wheat,  
Uncle Sam needs water and power dams,  
Uncle Sam needs people, and the people need land.  
'Course I don't like dictators none myself, but  
then I think the whole country had ought  
to be run by e-lec-trici-ty.



SIDE I, Band 8: TALKING MINER

This is one of a group of three songs written by Woody Guthrie shortly after the mine explosion in Centralia, Illinois, in early 1947, in which 111 miners were killed. The three songs were sent into, and later published in the People's Songs journal, Volume II, No. 4 (May, 1947).

Though many of Guthrie's songs have been about things and happenings of which he has been a part, he has also written numerous pieces about occurrences to which he is related only as a newspaper reader or a radio listener is connected to the news of the day. Even in such pieces, however, his close identification with all peoples suffering injustices is so intense, that his songs often take on an air of first hand knowledge and sympathy which would be difficult to match even by a member of the group to whose defense Guthrie has sprung. "Talking Miner" is certainly one such song.



I'm just a miner in a mining town,  
I dig like a mole in a hole in the ground  
When the sun comes up till the sun goes down,  
And I don't see much sun when I'm down in the ground.  
Diggin' this soft coal. Hard coal. Lead zinc.  
All kinds of hard stuff.

I got up this morning in the same old way,  
Drunk my hot coffee to start off my day;  
Wife give me breakfast in her stocking feet,  
And I kissed the kids in bed and walked up the street.  
Just walking along, watching the sun come up.  
Thinking. Wondering. Wondering and  
a-thinking.

Centralia here is a pretty little town,  
You can see Illinois for miles around;  
But I can't see too good with my eyes full  
of sleep--  
But I'll quit mining someday and I'm gonna  
sleep about a week.  
Just solid. Hard down, hard up, good  
old warm sleep. Dream myself up a  
lot of pretty dreams.  
About pretty mine holes. Pretty mine bosses.  
Pretty mine owners, all over the whole place.

Most men don't talk what's eatin' their mind  
About the different ways of dying down here  
in the mines,  
But every morning we walk along and we joke  
About mines caving in and the dust and the smoke--  
One little wild spark of fire blowing us skyhigh  
and crooked.  
One little spark blowing up up crosseyed and  
crazy,  
Up to shake hands with the Lord's little angels.



We knock at the gate and we stand and laugh,  
The elevator man drops us down his shaft;  
We scatter and kneel and crawl different places  
With fumes in our lungs and dust on our faces.  
Gas on our stomach. Water on our kneecap.  
Aches and pains. Rheumatism.  
All kinds of crazy pictures flying through our heads.

Well, this spark, it hit us in Number Five;  
I don't know if anybody got out alive.  
I got carried around with a busted head,  
A lady said a hundred and eleven was dead.  
Well, this ain't my first explosion.  
I come through two cave-ins and one more  
fire before this one.  
Twenty-two dead down in Ohio. Thirty-six  
in Kentucky's green hills.  
Then this hundred and eleven here in Centralia.

It seems like the very best men go down  
And don't come back in these mining towns.  
I keep on wondering how things would be  
If a cave-in would come to a senator's seat.  
Or if a big explosion of some kind was to go  
off in Congress halls.  
What words and messages would they write on  
the walls?  
Wonder if they'd hire anybody to come to the  
Senate Chamber and put in any safety  
devices?

I think there's just about enough loose gas  
around that Capitol dome  
To make a mighty big blow if a spark ever  
hit it.

#### SIDE II, Band 1: TALKING UNION

This song was composed by the Almanac Singers  
in the Spring of 1941, when they were singing  
for meetings and rallies of the C.I.O. In  
Detroit, where Ford had just been organized,  
"Talking Union" and other union organizing and  
rallying songs were played over sound trucks  
at mass rallies.

It is very probable that this song, more than  
any other talking blues, was responsible for  
the very widespread popularity of the form at  
the present time. Originally recorded by the  
Almanac Singers in an album entitled "Talking  
Union" for the Keynote Record Company, the  
song became extremely popular as a result of its  
many performances at concerts and hootnannys by  
Pete Seeger and other union-minded folksingers.  
The album was recently reissued by FOLKWAYS  
RECORDS (FP 85-1).



