

BROADSIDE NUMBER SEVEN

BROADSIDE/NUMBER SEVEN

SIDE 1

LARRY ESTRIDGE

1. Let It Roar Like a Flood (6:20)
2. Spirits of the Revolution (4:30)
3. Aviary Song (3:00)
4. It's Outrageous (3:15)
5. Troubleshooter (4:05)

GARY PARIS

6. Ballad of Mrs. Martha Mitchell (3:00)

SIDE 2

PAUL KAPLAN

1. Vietnam (4:50)

ROSE-REDWOODS (Dan & Judy Rose-Redwood)

2. White Blossom (3:00)
3. La Lucha (5:20)

RON TURNER

4. Ballad of Frank Clearwater (7:00)
5. Ballad of Frank Wills (3:30)

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

BROADSIDE NUMBER SEVEN

*Original songs from Broadside Magazine: The
National Topical Song Quarterly, including:
"The Ballad of Frank Wills."*



BROADSIDE #7

ALL NEW SONGS - ALL NEW PEOPLE

(From the pages of
BROADSIDE MAGAZINE)

THE BALLAD OF MRS. MARTHA MITCHELL

CHO: Mrs. Martha Mitchell, Let's all praise the day She called John
back on the farm and Martha got her way! It was early morning
Thursday
on the twenty-ninth of June, When Martha called the UPI and let out
with her tune.

(Note: A B C D should only take up as much time as the last two measures in the verse. - G.P.)

Words & Music by GARY PARIS
Copyright © 1973 Gary Paris

When four more men entered,
laid her on her bed
And shoved a needle in Martha's rear.
Well, Martha escaped and came
East on a plane
She was black and blue and bruised
She'd been banged up a bit and
she'd been treated like shit
And her mind was getting confused.

She hid out at the Westchester Country
Club
Up here in Rye, New York
Ding-A-Ling-Ling the telephone rings
And Martha begins to talk.

"I'm leaving my husband that's my
Final Word
Unless he gives up this game
It's just Cops and Robbers that
he and Dick play
But things still go on all the same."

They reached John for comment
He smiled silyly,
"Martha is leaving?
Well that's news to me!"

Now Richard told John,
"Your woman, she's too free!
I'm for Women's Liberation
But...to a degree."

Martha cautioned John,
"Your head will end up on a plate
If Sweet Miss Martha tells the truth
About the Watergate."

So John packed his bags
And headed back out to the farm
He's been put out to pasture
For causing Martha harm.

"This politics is a dirty game
I won't stand for this display!
John, John, the Grey Goose is gone
Come on back home to stay."

In the middle of the month of June
Martha Mitchell headed West
To her California Villa
To recline, relax, and rest.

She had to do some business too
To party and to squawk
There were some GOP Big Wigs
With whom she had to talk.

On that early summer evening
While Martha's tongue wagged free
She called her favorite Newspaperman
Back in Washington, D.C.

And while she blabbed on Coast-
to-Coast
Giving out with all her gall
A Nixon Re-election Guard broke
into her room
And pulled her phone out of the wall.

Matters were made much worse,
my friends,
Now I want to make this perfectly
clear



LET IT ROAR LIKE THE FLOOD

Words & Music by LARRY ESTRIDGE

Copyright 1973 Larry Estridge

FREELY

Now those high rollin' cats they tell me That there are some ways you must bend, I just can-not lend my hands, my friends, To what I don't believe in. The time is too brief to sell it so cheap And it's all I have got to spend, The life I will lead is the one that is free and I won't go back a-gain~ So let it roar like the flood, it just is in my blood, And I will make my stand right here; Let it roar like the flood, it just is in my blood, And I will make my stand quite clear.

Now those high rollin' cats they tell me
That there are some ways you must bend
I just cannot lend my hands, my friends
To what I don't believe in
The time is too brief to sell it so cheap
And it's all I have got to spend
The life I will lead is the one that is free
And I won't go back again.

