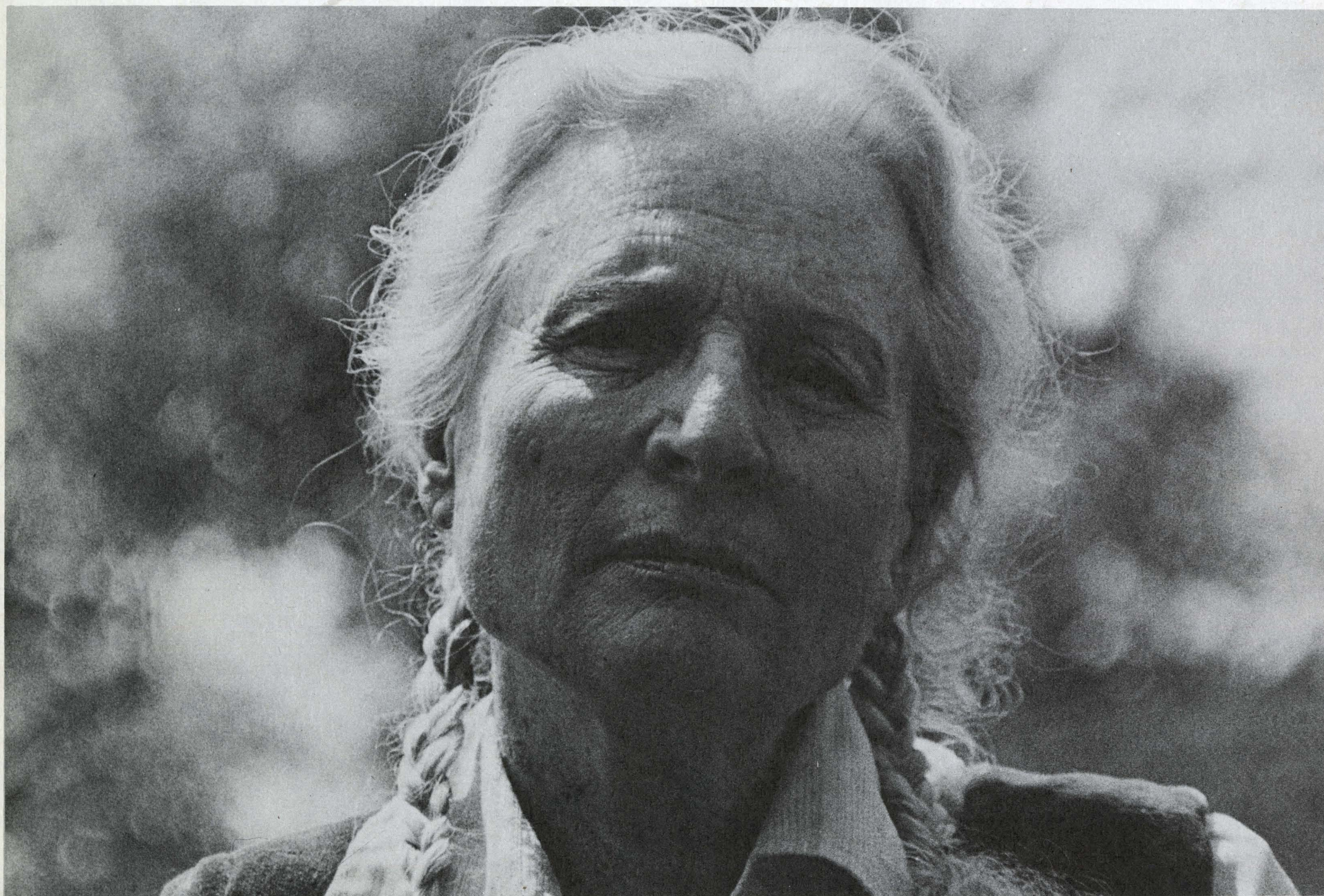


BROADSIDE NO. 9

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FH 5319

# SUNDOWN



**AGNES 'SIS' CUNNINGHAM**  
Sings Her Own Songs & A Few Old Favorites

# SUNDOWN



WOODY GUTHRIE AS A  
HIGH SCHOOL KID IN  
OKEMAH, OKLAHOMA.



IF IT HAD NOT BEEN EVE, BUT SIS'S GRAND-  
DAUGHTER ELLIE, SHE WOULD HAVE EATEN THE  
APPLE.