Now, if you want higher wages, let me tell you  
what to do:  
You got to talk to the workers in the shop with  
you,  
You got to build you a union, got to make it  
strong,  
If you all stick together, boys, it won't take  
long.  
You'll get shorter hours. Better working  
conditions. Vacations with pay.  
Take your kids to the seashore.

Well, it ain't quite this simple, so I'd better  
explain  
Why you got to ride on the union train,  
For if you wait for the boss to raise your pay,  
You'll all be waiting till Judgment Day.  
You'll all be buried. Gone to Heaven. St.  
Peter'll be the straw boss then.

Now, you know you're underpaid, but the boss  
says you ain't;  
And he speeds up the work till you're 'bout  
to faint.  
You may be down and out, but you ain't beaten--  
Just pass out a leaflet and call a meetin'.  
Talk it over. Speak your mind. Decide to do  
something about it.

'Course the boss may persuade some poor  
damned fool  
To go to your meeting and act like a stool;  
But you can always tell a stool, though, and  
that's a fact:  
He's got a yellow streak runnin' down his back.  
He doesn't have to stool. He'll always get  
along.  
On what he takes out of blind men's cups.

Now you've got you a union and you're sitting  
pretty;  
Put some of the boys on the steering committee.  
The boss won't listen if one guy squawks,  
But he's got to listen if the union talks.  
My God, he'd better. He'd be mighty lonely,  
Everybody decided to walk out on him.

Well, suppose they're working you so hard that  
it's just outrageous,  
And they're paying you all starvation wages;  
You go to the boss and the boss will yell,  
"Before I raise your pay I'll see you all in hell!"  
Well, he's smokin' a big seegar, feeling mighty  
slick  
'Cause he thinks he's got your union licked,  
But he looks out the window, and what does he see  
But a thousand pickets and they all agree  
He's a bastard! Unfair! Slavedriver!  
Bet he beats his wife.

Well, now, boys, you've come to the hardest time;  
The boss will try to bust your picket line.  
He'll call out the police, the National Guard,  
They'll tell you it's a crime to have a union card,  
They'll raid your meetings, they'll hit you on  
the head,  
They'll call every one of you a goddam Red.  
Unpatriotic. Communist spies. Sabotaging national  
defense.

But out at Ford, here's what they found,  
And out at Vultee, here's what they found,  
And down at Allis-Chalmers, here's what they  
found,  
And down at Bethlehem, here's what they found,  
That if you don't let redbaiting break you up,  
If you don't let stoolpigeons break you up,  
If you don't let vigilantes break you up,  
And if you don't let race hatred break you up,  
You'll win. What I mean, take it easy. But take it.

#### SIDE II, Band 2: TALKING SAILOR

This piece is also the work of Woody Guthrie. In  
it, Guthrie writes from his own experience, for,  
as a member of the Merchant Marines during World  
War II, he shipped out frequently on Liberty  
ships and other cargo vessels. As in the case  
of "Talking Subway", this song ends up as a pitch  
for one of the numerous unions to which Guthrie as

belonged during his many years as a "jack-of-all-trades".

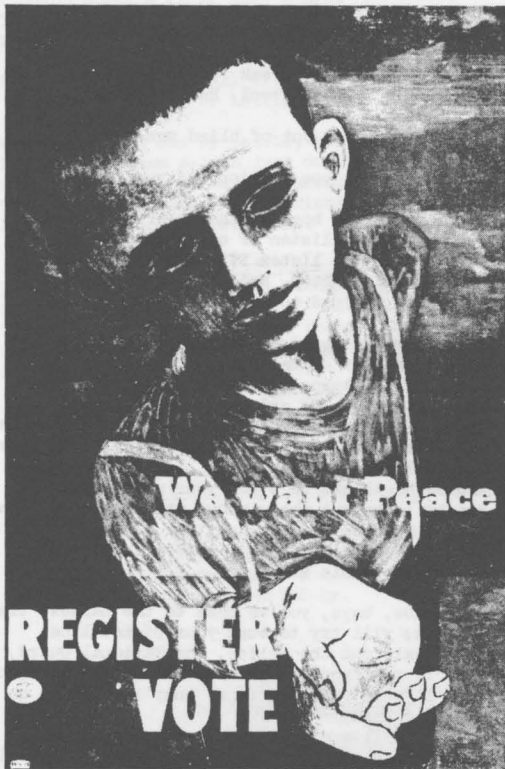
"Talking Sailor" was originally recorded by Guthrie for the Asch Record Company in Asch Album #347.