So let it roar like the flood, it just is in my blood
And I will make my stand right here
Let it roar like the flood, it just is in my blood
And I will make my stand quite clear.

Now, I ain't no ruler or master
And I ain't no jack of spades
And I ain't no card for anyone
Who would call me by a different name
And I cannot be your tom-boy
And I can't be no one's god
And I cannot be your servant
And I will not be your thug.

So let it roar like the flood, it just is in my blood
And I will make my stand quite clear
Let them raise up the winds until I am pinned
I will make my stand right here.

Now, all my wooden friends
Of all my days gone by
How come you do seem to turn like you do
How come you're like the tide
And when the seas get a little rough
You go in heading for the shore
Well, don't mind me, this ain't no third degree
Just fight until you can't do no more.

"LET IT ROAR LIKE THE FLOOD" Continued

But let it roar like the flood, it just is in
my blood
And I will make my stand quite clear
There's a time for to run and there's a time
for to stay
And yes there's a time for to vanquish fear.

Well on all sides the sea is closing
People say they're getting ready for the
long haul
I just might be wrong, it's sure getting
pretty cold
But I know there's some ways I won't fall
I won't fall in by the department
And I won't fall for any party line
I don't know what it means, but I'm telling
you it seems
That compromise is on the rise.

Ah but let it roar like the flood (etc).
And I will make my stand quite clear
Let them raise up the winds until I am pinned
I will make my stand right here.

Ah but see they have made me a junkie
And maybe they will coax me down
And I'll sink myself into a cadillac
And I'll just make my way uptown
And I'm going to a resort in the Bahamas
And I'm making that Woodstock scene
I'm just doing research although sometimes
it hurts
It's all in the way you dream.

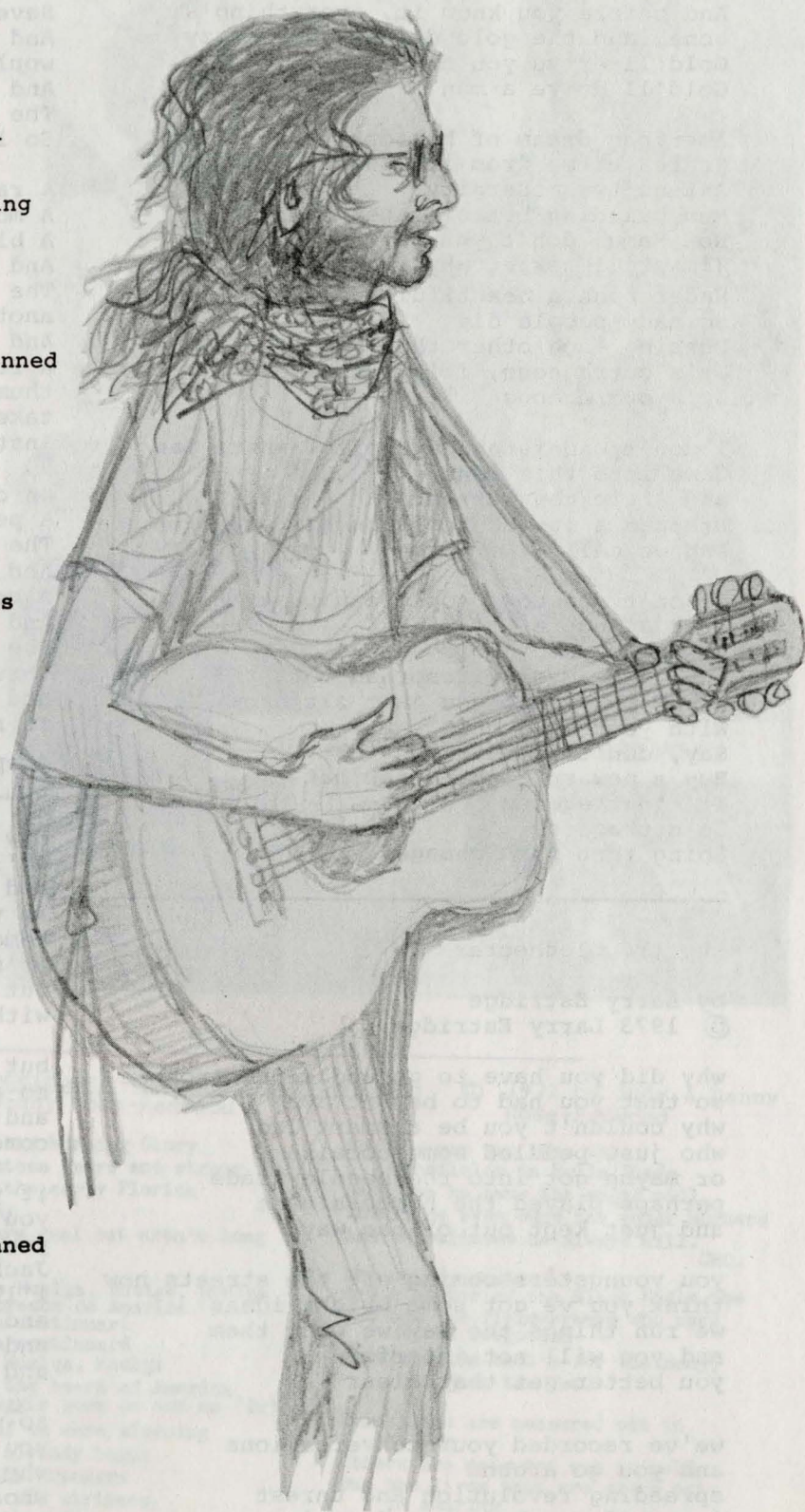
So let it roar like the flood (etc)
And I will make my stand quite clear
There's a time for to run and there's a
time for to stay
And there's a time for to vanquish fear.

