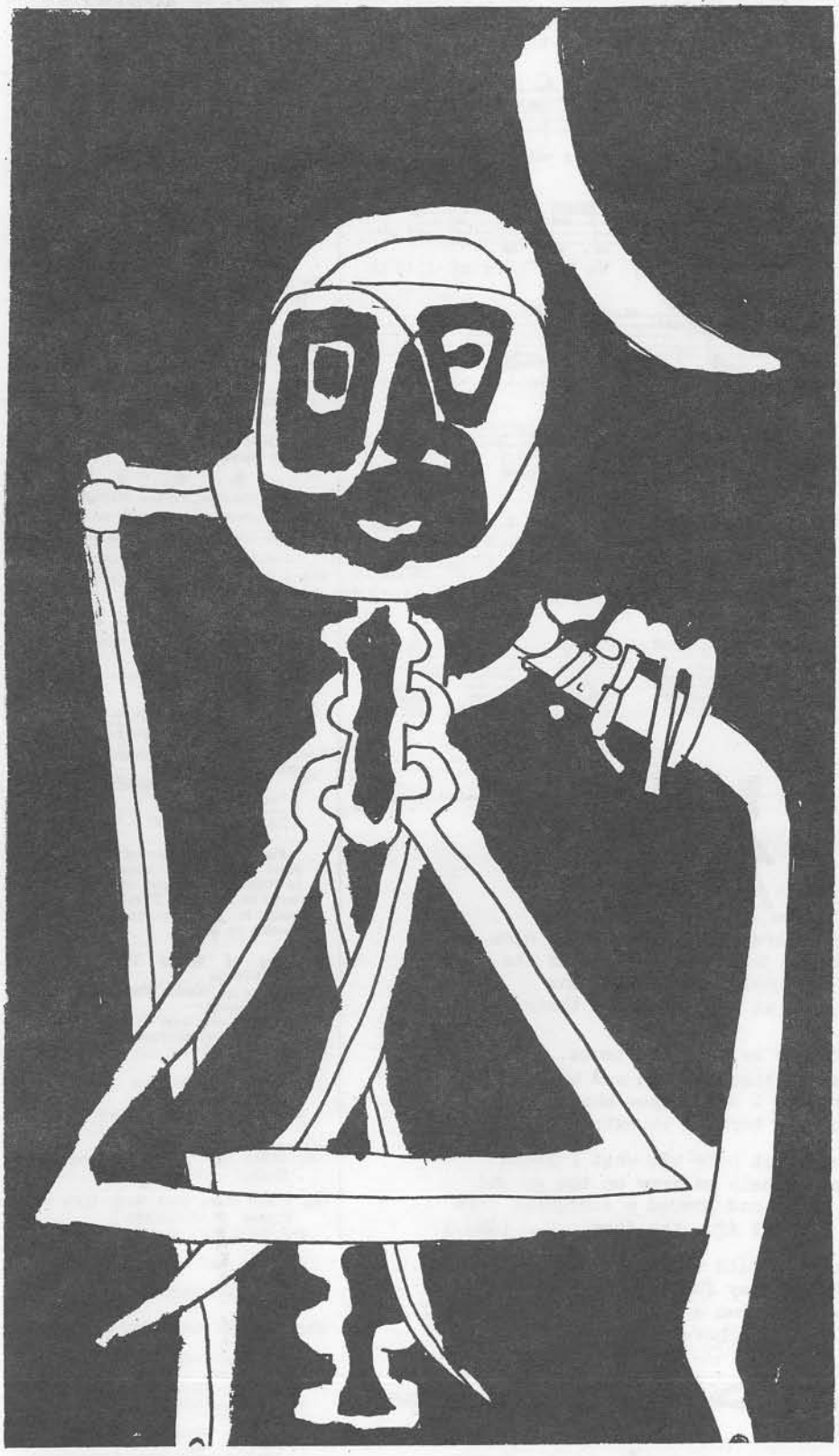
Broadside #76

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE NOVEMBER 1966 PRICE -- 50¢



"... a land of Pain and Death." Artwork by GARY DARK

IN THIS ISSUE

ABERFAN, Wales, Oct. 22 (AP) — Heavy rain fell on this grieving Welsh village today, bringing fear that a death-dealing mountain of coal slag might move again and imperil nearly 2,000 exhausted rescue workers toiling in the ruins of a buried school.