#### TALKING SAILOR

In bed with a woman, just a-singin' the blues,  
I heard the radio tellin' the news:  
Said the big Red Army took a hundred towns,  
Allies droppin' them two-ton bombs.  
Started hollerin'. Yellin'. Jumpin' up and  
down like a bullfrog.

Doorbell rung and in come a man,  
I signed my name, got a telegram.  
Said if you want to take a vacation trip,  
Got a dishwashing job on a Liberty ship.  
Woman a-cryin'. Me a-flyin'. Out the door  
and down the line.

'Bout two minutes I run ten blocks,  
I come to my ship, down at the docks;  
Walked up the plank, and signed my name,  
Blowed that whistle, she's gone again.  
Right on out and down the stream. Ships as  
fur's my eye can see.  
Woman a-waitin'.



Ships loaded down with TNT  
All out across that rollin' sea;  
Stood on the deck, watched the fishes swim,  
Prayin' them fish wasn't made out of tin.  
Sharks. Porpoises. Jellybeans. Rainbow  
trouts. Mutcats.  
Jewgars. All over that water.

This convoy's the biggest I ever did see,  
Stretches all away out across the sea;  
The ships blow their whistles and rang their bells,  
Gonna blow them fascists all to hell.  
Win some freedom. Liberty. Stuff like that.

Well, I walked to the tail, stood on the stern,  
Lookin' at the big brass screwblade turn;  
Listen to the sound of the engine pound,  
Gained sixteen feet every time it went around.  
Gettin' closer and closer. Look out, you  
fascists.

I'm just one of the merchant crew,  
I belong to a union called the NMU.

I'm a union man from head to toe,  
I'm USA and CIO.  
Fightin' out here on the waters, to win some  
freedom on the land.

#### SIDE II, Band 3: TALKING SOCIAL WORKER

This song was originally recorded by its composer,  
Tom Glazer, as part of an album of "Songs of  
Citizen CIO", issued by Asch Records (Asch #349).  
Its original title was "Social Workers Talking Blues".

Numerous songs in the same talking blues form  
have been written for practically every occupa-  
tional group, some eventually being printed in  
small songbooks issued by the educational depart-  
ment of various unions.



All you social workers, come and listen to me,  
I'll tell you a little story about an employee.  
I work in New York, Texas, and Idaho,  
And I belong to a union called the CIO.  
And boy, I love it. It loves me, too. Sort of  
love at first sight.

Now, I ain't had very much schoolin'  
But you can take it from me, and I ain't foolin';  
There's some things you learn that ain't in books,  
Like how to get rid of the ugly looks  
That slums have. That hungry people have. And  
suchlike.

'Course, don't get me wrong; books can be mighty  
swell,  
Depends on who writes them and what they're  
trying to tell;  
But my idea is, you social workers  
Ought to be more social with us union workers.  
'Course, a lot of us don't have no degrees,  
But now and then we see things you can't see--  
Sort of a worm's eye view.

To make a long story short, I think it'd be  
great  
If you and we could cooperate;  
We could sit down together on a union fence  
And have us a social conference  
About cleaning up the slums. Winning the war  
and the peace.  
And fighting disease and poverty.

I think us working folks the country over  
Are getting tired of being run over  
By these business cycles--hell of a mess--  
Last one broke my Community Chest,  
And almost broke my heart.

We've gotta talk things over and try and choose  
Some schemes to get rid of these post-war blues.  
I don't think it would cause any grief  
If social workers ate with union teeth--  
They can bite mighty hard. Good for Uncle Sam's  
digestion, too.

Well, I guess I've just about had my say;  
The point I'm makin's just as plain as day:  
United we stand, divided we fall.  
We keep open house at the union hall,  
So come on over--we'll chew the fat,  
And decide what's wrong with this and that,  
You tell us about sociology  
And we'll put a union label on your master's  
degree.  
M.A. Ph.D. C--I--O.



SIDE II, Band 4: TALKING SUBWAY

Another of Guthrie's talking blues. This piece was probably inspired by one of his early trips to New York, where for a while he was in great demand for appearances on various national hook-up radio programs, including Pursuit of Happiness, Cavalcade of America and others.