Photo by Oliver Friesen

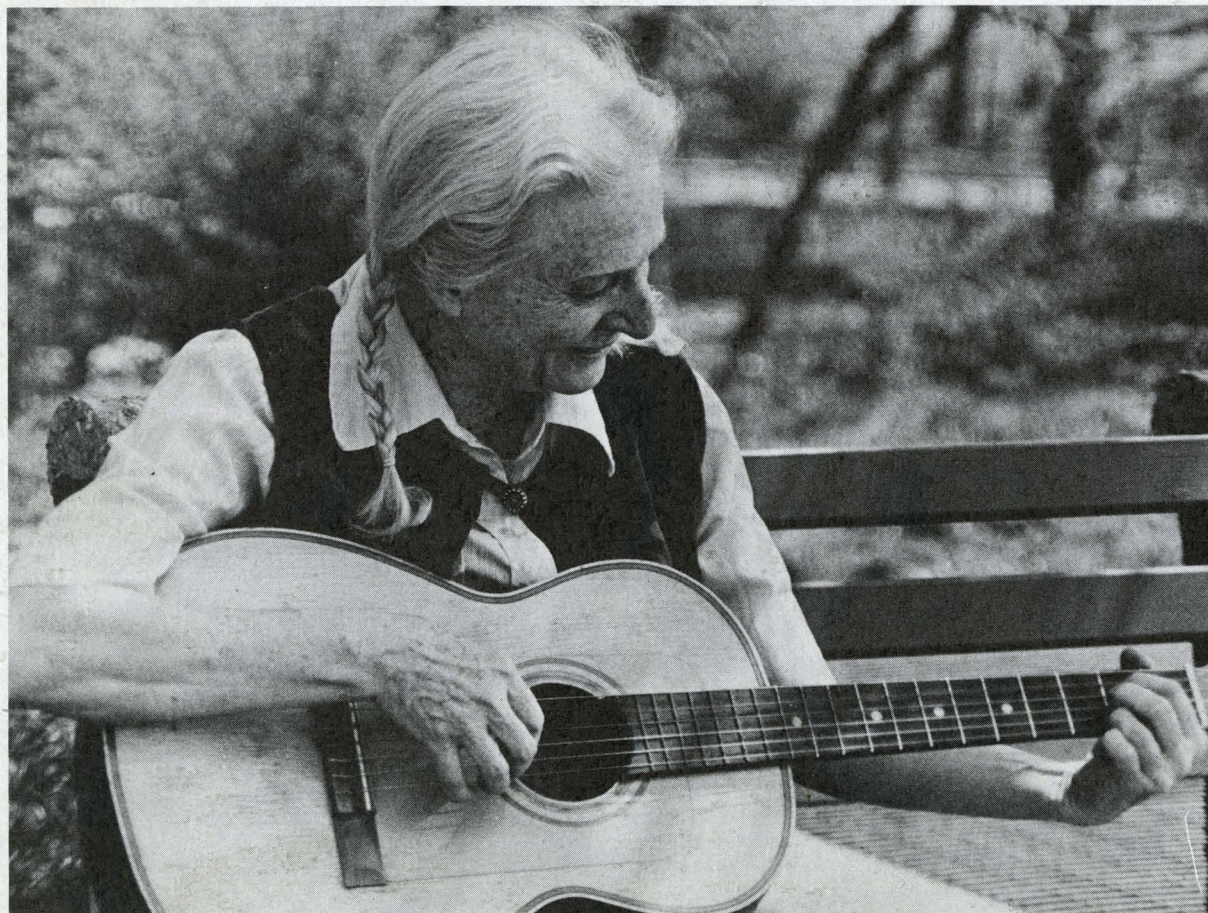


Photo: David Bookbinder

THIS ALBUM WAS CO-PRODUCED BY PAUL KAPLAN AND GORDON FRIESEN, WHO TOOK OVER FROM PHIL OCHS. WHEN PHIL WAS PRODUCING SAMMY WALKER'S "SONG FOR PATTY" FOLKWAYS/BROADSIDE VOL. 8) HE TOLD SIS "THE NEXT RECORD I'M GOING TO PRODUCE WILL BE YOURS." HE SUGGESTED A NUMBER OF SONGS SHE SHOULD PUT ON THE ALBUM. "I'M GOING ON TOUR" PHIL SAID. "AS SOON AS I GET BACK WE'RE STARTING ON YOUR L-P." WE ALL KNOW NOW HOW PHIL'S LAST "TOUR" ENDED.

## SIDE 1

1. SUNDOWN
2. HOW CAN YOU KEEP ON MOVIN'
3. EVICTED TENANT — Icie J. Lawrence

The next four songs were written  
by Sis for the Red Dust Players.

4. OIL DERRICK BY WEST TULSA
5. MISTER CONGRESSMAN
6. NO MORE STORE BOUGHT TEETH
7. STRANGE THINGS HAPPENIN'
8. IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY — Trad.  
(With Mike Millius, vocal;  
Wes Houston, guitar & harmonica)

## SIDE 2

1. WILD RIPPLING WATERS — Trad.  
(Sis & Mark Cohen, guitar;  
Paul Kaplan, harmonica)
2. MY OKLAHOMA HOME — Sis & Bill Cunningham
3. JAY GOULD'S DAUGHTER — Traditional  
(With Wes Houston & Mike Millius)
4. SEND WORD TO THE PILOT  
(With Mark Cohen)
5. FAYETTE COUNTY  
(With Mark Cohen & Paul Kaplan)
6. BUT IF I ASK THEM  
(With Mark Cohen)
7. GREAT DUST STORM — Woody Guthrie

All songs on this album written by  
Sis Cunningham unless otherwise  
indicated. Also indicated is when  
other musicians accompany her singing.

"My Oklahoma Home" ©1961 Fall River Music  
"Fayette County" ©1961 Stormking Music  
"Great Dust Storm" ©1963 Ludlow Music

SUNDOWN is the 9th LP Album issued by  
Moses Asch of Folkways for Broadside  
Magazine. Broadside, co-edited by Agnes  
Cunningham & Gordon Friesen, is now in  
its 15th year. Its main purpose has always  
been to publish new young topical  
songwriters — its latest "discoveries"  
are Willie Nile, Mark Cohen and Sammy  
Walker. Complete sets of Broadside —  
Nos. 1-132 (1962-76) — are still available.  
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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

COVER DESIGN BY GORDON FRIESEN

COVER PHOTO BY DAVID BOOKBINDER

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# BROADSIDE Vol. 9

## SUNDOWN

BY agnes cunningham

Copyright © 1975 Agnes Cunningham

Down in the cotton row- pickin in the sun Wishin to the Lord that the day was  
done Sack gettin heavy -- Sun gettin hot I'm wishin for a little what the boss has  
got A dipper a-water -- fresh from the well A patch a-shade to sit for a  
spell Down in the cotton row- bendin low Think I'm goin where cot-ton don't  
grow. (CHO) Get a- way from here Get a- way ---- Get a- way. (continued)



"Sharecropper's Family, Hale County, Alabama, March, 1936," By WALKER EVANS

(This Brochure designed & prepared by A.Cunningham & G.Friesen, Editors of BROADSIDE.)

Hurry, hurry, thru the long long days.  
And a fightin' the knats from outa my face  
Boss he says, when the crop's all in  
Don't owe us nothin', but we owes him  
When he pays him off at 40 percent  
Our share a the cotton done came and went  
We's livin' in slavery, but a-thinkin' free  
Goin' to find us a better place to be (CHO)

Down in the cotton row, snappin bolls  
Nothin to show but shoes full-a holes  
Bollies gettin thin -- everyday less  
Can't even earn me a cotton dress  
See the little kids up and down that row  
Mean old chilly wind a-startin to blow  
Rags is a-flappin like an old scarecrow  
Winter's comin and we just gotta go (CHO)

Travelin North, snow is a-blowin  
Travelin South, more cotton growin  
Travelin East, same old thing  
Pickin in the fall and a-choppin in the spring  
Travelin West, ain't nothin worse  
All them Okies got there first  
Season's slack, work's all done  
Told us all, get on back home (CHO)

Back in cottonland, livin in a tent  
Car broke down, and money spent  
Preacher says pray for your lives  
Union man says "Organize"  
Well the very first meetin we did call  
Them bullets came through the churchhouse wall  
Planters don't 'llow no Union here  
Machine gun's speakin it mighty clear (CHO)

They shot my brother, they jailed my man  
Run my family off the land  
But one thing sure we ain't alone  
So we keep on hangin' on  
No more croppin', just workin' by the day  
Kids don't eat when their Daddy's away  
So here I am with a goddam hoe  
Thinkin' I'm goin' where cotton don't grow.  
(CHO)

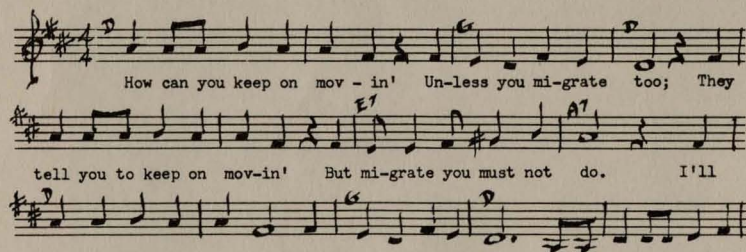
This old cotton row looks seven miles long  
Seven verses to this song  
I pick up my hoe and I start to chop  
And I know this ain't the bosses crop  
Belongs to the people that works this ground  
And we don't need no boss around  
If we can use a hoe, we can use a gun  
Now, boss, it's time for you to run. (CHO)




"SUNDOWN" was written in '37, more than a year before the Highway 61 Demonstration in the Missouri Bootheel, one of the most dramatic this country has ever seen. I wrote the song for the field hands of the Cotton Belt, - especially for the women, the folks I got to know at the Muskogee STFU Convention & in my organizing work.-A.C.

