BROADSIDE #40

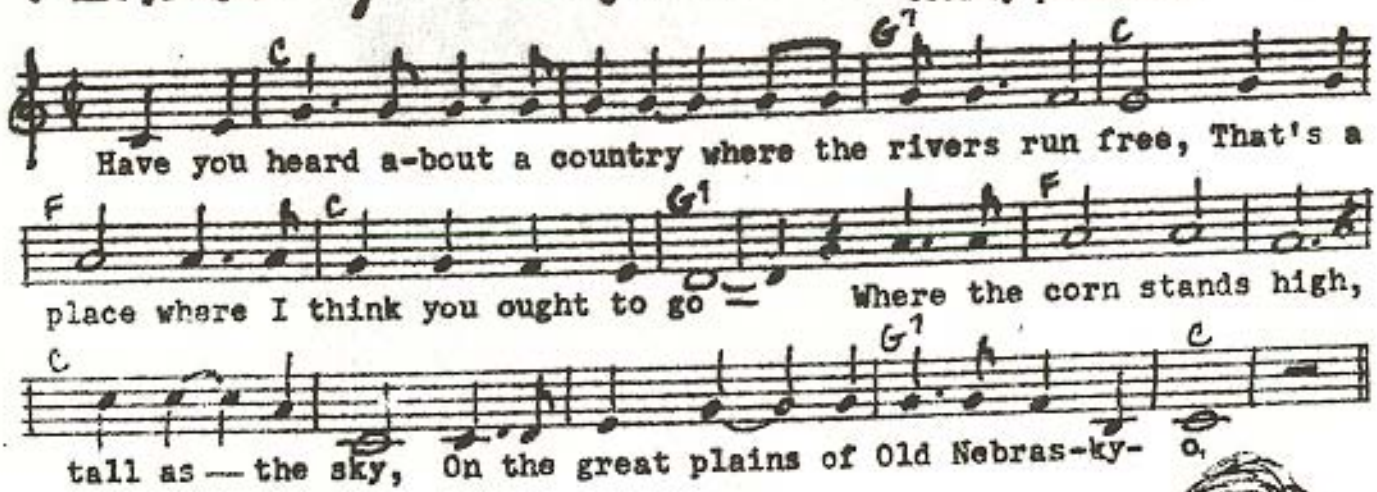
FEBRUARY 25
1964

Price --35¢

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE

PLAINS of NEBRASKY-O

Words & Music: Eric Andersen
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In school I read of men, who died by the gun,
But not of those who died by the hoe;
The land has drunk the rains of many a-farmer's blood,
Now forgotten and buried long ago.

Where are the hands that plowed fields without sleep?
Hands that saved a dyin' calf without rest?
Where's the feet that walked down them hot, dusty trails
On their way to seek their fortunes goin' west.

And where are the fathers who died in the dust,
And mothers who died hungry in the snow?
And where's the kids that watched the banks
plow their houses down?
Those are things I guess my teachers never knowed.

You tell me drouths hurt only corn and not men,
You smile and say hard times have gone away;
I guess I should listen to my city politician
Who keeps tellin' me these are better days.