As sung on this recording, "Talking Subway" may well be a combination of two sets of stanzas written at different times. The first four stanzas may be found in a small collection of Guthrie's songs, issued in 1947. The last seven stanzas were obtained by Dr. Greenway from Guthrie at a later date and have never been published or recorded before.

I struck out for old New York,  
Thought I'd find me a job of work.  
One leg up and the other leg down,  
I come in through a hole in the ground.  
Holland Tunnel. Three mile tube. Skippin'  
through that Hudson River dew.

I blew into New York town,  
And I looked up and I looked down,  
Everybody I seen on the streets  
Was all a-runnin' through that hole in the ground.  
I follered 'em. See where they's a-goin'.  
Newsboy said they're trying to smoke a rat out of a hole.

I run down thirty-eight flights of stairs,  
Boy, howdy! I do declare!  
I rode old elevator twenty-two  
And spent my last lone nickel, too.  
Feller in a little cage got it. Herded me through a shoot-  
the-shoot.  
Run me through three clothes wringers.  
So many people down in there I couldn't even fall down.

I swung onto my old guitar,  
Train come a-rumblin' down the track,  
I got shoved into the wrong damned car  
With three grass widows on my back.  
Two of 'em lookin' for home relief.  
Other one just investigatin'.

Well, I got me a job in this man's town  
On this subway train down under the ground;  
My pay's so low I went in the hole,  
And I can't get out, folks, to save my soul.  
Wages on the floor, prices on the ceilin'.

I want to work and help win this war,  
And that's what I work on the subway for;  
My car's so loaded, jammed and packed,  
My wheels keep a-jumpin' on the railroad track.  
Wheels need greasin'. Pay needs raisin'.

Well, I joined the union to win my rights,  
I went to Mr. Delaney and put up a fight;  
I told him my job was a part of my soul,  
But Delaney don't want my wheels to roll.  
Neither does Mr. Hitler. Pestbrook Wiggler -- I mean  
jibbler--  
Pestbrook, Higgler -- aw, skip it.

I told Mr. Delaney if my kids don't eat  
All of you workers will walk the street.  
Mr. Delaney just stretched and yawned,

He must not know there's a war goin' on.  
People fightin'. Winnin' freedom.

I got to thinkin' 'bout this war I'm tryin' to win,  
So I went to the mayor once again.  
I said, "I don't want no Hitler scale,  
I want to roll to victory on a union rail!"  
Pay house rent. Eat groceries. Get a beef stew. Pound  
of coffee.

So if you want to win this war I'll tell you what to do,  
You got to work and fight for the T.W.U.,  
You got to toot your whistle, got to ring your bell,  
You got to keep all the Fascists in a union hell.  
Keep 'em there. Don't let 'em out.

You got to join the union, got to pay your dues,  
Got to shake hands and stick it through,  
I'm a union man in a union war,  
And it's a union world I'm a-fightin' for..  
Union or fascist. Take your choice.

SIDE II, Band 5: TALKING INFLATION BLUES

This song was originally published in a special issue of the People's Songs journal (Vol. I, supplement to No. 3, April-May, 1946) devoted entirely to the question of continuing the Office of Price Administration (OPA). The OPA had been created during World War II in an attempt to stop inflation and to keep prices on consumer goods, rents, etc. from rising. In the early part of 1946, several bills were up in congress to do away with the OPA. Numerous social, political, and labor organizations campaigned vigorously to continue the OPA. Arrayed against them were various lobbyists, backed by unlimited funds, whose main job was to influence congress to vote the OPA out of existence. "Talking Inflation Blues" was one of the nine songs to appear in the "Fight to Save OPA" issue of People's Songs, and was written by Tom Glazer.

### Causes of the depression: by eminent hands.



*Acme-P. & A.*  
"I don't know anything about any depression. What depression is this? You know I really can't discuss anything."—J. P. Morgan to ship reporters on returning from Europe May 8, 1931.

Well, friends and neighbors of the United States,  
Come listen to a story that's hard to relate.  
Takes place in a town where the hot air blows  
Over the lobbies where the filibuster grows.  
Hardy Perennial. Evergreen. Stinkweed.

Now, down in that town there's a feller working there,  
He ain't a barber, but he gets in people's hair;  
He gets paid to squeeze, gets paid to twist,  
They call this critter a lobbyist.  
He's high pressure. All thumbs. Fits any size button-  
hole.