Police said the death toll in this greatest tragedy of modern Wales may rise to 220 — most of the victims the young children of miners.

"The Aberfan Coal Tip Tragedy" by TOM PARROTT

* * * * * *

A L S O

"'Cush' Holston"
By WILL McLEAN

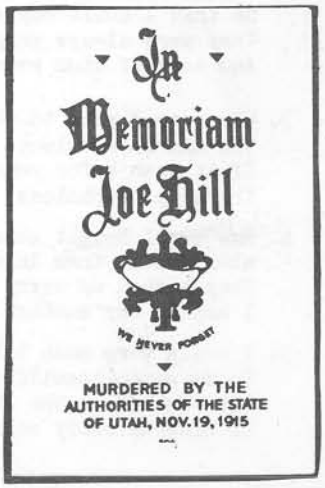
"Cindy's Cryin'"
By TOM PAXTON

"Long Time"
By JOAN COSMAN

* * * * * *

A N D

FRAN TAYLOR
MATT McGINN
MIKE KELLIN
PETE SEEGER



"The Ballad of Joe Hill"
By PHIL OCHS

Lots of Little Soldiers

by
JOHN BRUNNER

Words: MATT McGINN © 1966 Matt McGinn
Tune: "I Am A Little Beggarman" as sung by Tommy Makem & the Clancys



2. I went round and asked the neighbors for a nickel or a dime
So that I could buy some soldiers just to help me pass the time
They were always very kindly in supplying me with guns
And some of them even let me play at soldiers with their sons.
(Cho.)

3. Whenever I went to the shop to buy me guns and tanks
The man there always smiled and patted me head and whispered Thanks
If it wasn't for your soldier game I don't know what I'd do
You keep me business busy, Son, so here is an extra few. (Cho.)

4. One day I bought some aeroplanes but here was what I found
When I sent them in with bombs to help me army on the ground
They bombed up every soldier there and proved a sorrowful flop
I had to buy another hundred crosses from the shop. (Cho.)

5. I would very much like if I could teach this little game of guns
To my seven beautiful daughters and my fourteen lovely sons
But the man in the shop he gave me down a bomb from off the shelf
It blew up every soldier, all me neighbors and meself. (Cho.)



PRIVATE McNEILL

Robert McNeill, aged 26, a scrap burner, was arrested as a deserter for failing to respond to calling-up papers sent to him 6½ years ago. However, he was later sent home.

Where have you been six years, Private McNeill?
Where have you been six years, man with no gun?
At my home, colonel,
At my home, colonel—

I've a wife and three kids and I want to go home.

* * *

Where are your orders, Private McNeill?
Where are your orders, man with no gun?
Didn't get them colonel,
Didn't get them colonel.
I've a wife and three kids, and I want to go home.

* * *

You're a deserter, Private McNeill,
You're a deserter, man with no gun.
I'm a scrap burner, colonel,
I'm a scrap burner colonel.
I've a wife and three kids, and I want to go home.

* * *

You could have burned people, Private McNeill,
You could have burned people, man with no gun.
But stay in your civvies,
But stay in your civvies.
There might be an outcry — you'd better go home.

Edward, My Son

VETERANS OF WORLD WAR ONE

Four U.S. veterans of the First World War have written to President Johnson offering to serve in Vietnam. They say they want to give younger men a chance to live.

Veterans of World War One — Vi-et-Nam!
Veterans of World War One, Vi-et-Nam!
We still know how to fire a gun, Hanky-panky Vi-et-Nam!
In war we're in our element — Vi-et-Nam!
In war we're in our element — Vi-et-Nam!
In war we're in our element, We wrote to tell the president, Hanky-panky Vi-et-Nam!
We could have died back there in France — Vi-et-Nam!

We could have died back there in France — Vi-et-Nam!
We could have died back there in France, Take us and give those kids a chance! Hanky-panky Vi-et-Nam!