HOW CAN YOU KEEP ON MOVIN'


Words & Music: Agnes Cunningham - ©1945 & 1971 Agnes Cunningham



tell you why I'm mov-in', The reason why I roam Is to get to a new lo-



4. The scenery by the roadside  
Is a mighty dreary sight  
If in this whole wide country  
You've got no place to light.



cation And find my-self a home.

2. I can't go back to the homestead  
My shack no longer stands  
They said I wasn't needed  
Had no claim to the land  
They said you better get movin'  
That's the only thing for you  
But how can you keep on movin'  
Unless you migrate too.

3. And if you pitch your little tent  
Along the broad highway  
The Board of Sanitation says:  
Sorry, you cannot stay  
Go on, git along, git movin'  
Is their everlasting cry  
Can't stay, can't go back, can't migrate  
So where in the hell am I,

4. The scenery by the roadside  
Is a mighty dreary sight  
If in this whole wide country  
You've got no place to light  
I never was one for ramblin'  
My folks is the settlin' kind  
Got to keep on lookin for that home  
That I someday hope to find.
5. No, I cannot stand the miseries  
A followin me around  
Unless I'm looking forward  
To a place I can settle down  
So I guess we ought to talk things over  
And see what we can do  
Cause how can you keep on movin'  
Unless you migrate too.

Note: The song "How Can You Keep On Movin" comes out of the late thirties when certain states, especially California, were posting signs at roads crossing their borders: **NO MORE MIGRATION.** Armed guards were stationed at these points to direct homeseekers to turn around and "keep moving."



SONG OF THE EVICTED TENANT

By Icie Jewell Lawrence (age 11)

Collected 1937 by Agnes Cunningham

Way down in old St. Francis bottom  
Where they call it the Devil's Den  
Where many a poor tenant has lost  
their home  
And me, O God, I'm one.

And me, O God, I'm one.

About the twentieth of January  
When God sent a great big flood  
It run the planters from their

beautiful homes

And now they live in tents.

The planter said to the tenants one morning

"Oh, boys, how do you like this?"  
"Oh, boss, it ain't a-hurting me"  
The tenants said to him.

"For if you live in a refugee camp  
Or in some tenants' home  
You'd learn not to be a-feared of ice  
Or fear the burnin' sun.

"Oh, boss, don't you see where you  
done wrong

When you threw me out of my shack  
And I had to build me a tent  
Out of my old picksack."

Adaptation ©1976 Agnes Cunningham

( 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 )

# AN OIL DERRICK OUT BY WEST TULSA

By Sis Cunningham - © 1976 Sis Cunningham

Oh an oil derrick out by West Tulsa  
Lives in my memory  
It reminds me of Judge Denton  
He spent all his time inventin'  
How to cheat every man he did see.

Now the Judge was a crafty old chisler  
With an anti-union policy  
Well the Union didn't like it  
So they up and called a strike at  
The Mid-Continent Refinery.

Now the Judge started herding the scabs in  
His finks and his gangsters were there  
He started shelling out the cash  
To rats and thugs and all such trash  
And the Tulsa Tribune got its share.

Say goodbye, say goodbye  
Say goodbye to the Judge and his gang  
When the workers started chasin'  
The Judge he started racin'  
Cause he knew is they caught him he  
would hang.

So they chased him right out to the oil  
field  
And he shouted as he climbed up the rig  
"If you hang me I will haunt you!"  
They said "Sorry to disappoint you,  
But we'll bury you face down and let you  
dig."

So the strikers climbed up on the  
crow's nest  
And they captured that crafty old bird  
Then they took a rope and strung him  
By the neck and then they hung him  
And now no more scabs does he herd.

Say goodbye, say goodbye  
We've come to the end of our lyric  
All those anti-union ginks  
Had better watch their step, by jinks,  
Or they too will hang from the derrick.

## NO MORE STORE-BOUGHT TEETH (The Medical Care Song)

By Sis Cunningham- © 1976 Sis Cunningham

No more store-bought teeth  
That fall out when you spit  
The dentist took our measurements  
And made us a pair that fit.

Grandma, she was deaf  
So we had to shout and cuss  
But since she got her hearing aid  
She cusses back at us.

Uncle Ned sat in his chair  
Because of poor eyesight  
But now he's got his glasses  
He goes courting every night.

Ma, she was so lame  
She'd hobble and she'd fall  
But since she got her braces  
She can outrun us all.

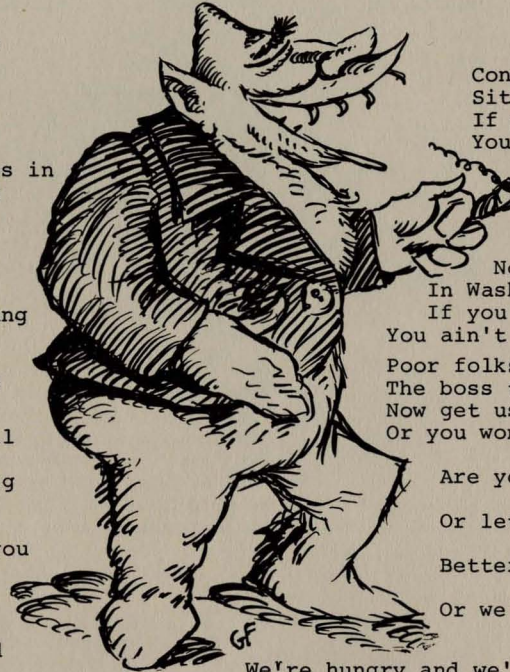
No more dizzy spells  
No spots before the eyes  
We got ourselves a doctor  
Since the Union put us wise

Oh the Union put us wise  
The Union put us wise  
We got ourselves a doctor  
Since the Union put us wise.