'Course, he's only doing his job. He's a hard worker.  
Gets a bonus  
From the National Association of Manufacturers,  
From the National Association of Real Estate Boards,  
From the National Association of Dry Goods Merchants,  
Big shots.

Well, this here feller, I'm sorry to say,  
He's trying to kill the O.P.A.  
He's trying to kill the housing bill,  
And other good things he's trying to kill.  
He's a killer. But he's only doing his job. He's a  
hard worker. Gets a bonus  
From the National Association of Manufacturers,  
From the National Association of Real Estate Boards,  
From the National Association of Dry Goods Merchants,  
Big shots.

Well, friends and neighbors of the U.S.A.,  
 I'll tell you what'll happen if they kill O.P.A.  
 Your beat-up buck won't be worth a cent,  
 Prices'll fly to the firmament.  
 Sky high rent. Sky high food. Sky high everything.  
 But the lobbyist, he's only doing his job. He's a hard  
 worker. Gets a bonus  
 From the National Association of Manufacturers.  
 From the National Association of Real Estate Boards,  
 From the National Association of Dry Goods Merchants,  
 Big shots.

Now, if you don't want to spend ten dollars for a pound  
 of steak,  
 And if you don't want to spend fifty dollars a pound for  
 cake,  
 And if you don't want to spend twenty dollars a pound  
 for greens,  
 Two hundred for rent, and Lord knows what for beans,  
 Write a card to your Congressman now, today,  
 Tell him to save that O.P.A.,  
 Tell him to fight just as hard as he's able  
 For the National Association of American People--  
 Biggest shots!

SIDE II, Band 6: OLD MAN ATOM

This song was composed by Vern Partlow in 1946, and was  
 originally known as the "Talking Atomic Blues." Partlow,  
 a former West Coast newspaperman, has been a very pro-  
 ninent writer of social-conscious songs for many years,  
 and was himself a singer-guitarist of some reputation,  
 occasionally being called upon by various unions to help  
 out in that capacity during organizing campaigns.

Unlike most songs of a protest nature, this one became  
 widely known as a result of numerous recordings and  
 printings. Indeed, there were at one time more than 15  
 different recordings of this song on the market, several  
 of which were issued by major record companies. Though  
 more than 12 years old, new renditions of this song are  
 still occasionally issued on records, the most recent  
 being issued as a popular recording in England! In the  
 hands of the many people who have sung it both in live  
 performances and for recordings, it has undergone various  
 changes, none, however, of a major nature. Most recorded  
 versions have excluded various stanzas, either in an  
 attempt to fit the song on the limited space of a popular  
 recording, or because various singers have objected to one  
 or another stanzas, while believing in the value of re-  
 cording the song.

The version sung here was learned by Dr. Greenway from a  
 popular recording of the song made by Sam Hinton several  
 years ago. The introductory poem, aiding in bringing the  
 song up to date, is by an anonymous writer.



Don't you worry, honey child,  
 Don't you cry no more,  
 It's just a little old Atom bomb  
 In a little old limited war;  
 It's just a bitsy warhead, child,  
 In a little old tactical shell,  
 And all it'll do is blow us all  
 To a limited little old Hell.

I'm gonna preach you all a sermon about Old Man Atom;  
 And 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.  
 The thing that Einstein says he's scared of. And when  
 Einstein's scared,  
 Oh, brother, I'm scared.

Well, if you're scared of the A-bomb, here's what you've  
 got to do:  
 You gotta gather all the people in the world with you,  
 For if we don't get together and do it--well, first  
 thing you know  
 We're gonna blow this world plumb to  
 Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Alamagordo, Bikini.

Well, life used to be such a simple joy,  
 The cyclotron was just a super toy;  
 And folks got born, they'd work and marry,  
 And "atom" was just a word in the dictionary.  
 And then it happened.

And the science boys from every clime  
 They all pitched in with overtime  
 And before they knew it, the job was done,  
 And they'd hitched up the power of the gol-durned sun!  
 Put a harness on old Sol.  
 Splittin' atoms. While the diplomats went on a-splittin'  
 hairs.  
 Business as usual.  
 Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Alamagordo, Bikini.