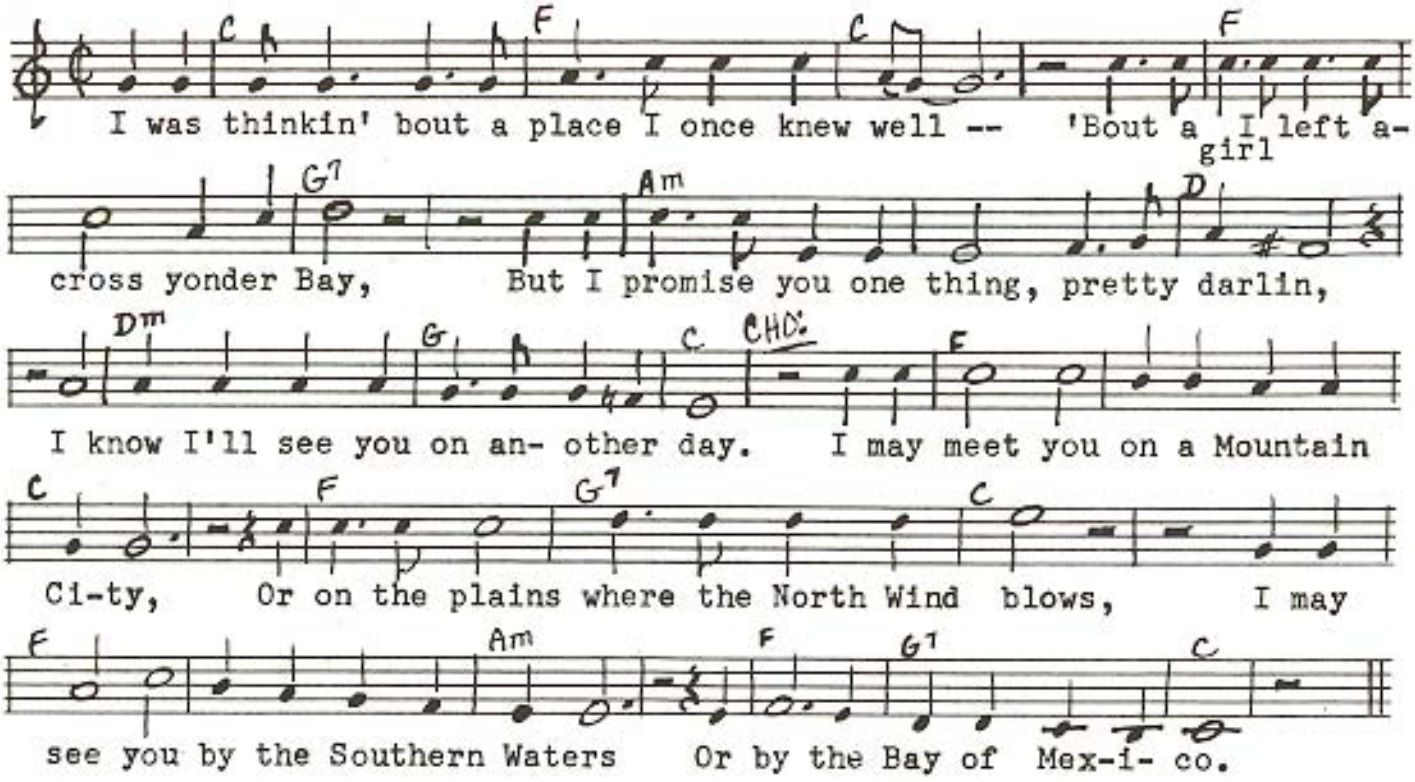
Is there anybody left to walk a muddy mile,
Is courage a word that's only said?
Is it true them dusty days are days
that never really were,
But are only tales in books to be read.

(Repeat first verse slowly & deliberately)



By THE BAY of MEXICO

By ERIC ANDERSEN
©1964 DEEP FORK MUSIC





Now the days are gettin dark and chilly
The river's froze, and the meadow's wrapped in snow
My heart is longin for them singin breezes
And down where the golden rivers flow. (CHO).

Now you may think I'm only talkin
You may think I'm gonna break your heart
But I know that where the grass is growin
One true love may finally get its start. (CHO).

I think I'm headed for greener pastures
My train is travelin on a straighter road
I think I'm learnin things I never learned before
An a hundred other things I never knowed. (CHO).

"Mountain City, that's New York." Eric Andersen.

BOTTLE OF WINE

BY TOM PAXTON

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CHORUS

A
BOT_TLE OF WINE,— FRUIT OF THE VINE,—

E A
WHEN YOU GON_NA LET ME GET SO—BER? LEAVE ME A_LONE,

E A
LET ME GO HOME,— LET ME GO BACK AND START O—VER.