# MISTER CONGRESSMAN

*This interesting though perhaps overoptimistic threat to the men who under the constitutional balance of powers claim to represent the grass roots was written by Agnes (Sis) Cunningham, editor of Broadside, to fit "Little Brown Jug."*

From SONGS THAT CHANGED THE WORLD



Congressman, Mr. Congressman  
Sittin up there in Washington  
If you don't listen to our song  
You aint a-gonna be in Congress  
long.

Cho:

No, no, no, no-sir-ee  
In Washington you will not be  
If you don't listen to our song  
You ain't gonna be in Congress long  
Poor folks croppin on the shares  
The boss takes his & mine & theirs  
Now get us a good Farm-Labor Bill  
Or you won't be on Capitol Hill.

Cho.

Are you goin' to listen to  
what we say  
Or let the big boys have their  
way?  
Better get the poor folks  
point of view.  
Or we're damn sure not a-goin'  
to vote for you. Cho.

We're hungry and we're fightin mad  
The landhog's done took all we had  
Better stop helpin him kick us around  
Or you won't be in Washington. Cho.

Goats eat grass and so do I  
Since the price of grits has gone so high  
You better do something to bring it down  
Or get a one-way ticket to your home town. Cho.

The Tenant Union is here to stay  
We don't care what the landhogs say  
Now get us help and get it fast  
Or your job, it will not last. Cho.

© 1948 & 1976 by Sis Cunningham

## THERE ARE STRANGE THINGS HAPPENING

*In Arkansas, dispossessed sharecroppers bore the brunt of the hard times. John Handcox, an organizer for the union, wrote the song that tells of their plight. With this version by Chick and Sis Cunningham, published in Hard Hitting Songs for Hard Hit People. Used by permission.*

© 1976 Sis Cunningham

There are strange things happening in  
this land (repeat)  
Oh, the rich man boasts and brags  
While the poor man goes in rags  
There are strange things happening in  
this land.

There are strange things happening in  
this land (repeat)  
Oh, the farmer cannot eat  
'cause he's raised too much wheat  
There are strange things happening in  
this land.

## Strange Things--Cont'd

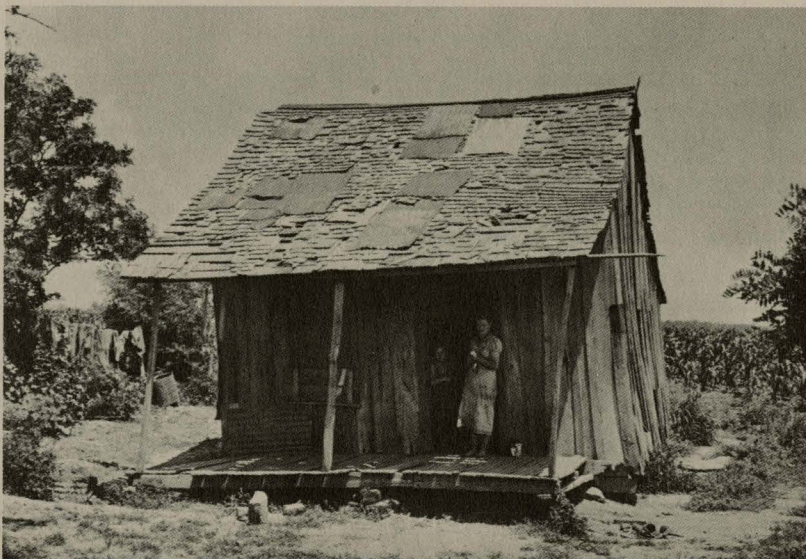
There are strange things happening in  
this land (repeat)  
Too much cotton in our sacks  
So we have none on our backs  
There are strange things happening in  
this land.

There are strange things happening in  
this land (repeat)  
Lots of groceries on the shelves  
But we have none for ourselves  
There are strange things happening in  
this land.

There are strange things happening in  
this land (repeat)  
Oh, we'll have even less to eat  
When the drums commence to beat  
There are strange things happening in  
this land.

There are strange things happening in  
this land (repeat)  
But when working men refuse to put on  
their old war shoes  
There'll be good things happening in  
this land.  
There'll be good things happening in  
this land (repeat)  
When the workers take a stand and unite  
in a solid band  
There'll be good things happening in  
this land.

(The above additional lyrics, these 7 verses to the John Handcox classic, were made up by my father and me in '37, shortly after I met Handcox at the Muskogee STFU Convention. These lyrics have been printed dozens of times, recorded, sung on nation-wide TV, used in labor musicals, & performed at who knows how many rallies & concerts. Only once did we get credit for them that I know of: Wanda Whitman's collection SONGS THAT CHANGED THE WORLD. Credit for the great sing-along chorus goes to John Handcox! -SC)



(This shack in Oklahoma is reminiscent of the ones where we gave Red Dust Player performances. Porches such as this were stages, however if the porch sagged as much as this one, we did the square dance -- which was our finale -- in the dusty weedy yard. Below we reprint the "Everybody Here Is Union Made" square dance from the book Hard Hitting Songs, Oak Publications, NY. The fine introduction was written by old friend and fellow Almanac, Woody Guthrie. - SC)

## Calls for an Honest Square Dance

If you don't know this dance already, look it over a couple of times and you'll catch on. Many's the night I didn't bat an eye at square dances all over the country. Many a blister I wore on my fingers a takin' my turn on the fiddle, guitar, and mandolin. I've hollered loud enough to scare half the bankers plumb out of the country, and heard folks laugh so much the sheriff couldn't stop 'em.

I ain't a gettin' a divorce from them good times, either. And I ain't forgettin' the good, honest, natural fun that folks can have when you give 'em half a chance -- I mean when they're workin' and a prosperin' and a gettin' by.

People is the gladdest, saddest, and sometimes the maddest things you ever seen. But in their square dances, they're at their gladdest and when you get it into your head, big boy, that you can take everything away from us, and all of our good honest fun, and laughin' and music and dancing -- you just naturally got another thought a comin'.

These here honest square dance calls was figured out by a mighty pretty Oklahoma girl, call her Agnes Cunningham -- with Oklahoma's pride and joy, the RED DUST PLAYERS.

EVERYBODY HERE IS UNION MADE - © 1976 Sis Cunningham

### Calls:

First couple, balance and swing,  
Down the center and divide the  
ring.  
Down the center and cast off six,  
The tenant farmer's in an awful  
fix.

Swing at the head and the foot  
couples too,  
Side four go right and left through.  
Beans all gone, there aint no more,  
Down the center and cast off four.

Swing at the head and the foot  
couples too,  
Side four go right and left through.  
Down the center and cut off two,  
What the heck can a poor man do?

Home you are and everybody swing,  
Alemande left, go around the ring.  
Eight millions acres of company  
land,  
Partner by the right, and right and  
left grand.