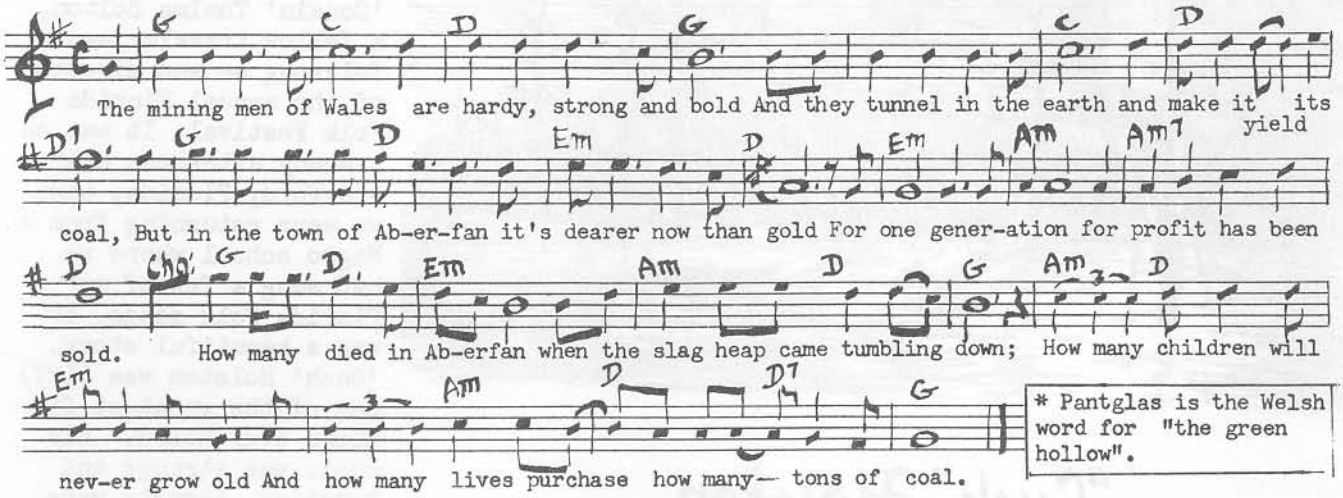
Better that old men should be dead — Vi-et-Nam!
Better that old men should be dead— Vi-et-Nam!
Better that old men should be dead Than youngsters with their lives ahead, Hanky-panky Vi-et-Nam!

Mademoiselle from Armentières

THE ABERFAN COAL TIP TRAGEDY

Words & Music by TOM PARROTT

© 1966 by Tom Parrott



* Pantglas is the Welsh word for "the green hollow".

The little school of Pantglas* lay where the mountain loomed,
And some two hundred children took their classes in its rooms,
But the day fall recess was to begin, they went to meet their doom,
Not knowing "the green hollow" would soon become their tomb. (Cho.)

It was just 9:00 A.M. when they opened up the door,
And in came the students, two hundred, maybe more,
But nobody knew what the mountain had in store,
The lucky ones were tardy, the others are no more. (Cho.)

"I played with my big dog and I played with my cat,"
Signed "Paul, October 21," there's nothing after that,
For the coal tip came down, and everyone was trapped,
And now there's only coal slag where little Paul once sat. (Cho.)

In eighteen hundred and seventy-four, the first pit shaft went down,
And they started piling mining waste on the slopes above the town,
And everybody knew that the practice was unsound,
But for ninety-two years no better place was found. (Cho.)

The men of the National Coal Board said that they'd known from the first,
That the coal tips they had permitted were a worry and a curse,
But I've heard that speech so many times, and it always sounds rehearsed,
If the coal tip was a murderer then the Coal Board's crime was worse. (Cho.

The children were pretty, the children were fine,
The children went to school in the shadow of the mine,
But with the coal tip up above them they were running out of time,
And they were "buried alive by the ministry of mines." (Cho.)



Inside the school children prayed before classes.

"Thank you for the world so sweet
"Thank you for the food we eat
"Thank you for the birds that sing
"Thank you, God, for everything."

ABERFAN, Wales, Oct. 22 (UPI) — "Today it is raining and I shall not be able to play with Carl after school. Last night I played with my airplane and I played with my big dog and I played with my cat."

Having reread this entry in his yellow-bound school diary, the young author took up his red crayon and headed a new page he would never finish.

"Paul, October 21 . . ."

It was 9:30 a.m. and the class was beginning its lessons in the little schoolhouse of Pantglas—"the green hollow," in Welsh.

Almost unheard, except for a low whine like that of a distant jet, part of the black mountain of coal debris looming over the village was sliding down on a cushion of rainwater.

And at 9:30 a.m. the silent killer, half a million tons worked loose from the 800-foot high mound by heavy downpours, smashed the schoolhouse and the homes around it under a tidal wave of muck.