VERSE

A E D A F
RAM_BL_IN' ROUND THIS DIR_TY OLD TOWN, SING_IN' FOR NICK_ELS AND

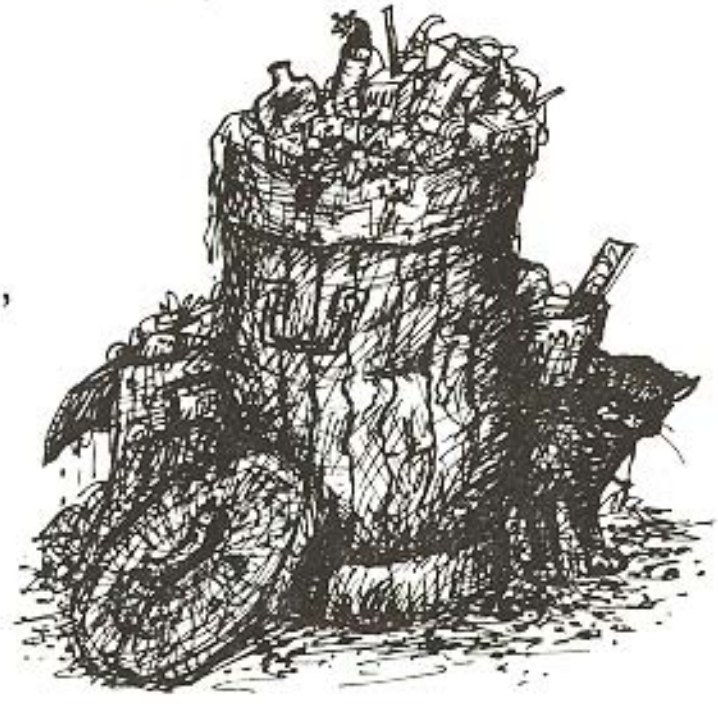
A A E D A
DIMES,— TIMES GET_TIN' ROUGH, I AIN'T GOT E_NOUGH, TO

E A
GET A LIT_TLE BOT_TLE OF WINE.—

2. LITTLE HOTEL, OLDER THAN HELL,
DARK AS THE COAL IN A MINE.
BLANKETS ARE THIN, I LAY THERE & GRIN,
I GOT A LITTLE BOTTLE OF WINE.

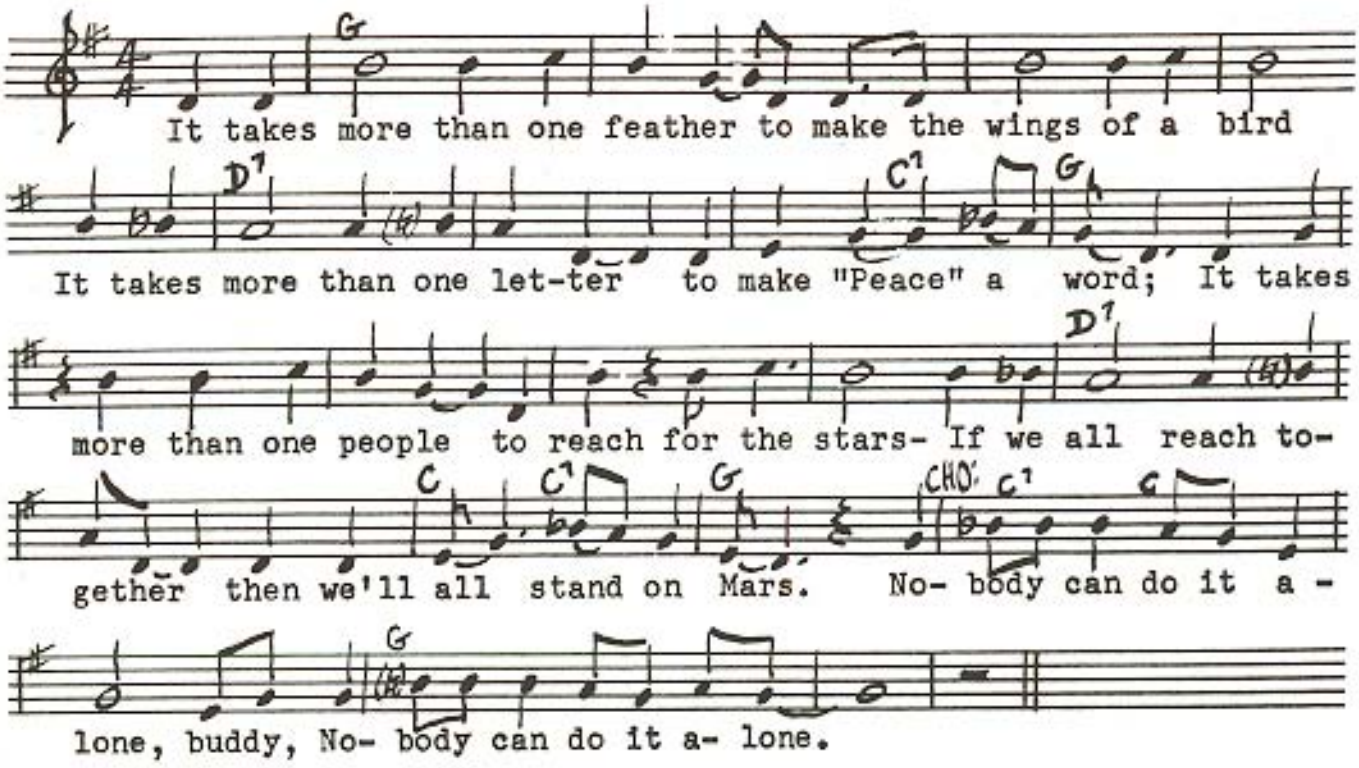
3. PAIN IN MY HEAD, BUGS IN MY BED,
PANTS ARE SO OLD THAT THEY SHINE.
OUT ON THE STREET, TELL THE PEOPLE I MEET,
BUY ME A BOTTLE OF WINE.