Well, the atom's international, in spite of hysteria,  
 Flourishes in Utah, and in Siberia,  
 And whether you're black, white, red or brown,  
 The question is this, when you boil it down:  
 To be or not to be. That's the question.

And the answer to it ain't military datum  
 Like who gits there fustest with the mostest atoms,  
 No, the people of the world must decide their fate--  
 They got to stick together--or disintegrate.  
 We hold this truth to be self-evident:  
 That all men may be cremated equal.  
 Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Lordy, up the flue;  
 Alamagordo, Bikini, it could happen to you.

Yes, it's up to the people, 'cause the atom don't care,  
 And you can't fence him in, he's just like air,  
 And he doesn't give a hoot about any politics  
 Or who got what into whichever fix--  
 All he wants to do is just sort of sit around and have  
 his nucleus  
 Bombarbed by neutrons.

So the moral of this, just as plain as day:  
 Old Man Atom, he's here to stay.  
 He's gonna stick around, that's clear to see--  
 But ah, my dearly beloved, are we?  
 So listen folks, here's my thesis:  
 Peace in the world, or the world in pieces.  
 Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Alamagordo, Bikini.

SIDE II, Band 7: I LIKE IKE

This fascinating piece of political sarcasm was written  
 by Joe Glazer (no relation to Tom Glazer, who wrote  
 "Talking Social Worker" and "Talking Inflation").  
 Glazer, of Akron, Ohio, is Educational Director of the  
 United Rubber Workers, AFL-CIO, and is widely known  
 throughout the United States and Canada as a singer and  
 recorder of songs of the labor movement. He recorded  
 a shorter, watered-down version of this song several  
 years ago under the title "I Like Republicans", probably  
 having been pressured into using that title by political  
 expediency dictated by those who believed that a direct  
 frontal attack on President Eisenhower's popularity might  
 prove disastrous at election time. The version sung here  
 has never previously been recorded or published, but was  
 sung into Dr. Greenway's tape recorder by Glazer himself

several years ago. Stanzas 13 and 14 (concerning Sherman Adams and Jim Haggerty) were written by Dr. Greenway in an attempt to bring the song up to date.

I like Ike. He's a friendly guy.  
When things go wrong, he doesn't pine and sigh--  
No, that great big smile and friendly grin,  
Helps you forget the mess that we're in.  
I like Ike. Love that smile. Makes me feel so good.

Well, a pal of mine lost his job and his car  
While Ike was out golfing, shooting for par;  
Couldn't find a job for days and days,  
But for good old Ike he had plenty of praise, he said,  
"I like Ike. Love that smile. Makes me forget my troubles."

Well, the government's big and Ike's so busy  
He can't run it himself or he'd soon get dizzy;  
So he's got a lot of fellows just sort of helping him out

While he's shooting the quail or catching the trout.

And the number-one helper in the whole shebang  
Is a fellow named Humphrey, the leader of the gang;  
I don't mean Hubert, Minnesota's pride and joy--  
I mean "Trickle-Down George," the banker's boy.  
George says, "We got to balance the budget." And when he says "We,"  
He means you. And me. But not old George.

Trickle-Down George is in charge of the taxes;  
He's the big boy in the Washington-Wall Street axis.  
He wouldn't cut the taxes for you and me,  
He says that's "irresponsibility,"  
But for the big fat cats he swings his ax,  
Biff, Bang, whish, down comes their tax,  
But don't worry, brother. You'll soak up a couple of drops.  
When she trickles down.

Well, another little helper is Douglas MacKay--  
He's the man in charge of the giveaway.  
He gives away oil and public power  
And the timberlands for Eisenhower.  
'Cause Ike's so busy both night and day  
He hasn't got time to give the stuff away.  
That Ike, he says with those twinkling eyes,  
"Why, it all helps private enterprise."  
But I like Ike. I love that smile. Makes me feel so good.

Well, another little helper that Ike once had  
Was Oveta Culp Hobby, and her story's very sad.  
No member of the Cabinet was ever sweeter  
Or less efficient than dear old 'Veta.  
She looked good on the cover of Vogue magazine  
But she sure made a mess of the Salk vaccine.