Meet your partner, promenade!  
Join the union, don't be afraid!

2nd couple balance and swing,  
Down the center and divide the  
ring.  
Gent to the left and lady to the  
right,  
The tenant union's gonna put up a  
fight.

Swing at the head and the foot  
couples too.  
Side four go right and left through.  
Down the center as you done before  
Down the center and cut off four.

Swing at the head and the foot  
couples too,  
Side four go right and left through.  
Better join the union too,  
Down the center and cast off two.

Home you are and everybody swing,  
Alemande left and go round the  
ring.  
Half the land is all dried out,  
Ant the rest is up the landhog's  
snout.

(cont'd)



Sis singing at a benefit for Oil Workers in Oklahoma in 1940, DX strike sticker on her accordion.

(Pictures on this page are by FSA photographer, Russell Lee.)

## Union Square Dance - cont'd

Meet your partner, promenade!  
Join the union, don't be afraid!

3rd couple balance and do the same,  
We aint playin' til they change the  
game.

Down the center and cast off six,  
The union's gonna see that they  
change it quick.

Swing your honey right off the floor,  
Recruiting officer, git away from  
my door.

You dont' catch me in the rich  
man's war.

Down the center and cast off four.

Swing at the head and the foot  
couple too,  
Side four right and left go through.  
Cast off two and before we're  
through,  
We're gonna cast off the landhog,  
too.

Home you are and everybody swing,  
Alemande left and go round the ring.  
Billions of dollars the oil man's  
makin  
While the Tax is added to the price  
of bacon.

This sorta thing has got to stop.  
Grab your partner and hippity hop.  
Grab your partner and promenade,  
Everybody here is a union made.

## IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY

Adapted from traditional. Arranged, and  
with new lyrics added by Sis Cunningham.  
© 1976 Sis Cunningham

It was in the merry month of May  
When I chanced to hear a lone cowboy say  
I left my home many years ago  
To ride the trail to Mexico

It was in the year of '83  
A man from Texas hired me  
He said: Young man I want you to go  
And follow my herd to Mexico

I left my darlin girl behind  
She said her heart was only mine  
Her caresses so soft, her kisses so sweet  
Said we'll be married next time we meet

Oh it was early in the year  
When I started out to drive those steers  
Thru sleet and snow, t'was a lonesome go  
As the herd rolled on to Mexico

When I arrived in Mexico  
I thought of my home but I could not go  
I wrote a letter to my dear  
But not a word from her did I hear

Many years had past when I reached my home  
Inquired for the girl I'd called my own  
They said she'd married a richer life  
Therefore, wild cowby, seek another wife

Oh buddy O buddy, please stay at home  
Don't be forever on the room  
There's many another girl more true than I  
So pray don't go where the bullets fly

Oh curse your gold and your silver too  
God pity a girl that won't prove true  
I'll travel high and I'll travel low  
And I'll stay on the trail to Mexico



"Croppin' On The Shares"

Drawing by Agnes Friesen

## WILD RIPPLIN' WATERS

As I was a-walkin and a-ramblin one day  
I spied a young couple a-comin my way  
One was a lady and a fair one was she  
The other a cowboy and a brave one were he.  
(Repeat last line)

Said, "Where are you goin my pretty young maid"  
"Just down by the river, just down by the shade  
Just down by the river in the beautiful spring  
See the wild ripplin waters, hear the nightin-  
gale sing" (2X)

They had not been there but an hour or so  
When he took from his satchel his fiddle and bow  
He tuned up his fiddle all on the high string  
And he played this tune over and over again (2X)  
"Now," said the cowboy, "I should have been gone"  
"No, no," said the maiden, "please play one more  
song  
For I'd rather hear the fiddle just played on  
one string  
Than to see the wild waters, hear the nightin-  
gale sing" (2X)

So he tuned up his fiddle and resined his bow  
And he played her a lecture before he did go  
He played her a lecture, made the whole valley  
ring  
"Hark, hark," said the maiden, "hear the night-  
ingale sing" (2X)

"Oh," said the maiden, "will you marry me?"  
"No, no," said the cowboy, "that never could be  
For I've a wife in Arizona and a lady is she  
And one wife on a cow ranch is a-plenty for me"  
(2X)

"Then I'll go to Mexico and stay 'bout a year  
I'll drink lots of sweet wine, I'll drink lots  
of beer  
And if I come back it will be in the spring  
See the wild ripplin waters, hear the nightin-  
gale sing" (2X)

"Oh, come all you maidens and listen to me  
Don't place your affection on a cowboy so free  
For he'll up and leave you like mine done to me  
Leave you to rock cradles, sing bye-o baby" (2X)

(Words from Library of Congress recordings: Alex Moore and  
E. N. Bowan. Tune tampered with by Sis Cunningham.)

BUT IF I ASK THEM

Words & Music by AGNES CUNNINGHAM

© Copyright 1975 by Agnes Cunningham

(Dedicated to Aunt Molly Jackson. I wrote it as though she herself is expressing her own life and songs. A.C.)

Have you written a folksong? I have, I have  
Have you written a folksong? I have  
Have you lived something and wrote it true? I have, I have  
Have you seen hell and rode it through? I have  
But it seems I've stayed around too long  
All they remember is my song  
And no one thought to wonder whose  
Here it was for them to use  
Maybe I never lived at all  
Just a voice from behind the wall  
Heard but not identified  
Could it be that I only cried?  
Have you looked through from the other side? I have

Did you sing your true song? I did, I did  
Did you sing your true song? I did  
When I was young and strong of voice, I did, I did  
Sing of a life that was not my choice, I did  
For all those ones I knew so well  
A story grown too hard to tell  
You don't know what was on my mind  
Unless you stood on the ragged line  
But the song became no longer mine  
They're singin' it now in their clothes so fine  
Did you taste that bitter wine? I did

Were you torn from your native ground? I was, I was  
Forever askin' where am I bound? I was  
Were you caught in the circumstance?—I was, I was  
Of always fightin' for one more chance? I was  
A sorrowful song from a weary heart  
Fifty years, yet another start  
The fast ones, slick ones hurried by  
Stealin' in the open, stealin' on the sly  
Carefully each careless thief  
Cashed in on another's grief  
Then went along on their separate ways  
But the one that's trapped is the one that stays  
Tryin' for a way out of the maze, as I was

Do you know why they sing my song? I do, I do  
Do you know why they sing my song? I do  
They cannot make one of their own as I do, I do  
So they take the meat and who gets the bone?  
They take the bread and who gets the stone? I do  
Schedules met and deadlines kept  
They see nothing they regret  
Promoters paid, producers praised  
Champagne poured and glasses raised  
'Round the ring a toast is said  
All too soon they pronounced me dead  
If I speak they hear me not  
But one of these days they'll try the lock  
And who holds the key they forgot? I do