4. PREACHER WILL PREACH, TEACHER WILL TEACH,
MINER WILL DIG IN THE MINE,
I RIDE THE RODS, TRUSTING IN GOD,
HUGGIN' MY BOTTLE OF WINE.



NOBODY CAN DO IT ALONE

By Peter La Farge (ASCAP)
© 1964, Appleseed Music



It takes more than one layer to make up a pearl,
It takes more than one people to make up a world,
It takes more than one drop to make up a sea,
It takes them, it takes us, It takes you, it takes me. (CHO)

So it takes many to make one, when that one's made of many,
It takes differences and hope, Both, brother, or not any,
To gather the stars we'll need every hand,
From each country and each city,
From each heart and each hand. (CHO)

So let fly the Peace Dove -- With the rise of its wings
Every stroke we rise higher, and the Peace Angel sings,
Be gentle with yourself, be gentle with each other,
Hold on, my friends,
And we all may be brothers. (CHO, and repeat last line).



WHAT ARE YOU FIGHTIN' FOR

By PHIL OCHS
© 1963, Appleseed Music



2. Before you pack your rifle to sail across the sea,
Just think upon the Southern part of land that you call free,
Oh, there's many kinds of slavery and we found many more,
I know you're set for fightin' but what are you fightin' for.

3. And before you walk out on your job in answer to the call,
Just think about the millions who have no job at all,
And the men who wait for handouts with their eyes upon the floor,
I know you're set for fightin' but what are you fightin' for.

4. Read your morning papers, read every single line,
And tell me if you can believe that simple world you find,
Read every slanted word till your eyes are gettin' sore,
I know you're set for fightin' but what are you fightin' for.

5. And listen to your leaders, the ones that won the race,
As they stand there right before you and lie into your face,
If you ever tried to buy them, you'd know what they stand for,
I know you're set for fightin' but what are you fightin' for.

6. Put ragged clothes upon your back and sleep upon the ground,
And tell police about your rights as they drag you down,
And ask them as they lead you to some deserted door,
I know you're set for fightin' but what are you fightin' for.

7. But the hardest thing I ask you, if you will only try,
Is take your children by their hands and look into their eyes,
And there'll you see the answer you should have seen before,
If you'll win the wars at home, there'll be no fighting anymore.

- - - - o - - - -

Mayor Warns City Of a Massive Rise In Jobless Youths

Poverty in New York

One million New Yorkers . . . Amid the city's splendor they have been dealt out . . . One million men, women and children who live in absolute poverty . . .

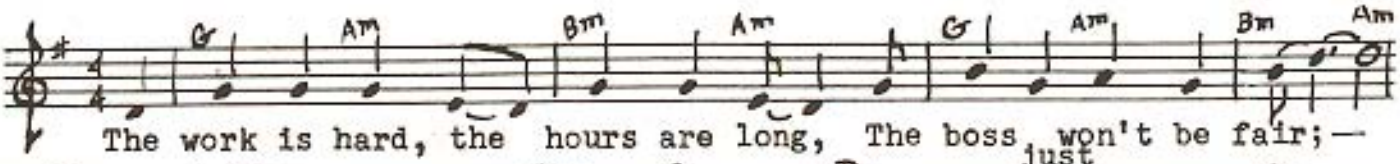
quoted to the jury a letter by Beckwith to the American Rifle Assn. in Washington from his Rankin County Jail cell. In the letter Beckwith had said that to protect "our women and children, we must shoot a lot of bad niggers and sorry white people"
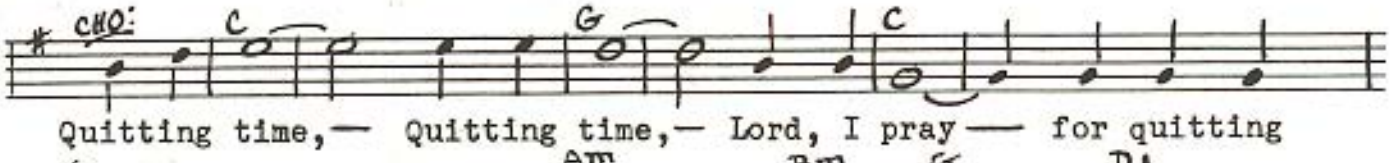
He called President Johnson's declaration of "unconditional war against poverty, only a beginning." He attributed much of the present emphasis on the need for a war on poverty to the Civil Rights Revolution
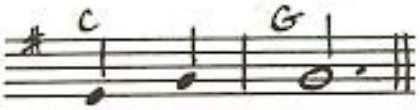
BROADSIDE #40