Paul did not get a chance to finish his account of the day.

LONDON, Oct. 24—A Welshman who lost his wife and two sons in the avalanche that killed perhaps 200 people in Aberfan, Wales, Friday, said today at an inquest that the cause of death should be listed as "buried alive by the National Coal Board."

There were 60 people at the inquest, which was confined to the death of 34 of the victims. Many people expressed their agreement with the witness, rising to thir feet. A woman shouted: "He is right! They killed our children!"

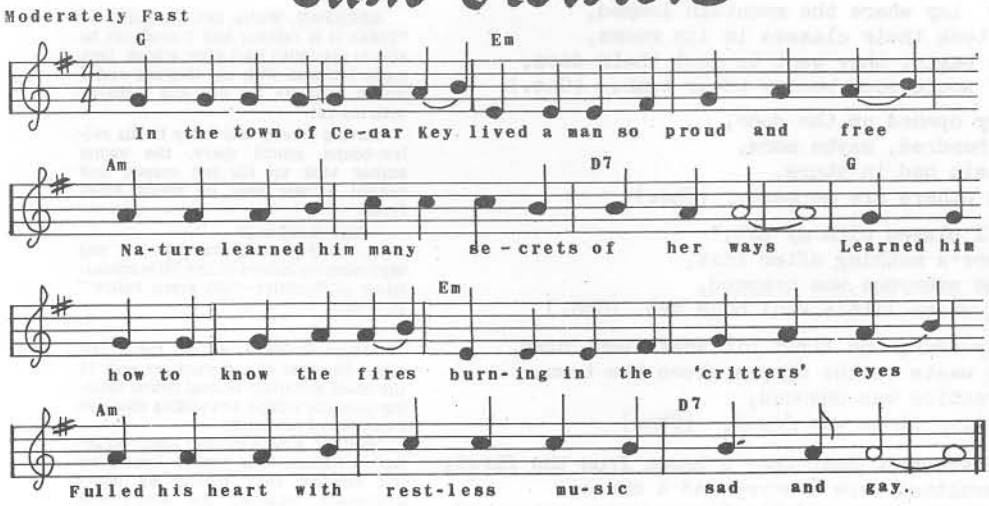
BROADSIDE #76

This portion of Broadside paid for by
Folkways Records, 165 W. 46 St., N.Y.C.

(advt.)



"Cush" Holston



Creatures stirring in the night
Stopped to listen with no fright
To---Cush Holston
As he sang and played.
Fingers dancing on the strings
Rosumed bow made fiddle ring
Filled the air so softly
With strange music.

Took his gun and he did go
To a place where no one knows
Vanished---like the cold mist
Leaves the river's sand.
Gone back to nature's own,
Still living free, alone,
Lonely is the mournful cry
Of this sad man.

Got arrested---put in jail
Caged up, this man did wail
As the lordly horn-owl
Wanting to be free.
Come time to let him go,
His face so full of woe
People broke his heart
With thoughtless mockery.

Will-o'-the-wisp was he
Living so proud and free
Cush Holston's gone back
To nature's ways.
She will no secrets tell
Of Cush and where he dwells
Will-o'-the-wisp
He will ever remain!

Words & Music by WILL McLEAN and PAUL CHAMPION
Copyright 1964 by Will McLean & Paul Champion

BROADSIDE #76

"I first heard the story of 'Cush' Holston 4 or 5 years ago from 'Cousin' Thelma Bolton, a fellow traveler -- in folksong -- and director of the annual Florida Folk Festival. It was on a sunny afternoon near Branford, Florida, when we were returning from a Negro school where we had sung a few of my Florida folk songs. It was a beautiful story. 'Cush' Holston was (is?) one of the greatest fiddlers ever heard. His music was strange and haunting. Varmits were entranced by it and would creep up to where the light shone through the cracks of his shack to listen. It is said that even bees, wasps, scorpions,etc., would not sting him.

