

Ding Dong Dollar

Anti-Polaris and Scottish republican songs

Folkways Records FD 5444



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RECORDED IN SCOTLAND

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

Ding Dong Dollar

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THE SCOTSMAN

EDINBURGH, MONDAY, JANUARY 15, 1962

ANTI-NUCLEAR MARCHERS PARADE IN GLASGOW



The leaders of the Committee of 100 "Action for Life" protest march through Glasgow on Saturday pass along George Square on their way through the city.

DING DONG DOLLAR

Anti-Polaris and Scottish Republican Songs Recorded In Scotland

Ding Dong Dollar.

--- sings and surges full and free in the rich mainstream of Scottish satire, with ten centuries of authority and impetus behind it, vaunting the ethos of our Celtic ancestors, whip-lashing and riving its way through the rock of Scottish history and character. And full from the teeth and tongue of this flood the ethnic soars, proud, joyous and defiant: "Fredome is ane nobil thing."

In more circuitous idiom the story runs like this: In early Celtic society the bards enjoyed enviable power and prestige. They were respected and feared, because they were able, whenever they felt inclined, to administer the poetic corrective of *aoir* (satire). Rather than suffer the humiliation of being made "infamous in the mouths of all men" as a result of bardic ridicule, the haughty and the mighty were ready to go to extraordinary lengths to conciliate the poets and even to buy them off, for they found themselves helpless against the whiplash of satirical invective. Sometimes even, the poets rounded on each other, and the result was savage flytings (sustained bardic slanging matches) - often masterpieces of extravagant grotesque mockery. Many of the latter are on record, both in Gaelic and in Scots; in Gaelic, for example, the flyting between the rival bardesses of Barra and South Uist, and in Scots the immortal pantagruelian flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy.

Parallel with this literary tradition - the examples quoted are from cultivated art-poets - there is a

'sub-literary' tradition of partisan and often scurrilous satirical verse and song, which has enlivened every conflict and controversy in Scottish history. Reformation satires against "the Paip, that Pagan full of Pride"; anti-Calvinistic satires pillorying the Whigs as canting, sleekit hypocrites; Jacobite insults to the Hanoverian monarchs.

These traditions, the literary and the sub-literary, cross-fertilised each other through the centuries; they meet in the satirical works of Robert Burns e.g. his "You're welcome to despots, Dumourier", "Holy Willie's Prayer", or his savage "Election Ballad"

---I pray with holy fire:
Lord, send a rough-shod troop o Hell
Owre aa wad Scotland buy or sell,
Tae grind them in the mire!"

In our own days, Hugh MacDiarmid has dragged Scotland kicking and screaming into a Twentieth Century literary renaissance, reasserting with all the power of faith, passion and intellectual ferocity, everything that is most mordant in this tradition. His scathing, implacable denunciations of the English overlordship and of his own people's acceptance of the fake and the false, reach to the heights of the visionary and the prophetic. MacDiarmid, in fact, in height, depth and sheer mass is practically a culture on his own.

It is not surprising, then that the younger poets following in such yeti footsteps should see so clearly the line of advance: a Scottish folk-song renaissance. The line was so clear in fact that

they were able to cover every phase of it, from Christmas Day, 1950, when the Stone of Destiny was retrieved from Westminster Abbey, right up to the arrival of Abi Yoyo, in the Holy Loch, March, 1961.

Everything was thrown in the pot: the missionaries first to give it the bite, army ballads from World War II, football songs, Orange songs, Fenian songs, Child ballads, street songs, children's songs, bothy ballads, blues, skiffle, Australian bush ballads, calypsos, MacColl and Lomax, Ives and Leadbelly, songs about the Stone of Destiny, Dominic Behan, S.R.A. songs, I.R.A. songs, Guthrie and Houston, pantomime and vaudeville, Billy Graham, Scottish Land League songs, Gaelic songs and mouth-music, Wobbly songs, spirituals, mountaineering and hiking ballads, Elliot and Seeger, mock-presenting, the Royal Family, Roddy MacMillan and Matt McGinn.

As a result of this genial eclecticism, we finished up with a banquet:

Firstly, as a result of recovery, regrouping, re-editing and recirculation, a new metropolitan folk-song corpus was established.

Secondly, the Orange-Fenian monopoly in the rebel songs was broken by the emergence of a strong folk-rebel corpus which subsumed all the best elements in the two opposing sectarian traditions: Hampden had taken over from Ibrox and Parkhead.

Thirdly, a rich skalrag and immensely popular Glasgow street song corpus emerged with dozens of writers to add new verses, new melodies and new material.

Fourthly, a structure of ceilidh, concert, soiree, melee, jazz club, folk club and youth hostel took the message to wider and wider circles of young people.

