



John Du Lac led the downtown singers through some original lyrics

Watergate Songs At Lunchtime

By Mitchell Thomas

Flocks of brown-baggers taking the noontime sun in Crocker Plaza yesterday joined gleefully in a star-spangled event billed as "the world's first Watergate sing-in."

Nine men and women wearing paper Uncle Sam hats passed out miniature American flags and mimeographed sheets of lyrics, then led the assemblage in rousing choruses of typical tunes such as "Yes, We Have No Indictments."

The crowd in the triangle at Market, Post and Montgomery streets swelled to several hundred during the half-hour community sing, which was accompanied by a quintet called the Cannery Singers on guitars, violin and flute.

A goodly number waved their little flags and entered lustily into the singing. Oth-

ers just stood there grining. Nobody objected to the proceedings, until they came to the line, "Won't you come home, Sweet Richard. . ."

Then a rather unsteady, unshaven, furry-voiced man bawled out: "Don't send him home. He lives in California."

John Du Lac, a commercial photographer with a bushy black beard, who seemed to be in charge of things, said the sing-in was sponsored by an ad hoc organization called CRPOA-CIG — Citizens Really P----d Off at Corruption in Government.

He said the people involved were associates in various environmentalist movements who "just happened to get together Sunday night and decided to write some songs." Du Lac and several of the others volunteered that they are Democrats. Nobody in the

group claimed to be a Republican.

U. S. Senator Alan Cranston (Dem-Calif.), who had been attending a meeting across the street at the Sheraton Palace, strolled over to see what was going on and stayed a few minutes, beaming but no singing.

Asked what was going on in Washington, the senator chuckled, "It's the people back there who are singing."

The crowd sang:

"Richard Nixon came to town, riding high on Check-rs. . .

"Martha Mitchell's on the phone, talking way past midnight.

"She'll save her Yankee Doodle mate. . ."

A young woman named Lisa Talbot, who works in a nearby advertising agency, grabbed a handful of the little flags and started passing them around as she sang.