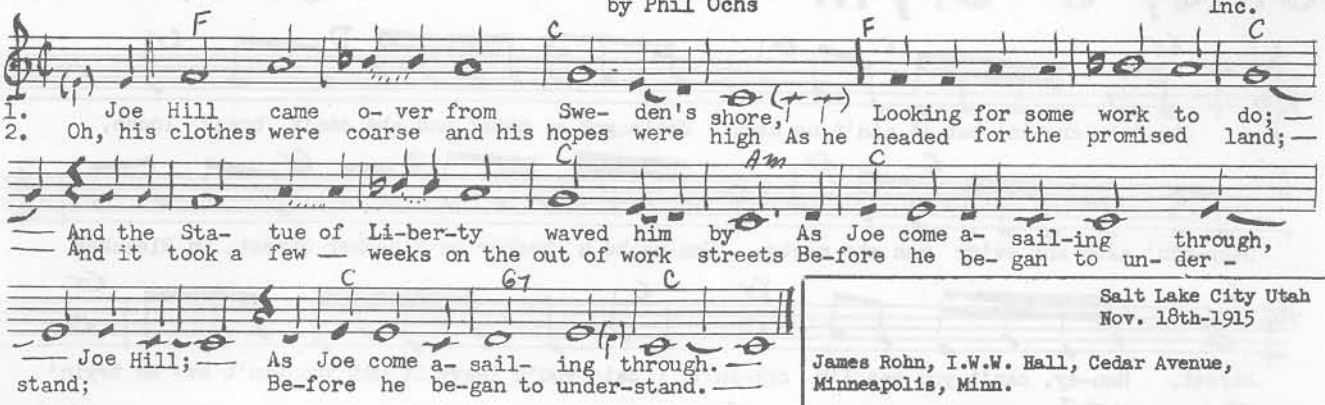
"The commercial world started to hear of him and many collecters sought him out (I do believe, though, that Alan Lomax missed him). 'Cush' could not cope with liquor and soon flattery plus whiskey -- plus collecters -- done the job. (Somehow they missed getting him on records or tape).

One night he was jailed for drunken-ness. He cried loudly all night, like a Horn Owl, who as everyone knows will take his own life if caged. The townspeople gathered to mock and laugh, and 'Cush' walked past them, his head down, took a few 'possibles' from his cabin and vanished , apparently forever, into one of Florida's largest swamps. That was ten years ago. It is said on still nights he can still be heard playing his fiddle." WILL McLEAN.

JOE HILL

Words: PHIL OCHS
Tune: Adapted from traditional
by Phil Ochs

Copyright 1966
Barricade Music
Inc.



Then he got hired by a Bowery bar sweeping up a saloon
As his rag would sail o'er the barroom rail
It sounded like he whistled on a tune
You could almost hear him whistling on a tune.

And Joe rolled on from job to job from the docks to the railroad line
And no matter how hungry the hand that wrote
In his letters he was always doing fine (2 X)

The years went by like the sun going down, slowly turned the page
And when Joe looked back at the sweat on his tracks
He had nothing to show but his age (2X)

So he headed out for the California shore, there things were just as bad
So he joined the Industrial Workers of the World
Cause the Union was the only friend he had (2X)

The strikes were bloody and the strikes were black, as hard as they were long
In the dark of the night Joe would stay awake and write
In the morning he would wake them with a song (2X)

He wrote his words to the tunes of the day
To be passed along the union vine
And the strikes were led and the songs were spread
And Joe Hill was always on the line (2X)

Then in Salt Lake City a murder was made, there was hardly a clue to be found
Yes, the proof was poor but the sheriff was sure
That Joe was the killer of the crime (2X)

Joe raised his hands but they shot him down, he had nothing but guilt to give
It's a doctor I need and they left him to bleed
But he made it 'cause he had the will to live (2X)

The trial was held in a building of wood, there the killer would be named
And the days weighed more than the cold copper ore
Cause he feared that he was being framed (2X)

Strange are the ways of the western law, strange are the ways of fate
For the government crawled to the mine owners call
And the judge was appointed by the state (2X)

Now, Utah justice can be had but not for a Union man
And Joe was warned,by some early morn
There'd be one less singer in the land (2X)

Oh William Spry was Governor Spry and a life was his to hold
On the last appeal fell a Governor's tear
May the Lord have mercy on your soul (2X)

BROADSIDE #76

Salt Lake City Utah
Nov. 18th-1915

James Rohn, I.W.W. Hall, Cedar Avenue,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Wire received. I will die like a rebel. Composed new song last week. Dedicated to the "Dove of Peace." It's coming your way. My best to everybody. Good-bye.