QUITTING TIME

By Len Chandler
© 1963 by author







Well I been to a wedding and I crossed two creeks,
I sure do get around.
It's too wet to plow and I can't dance
So I believe I'll go downtown. (CHO).
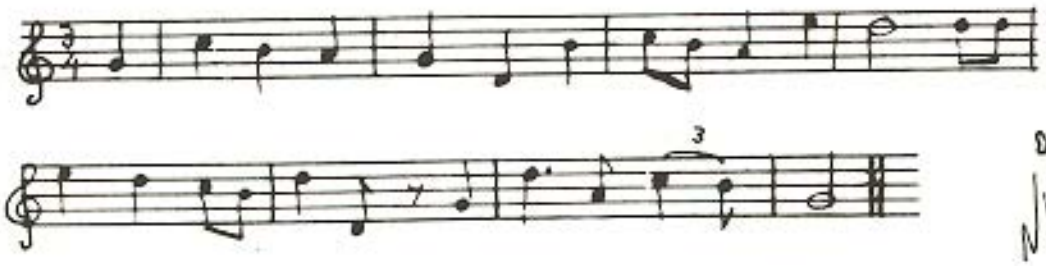
Well I went downtown last Saturday night,
And I stayed till half past ten,
If God be willing & the creeks don't rise
Next week I'm gonna go again. (CHO).

Yes the bell's done rung & my day is done,
It's down this old road I'm goin',
And if we ever meet again
You be a friend of mine. (CHO).

NO PLACE FOR LOVE

Words: Alex Comfort

(Tune: "Six Dukes Went A-Fishing")





1. When they built this city
They left no room for love
Though we only want the space, dear,
It takes to mark a grave.

2. We walked by the windows
I held her by the hand
We thought of every room, dear,
In all those houses round.

3. First your love is pleasure
Then it turns to pain;
They shouldn't build a city
With no place to lie down.

4. That dog's got a basket
That bird's got a nest --
Only city lovers
Have no place to rest.

5. We sat in the park, dear
And waited for the night
But there stood policemen
With torches burning bright.

6. We walked by the river,
I heard my love say
"How can we keep on loving
If it has to end this way?"
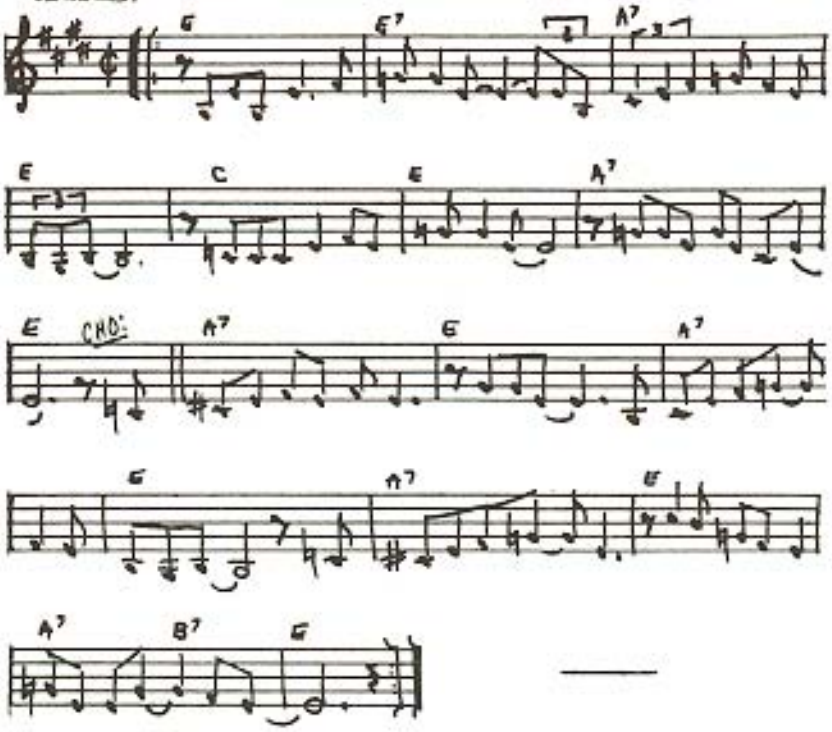
© 1964, Alex Comfort

BROADSIDE #40

SOMEBODY KEEPS MAKING PROMISES

By Carol Ann Gawle
© 1963, by author

(BLUES)



If you go down to New Orleans
For a hamburger on a bun,
Well, if you're white you'll get served,
But if you're black, better run.