Last year there was a people's army, yeah
And this year there's a people's war
Among all them downs they've been passing
around
People hold out their hands for more
And all the crap on the tables
And all those words that fall
I have been meaning to split cause I just
don't seem to fit
So much seems off the wall.

Ah but let it roar like the flood (etc)
And I will make my stand quite clear
Let them raise up the winds until I am pinned
I will make my stand right here.

Now, I've been through several seasons
And all the reasons, they seem to change
I don't trust no man or woman at hand
Except the ones I can really feel
And those who would speak of madmen
And those who would put me down
And those who preach I just cannot reach
Their words are so far from the ground.

But let it roar like the flood (etc)
And I will make my stand quite clear
There's a time for to run and yes there's
a time for to stay
And there's a time for to vanquish fear
yeah, yeah.



**LARRY
ESTRIDGE**

IT'S OUTRAGEOUS by Larry Estridge
© 1973 Larry Estridge

I don't understand my fellow white man
Came into this land
and a sickness spread
said; we want a few farms,
we won't do you any harm
want to build a few roads
And before you know it, everything's
gone, and the gold drives them crazy
Gold'll drive you crazy
Gold'll drive a man

American dream of history
Stares at me from its pages
Antiquity, modernity
Man building better cages
Now Mama, don't you tell me no lies
I'm still asking why
Under such a beautiful sky
So many people die
Putting each other thru such changes
It's outrageous, it's outrageous
It's outrageous

I don't understand my fellow white man
Came into this land
and a sickness spread
Dropped a lot of bombs on Vietnam
And we call it freedom

