



TAKE AWAY YOUR BILLION DOLLARS

by *Arthur Roberts*

The merry and somewhat irreverent comment on big operations in physics, which appears on the following pages, was first played at a small farewell party for Arthur Roberts just before he left Cambridge.

"Take Away Your Billion Dollars" was written in 1946 "at a time when it seemed as though every physicist was inventing, building, or projecting a new and larger machine, and while plans for the Brookhaven Laboratory were being formulated," Roberts writes (from Brookhaven, where he was working this summer).

"The AEC was not yet in existence, and all financing for new machines was being thought of as from the Armed Forces. This appeared to many people a dangerous situation. . . . I was impressed by the number of people who thought that it was aimed at them. Incidentally, in 1946, ten billion volts still seemed like an astronomical figure."

This is but one of six songs that have been recorded and may be purchased by writing to Mariette Kuper at Brookhaven. Roberts wrote all the music and the lyrics of all but one. The album contains: "The Cyclotronist's Nightmare, or Eighty Millicuries by Half-Past Nine" (1939); "It Ain't the Money" (1944, on the occasion of the award of the Nobel Prize in physics to I. I. Rabi); "Placement" (1945); "How Nice to be a Physicist" (1947); and "Conant, Compton, and Baruch" (1942, words by Prof. William Green of MIT).

Arthur Roberts, the physicist's ballader, first divided his teaching time between the New England Conservatory of Music and MIT's physics department. During the war he joined the MIT Radiation Laboratory and since then has been working in nuclear physics, beta- and gamma-ray spectra, biological applications of radioisotopes, and now microwave spectroscopy at Iowa State.



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Waltz time, with deep feeling

By Arthur Roberts



VOICE

mf Up - on the lawns of
And as the halls with

poco rit.

a tempo

mf

Wash - ing - ton the phys - i - cists as - sem - ble, From
cheers re - sound and prais - es fill the air, One

all the land are men at hand, their wis - dom to ex - change. — A
sin - gle man re - mains a - loof and si - lent in his chair. — And

great man stands to speak, and with ap - plause the raft - ers trem - ble. "My
when the room is qui - et and the crowd has ceased to cheer, — He



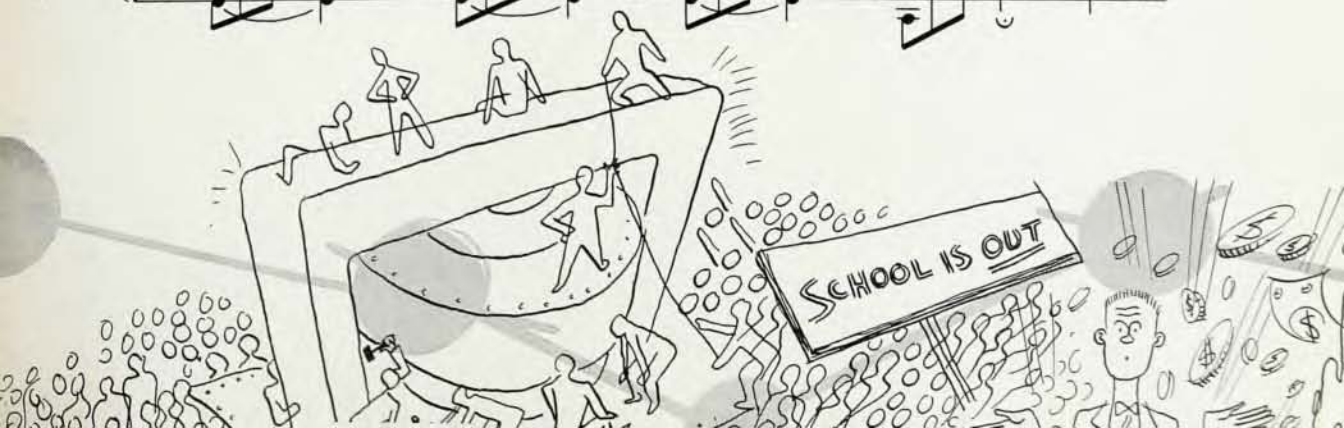
friends,"says he, "you all can see that phys-ics now must change.— Now
ris-es up and thun-ders forth an ans-wer loud and clear:—"It

in my lab we had our plans, but these we'll now ex-pand, — Re-
seems that I'm a fail-ure, just a pid-dling di-let-tante, — With-

search right now is use-less, we have come to un-der-stand. — We
in six months a mere ten thous-and bucks is all I've spent. — With

now pro-pose con-struct-ing at an an-cient Arm-y base, — The
love and string and seal-ing wax was phys-ics kept a-live, — Let

rit. poco a poco
best e-lect-ro-nu-cle-ar mach-ine in an-y place, — Oh —
not the wealth of Mi-das hide the goal for which we strive.—Oh —
rit. poco a poco



Tempo I

It will cost a bil - lion dol-lars, — ten bil - lion
Take a - way your bil - lion dol-lars, — take a - way your

volts 'twill give, — It will take five thous - and schol-ars —
taint - ed gold, — You can keep your damn ten bil-lion

sev - on years to make it live. — All the gen - er-als ap-
volts, my soul will not be sold. — Take a-way your arm - y

prove it, — all the mon - ey's now in hand, — And to help ad-
gen-'rals; — their kiss is death, I'm sure. — Ey - 'ry-thing I

vance our pro-gram, — teach-ing stu-dents now we've banned. — We have
build is, mine, and ey-'ry volt I make is pure. — Take a -



chart - ered trans - port - a - tion, — We'll pro - vide a week - ly dance,
 way your in - teg - ra - tion; — let us learn and let us teach,

Our mot - to's in - teg - ra - tion, — there is noth - ing
 Oh, be - ware this en - i - dem - ic Berk - e - lit - is,

cresc.
 left to chance. — This mach - ine is just a mod - el
 I be - seech. Oh, dam - mit! En - gin - eer - ing

cresc.

mf
 For a big - ger one, of course, That's the fu - ture
 is - n't phy - sics, is that plain? Take, oh take, your

mf

D.C.
 road for phy - sics, — as I hope you'll all en - dorse."
 bil - lion dol - lars, let's be phys - i - cists a - gain."

D.C.