Pause for documentation: Ballads of World War II (ed. Mor); Sangs o the Stane (ed. Berwick); the Rebel's Ceilidh Song Books (ed. Kellock); Scotland Sings, Personal Choice (ed. MacColl); the Patriot Song Book (ed. MacDonald); broadsheets (various). Most of these are now collector's pieces.

This, then was the folk-scene in the Spring of '61 when the new-style gun-boats came sailing up the Clyde. The singers and the songs were there to greet them.

The singers had sung in club, ceilidh, concert etc. They now added train and station, boat and pier, bus and lorry, road and road-side, march and platform:

"It's in an oot, an up an doon, an on an aff the piers."

Acting as an independent unit, they supported demonstrations called by the D.A. Committee, the C.N.D. Committees, the Glasgow & District Trades Council and the English and Scottish Committees of 100. They became known as the Anti-Polaris Singers and were accepted with pride and affection by demonstrators and organisers as their own establishment singers. No one told them what to sing, where to sing, or how to sing it. They kept to the main theme of anti-Polaris, uniting and binding the many disparate organisations into one body. And to this body they gave heart, voice and laughter.

They were B.B.C'd, S.T.V'd, televised, N.C.B'd, broadcast, telecast, free-lanced and pirated, A.F.N'd, Radio Moscow'd, translated, interpreted and given in evidence in court.

Ding Dong Dollar: Same pattern as We Dinna Want Polaris plus unassailable logic. Key-song in the repertoire.

Style: rebel-commercial.

I shall not be moved: Work-shopped on one of the early marches. Many variants, including 'ad lib for the polis' verses. Theme song of the sit-downers.

Style: rebel-anthem.

We dinna want Polaris: Sets the pattern for anti-Polaris song: slogan, repetition, vernacular idiom, local reference, mongrel vitality, skalrag swing.

Also sets the pattern for song-making, the 'workshop' pattern. Anyone could add a line, anyone could improve it. There are eighteen co-authors of the version given.

Swept the line at Aldermaston where it picked up many accretions.

Style: rebel-direct.

The Polis o Argyll: The polis are fascinated by every reference to themselves. They're not sure whether the singers are singing with them, at them, round them, by them or through them. They don't know whether they're folk-friends, folk-villains, folk-comedians or folk crowd-scenes. But they do know that they are accepted as folk-somethings and relax. They're quite photogenic as they tap out time to the old banjo, and join in the chorus singing. Even the Top-Brass (remembering the sustained 'ad lib for the polis' singing at the first Holy Loch sit-down and the adverse press comment, resulting from their over-zealous handling of the sit-downers) treat the demonstrators with great courtesy and make special provisions for the singers - "subject to the Noise Abatement Act".

Style: rebel-comeallie.

Paper Hankies: Catholicity of tune is one of the hall-marks of Glasgow folk-song (cf. 'Glesca Eskimos', 'Rampant Lion' etc.) 'Yankee Doodle' could not be left out.

Style: rebel-direct

Ye'll no sit here: In the list of American exports to Scotland, Yogi Bear has found much happier acceptance than Polaris - or Billy Graham.

"Billy booked up the Kelvin Hall.
Man, you should have seen his circus.
It was bigger, it was better
Than the one that comes at Christmas"

The song is a great favourite with the polis, when they're doing their folk-friend, leaving the sit-downers to sit and with the sit-downers, themselves, reminding them and the polis, just who's co-operating with whom.

The tune is only faintly 'Hey Jock, ma Cuddy'. It is much more appreciated, popularly, as 'Ye'll no sh--- here'. A variant has been collected in Arkansas.

Style: rebel-burlesque.

Anti-Polaris: A clan jamfrie of Highland Division, international brotherhood, mouth-music and Presbyterian psalm-singing.

The third tune is known in English as "ho-ro My Nut-brown Maiden" and parodied in the Scottish regiments as "Ah canny see the target".

Style: rebel-medley

The Misguided Missile: Glasgow music-hall has always been popular in inspiration. It takes its material directly from the sayings and doings of the citizens themselves. (cf. Will Fyffe's "I belang tae Glesca" - the city's theme-song). Since Glasgow folk-song takes a large part of its material from the same sources, it's not surprising that folk and music-hall often overlap. Note some of the characteristics: the original tune, you think you've heard before; the wayward rhyme scheme, tying the familiar to the new departure; the exaggeration and over-interpretation of the line of argument; the overtones from the English '90s. (the mock tragic ballad); and from the Hollywood '20s. and 30s. (cf. Al Jolson's 'Mammy', the Cantor musicals and the sustained finale exit).

"The Yanks are a great people, a great people!
They'd do anything for you. First they send Billy
Graham over to tell us where to go. And now
They're sending Laning to make sure we get there"
---The Half-Past Eight Show.

Style: rebel-vaudeville.

Camp in the Country: Started as a one-verse frag-
ment, a private theme for the singers themselves.
'Off to the Camp in the Country' meant 'Off to the
demonstration'. The tone of glee gives some idea
of the cheeky high spirits of the singers.