I don't see how people can practice
such slaughter
How come nothing is done
In the face of widespread torture?
Now Mama, won't you just sit back
With your idle chat
Say, don't get hung on that
Buy a new suit get a new hat
It's outrageous
So outrageous
Going thru such changes

the troubleshooter

by Larry Estridge
© 1973 Larry Estridge

why did you have to go and cause trouble
so that you had to be put away
why couldn't you be a smart lad
who just peddled some cocaine
or maybe got into the needle trade
perhaps played the numbers game
and just kept out of the way

you youngsters coming off the streets now
think you've got some bright ideas
we run things the way we want them
and you will not interfere
you better get that clear

we've recorded your conversations
and you go around
spreading revolution and unrest
i warned you before a few times
i guess you didn't think i was serious

THE AVIARY SONG by Larry Estridge
© 1973 Larry Estridge

A gaggle of geese honk for peace
A squadron of gulls scream of bombs
A flock of doves sing of love
A nation of ducks squaks So What?
Several wrens say Never Again
And tho a nightingale
would end the tale
And a humming bird needs no word
The eagle flies yet proudly
So loudly

A raven sits outside my window
A mockingbird whistles in a tree
A bluejay just made a fast getaway
And a white crane stalks the street
The parrots have just been thrown
another carrot
And an owl screws on his head
A robin of the rose heart
thumps in the cold and the vultures
take them all for dead
Instead

An ostritch streaks past in a flash
A peacock hides in the wood
The hens are locked in the pens
And the pheasant has gone for good
A cockatoo screams It's all Obscene!
And a condor waits in his cave
The thrush move quietly
thru the brush
And the mynah bird's come of age
In rage

(repeat 1st verse)

now why do you have to go causing trouble
we'll put you in the hole
and what will happen to you
is very hard to tell
some boys just seem to get real crazy
it's something to be seen
but we try to keep them quiet
with a little thorazine

but some just refuse to learn
so axe handles prove quite useful
and a little tear gas now and then
comes in quite handy as well

if you go on causing us problems
you never can tell but one of these days
you just might try to escape like George
Jackson - i'll be waiting
i'll put a bullet in your brain
and i'm sure i'll get a raise
and a letter of commendation
and some kind of decoration

so why do you have to cause us trouble
you'll have to be put away
why couldn't you be a smart lad
who peddled some cocaine
or maybe got into the needle trade
perhaps played the numbers game
and just kept out of the way

WHITE BLOSSOM
(BACH MAI)

Words & music by
Judy & Danny
Rose-Redwood

© 1973 by J & D
Rose-Redwood

The town that I live in
between the foothills
and the bay
is filled with many
good people
that's why I've chosen
to stay

CHORUS

And every time
a war plane flies
Every time
an Asian dies
Palo Alto profits rise
Can you see the dollar
signs in the dead
mens' eyes?

The houses and the
treelined streets
so peaceful
in the morning rain
can make you feel
contented
Help you escape
other peoples' pain

CHORUS

and the trees
that are still
alive
cry out
BACH MAI
BACH MAI
and the people
who are still
alive
cry out
don't leave
them there
to die

CHORUS



JUDY & DANNY ROSE-REDWOOD

La Lucha Continuará (The Struggle Goes On)
by Judy & Danny Rose-Redwood

© 1972 by Judy & Danny
Rose-Redwood

They called her Morning Glory
She was eighteen years and strong
She died in the early Florida
morning
Some lives are real but aren't long

Now the man who owns the
canefields in Belle Glade
Same man he owns the sugar mill
Thinks he even owns the sugar workers
And he believes he always will.
CHO.

CHO: And it's Huelga, Huelga, Huelga
En el corazón de America
La lucha continuará
La lucha continuará
Huelga, Huelga, Huelga
Deep in the heart of America
The struggle goes on and on (2x)

She was my sister
And a sister of the Black Eagle too
And now the fieldworkers who used
to be forgotten
Have a union that's for the many,
not just the few.

While most of us were sleeping
Her day had already begun
Talking to the truckers
Working with the strikers
Waiting for the rising of the sun
Waiting for the rising of the sun.

Some lives are measured out in
silver
Others are measured out in gold
But the lives that are given out
in sharing
These are the richest ones I know.
CHO.