CHORUS:
Cause somebody keeps makin promises
That nobody wants to keep,
Yes, somebody keeps makin promises
That nobody wants to keep.

If you take a ride on a great big bus
You'd better not be black,
Cause the driver sits the whites in front,
And the colored folks sit in the back.
(CHO.)

I went walkin near a school, all
Shiny, new and bright,
All full of empty classrooms,
Cause they only teach the white.
(CHO.)

I went down to the Courthouse, to
Register my name,
And lots of colored folks went too,
But they didn't get treated
the same. (CHO).

But when the Judgement Day
Arrives,
And the Lord decides our fate,
I wonder if some white folks think
That Heaven won't integrate. (CHO.)

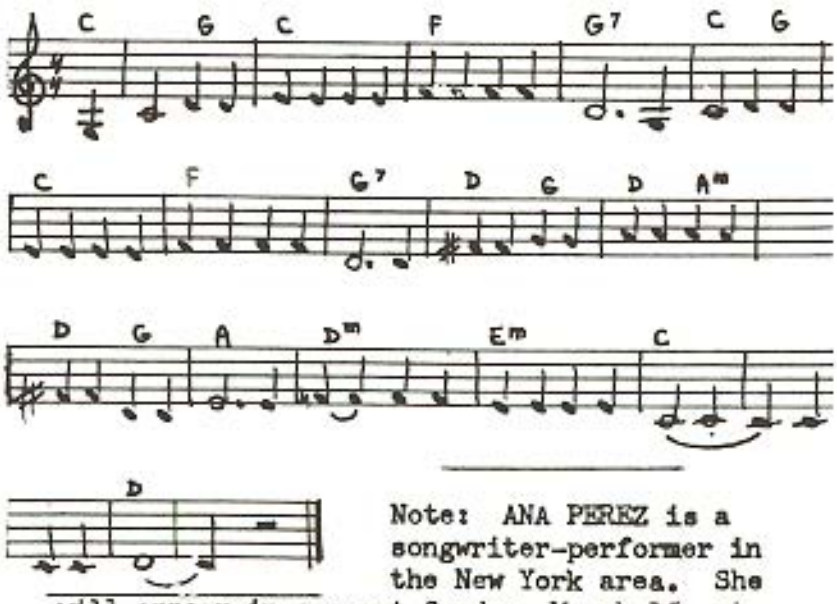
SONG OF MY BROTHERS

By Ana Perez
© 1963, by author

My black brother's body bears the
Scars of whip and chain;
My red brother's fathers long ago
Rode on the plain.
My yellow brother's children starve
Behind a tight-locked door,
My white brother's people face
A world that's sick of war.

Me and all my brothers once were
Sitting on a hill;
He said that soon a day would
Come when none would have to kill.
Or cheat, or scorn, or put in
Chains, or hurt another man
Because his skin or eyes were
Wrong, or he lived in another land.

Yet sometimes I begin to wonder
When that day will be,
When men will be at peace with
Men, and all men will be free;
For now the sands of time are
Running out, and all I hear
Are cries of pain, and drums of war,
And voices full of fear.



Note: ANA PEREZ is a songwriter-performer in the New York area. She will appear in concert Sunday, March 15, at Kossuth Hall, 346 E. 69th Street (5:30 P.M.). She will also sing on Lionel Kilberg's program "World of Folk Music", station WNCN (104.3 FM) from 7 to 8 o'clock, March 28.

MARK SPOELSTRA: PEACE, LOVE AND HOPE

By Lynn Musgrave

Unlike many Americans, topical songwriter and singer Mark Spoelstra has a purpose in life: to be a peacemaker -- to teach people to say "No" to the forces that bring war.

Raised in California, Mark was attracted as a child not to song-writing, but to the guitar (he plays a quiet twelve-string). He liked sad Country & Western songs. His mother wrote in a letter when he was 7 or 8 that he was "just nutsy about cowboy music." He later developed a love for blues.

Mark did not recognize song-writing as a way to communicate his ideas until he came to New York. He had written songs for himself in California, but he never thought people would listen to them until he himself heard young song-writers singing their own songs.

Mark at 23 is now interested in listening on a deeper level. He thinks about what makes the kind of song that people will listen to -- not just be entertained by, but really listen to and hear its message.

Through his songs he is working for an active, constructive peace, not a passive, complacent one in which people try to avoid fighting by ignoring each other. Petty differences can easily bring war when people are not actively working for peace. Mark's first task is to attack indifference and complacency -- to make people listen is a first step. "Indifferent minds are worse than guns," he writes. He tries to stimulate each person to concern himself with the task of peace.