Style: rebel-picnic

The Glesca Eskimos: Goebbels referred to the 8th.
Army as 'rats caught in a trap'. But Mephisto was
caught himself. The epithet became a badge of
honour, and the famous Desert Rats chased Nazism
out of Africa. Captain Laning followed in the
Doktor's fateful footsteps when he dismissed the
Holy Loch demonstrators as 'Eskimos', not realis-
ing that these friendly people had been long es-
conced in Glasgow song:

"Sitting amang the Eskimos,
Playing a gemme o dominoes,
Ma Maw's a millionaire."

It's sad that this hoary old sea-dog has been
muzzled. His every yap was pure gold to the
war-chest.

The tune is only theoretically 'Marching through
Georgia'. It has long been acclimatised in Glas-
gow as the 'Brighton Billy Boys', an Orange song,
and half its popularity stems from this fact.

Style: rebel-direct.

The Freedom Come-All-Ye: Non-workshop, much richer
language. The Scots has been wedded, after the
Gaelic fashion, to the pipe-tune.

Style: rebel-bardic.

Ban Polaris - Hallelujah! This is the granite in
the Scottish tradition; no quarter for the Quislings.
Contrast this mordant humour with its American
counterpart. This is not sickness. This is Judge-
ment.

DING . . . DONG . . . DOLLAR

(Tune: *Ye canny shove yuir Granny aff a bus*)

Chorus: O ye canny spend a dollar when ye're deid,
O ye canny spend a dollar when ye're deid:
Singin Ding . . . Dong . . . Dollar; Everybody holler
Ye canny spend a dollar when ye're deid.

O the Yanks have juist drapt anchor in Dunoon
An they've had their civic welcome fae the toon,
As they cam up the measured mile
Bonnie Mary o Argyll
Wis wearin spangled drawers ablow her gown.

An the publicans will aa be daein swell,
For it's juist the thing that's sure tae ring the bell,
O the dollars they will jingle,
They'll be no a lassie single,
Even though they maybe blaw us aa tae hell.

But the Glesca Moderator disnae mind;
In fact, he thinks the Yanks are awfy kind,
For if it's heaven that ye're goin
It's a quicker way than rowin,
An there's sure tae be naeboddy left behind.

Final Chorus:

O ye canny spend a dollar when ye're deid
Sae tell Kennedy he's got tae keep the heid,
Singin Ding . . . Dong . . . Dollar; Everybody holler
Ye canny spend a dollar when ye're deid.

I SHALL NOT BE MOVED

I shall not, I shall not be moved,
I shall not, I shall not be moved,
Just like a tree that's standing
by the Holy Loch
I shall not be moved.

We dinnae want Polaris,
I shall not be moved,
We dinnae want Polaris,
I shall not be moved.
Just like a tree that's standing
by the Holy Loch
I shall not be moved.

It's time tae redd the Clyde, boys,
I shall not be moved;
It's time tae redd the Clyde, boys,
I shall not be moved;
Just like a tree that's standing
by the Holy Loch
I shall not be moved.

Hiroshima, I shall not be moved,
Nagasaki, I shall not be moved,
Just like a tree that's standing
by the Holy Loch
I shall not be moved.

C.N.D. for ever ; I shall not be moved,
C.N.D. for ever ; I shall not be moved,
Just like a tree that's standing
by the Holy Loch
I shall not be moved.

WE DINNA WANT POLARIS

(Tune: *Three Craws*)

The U.S.A. are gie'n subs away,
Gie'n subs away,
Gie'n subs away, hay, hay,
The U.S.A. are gie'n subs away,
But we dinna want Polaris.

Tell the Yanks tae drap them doon the stanks,
Drap them doon the stanks, etc.

The Coouncil o Dunoon, they want their hauf-a-croon,
Want thir hauf-a-croon, etc.

The hairies o the toon are sailin tae Dunoon,
Sailin tae Dunoon, etc.

It's suicide tae hae them on the Clyde,
Hae them on the Clyde, etc.

Tak the haill dam show up the River Alamo,
River Alamo, etc.

Anchors aweigh for Poppa Kennedy,
Poppa Kennedy, Poppa Kennedy, hay, hay,
Anchors aweigh for Poppa Kennedy,
An ta-ta tae Polaris.

THE POLIS O ARGYLL

(Tune: *Johnson's Motor Car*)

You may talk about your Nelson, and Francis Drake as well,
And how they blew the Spaniards and pirates all to hell,
But they've nothing on the Yankee subs that sneaked past
Arran Isle
And left the Battle o Dunoon to the Polis o Argyll.

These worthy sons of Robert Peel are trained to keep the law,
And any danger they'll confront, providin it is sma;
In naval operations they specialise in style,
But the Holy Loch proved quite a shock to the Polis o Argyll.