THE BALLAD OF FRANK CLEARWATER

Words & Music by RON TURNER

© 1973 Ron Turner

Frank Clearwater was shot in the head, One A-pache who longed to be free. He dared to raise his voice and his hand - Bury him at Wounded Knee. (Cho) For a man that lives with death all around Knows his own days are numbered and few; Frank Clearwater cried out with his voice To be heard by me and you.

Starve them or shoot them was just policy/Set by the government
The Indians were forced inside a church/Word came that food would be sent

But the food to come would not feed his heart/Frank Clearwater held his head high
He stood for the innocent and spoke for the brave/As bitterness burned in his eyes

"We are not free to choose our own men/To speak for us and the land
The courts provide for the enemy outside/But there are no courts for Indians

Look to the hills, our enemy surrounds/Like vultures who wait for the kill
And all of this land, and all of its wealth/Could never their hunger fill

Im sick of the lies, I'm sick of the deeds/You'd have to be blind to not see
A great tribe of Sioux was once slaughtered here/Is there no death with dignity

Men counsel us with peace on their lips/But their words are heavy with lies
The treaties to which our red hand is forced/To us say 'Surrender or die.'

When all confusion has cleared from the plains/And the soldiers have pulled out
And the sound of battle fades in the sun/And the smoke of the guns drifts about

then the soldier guard, Private William Gentles, thrust his bayonet deep into Crazy Horse's abdomen.
Crazy Horse died that night, September 5, 1877, at the age of thirty-five. At dawn the next day the soldiers presented the dead chief to his father and mother.
Through the crisp dry autumn of 1877, long lines of exiled Indians driven by soldiers marched northeastward toward the barren land. Along the way, several bands slipped away from the column and turned northwestward, determined to escape to Canada and join Sitting Bull. With them went the father and mother of Crazy Horse, carrying the heart and bones of their son. At a place known only to them they buried Crazy Horse somewhere near Chankpe Opi Wakpala, the creek called Wounded Knee.

We must not be forgotten here/One thing must not fail
Someone will rise to stand in my place/And bear the truth of our tale."

The face of his wife and the child that she bore/Caused him to catch his breath
For troubled in sleep he'd seen in a dream/The coming of his death

Cho. For a man that lives....

Across the sky, two planes were seen/Food and supplies were dropped down
One helicopter, an angel of death/Hovered over the ground

One eye sighted through the scope of a gun/At the figure outside the door
One bullet was fired and true to its mark/Frank Clearwater'd live no more

As the crack of the rifle died in the wind/A death wail was heard overhead
And the child inside a young mother's womb/Would be born to a father who's dead

As his blood mixed with the bones in the ground/Frank Clearwater lifted his eyes
A crazy horse reared on its legs/And pawed at the clouds in the sky

Cho. For a man that lives.....

His wife came running and tore at her hair/Tremblin' as she cried
To die on one's feet or live on one's knees/For this Frank Clearwater died

Wild coyotes howl in the night/All across the lone prairie
Frank Clearwater was gathered away/By the wind that sweeps Wounded Knee

For a man that lives with death all around/Knows his own days are numbered
and few

Frank Clearwater cried out with his voice/Who'll cry out for me and you.

Wounded Knee

The second battle of Wounded Knee has ended in an historic victory for the Native American peoples of this continent.

This small South Dakota town has been a symbol of the infamy of U.S. extermination of the Indian peoples—ever since the brutal murder of 300 Indians by the U.S. cavalry 80 years ago.

But today, Wounded Knee is known throughout the world as a symbol of anti-imperialist resistance. The staunchness and heroism of the 200 Native Americans who occupied the town of Wounded Knee for 70 days in the face of the armed might of the U.S. military machine was a living message of solidarity from the heartland of U.S. imperialism to all peoples throughout the world struggling for independence and liberation.