Joe Hill

President Wilson held up the day but even he would fail
For nobody heard the soul searching words
Of the soul in the Salt Lake City jail (2X)

For thirty-six years he lived out his days and he more than played his part
For the songs that he made he was carefully paid
By a rifle bullet buried in his heart (2X)

Yes, they lined Joe Hill up against the wall blindfold over his eyes
It's the life of the rebel that he chose to live
It's the death of the rebel that he died (2X)

In his time in the cell he wrote to his friends
His wishes all were plain
My body can't be found on this Utah ground
So they laid him on a fast departing train (2X)

The rebel rode to Chicago town, there were thirty thousand people to mourn
And just about the time that Joe lay dying
A legend was just a-being born (2X)

Now some say Joe was guilty as charged, some say he wasn't even there
And I guess nobody will ever know
Cause the court records all have disappeared (2X)

Now, wherever you go in this fair land in every Union hall
In the dusty dark these words are marked
In between all the cracks upon the wall (2X)

It's the very last lines that Joe Hill wrote
When he knew that his days were through
Boys, this is my last and final wish
Good luck to all of you, Good luck to all of you.

Salt Lake City Utah
Nov. 18th-1915

W.D. Haywood
Chicago, Illinois

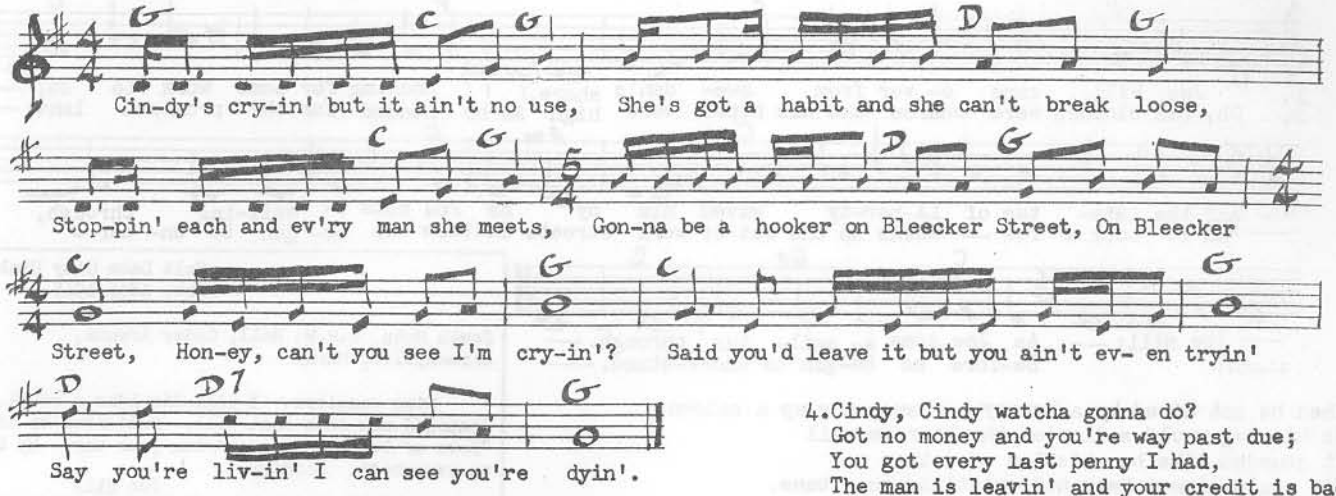
Goodbye Bill: I die like a true rebel. Don't waste any time mourning--organize! It is a hundred miles from here to Wyoming. Could you arrange to have my body hauled to the state line to be buried? I don't want to be found dead in Utah.

Joe Hill

(Ed.Note: Joe Hill's last letters on this page are reprinted from the book "The Letters Of Joe Hill" edited by Dr. Philip S. Foner, Oak Publications, 165 W. 46 St.,New York,N.Y. 10036. $1.95)

Cindy's Cryin'

Words & Music by TOM PAXTON
©1966 Deep Fork Music, Inc.



2.Police got her on the street today
She was holdin' and they took her away,
Threw her in jail and they made her wait
She was cryin' "Oh, Jesus, let me just get straight,
Let me just get straight". Honey, can't you see I'm cryin'?
Said you'd leave it but you ain't even tryin',
Say you're livin'; I can see you're dyin'.