With only frogmen to assist and "specials" by the score,
The Polis proved they're gallant men, all heroes to the core:
With Proteus squat behind them and nuclear missiles, too,
They did the near-impossible and captured a canoe.

Now all you Russian astronauts who navigate the globe
Stay far away from Scotland in your Cosmo-Rocket probe,
For should you land near Gourrock, you'll be conquered in fine
style

By the Yanks combining forces with the Polis o Argyll.

PAPER HANKIES

(Tune: *Yankee Doodle Dandy*)

The *Proteus* sailed intae the Clyde
Amidst a blaze o glory
When the C.N.D. drap in for tea
It'll be a different story.

Chorus: Chase the Yankees oot the Clyde,
Away wi Uncle Sammy;
Chase the Yankees oot the Clyde
An send them hame tae mammy.

Down in Dunnoon they think it's great
The place is fu o Yankees,
They fling their money aa aroon
Like it was paper hankies.

The *Proteus* is made o steel,
The Yanks are widden-heidit,
They're bein jouked o aa their loot,
An yet they canna see it.

Lanin's in the Holy Loch,
He canny hae much vision;
The C.N.D. will board his ship
An hing him fae the mizzen.

YE'LL NO SIT HERE

(Tune: *Hey, Jock, Ma Cuddy*)

Doon at Ardnadam, sittin at the pier,
When ah heard a polis shout—*Ye'll no sit here!*

Chorus: Aye, but ah wull sit here!
Naw, but ye'll no sit here!
Aye, but ah wull! Naw but ye'll no!
Aye, but ah wull sit here.

'Twas a chief, Inspector, Rankie, enhancin his career,
Prancin up an doon the road like Yogi Bear.

He caa'd for help tae Glesca, they nearly chowed his ear:
We've got the G'ers an Celtic demonstrators here

He telephoned the sodgers, but didnae mak it clear
The sodgers sent doon Andy Stewart tae volunteer.

He radioed the White Hoose, but aa that he could hear,
Wis ... two ... one ... zero—an the set went queer.

For Jack had drapt an H-bomb an gied his-sel a shroud.
An he met wi Billy Graham on a wee white cloud.

ANTI-POLARIS

(Tune: *The Captain and His Whiskers*)

There's a high road tae Gourrock
and a ferry tae Dunoon,
And the world will be watchin
when we're mairchin through the toon.

Ban the Bomb an biff the Base
till it's sunk withoot a trace.
Pit the Yanks intae orbit, for
there's plenty room in space. Repeat

You may come frae Odessa, mate,
frae Baltimore or Perth,
But the threat o Polaris
maks ae country o the Earth.

Ban the Bomb, an blaw the base
far awa tae Outer Space,
It's tae Hell wi Polaris — or
the puir aul human race. Repeat

O, K. stands for Kennedy
Wha maks us aa sae blue,
An H. stands for Holy Loch
An Hiroshima, too.

Ban the bomb and blaw the base
Tae some ither hotter place,
It's tae hell wi Polaris or
The puir aul human race. Repeat

(Tune: *The Keel Row*)

As I cam by Sandbank,
By Sandbank, by Sandbank;
As I cam by Sandbank,
I heard a Yankee cuss—

O deil tak the mairchers,
The mairchers, the mairchers,
"O deil tak the mairchers,
They've got it in for us." Repeat

We'll hae tae shift Polaris,
Polaris, Polaris.
We'll hae tae shift Polaris,
An *Proteus* an aa.

For if we dinnae shift them,
Shift them, ay, shift them,
For if we dinnae shift them,
We'll get nae peace at aa. Repeat

(Tune: *Ho ro mo nighean donn bhoidheach*)

Oor een are on the target
Oor een are on the target
Oor een are on the target
We'll blaw the base awa.

We'll hae tae shift that target,
We'll hae tae shift that target,
An no juist doon tae Margate!
We'll blaw the base awa.

O I can see a captain,
A cocky Yankee captain,
O I can see a captain,
Wi ribbons up an aa.

We'll pit him intae orbit,
We'll pit him intae orbit,
The shock he'll juist absorb it,
He'll sook as weel as blaw.

THE MISGUIDED MISSILE AND THE MISGUIDED MISS

The maid was young and pretty
And she came down from the City
And maybe twas a pity
That she left old Glesca Toon.
She met a son of Uncle Sammy
From the heart of Alabamy,
He had never left his mammy
Till he came ower tae Dunoon.

So while you wet your whistle—whistle
I'll sing you this
O the misguided missile
and the misguided miss.

In his wee bit sailor suitie—och!
He looked so brave and smart
At the Battle o the Holy Loch
He won a Purple Heart,
And noo that he's been overseas
Six medals and five stars;
For drinking Johnnie Walker
He's collecting extra bars.