In describing the outcome of this struggle as a "victory," neither we nor the Native American movement have any illusion that the demands of the Indian peoples have been won. Indeed, the demands of the Indians for elementary justice touch on so many fundamental questions of property, exploitation and racism that they cannot be achieved separately from a socialist revolution in the United States.

TRIUMPH

But the ability of those who occupied Wounded Knee to defy the U.S. government for more than two months in the face of the fiercest kinds of threats, intimidations and murderous assaults must be seen as a triumph of the growing movement of Native Americans for liberation.

What stayed the hand of Nixon and the military machine? Surely, they could have murdered the 200 Indians in Wounded Knee if they had chosen to do so.

What held them back was the memory of Attica, of Kent State, of My Lai. The outrage of the world and the heightened anti-imperialist consciousness of the American people as the result of those massacres were a high price that the imperialists paid when they used the naked armed power of their state to repress the legitimate resistance of the people.

MONDAY, APRIL 30, 1973

PINE RIDGE, S.D., April 29—Government negotiators met with Indian factions tonight to try to relieve a crisis created by attempts of the American Indian Movement to bury a slain Apache on sacred Sioux ground.

The dead Apache, Frank Clearwater, died Wednesday after being hit by a bullet in a gun battle between United States marshals and 200 militants holding Wounded Knee.

Leaders of the American Indian Movement—one of the groups that seized the historic Indian village on Feb. 27—said they were determined to bury Mr. Clearwater at Wounded Knee over the objections of the Oglala Sioux, on whose reservation the village sits.

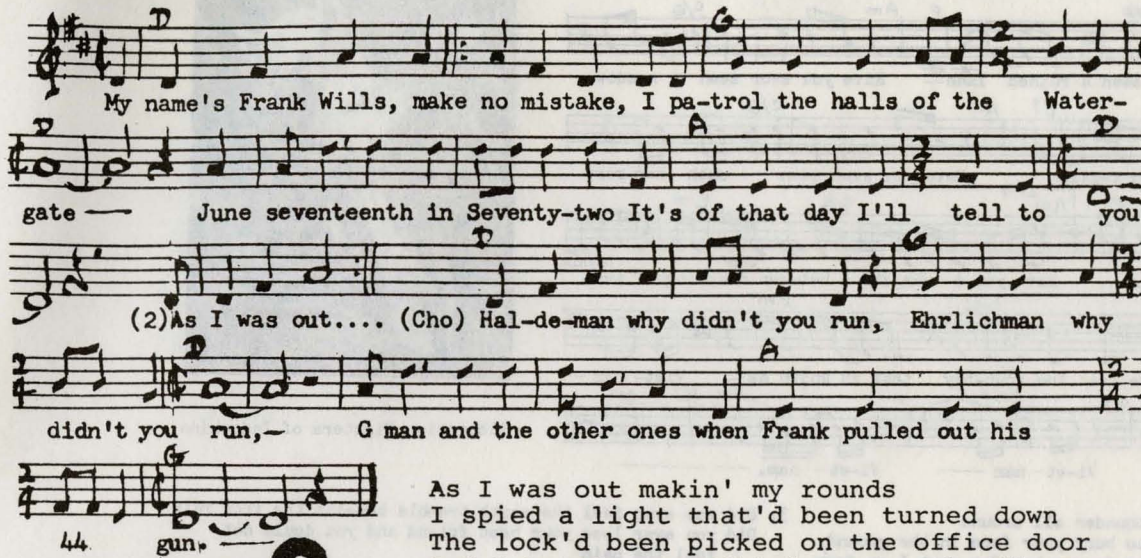
BROADSIDE #123

THE BALLAD of FRANK WILLS

Watergate
Produces

Words & Music by
RON TURNER

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RON TURNER



As I was out makin' my rounds
I spied a light that'd been turned down
The lock'd been picked on the office door
And I heard men walkin' across the floor

I pulled out my gun and stepped inside
Said "Freeze where you are and hold 'em high.
I represent the law of the United States
If you wanna, try and make a break." CHO.