3.Cindy loves me but she has to go
Down to the corner in the wind and snow
Standin' on the corner till the man comes 'round
Till the man comes 'round, (etc.)

4.Cindy, Cindy watcha gonna do?
Got no money and you're way past due;
You got every last penny I had,
The man is leavin' and your credit is bad,
And your credit is bad...(etc.)

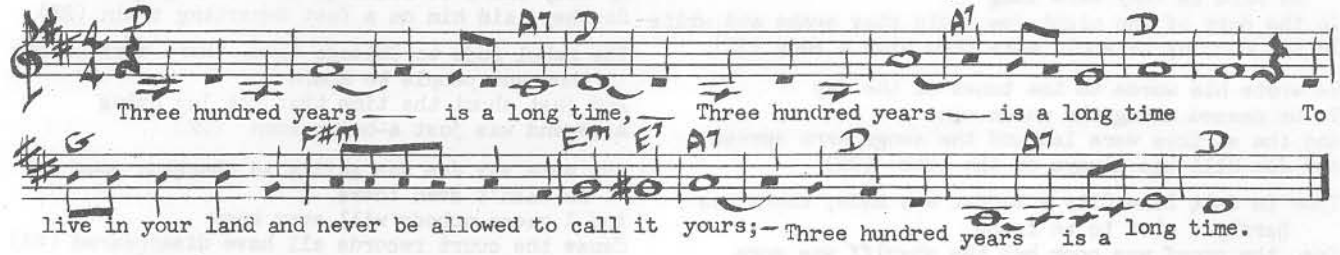
5.Cindy went south and took the cure,
"This time, Honey, I'm straight for sure".
Went to the corner to the grocery store,
Gone ten minutes and I know you scored,
I know you scored...(etc.)

6. (Repest first verse)

LONG TIME

Dedicated to PAULENE MYERS *

Words & Music by JOAN COSMAN
© 1966 Joan Cosman



2. One hundred years is a long time
One hundred years is a long time
to have to wait for a promise to be kept
-- and to wait in vain
One hundred years is a long time.

3. A single year is a long time
A single year is a long time
when a little one stands at a padlocked door
that once was a public school
A single year is a long time.

4. A single day is a long time
A single day is a long time
when you must tend another mother's child
while yours is home alone
A single day is a long time.

5. Two thousand years is a long time
Two thousand years is a long time
for the brotherhood creed whose people cry
they're still not yet prepared
Two thousand years is a long time.

(*See Notes page)

BROADSIDE #76

Special to The New York Times

GRENADA, Miss., Sept. 18— There was a public display of contrition here today over the beating of Negro school children by white mobs last Monday and Tuesday.

At a call from the minister in the First Methodist Church, more than half the members of a congregation of nearly 500 came before the altar to kneel and pray for forgiveness. Some were weeping.

In the sermon, the Rev. C. B. Burt lashed out at the "bestiality" of the white adults who whipped and stomped the Negro children as they integrated two schools.

Mr. Burt said he had witnessed some of the mob action. He said he had seen Negro children stumble in terror as they tried to evade pursuit from a crowd brandishing clubs and chains. "I could hardly believe my eyes," he said.

Mr. Burt recalled that, as a chaplain in World War II, he had entered Buchenwald a few hours after the Nazi concentration camp was liberated. There he had seen "corpses stacked up for the furnaces," as well as "more than 50,000 living dead."

As for himself, he said, he felt "a deep sense of guilt and shame" for not having been more outspoken on behalf of righteousness, law and order.

The churches of Mississippi have done too little to prepare the people for inevitable social change, he said, while the Mis-

"Somewhere, somehow, the church has failed when there is this kind of hate and bestiality in a city of this size," Mr. Burt said. "Where was the church when these seeds were planted?"

Mr. Burt warned that Grenada was "in desperate trouble and will be for days to come."

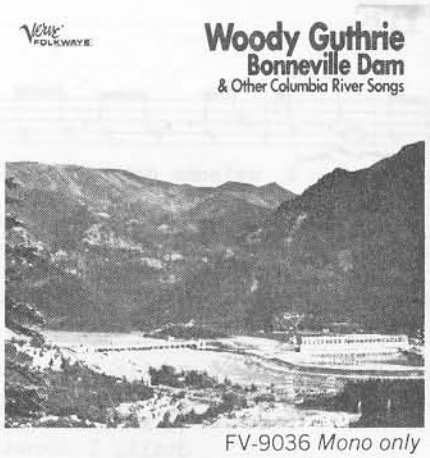
None of the larger Protestant denominations has desegregated here and Mr. Burt said he did not think his own congregation was "ready" for it.