So while you wet, etc.

He said he'd like to thank her
For those moments by the shore,
Said his daddy was a banker
So she loved him more and more:
You could see he was a ranker
By the rings upon his sleeve,
She wanted rings upon her fingers
But he was just on leave.

So while you wet, etc.

He had some Scotch and scoosh
Then he went back aboard;
He turned his key—then whoosh!
And o Lawdy Lawd!
He said; "I'm so embarrassed,
We'll no be goin to Paris,
For I've launched the first Polaris
Through bein a drunken clod."

So while you wet, etc.
Now there's an awfu fuss
Aboard the *Proteus*,
And the maid is on the shore
By the point o Lazarus,
And she's singin "Hush a baba,
You will see your daddy soon,
When the clouds all roll away,
For he's the first Yank on the moon."

THE SCOTSMAN

EDINBURGH, MONDAY, MAY 22, 1961

HOLIDAYMAKERS SEE DEMONSTRATORS REMOVED BY POLICE



A large crowd of holidaymakers watch as police drag sit-down demonstrators from the roadway at the entrance to Ardnadam Pier yesterday. On right: More passive demonstrators sit awaiting removal by police.



Two naval frogmen try to pull a demonstrator from the mooring chain of the Proteus.

POLICE GUARD IN GREENOCK

Attempt on naval pier anticipated

About 100 Greenock and Gourock policemen stood guard last night against an anticipated attempt to get on to the pier at Royal Navy Headquarters, Greenock, and the Admiralty Jetty at Cardwell Bay, Gourock, by anti-Polaris demonstrators returning from their abortive attempt to board the Proteus in the Holy Loch.

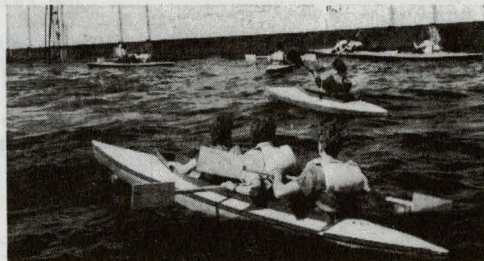
The jetty and pier were both guarded by Naval personnel. All approaches to the pier had barbed-wire entanglements and strong detachments of policemen stood at the entrances. At the Navy Headquarters in Greenock Admiralty police patrolled the grounds with Alsatian dogs and policemen patrolled Eldon Street, which fronts the Navy buildings.

BOATS READY

At Cardwell Bay jetty a naval tug, a motor fleet vessel and a fast Admiralty pinnace were tied up alongside. Superintendent J. R. Donaldson, of Renfrew and Bute Constabulary, said that the police had been warned that the demonstrators might try to get on to the Admiralty jetty. Superintendent Donald McInnes, Greenock, said he could bring in about 90 police at short notice to cope with any trouble. Earlier yesterday, over 100 demonstrators, carrying banners and towing a canoe on a caddy-car, marched from Greenock to Gourock to join several hundred more waiting at Gourock Pier to board a special steamer for Dunoon.



Water pours down from a well-directed hose on the Proteus as a "boarding party" comes alongside.



The canoe "armada" moves in to make an attempt to board the Proteus.

WET WELCOME ON THE LOCH

Proteus sailors turn hoses on anti-Polaris canoeists

SHORE DEMONSTRATORS AMONG 41 ARRESTED

BY OUR OWN REPORTER

With a barrage of fire hoses, the United States Navy yesterday repulsed the seaborne invasion of anti-Polaris demonstrators who tried to board the submarine depot ship Proteus in the Holy Loch.

A second, and equally unsuccessful, assault was launched last night. It was made when the Proteus's gangway was lowered to receive Captain Norval Ward, Commander of the U.S. submarine squadron, who had sailed out from Ardnadam Pier. This raid added five to the list of 38 previously arrested, most of them sit-down protesters on the pier.

Those arrested were at first held in custody at Dunoon Police Station, but were later released on instructions from the Procurator-Fiscal, who would consider the question of prosecution when reports were in his hands, a police spokesman said.

About 1000 people assembled in Dunoon and marched three miles to the shores of the Holy Loch where they split into two groups—one to take part in the seaborne attack on the Proteus and the other to demonstrate on shore.

NAVAL LAUNCHES

Reception committee

As the 11 canoes, which had been assembled on the shore near Kilmin, were pushed into the water and paddled rapidly towards the Proteus, police and frogmen in five naval launches were circling the vessel.

All U.S. naval personnel had been confined to ship and the gangways had been lifted. The booms which normally hang on the port side had also been pulled inboard.

As the canoeists made for the depot ship they were followed by motor launches carrying photographers and reporters, and by yachts and pleasure craft.

First to reach the Proteus was a Glasgow man, Hamish Gow. A glance was enough to show that the task was difficult. The only connections to the buoys, two great chains at the bow and stern, were heavily greased, as were the telephone cables running to the shore.