Associated Press
Frank Wills

One Hero

"Officer, you've made a mistake,
We're the President's Counsel to the United States."
And I said, "I'm the President's son,
One false move and I use my gun."

Took out my cuffs, they flashed and shined
Linked their hands all down the line
"Look lively now and march outside,
You're goin' for a little ride."

Down Independence Avenue
'Cross Pennsylvania too
Up Constitution Boulevard
Straight into the police yard.

Each man made his one phone call
Phones started ringin' in the White House halls
Word came down from Number One
"Cover up everything you've done." CHO.

When caught red handed, one and all
Each one was afraid to fall
When pointin' out who's in command
They each pointed to a different man

Mitchell I'm told, was the smartest one
When the story broke, away he run
When I get my cuffs around him too
No more lawyerin' will he do

"I know who's guilty," said John Dean
Speakin' from his bended knees
"Everything I know I'll gladly tell
Just keep me out of that jailhouse cell."

Haldeman and Ehrlichman Roles in Break-In

BROADSIDE #123

— NEW YORK TIMES

The Watergate Winner

WASHINGTON (WP) — Frank Wills, the \$80-a-week security guard whose alertness led to the discovery of the Watergate break-in, has hired a lawyer and is charging "honorariums" for interviews.

Wills hired Dorsey Evans, a Washington lawyer, to represent him in negotiations with news organizations. So far, Evans said yesterday, Wills has collected more than \$800 in return for granting interviews and allowing his picture to be taken.

Wills, 25, a native of South Carolina, was working as a security guard at the Watergate last June 17 when he noticed that two doors would not lock when closed. He called Metropolitan police, who discovered five men wearing surgical gloves inside the Democratic national headquarters. Thus began the Watergate scandal.

Wills is still a security guard, now earning \$85 a week.

Too bad 'bout Mr. FBI
To help his friends so he tried
Took his orders, did as he's told
Didn't you see that grey head roll?

Had no faces, had no names
Felt no guilt, felt no shame
Now we know them very well
But I'm lookin' at seven empty cells. CHO.



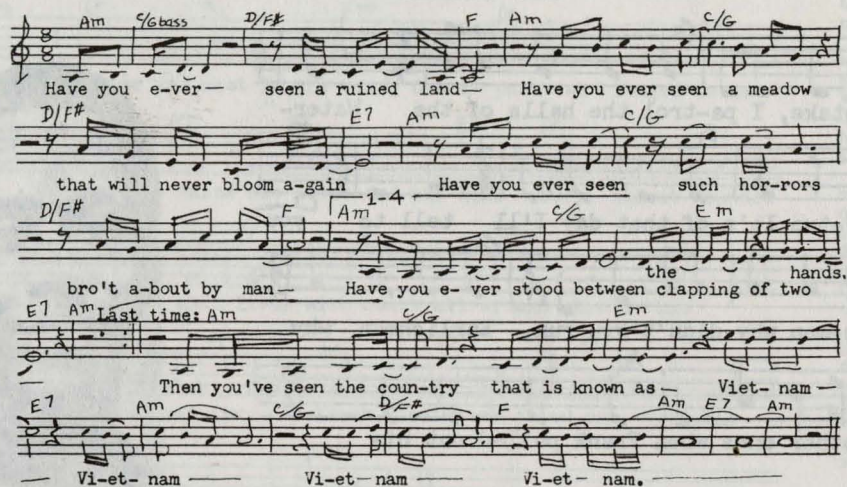
headquarters. Eventually, someone whispered over the walkie-talkie: "They've got us." The next thing he knew, Hunt stormed into the room, made a hurried trip to the bathroom, then darted out again, shouting to Baldwin to pick up the electronic equipment and the logs of the tapes and run. Baldwin called after the fleeing Hunt: "Does this mean I won't be going to [the convention in] Miami?"