Mark works with a gentle voice and simple, straightforward songs. He tries to avoid anything that will make his own individual personality or performance more interesting to an audience than his message. Musical gimmicks, humorous patter and catchy lyrics are not part of his quiet style. He feels that an audience sufficiently entertained by a performer's personality will not grapple with his ideas.

He tries to communicate his ideas effectively by limiting himself to topics which, though based on his own personal experiences, will be easily grasped by others because of their similar experiences. "Can you give a child a coat to warm her frozen heart," he sings -- or "I thought I heard somebody call my name." He feels it is easy for a song-writer to make the mistake of writing about things that are too personal for his audience to understand -- or about things that he does not really understand himself.

It is true that Mark writes about as many love songs as he writes peace songs. But for him learning how to love is the road to peace. For him love is a depth of existence that over-rules the things that cause war.

Always he tries to avoid the mistakes he is struggling to eliminate. He does not attack the individual but rather the issues of hatred and war. The issues are kept primary in his songs, through an element of hope, of optimism, however subtle. When there is no hope that those who now hate will learn to love then there obviously is no way left to bring peace except by eliminating the haters. This position is plainly unacceptable to Mark; he chooses to hope.

After several years as an active member of the New York and Boston

folk communities, Mark is again in California. He will be working with Negro children in a community development project in Fresno for two years as an alternative to military service. "It's good!" Mark wrote recently. "There's room for music, and for creative work."

In addition to his Folkways recordings, Mark is scheduled to be on an Elektra L-P sometime this spring. Wherever he is, Mark Spoelstra maintains a unity of purpose: to make people hear a message of peace, love and hope.

THE INCOMPLEAT WOODY

By Ernie Marrs

....Just about every time you turn around these days, it seems like, someone is writing another piece about Woody Guthrie. That wouldn't be so bad, except for one thing, and even then it's a good starting point.

Here's the trouble -- most of them are saying the same things, over and over, in slightly different words. You can get the King James text of it from John Greenway's "American Folksongs of Protest", which is not a bad book -- in fact, I'd call it required reading for any serious student of American folksong. The newspaper and magazine writers add a few frills here and there, change one thing or another, leave out this and that, and the resulting picture becomes more wishy-washy all the time. Judging by what most of them say, Woody wrote "Grand Coulee Dam", Dust Bowl songs, kid songs, union songs, "Philadelphia Lawyer" (Woody's name for that one was "Reno Blues", by the way), a book called "Bound For Glory", and presumably went to Sunday School the rest of the time.

What about the Woody Guthrie that wrote a book called "Study Butte", which even International Publishers found too warm for the times?

What about the Woody Guthrie that got into political trouble with the Mexican police, while on the way to sing on a radio station down there?

What about the Woody Guthrie that wrote columns for the People's World and The Daily Worker, and did he write for them partly because the management of the more capitalistic newspapers thinks you have to have a long string of letters after your name before the people understand your words?

What about the Woody Guthrie that wrote twelve songs on venereal disease for Uncle Sam's Army?

What about the Woody Guthrie that drifted into the office of the American League Against War and Fascism back in the late '30's, in Los Angeles, used up a month's supply of their mimeograph stencils running off a songbook to peddle, left the place looking like a lost cyclone hit it, and got out before the boss got back and gave the secretary hell for letting him in? (She helped Woody with the next songbook, too).

What about Woodrow Wilson Guthrie, the schoolboy? Where did he go to school? When? How long?

Perhaps the most invisible Woody Guthrie of all is the uninhibited and often ribald one. He got downright bawdy, gloriously so, and pretty often at that. Of this side of his writing and singing, Oscar

Brand once said, "Woody didn't write bawdy songs often. When he did, they were about the filthiest ones ever written." I am forced to disagree on both counts, for many of them have been preserved in his own writing, and in the least of the ones I've seen I found more truth and honesty than in ninety percent of Tin Pan Alley's offerings and outpourings. He called them as he saw them; and, personally, I prefer honest "filth" to nasty-nice lies any day, but tastes differ. Because some people are offended by such lines as

"I combed your hair with my fingers, I slept in your bed,
And I woke up this morning with a Milwaukee head",

we also miss such verses as

"The oil boom's over, and the wheat's blowed out,
The hard-hit people just wander about,
And the big new sheriff with his laws, by God,
Has got the ex-gamblers a-tilling the sod."