TIME FOR A SMOKE

Enter the frogmen

Wearing a jersey, grey flannels and a red knitted skull cap, Gow jumped on to a buoy, lit a cigarette, and sat down and waited as police launches gathered around.

After finishing his smoke, Gow went into the water and began to climb, hand by hand, up the chain. He had reached a few feet and was tying an anti-nuclear pennant to the chain when two frogmen dived from the police boat and quickly brought him to their launch.

Another leader of the demonstration, Terry Chandler, who was arrested in Edinburgh when the anti-Polaris marchers staged a sit-down protest, tried to scale the telephone cable.

He climbed about five feet out of the water but fell back and was quickly pounced on by other frogmen.

For the next half-hour the canoeists circled the ship trying to find a foothold.

One woman demonstrator was pulled out of the water and taken on to the police boat.

Two other young men in a canoe paddled to the port side of Proteus. One shouted to an officer on the deck: "This is the flagship. Can we tie a flag on the Proteus?"

NO REPLY

Jet of water

There was no reply. But when the canoeists tried to secure their flag, decorated with a nuclear disarmament symbol, a jet of water shot over them from the deck.

When it was apparent that the canoeists were making little progress, the demonstrators brought out a 25-foot motor boat, manned by about 20 young people.

They displayed the anti-Polaris flag on either side of the white-painted hull. Some of the crew were carrying ropes and a type of rope ladder fastened to a bamboo pole. The launch, however, was ward off by a yacht as it neared the Proteus.

The demonstrators next used a lighter motor launch, with a boarding party of 17 men and women aboard. They approached the depot ship singing their campaign song.

After rounding the Proteus twice they decided that an attempt could be made near the centre of the towering hull.

As the launch drew into the side of the hull a police inspector called out to them to clear away. When they refused, jets of water cascaded over them.

Stung by the powerful jets and shivering with cold, the demonstrators tried in vain to bale out the water to start up the engine of the boat.

The approach of the police launch was resented at first by the "commandos," who chanted their theme song: "We shall not be moved, just like a tree that's standing by the Holy Loch, we shall not be moved."

As the launch was in danger of bumping against the depot ship the police boat insisted on pulling it clear. Though crestfallen, the demonstrators remained in their half-submerged boat until they were taken in tow by their "hospital ship"—a motorised houseboat—and pulled to the shore.

SHUTTLE SERVICE

Black Marlas busy

Meanwhile, on the shore, several hundred demonstrators had marched to Ardnadam Pier—the landing stage for boats from the Proteus. They found about 50 policemen at the pier, with the entrance barred with iron railings and wire mesh. Coils of barbed wire had also been nailed to the supports of the pier.

When the demonstrators found they could not walk on to the pier, about 100 sat down in the road at the entrance and others stood on the other side of the road singing anti-Polaris choruses.

Police began to arrest the seated demonstrators and police vans piled a shuttle service to Dunoon Police Station.

FURTHER ATTEMPT

Same results

The canoeists made another attempt on the ship last night. Captain Ward had set sail for the Proteus from Ardnadam Pier and a gangway was lowered on the port side as his barge moved across the loch.

A flotilla of canoes immediately put out from Kilmin and two demonstrators managed to get a foot on the gangway after Capt. Ward had gone aboard, but they were knocked off by a jet of water from a fire hose. Two canoes were capsized and five people arrested.

ALL-NIGHT VIGIL

Squatters squat on

Early to-day, about 60 demonstrators were still squatting at the entrance to Ardnadam Pier. Two canoeists paddled across the loch in darkness and succeeded in climbing on to the end of the pier before being carried into a launch by police and taken to Kilmin Pier, where they were liberated.

The canoeists were Timothy Cox (23), of London, and Miss Pat Arrow-smith (31), field secretary of the Direct Action Committee Against Nuclear War.

Later, Miss Arrowsmith again climbed on the pier from a canoe, accompanied by another demonstrator. Police carried them into a motor fishing vessel, ferried them across the Clyde to Gourock, and carried them ashore.

Members of the Scottish Council for Nuclear Disarmament lit a bonfire on the beach at Lazaretto and settled down for an all-night vigil.

Edinburgh

Fit for a Queen?

A Correspondent writes: Twelve months ago Edinburgh rocked with shame when the city's Arthur Street slums were exposed on television. Few who saw the programme will forget those fractured downpipes pouring their swill into the ghastly tenement back-courts. Seriously jolted, the Tory city council quickly got to work on Arthur Street, closing houses, moving in demolition squads and getting the city architect to speed up redevelopment plans. Now, because it is alleged that redevelopment, as so far envisaged by the architect, will mar the Royal Family's amenities, the original plan has been abandoned - although the housing committee had given it their unanimous approval.