AUNT MOLLY JACKSON

Sister Molly Jackson was a woman of the working classes in every sense of the word -- a fighter in deed and song for humanity. The month of September 1976 will be the 15th anniversary of her death, penniless and exploited. She tells it best herself in her last letter printed in SING OUT magazine back in 1960:

"Irwin Silber, my friend:-- I am sending you this letter as I have learned a lot about you...Not every one knows it but I am a poet. I compose a lot of songs that teaches people right from wrong. But I am a Kentucky mountain woman. I have outlived most of my relation...I am a coal miner's daughter & a coal miner's wife...lived in Kentucky until I was 51 years old. I was one of them union leaders that the coal operators had their gun-thugs to chase away in '31. I believe I have seen more poverty & suffering than any other poor woman that has ever lived in under the sun....I live alone, a widow. I am over 3,000 miles away from my old Kentucky home. Barely existing along on the old age pension. Nobody seems to pay me any attention. Only the folksong collectors that want me to teach them the songs I learned from my Kentucky ancestors 75 years ago. But if I ask them where I can get a few pennies for the songs I teach them, they just don't know.... I have had the songs I composed translated in 5 different languages & records made of my songs, but I have never received one cent from anyone out of all the protest songs I have composed. Now all I can do any more is to write true stories & compose true songs that will teach the people right from wrong. And if you can read my writing I will compose a nice union song & send it to you....Some of the people that is putting out records & using my songs think I am dead & I am forgotten. But I am not. All said and done, I am still standing by my unions, one for all and all for one, even if I am almost eighty-one....

Aunt Molly Jackson"

# My Oklahoma Home

(IT BLOWED AWAY)

By Sis & Bill Cunningham ©1961 Fall River Music, Inc

Have you heard the old timer, the story that he tells  
How he dreamed of a place to call his own  
Said I rode across the plains and I staked me our a claim  
And I settled down along the Cimarron.

It blew away, it blew away  
My Oklahoma home blew away  
It looked so green and fair when I build my shanty there

But my Oklahoma home it blew away.

I planted wheat and oats, got chickens and some shoats  
There's nothin I like better'n ham-and-eggs  
Got a mule to pull the plow, got an old red muley cow  
And I got a fancy mortgage on the place.

It blew away, it blew away  
All the crops I planted blew away  
You can't grow any grain it there isn't any rain  
All except the mortgage blew away.

It blew away my rooster, it blew away my hens  
The pigs and the cattle went astray  
All the crops I sowed went a-foggin down the road  
When my Oklahoma home it blew away.

It blew away, it blew away  
Everything I owned blew away  
I hollered and I cussed when my land went up in dust  
When my Oklahoma farm it blew away.

It looked so green and fair when I build my shanty there  
I figured that I was set for life

I put on my Sunday best, shiny shoes and checkered vest  
And I went to town and picked me out a wife.

She blew away, she blew away  
My Oklahoma woman blew away  
Just as I bent and kissed her she was picked up by twister

My Oklahoma woman blew away.

Then I was left alone a-listenin to the moan  
Of the wind around the corners of my shack  
So I took off down the road when the south wind blew  
A-travelin with the wind at my back.

I blew away, I blew away  
Chasin a dust cloud up ahead  
Once it looked so green and fair  
Now it's up there in the air  
My Oklahoma home is overhead.

Now no matter where I'm bound, my home is all around  
For Oklahoma dust is everywhere

Makes no difference where I'm walkin I can hear my chickens squawkin

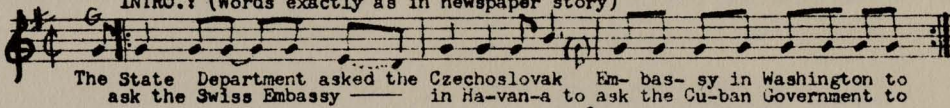
I can hear my wife a-talkin in the air.

It blew away, it blew away  
On the wind as the dust come a-rollin by  
But my home is always near, it's in the atmosphere  
And it may be that I'll go there when I die  
And stake me out a new claim in the sky.

# SEND WORD TO THE PILOT

Words: The NEW YORK TIMES  
Music: AGNES CUNNINGHAM  
© 1971 Agnes Cunningham

INTRO.: (Words exactly as in newspaper story)



The State Department asked the Czechoslovak Em- bas- sy in Washington to ask the Swiss Embassy in Ha- van- a to ask the Cu- ban Government to

Special to The New York Times  
NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 25 —  
Nineteen Cubans aboard a Russian-built plane flew into New Orleans without United States authorization today to attend an international meeting on sugar cane production.

Late this afternoon the State Department asked the Czechoslovak Embassy in Washington to ask the Swiss Embassy in Havana to ask the Cuban Government to send word to the pilot to take the Cubans home.

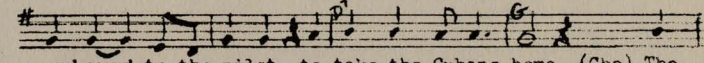
When the Cubans first requested permission to come to the conference, they relayed the request through the Czechoslovak Embassy in Washington, which handles such matters for the Cubans in the absence of regular diplomatic channels between the United States and Cuba. The Swiss perform the same service for the United States in Havana.

After the State Department refused permission, nothing more was heard of the Cuban sugar delegation until 8 A.M. today.

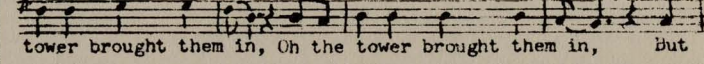
At that hour, the Federal Aviation Administration in Houston received a flight plan for an inbound Cuban plane on its Telex equipment. The flight plan said the plane planned to leave Havana at 9 A.M. and arrive at New Orleans about 11 A.M.

Houston notified the Senate Department at 8:45 A.M. and the department asked the Swiss Embassy in Havana to find out what was going on. The Swiss checked and reported that the Cuban Foreign Ministry knew nothing about it.

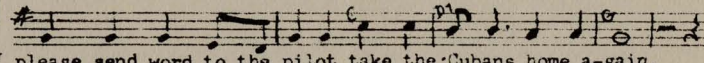
About 10 A.M. the air traffic



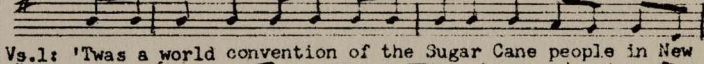
send word to the pilot to take the Cubans home. (Cho) The



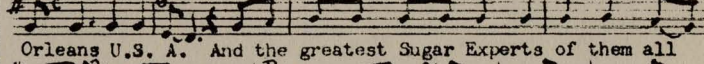
tower brought them in, Oh the tower brought them in, But



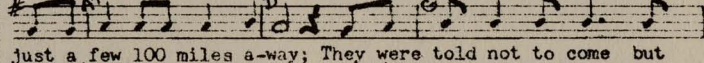
please send word to the pilot take the Cubans home a-gain.