(Many a hard-luck drifter, pinched on a vagrancy rap and thrown on a county prison farm, would have really appreciated that song from his Texas Panhandle days.)

How many of these songs he didn't even bother to write down we will never know. Some exist in oral tradition only, others are totally lost. For example, in 1959 there were three people in a car -- Woody, Robert O.Gleason, and myself -- on the way back to the hospital "that damn Gravestone Park"), and we passed a Robert Hall clothing store. Woody and I started to make up verses about that chain, to the tune of "Sam Hall", and shortened the miles by singing. I am quite sure these verses would never have been used as an advertisement, even if we had saved them, which we didn't.

Then there's the Woody who made his living for a while as a sign-painter, having learned the trade from a correspondence school. That's where we got his drawings in "Bound For Glory" and elsewhere. How about the period in his life when he hung out a shingle and advertised himself as a spiritualist and faith healer; did he believe any part of the stuff he was peddling to troubled people in exchange for a scrabbily living? What motivated the unpredictable Woody who would stuff some brushes in his pockets, grab an extra shirt (blue, long sleeves and TWO POCKETS), socks, underwear and maybe a razor in a little bag, grab his guitar, and be gone before Marjorie got back from teaching her dancing class. There's the Woody who traveled with Pete, and Cisco, and Jack Elliot, and so many stories that it is doubtful if they'll ever be collected in one place. His oil paintings were good, but are as rare today as his wood carvings and sculpture.

I heard somewhere that John Greenway is at work writing another piece about Woody. A few years ago, John called Woody "one of the sweetest persons I ever met". Woody could be that, and he could also be a ring-tailed terror, depending on the situation, as John very well knows. In the aforementioned "American Folksongs of Protest", an example of "pure vitriol" is given, a quatrain about "You low-life thievin' snitch...", and Mr. Greenway allows that that's about as far as we'd better go with that one. The author was Woody Guthrie; the remainder is not all rhymed, and the final line of it is "You know who you are." It didn't kill me when I read it, and I'm kind of tired of having my reading material (and my writings) censored.

It boils down to one thing: no matter what this or that article

says, or what this or that person who met him says, there remains only one person who really knows all there is to know about the biggest little man I ever met -- Woody Guthrie!

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

... I just heard and read a speech from Washington that sounded too good. Reminded me of a page Woody Guthrie wrote in 1940, which I reproduce below. If the politicians can prove him wrong, let 'em! Me, I crave work at fair pay, not a handout -- I never was human parsley. Man has to feel he's doing some good in this world. -- E.Marrs.

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YOU'RE ON YOUR LAST GO 'ROUND

By W.W.Guthrie
c 1940 by author

"Every time a guy that's a running for office comes around he kisses your kids, hugs your wife, cranks your car, winds up your cat, and puts out your clock. He'll kid you and skid you, he'll pull you and bull you, he'll take you and shake you, he'll scrape you and rape you, he'll kiss you and miss you, he'll smell you and sell you, he'll promise to live with you, marry you, send you money, give you a job, put you up in business, build you a home, plant you a garden, ship you some chickens and smuggle you a bottle of whiskey from Old Mexico. He'll promise you everything you need and say the best aint good enough for you. He'll have you thinking the old world has at last changed and is a heaven on earth -- or will be after he's in office the first fifteen minutes. They screak, squeak, and speak. They hire guys to write 'em up some mighty pretty speeches. But -- all of these airy promises, all of the B.S. -- whatever becomes of it? Well, it won't be long till some feller in your town or country will be a combing your wife's hair and a pulling your leg at the same time with a smile on his face that looks like the west end of a heifer going east. Next time he comes 'round ask him a few things; ask him how he voted on the groceries and job and pension and house and money you need. Sing him this song; it's just a little old song I sung on the air waves out there on the coast; it might not have coasted back east a-tall, I never did find out. Anyhow, it looks better than it sounds. I mean it sounds better when you sing it by yourself than when I sing it by myself and you can use it to kick your congressman's pants when he comes back from his next lying trip to the Capitol." Woody Guthrie.

Now, I'm a gonna tell you what to do,
Yes, I'm a gonna tell you what to do,
When your politician kisses your babies again,
Just ask him a thing or two:

How did you vote on Relief?
How did you vote on Relief
Did you deal me groceries or deal me grief?
Boy, you're on your last go 'round.

How did you vote on my Old Age Pension?
How did you vote on my Old Age Pension?
If you voted my Old Age Pension down,
Boy, you're on your last go 'round.

How'd you vote on Government Houses?
How'd you vote on Government Houses?
If you took away my roof and left me out in the rain,
Man, you're on your last go 'round.