VIETNAM

Words and Music By

Paul Kaplan

© 1972 by Paul Kaplan



Liberation Fighters of Indochina

2. Have you ever heard thunder all around
Have you ever tried to bury your face in the ground
Have you ever cried to Heaven how far must I go down
Did you ever know your screaming didn't make a sound
3. Did you ever feel the earth tremble beneath the iron rain
Did you ever lose your best friend and you could not feel the pain
Did you ever kill a man and you did not know his name
Did you ever try to rise up when your head was hung in shame.
4. The Romans burned Carthage to win the Punic War/And nothing grew but misery for a thousand years or more
All the children lost their future with their fathers and their home
How do I know about it, it was written down in Rome. (Repeat First Verse, new last line)

OTHER BROADSIDE RECORDS

BR 301 BROADSIDE BALLADS, VOL. 1, 14 original songs performed by Blind Boy Grunt (a pseudonym for Bob Dylan), Phil Ochs, Peter La Farge, Mark Spoelstra, The Freedom Singers, Pete Seeger, Gil Turner, Happy Traum, Matt McGinn, The New World Singers.
1-12" LP

BR 302 LITTLE BOXES and other Broadside Ballads, sung by Pete Seeger. 14 topical songs by Tom Paxton, Bob Dylan, Malvina Reynolds, Phil Ochs, Peter La Farge, others. With complete song texts.
1-12" LP

BR 303 BROADSIDE SINGERS, 15 songs from the pages of the topical song magazine, Broadside, as performed by their authors, incl. Tom Paxton, Len Chandler, Buffy Sainte-Marie, Bob Dylan, Pat Sky, Malvina Reynolds, Eric Anderson, Phil Ochs, others. With complete song texts.
1-12" LP

BR 306 THE TIME WILL COME, the next generation (1966-67) of topical song-writers singing their own compositions. Elaine White, Chris Gaylord, Matthew Jones, Tom Parrot, Blind Girl Grunt, Teatro Campesino, Will McLean, Paul Kaplan, Zahcary 2. With complete song texts.
1-12" LP

TIME IS RUNNING OUT BRS 312

Songs of protest and revolution
by WENDE SMITH, JIMMY COLLIER,
MIKE MILLIUS, TOM PARROT, WES
HOUSTON, ROLAND MOUSAA, ANNE
ROMAINE.

REUNION

VOLUME 6 FR 531

REUNION is a collection songs assembled by Gordon and Agnes Friesen either from their tape archive or from the many Broadside concerts of yore. Many of the performers are now established; a few are stars. Blind Boy Grunt (Bob Dylan) has four songs on the album including his major civil rights pieces, "Ballad of Emmett Till" and "Ballad of Donald White." Phil Ochs is represented with two pieces. Tom Paxton's "The Train for Auschwitz" appears. This piece is of particular interest as Paxton was virtually forced to cease singing it. It was too powerful for many people. The late Peter LaFarge, an Indian singer before his time, has two selections on the album. Eric Anderson, Mike Millius, Len Chandler, and others also contribute. The recording quality is poor, yet the Zeitgeist is clear. The statement is important, the music secondary. By 1965 this would change. REUNION is a far cry from the Jack Linkletter Hootenanny show. It is not slick, but believable and exciting. For many of us who were a part of the early 1960s folk scene, REUNION is just that nostalgia as much as Richard Nader's Square garden parties. Many of the selections by today's standards are sophomoric, but some still carry considerable impact. "Train for Auschwitz" remains a "mind blower." REUNION is a historical document. It is also musically sound. An important record in the evolution of the American protest song. R. Serge Denisoff --in Popular Music & Society
Bowling Green State University

Broadside Records

701 7th Ave. New York, N. Y. 10036

(For back issues of BROADSIDE MAGAZINE, write Broadside, 215 W. 98 St. NY, NY 10025)