

BENEFIT FOR THE UNITED FARM WORKERS

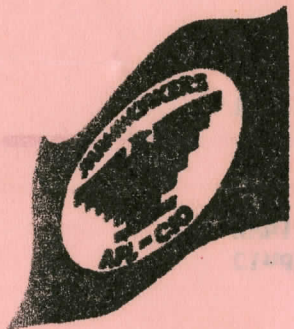
featuring

Rank Strangers



and

Slippery Shuffle



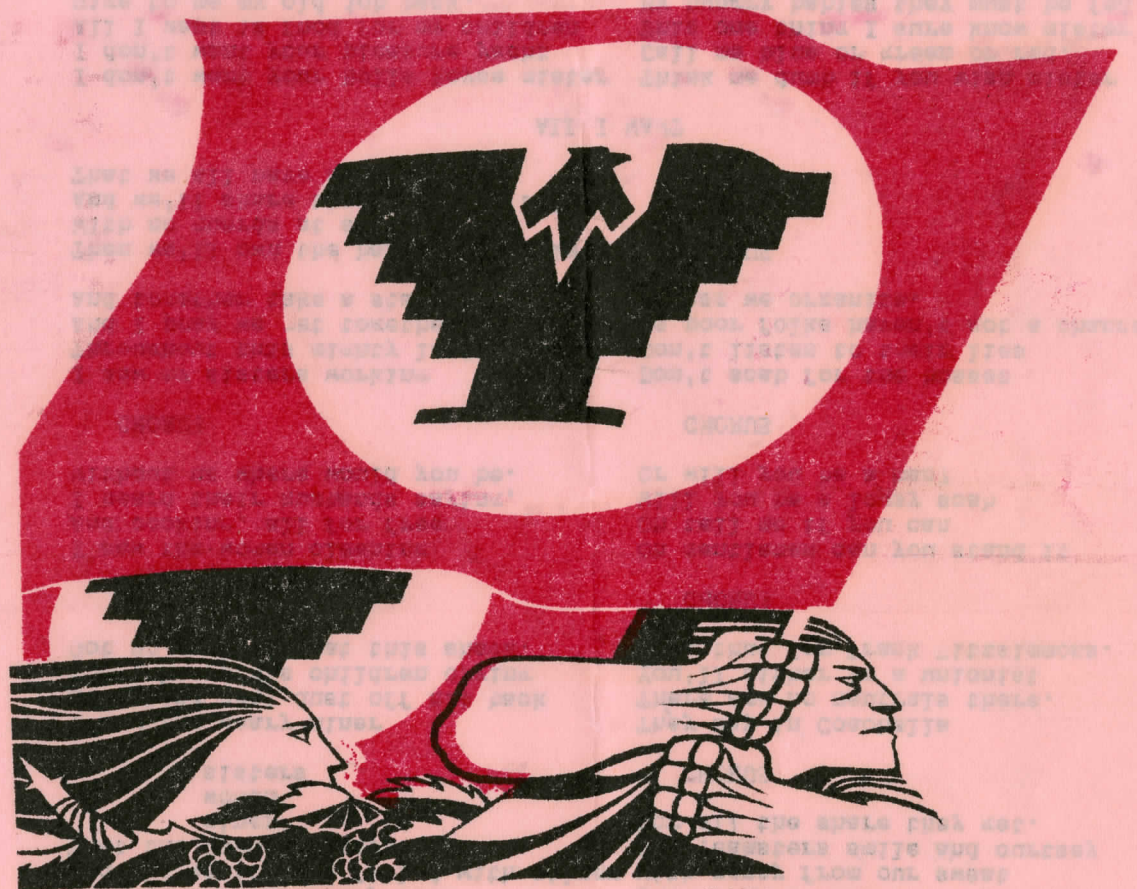
With plenty of good Union wine

at the MOONSHINE COOP
N. 4th and 11th

April 16, 8:00 - 2:30

Admission \$.50

Cesar Chavez



Hitchcock Hall

April 9, 1974

9:00 pm.

PROGRAM

Eliseo Medina, Ohio Director UFW

Cindy Mapes and Chuck Myers sing
"Which Side Are You On"

Ted Clemans, Director of District Council 21 AFSCME

State Rep. Michael P. Stinziano

Corwin Smith, Pres. Local 487 Textile Workers of America

Cindy Mapes and Chuck Myers sing
"The Bank Are Made Of Marble"
"All I Want"

Cesar Chavez, Pres. United Farm Workers of America

THE BANKS ARE MADE OF MARBLE

- Les Rice

I've traveled through this country
From shore to shining shore,
And its really made me wonder
The things I heard and saw.
I saw a weary farmer
Plowing sod and loam
And I heard the auction hammer
Knocking down his home.

CHORUS:

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

miner
women
sisters

I saw the weary miner
Scrubbing coal dust off his back
And I heard his children crying
Got no coal to heat this shack.

CHORUS

I saw the women cleaning
And cooking, all for free
I heard their husbands saying,
Without us where would you be.

CHORUS

I saw my sisters working
Throughout this mighty land
And I pray we get together
And together take a stand.

Then we'll own the banks of marble
With no guards at any door
And we'll share the vaults of silver
That we all have sweated for.

ALL I WANT

I don't want your Rolls Royce mister
I don't want your pleasure yacht
All I want is food for my children
Give to me my old job back.

Think me dumb if you wish mister
Call me blue or green or red.
This one thing I sure know mister
My hungry babies they must be fed.

We worked to build this country Mr.
While you enjoyed your life of ease
You've stolen all that we built Mr.
Now our children starve and freeze.

Take the Teamsters and the Growers
No difference in them I can see
But with our own farm workers union
We will set the people free.

CHORUS

I don't want your millions, mister.
All I want is the right to live mister.

I don't want your diamond rings.
Give me back my job again.

labor donated

WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON

Come all you good workers
Good news to you I'll tell
Of how the good old union
Has come in here to dwell.

CHORUS:

Which side are you on
Which side are you on
Which side are you on
Which side are you on.

The growers fill their pockets
With money from our sweat
The Teamsters smile and courtsey
For all the share they get.

CHORUS

They say in Coachella
There are no neutrals there.
You'll either be a unionist
Or a thug for Frank Fitzsimmons.

CHORUS

Oh gentlemen can you stand it
Oh tell me if you can
Will you be a lousy scab
Or will you be a man?

CHORUS

Don't scab for the bosses
Don't listen to their lies
Us poor folks haven't got a chance
Unless we organize.

CHORUS