With a desperate housing shortage and with virtually no building sites available inside the city boundary (most sites have been sold to speculative builders), redevelopment in Arthur Street was intended to include five 25-storey blocks at a density of 190 people per acre. But the architect, busy at his drawing board, ignored the fact that Arthur Street is on the fringe of the half-mile zone around

the Palace of Holyroodhouse, over which the Ministry of Works can veto all new building.

The Queen and her family rarely live at the Palace. This year, for example, she will stay there only six days - from 30 June to 5 July. And for most of this time the Queen will be fulfilling public engagements, merely using the Palace as a dormitory. There are years when royalty never visit the Palace; the huge, costly building stands quite empty, except when occupied by church officials, during the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

Nevertheless, the new scheme - which would have provided over 1,000 new homes for Edinburgh slum-dwellers - has been firmly vetoed by the Ministry of Works on the grounds that the new flats would detract from the privacy of royalty. Oddly enough, until now, there has been no objection, from either the Ministry or royalty, about other buildings within the half mile zone. They include breweries, two gasometers, a chemical works, the main railway line, some sleazy pubs and - until demolition started recently - the worst slums in Britain.

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The Coronation Coronach: Popularly known as the 'Scottish Breakaway', is the arche type of the folk-rebel song. The tune, an Orange one: "The Sash Me Father Wore", is the arche type rebel tune. The later verses were added as Court Circulars dictated.

Style: rebel-direct.

N.A.B.: Variations of the same portrait-gallery. More working-class in reference. The N.A.B. is the National Assistance Board. Nearly gave rise to a 'cause celebre', when an attempt was made to ban it from the public halls.

Style: rebel-burlesque.

Never Had it sae Guid: Against the Tories, the English overlordship and the acceptance of false gods (cf. MacDiarmid's poetry).

Style: rebel-direct.

Coronation Coronach

(Tune: The Sash)

Noo Scotland hasnae got a King,
An it hasnae got a Queen;
For ye cannae hae the second Liz
When the first yin's never been.

CHORUS:

Nae Liz the Twa, nae Lilibet the Wan --
Nae Liz will ever dae!
For we'll mak oor land republican
In a Scottish break-away.

Noo her man's cried the Duke o Edinburgh --
He's wan o yon kilty Greeks.
Here, but dinnae blaw my kilts awa,
For it's Lizzie wears the breeks.

He's a handsome man, an' he looks like Don Juan;
He's beloved by the weaker sex.
But it disnae really matter a damn,
For it's Lizzie signs the cheques.

Noo her sister Meg's got a bonny pair o legs,
But she didnae want a German or a Greek.
Puir auld Peter was her choice, but he didnae
suit the boys,
So they selt him up the cheek.

Here, but Meg was fly, and she beat them by
and by

Wi Tony Hyphenated-Armstrong.

But behind the pomp an play, the question o
the day

Was, who the hell did Suzy Wong?

Sae here's tae the Lion, tae the bonny Rampant
Lion,

And a lang streetch tae its paw.

Gie a Hampden roar, and it's oot the door,

And ta-ta tae Chairlie's maw.

NAB for Royalty

(Tune: The Deil's awa wi the Exciseman)

There lives a family in the land,
The famous Royal crew, man:
They willna work, they willna want --
They're livin on the B'roo, man!

CHORUS:

It's NAB for Royalty,
Free milk for wee Prince Andy:
Tae pay the cook, an claithe the Duke,
The Welfare State's gey handy!

Wee Chairlie's grannie is gettin on -
Her age I needna mention -
For every Friday, bang on time,
She draws her Auld Age Pension.

When Tony askit for Maggie's haund,
They pit him tae the test, man.
Queen Lizzie ordered, gie up your job --
Be idle like the rest, man!

Prince Philip's gotten a brand new caur,
Although he's on the dole, man.
To walk from here to the Labour Exchange
He says he cannae thole, man.

Queen Lizzie has visited mony a land
And gazed on mony a sicht, man;
But I'll bet ye a fiver she never has seen
A pie on a Friday nicht, man!

They Say that we've Never Had it sae Guid

(Tune: Kellyburn Braes

Alias
The Fairmer's Curst Wife)

They say that we've never had it sae guid
Right fol right fol tittie fol day
They say that we've never had it sae guid -
But who in the hell are they tryin tae kid?
Wi a right fol dol
tittie fol dol
right fol right fol tittie fol day.

They gie the auld folk fifty shillins:
Three cheers for Mister Harold Macmillan.

We've aa got fridges an tellies sae grand -
God bless the Queen, an the H.P. man!

We've aa got rockets an missiles as well --
Let's gie them tae Gaitskell, an send him tae hell!

I wish some power the gift wad gie me
Tae clap aa the Scottish M.P's in Barlinnie.

I doot but oor heids are made oot o wuid,
Because we've never been had sae guid!