And the schools? Well, the schools are jammed from  
the floors to the roof  
But Oveta Culp Hobby said, "That's no proof  
That schools must have some government aid--  
We've got to have another big study made--grade by grade."  
Well, by then the kids will be wearing long pants  
And it'll be too late to give 'em another chance.  
That was Ike's secretary of very little Health, not  
much Education,  
And inadequate Welfare.

Now, there's another member of the Eisenhower crew--  
That's Charles E. Wilson, with the GM view.  
He says, "What's good for General Motors is good for me and you,"  
But as Mr. Chrysler knows, it ain't necessarily true.  
Now Charlie likes dogs but he don't like folks,  
And when men are out of work he's got lots of jokes.  
He's got an adding machine where his heart ought to be,  
But Eisenhower says, "He's the man for me."  
But don't get me wrong. I like Ike. Love that Smile.  
Makes me feel so good.

Well, Ike's got a few pals in the government  
Who'd never think of taking a single cent;  
But of course they don't mind trying out their luck  
At picking up on the side a buck  
Or two. Or three. Or four. Or maybe more.

Well, it's a big business government from A to Z  
And there's not much room for you and me;  
There's room for Wall Street and U.S. Steel,  
And if you happen to be a GM wheel,  
Well, brother, you'll roll. Automatic Shift. Power steering.  
Finger tip control.

Now, there's one little helper we can't forget:  
That's Tricky Dick Nixon, Mr. Eisenhower's pet.  
He's a fine tall lad with a big sharp ax  
That he likes to plant in other people's backs.  
Dick sneaks around spreading hate and fear  
Painting loyal Americans with a big red smear.  
But Eisenhower smiles and says, "Dick's my boy,  
He's the administrations' pride and joy."  
Clean as a hound's tooth. Has a nice dog, too.  
Name of Checkers. Helps him out on TV.

But Ike's so busy knocking that little white ball  
That he hasn't time to play president at all,  
So when problems come a-flying, he let another worm  
in at 'em--

The Assistant Full Time President. A smiling Sherman Adams. Yes, around Mr. Adams the whole nation pivots  
While Ike's in Augusta digging up divots.

Well, Ike don't talk good, but he's no laggard--he  
Hired on a fellow named smiling Jim Haggerty  
Who straightens Ike out when he says "depression,"  
Shows what he meant was just "mild recession."

Well, I've told you all about the Eisenhower team;  
The President holds them in the highest esteem.  
They make pick your pockets, blacken your name,  
And play you for a sucker in the giveaway game.  
But Eisenhower loves this motley crew  
That's doing such a job on me and you;  
He says, "I'm with 'em, every single man,  
They're backing my dynamic conservative plan."  
That Ike--he's a modern progressive.  
(That's a fellow that stumbles forward every time  
somebody shoves him.)

Well, he's riding on the old Republican track:  
A-one step forward, and a-two steps back.  
But I like Ike. I love that smile. Makes me feel so good.  
Love that Ike.

#### ABOUT THE SINGER

JOHN GREENWAY is America's leading folklorist in the field of songs of social protest. His pursuit of knowledge in this specialized area has never been an easy one, for he has been attacked frequently by other folklorists for his position in maintaining that many social protest songs are indeed folksongs as well. His major contribution to this area of study has been a published book "American Folksongs of Protest" (University of Pennsylvania Press, 1953), a revised writing of his doctoral dissertation "American Folksongs of Social and Economic Protest".

A Phi Beta Kappa honors graduate from the University of Pennsylvania, Greenway was a prize winning playwright, chess champion, and a varsity track team member in his collegiate days, and the recipient of A.B., M.A. and Ph.D. degrees from the University of Pennsylvania. He has taught in the English departments of the University of Pennsylvania, Rutgers University, and the University of Denver, and is presently a member of the Anthropology Department at the University of Colorado.

The recipient of a Fulbright Award to collect folksongs in Australia, Dr. Greenway spent 1956 and 1957 in the land down-under procuring numerous tape recordings of traditional Australian singers (some material from which will be issued on a FOLKWAYS album in the near future). Dr. Greenway's work in the field of folklore and song covers diverse areas other than protest songs, and he is the author of several outstanding articles appearing in leading scholarly publications.

Most recently, Dr. Greenway, in accordance with his belief that future students and academicians in the field of folklore will be trained in sociology and anthropology rather than in English literature, has changed his teaching discipline to Anthropology and is presently working on a Ph.D. in that field.

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