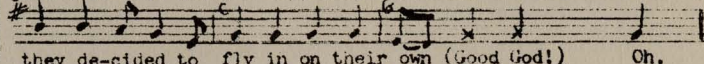
Vs. 1: 'Twas a world convention of the Sugar Cane people in New



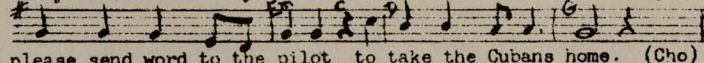
Orleans U.S. A. And the greatest Sugar Experts of them all



just a few 100 miles a-way; They were told not to come but



they de-cided to fly in on their own (Good God!) Oh,



please send word to the pilot to take the Cubans home. (Cho)

control tower at New Orleans received a radio message from the pilot saying he was over the Gulf and would arrive at the New Orleans airport in a few minutes.

"So the tower brought them in," said the airport manager, Paul Stoulig. They landed about 10:20 A.M. and were promptly ushered into the Customs office. The plane was placed under guard.....

In an attempt to learn if the delegation had got a send-off from Fidel Castro, a reporter asked one Cuban what the last words were that he had heard upon leaving Havana. "Fasten your seat belts," the man replied.

(Repeat Introduction here as an Interlude or at the end of song)

Verse 2

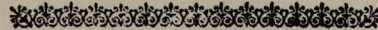
Houston notified the Senate Department at 8:45 A. M.

The Department asked the Swiss in Havana To find out what was going on.

The Swiss checked and they reported That the facts simply were not known

But please send word to the pilot To take the Cubans home.

(CHO)



FAYETTE COUNTY in Tennessee in the winter of 1960-61 was where the Black people made their first modern militant stand for the right to register and vote. It was the beginning of a long and bitter struggle which now finds millions of Blacks enrolled and voting in the once all-white Southern polls.

JAY GOULD'S DAUGHTER is an old folksong about the infamous robber baron who grew rich selling defective rifles to the Union Army and watering his livestock just before driving it on the buyers' scales. He organized thugs to capture the N.Y. Central Railroad. The "blinds" were a space behind the coal tender where hoboes rode. Forced to "ride the rods" underneath the boxcars many died when torn to pieces by strips of barbed wire entangled in the road bed.

## AND IN FAVOR OF

THINKING By AGNES CUNNINGHAM

© 1976 agnes cunningham

What lies in the zinc coffin  
Has agitated in favor of many things:  
For eating-your-fillet  
For a-roof-over-your-head  
For feeding-your-children  
For holding-out-for-the-last-penny  
And for solidarity with all  
The oppressed who are like you  
And in favor of thinking.

--From BERTHOLT BRECHT's "Burial Of  
The Agitator In A Zinc Coffin."

\*\*\*\*\*

1.

Without avarice without superstition without  
barbarisms of any sort  
insured against the insults of want  
unmaimed by grief (yours being preabsorbed)  
you live your life in a state of civilization  
questionless  
chin cocked above blame;  
looking straight along eye-level  
you proclaim instantly organizable love and  
voice parables on it.  
But your directional vision has zeroed in on  
a common mirage  
now be advised to look Down  
look to the concrete look to the valley floor  
or if you've climbed a mountain to the rock  
on which you stand.  
Removing your shades  
you may be able to see your once artfully  
assembled answers  
jigsawed at your feet  
to be forgotten as you would forget dust.  
But keep looking.

You there --  
hurrying in hurrying out stomping about  
eyes upcast mouth agape and slaving  
hands cupped to catch fake manna like confetti  
-- you trampled something dear you can't  
resuscitate.  
And you up there,  
borne along on your swansdown of cloud  
(a high degree of civilized you say),  
neither do you float free nor are those clouds.  
When your props walk away  
how long will your epicurean flesh be held up  
by strands of tinsel.  
Will you then look down? It's no use  
your view is bound to be cockeyed  
and answers don't reassemble themselves  
to climb crooked beanstalks  
what a shame.

(Cont'd)

My husband, Gordon, and I remember this great dust storm very well. We were in the middle of it. - SC

## The Great Dust Storm

Words and music by Woody Guthrie. © Copyright 1960 and 1963 Ludlow Music, Inc., New York, N.Y. Used by permission.

On the fourteenth day of April in  
nineteen thirty five,  
There struck the worst of dust  
storms that ever filled the sky;  
You could see that dust storm  
coming, it looked so awful black,  
And through our little city, it left a  
dreadful track.

From Oklahoma City to the Arizona  
line,  
Dakota and Nebraska to the lazy Rio  
Grande,  
It fell across our city like a curtain  
of black rolled down,  
We thought it was our judgment, we  
thought it was our doom.

The radio reported, we listened with  
alarm,  
The wild and windy actions of this  
great mysterious storm;  
From Albuquerque and Clovis, and  
all New Mexico,  
They said it was the blackest that  
they had ever saw.

From Old Dodge City, Kansas, the  
dust had rung their knell,  
And a few more comrades sleeping  
on top of old Boot Hill.  
From Denver, Colorado, they said  
it blew so strong,  
They thought that they could hold out,  
but didn't know how long.

Our relatives were huddled into  
their oil boom shacks,  
The children they was crying as it  
whistled through the cracks.  
The family it was crowded into the  
parlor room,  
They thought the Lord was a  
coming, they thought it was  
their doom.

This storm took place at sundown  
and lasted through the night,  
When we looked out next morning  
we saw a terrible sight:  
We saw outside our windows where  
wheat fields once had grown  
Was now a rippling ocean of dust  
the wind had blown.

It covered up our fences, it  
covered up our barns,  
It covered up our tractors in this  
wild and windy storm.  
We loaded our jalopies and piled  
our families in,  
We rattled down the highway to  
never come back again.

## AND IN FAVOR OF THINKING -- Page 2

For you, pondering Alternatives,  
Historical Truth comes from Down.  
Not so for the wretchedly poor who  
-- for sustenance, -- or death --  
look to the rain and the snows coming from above  
and the light of sun moon stars  
seeking no answers asking nothing giving all.

2.  
Not so for the Aborigine who  
-- standing on ground black and rich with  
spilled ancestral blood --  
fully belongs as a link in a chain reaching  
infinitely backward:  
he whose moccasins whispered through tall grasses  
arrows of the eye toward sky meets earth;  
she whose dark arms lifted to transcribe the  
firmament,  
and all things of nature around her,  
thereby with her Brave to choose a name for  
their newborn  
He she they  
live with sky with earth you cannot.