CAMP IN THE COUNTRY

(Tune: *Camp in the Country*)

We're off tae the camp in the country
— *Hooray ! Hooray !*

We're off tae the camp in the country
— *Hooray ! Hooray !*

Irish stew for dinner, aiple-pie for tea,
Roly-poly doon yuir belly
— *Hip, hip, hip, hooray !*

We're off tae the Asian restaurant

— *Hooray ! Hooray !*

We're off tae the Asian restaurant

— *Hooray ! Hooray !*

Curry for yuir dinner, tahari for yuir tea,
Burny, burny doon yuir belly
— *Hip, hip, hip, hooray !*

We're off tae the Holy Watter

— *Hooray ! Hooray !*

We're off tae the Holy Watter

— *Hooray ! Hooray !*

Irn-Bru for dinner, iron bars for tea.

Yankees trampin owre yuir belly

— *Hip, hip, hip, hooray !*

They're off tae Cincinnati

— *Hooray ! Hooray !*

They're off tae Cincinnati

— *Hooray ! Hooray !*

Chicken for their dinner, humble-pie for tea.

Yellie, yellie, doon their belly

— *Hip, hip, hip, hooray !*

THE GLESCA ESKIMOS

(Tune : *Marching through Georgia.*)

It's up the Clyde comes Lanin—a super duper Yank,
But doon a dam sight quicker when we coup him doon the stank,
Up tae the neck in sludge an sewage fairly stops yuir swank.
— We are the Glesca Eskimos.

Chorus: Hullo ! hullo ! we are the Eskimos,
Hullo ! hullo ! the Glesca Eskimos,
We'll gaff that nyaff ca'd Lanin,
We'll spear him whaur he blows.
We are the Glesca Eskimos.

It's in an oot, an up an doon, an on an aff the piers,
There's cooncillors, collaborators, pimps an profiteers—
The hairies jouk the polis, an the polis jouk the queers,
— We are the Glesca Eskimos.

There's dredgers an there's sludgie-boats tae keep the river clean,
Ye lift yuir haun an pu the chain—Ye ken fine whit ah mean,
But why in the hell has the Holy Loch been left ootside the scheme
— We are the Glesca Eskimos.

We've been in mony a rammy, lads, we've been in mony a tear,
We've sortit oot this kind afore, we'll sort them anywhere,
O, get yuir harpoons ready—he's comin up for air
— We are the Glesca Eskimos.

THE FREEDOM COME-ALL-YE

FOR THE GLASGOW PEACE MARCHERS
MAY, 1960

Tune : "*The Bloody Fields o Flanders*"

Roch the wind in the clear day's dawin
Blaws the clouds heelster-gowdie ow'r the bay,
But there's mair nor a roch wind blawin
Through the great glen o the world the day.

It's a thocht that will gar oor rottans,
Aa they rogues that gang gallus, fresh an gay,
Tak the road an seek ither loanins
For their ill ploys, tae sport an play.

Nae mair will the bonnie gallants
March tae war, when oor braggarts crouselly craw,
Nor wee weans frae pit-heid an clachan
Mourn the ships sailin doon the Broomielaw;
Broken faimlies, in lands we herriet
Will curse Scotland the Brave nae mair, nae mair;
Black an white, ane til ither mairriet
Mak the vile barracks o their maisters bare.

O come all ye at hame wi freedom,
Never heed whit the hoodies croak for doom;
In your hoose aa the bairns o Adam
Can find breid, barley bree an painted room.
When Maclean meets wi's freens in Springburn
Aa the roses an geans will turn tae bloom,
An a black boy frae yont Nyanga
Dings the fell gallows o the burghers doon.

BAN POLARIS—HALLELUJAH !

(Tune : *John Brown's Body*)

O Dunoon is doon the watter
but it's up the creek an a,
It hasnae got a paddle,
it can sook while Yankees blaw,
They'll sook the dollars fae them,
till they're yellin fur their Maw ;
Send the Yankees hame.

Chorus : Ban Polaris — Hallelujah,
Ban Polaris — Hallelujah,
Ban Polaris — Hallelujah,
And send the Yankees hame.

Now we're sorry fur the Yankees,
they've an awfy lot tae thole,
They're either hauf-wey roon the bend,
or hauf-wey up the pole,
They dither on the Dulles brink
and dae the rock-an-roll,
Send the Yankees hame.

O Quislin is a traitor name that's
kent the world aroon ;
It's Scotland's shame tae gie a name
tae ony traitor toon,
They've sunk their pride in the Firth
o Clyde, a place they ca Dunoon ;
Send the Yankees hame.

When Dunoon folk breathe atomic dust
and drink the strontium waste,
They'll hae clever deils for bairnies,
dooble-heidit, dooble-faced,
Like the fish that soom in the Holy Loch
the first three-leggit race,
Send the Yankees hame.

Repeat first verse.

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