(He she they Twentieth Century American Indians  
Twentieth Century rising up from Nineteenth  
Century Wounded Knee note takeover Alcatraz note  
takeover Bureau Indian Affairs Washington note  
takeover Wounded Knee South Dakota note.....)

3.  
Black people drive steel wedges  
into the soft fetid substances of middle and  
upper society.  
You, the Black Americans --  
descendants of those brought unasked to these  
shores  
from the great civilizations and wilds of their  
homelands  
beaten chained dragged screaming in varied tongues  
Death deliver us  
-- know truths revealed only to the utterly  
misconsidered  
the used-as-things-are-used.  
The sound of your hammer blows has in it yet  
the pulsebeat of necessity  
as white men yet parlay into corporate profits  
their ultimatum to Blacks: be servile or be shot.  
The days of the trilogy the time of the triad  
and your composite hammer is held poised  
over a nation white hot on the anvil. No longer  
the sound of many hammers  
arhythmically beating out urgency beating out  
defiance. There is a lull  
the silence is fraught  
as though -- behind the facade of quiet --  
the Apocalyptic Storm gathers strength; and,  
like the approach of tornadoes on the great plains,  
there may  
or may not be  
a forewarning of thunder  
No more turn turn turn a time to every purpose  
under heaven  
but taking no purpose of yours into account  
-- nor any of the poor of this earth into account.  
Yours the season yours to set the rules yours to  
call the shots  
together the thrust together the tallying-up.

4.  
Chicanos march over vast distances  
gathering numbers as they go;  
their line of march is a lance labeled  
Solidaridad  
spear-end forward  
aimed straight into the grinding gears  
of an obscene machine labeled Legality.  
Chicanos --  
original Americans on land they cannot claim  
as theirs  
(thick slice of the Southwest fruity and  
stolen)  
Mexican-Americans who did not come from Mexico  
they've always been in Mexico --  
and their parents, and their parents' parents,  
chewed and spit out by the obscene machine  
wrung of life fluid and left to dry rot  
slowly to die with the others of the dispossessed  
the NonOwners:  
tens of millions the number and growing  
their color from midnight to dawn to midday  
born beyond hope, awakening in blindness  
a shack to call home a room in a slum  
pot of beans on the table if table there be  
sunday one pound of meat breaded out to feed  
nine  
hunger the feel in the body  
numb the feel of the brain  
love/hate the feel in the heart.

But the human spirit dies with death  
and hope in rebirth does not die  
neither an Identity rediscovered  
nor a Unitedness realized  
(and in a big northern city a group of Puerto  
Rican Young Lords laid their lives on the line  
for the right to feed hungry school children  
in the basement of a church).

5.  
The woman the human female in our culture  
measured for cup size (nice knees)  
this one passes fly her to Jamaica.  
The woman:  
Wife -- childbound and cabin-fevered?  
Girl friday -- curfewed, countersignaled?  
Chippy? Hooker?  
Scrubperson -- sudsblistered and varicosed?  
Corralled filly? (No, no, they name hurricanes  
after her).  
At any rate the other half of the whole  
why not simply half?  
Ah, that is the question asked by her --  
the man does not ask it he being protagonist  
in the world's tale  
as now told. But there have been times --  
and there will again be a time --  
protagonist be damned tales be damned reality  
taking over  
when the woman will come forward  
and it will be seen by the whole to be  
a superior arrangement. (Yes it's been  
demonstrated that she knows the burden of  
proof falls full upon her.

6.  
You, pondering Alternatives,  
-- and for whom school is never out --  
if you've seen that road  
a glassy smooth superhighway through futility  
to nowhere  
and you knew those traveling on it had passed  
the point of no return  
then you sensed there is only one Alternative  
and that it justifies no further pondering --  
the time for Knowing is at hand  
the time not to be fooled  
by the surging forward of a Process with such  
speed as to seem  
-- like stagecoach wheels in movies --  
to be turning backward.  
Architects of Change must engineer upheaval  
or cast aside drawing boards  
and study the blueprints of the nakedly angry.

Some of you --  
looking down all the way to Down  
where blood has dripped from the fingers  
of generations clawing survival from stone  
-- have achieved a breakthrough.  
For in surveying the scene you found that  
there is no Down  
not really  
but the beginnings of a Foundation laid on  
bedrock.  
Millions know nothing of this --  
even some of those involved in its formation  
do not recognize it nor claim it as their own;  
yet here it is solid beautiful planned  
its emergence nearly obscured by a rubbish heap  
a kind of structured putrescence  
extending all the way to Up where teeter seats  
of government  
Wall Street

courthouses, managerial offices, a state dept.,  
a pentagon, a White House (etc).  
Glutted old men sit in upholstered watchtowers  
remote controlling annihilation warfare half a  
globe away  
turning to ashes and gray-mould the soil and  
skin of a People  
and directing boys to go to their deaths  
across bridges with decayed underpinnings set  
in sand.  
Flash floods of mothers' tears would long ago  
have come  
and washed them away were it not for the pray-  
and-abide syndrome  
drying up the source of flow.

You see it now: the razing.  
And fire this time a clean job of it.  
Leave no rotten boards for the wastage of new  
nails by the desperate  
patching lost paradises.

7.  
Detail no more evil the farflung the turned  
inward  
they are one and the same;  
nor of the future the beautiful possibilities  
lest the poem become an essay.

Emergence is studied, yet sudden. Emergence  
is a mastering of the derivation of Power  
then begins the Long March.

Knowledge of what came and comes to pass  
and examination of Why When Where  
must lead to the How transposing That-Which-Is  
into  
That-Which-Is-For-Us.

(Eds: We dedicate this  
poem to PHIL OCHS.)

## the prisoners

by RIC MASTEN

tho  
i have seen the photographs  
of those ragged  
weary men  
still i think i envy them  
the prisoners  
captured in a good  
and holy war  
which every war has been  
caught and confined  
by an obviously evil enemy  
left to rot in some forgotten  
prison camp  
stubornly clinging  
to secret information  
for which i'd rather die  
than tell  
surviving in a roach  
and rat infested cell  
my eye fixed on that thin sliver of hope  
at the edge of the door  
the crack of light  
that keeps us alive  
in our solitary confinement  
yes  
there have been times  
i've wished it were  
a simpler prison  
for out here  
in this open field of sunshine  
it is far  
far more difficult  
to plan  
the great escape

© Copyright Ric Masten 1970



Drawing by Agnes Friesen

"SUNDOWN is beautiful. It is  
one of the finest songs you  
have ever put in BROADSIDE.  
..... PETE SEEGER.

"The time for writing wistful  
songs is past. We must now  
write songs which teach people  
how to fight."...PETE SEEGER