The Traditions



FT/FTS-3011-3

SPECIAL: THREE LP's FOR $5.79! *Mono or Stereo!* A basic library of blues. Lightnin' Hopkins, Sonny Terry, Brownie McGhee, "Big" Joe Williams, Jimmy Witherspoon, Groove Holmes, others.



FV-9036 *Mono only*

Superb Guthrie ballads inspired by the Columbia River. Woody sings *This Land Is My Land, Grand Coulee Dam,* other now-classics. Contains performances never before released!



FT/FTS-3010

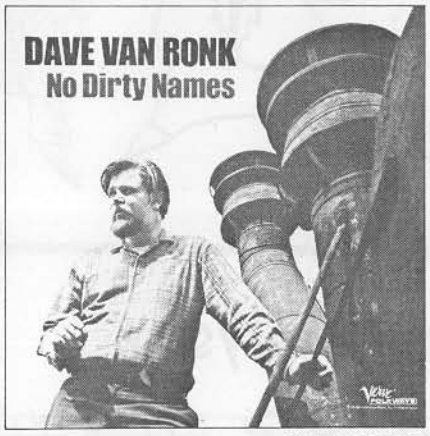
Brand new! Recorded live! Four past-masters of the blues tradition in a history-making reunion.

and The Trends



FT/FTS-3008

Great new album by the "most incandescent Folk Group in America today" (Robert Shelton).



FT/FTS-3009

Top-rank Ronk in a new collection that runs the gamut from *One Meatball* to Kurt Weill's brilliant *Alabama Song.* His first new LP in two years.



FT/FTS-3006

Here's the man who made the news at Newport! Discover why—in this exciting debut album.

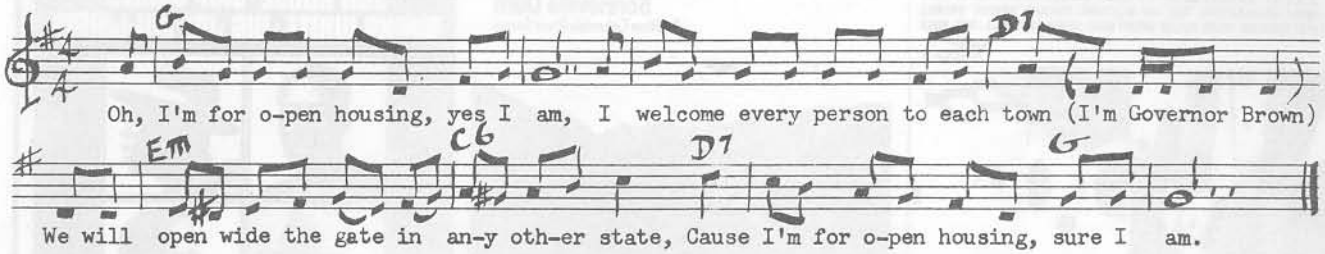
are on Verve/Folkways

Verve® FOLKWAYS

Verve/Folkways Records are distributed by MGM Records, a division of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc.

MEN of PRINCIPLE

Words by FRANCES TAYLOR
Tune by PETE SEEGER
©1966, Ludlow Music



Yes, integrate our schools, let's start at once
Education is for all, I've always said
(I'm Mayor Head)
We will start with grade thirteen
A grade no one has seen
Cause I'm for integration, sure I am.

Yes, I stand for low-cost homes, I surely do
I assure you I will build some very soon
(I'm Commissioner Moon)
But I'm in a sorry plight because
I cannot find a site
I'm for low-cost housing, sure I am.

I will fight for jobs for you, yes, every day
I will help you to leap the hurdle
(I'm Senator McCurdle)
Still, I cannot act today
While the president's away
But I'll see that you get jobs next year, sometime.

No, I'm not for sending armies overseas
I will work to keep your sons right in their homes
(I'm General Soames)
Still that Vietnamese affair
Needs a soldier here and there
It's the only way to peace, you know, my friends --



preserven el parque elysian

By MIKE KELLIN
© 1956 Amrita Music, Inc.

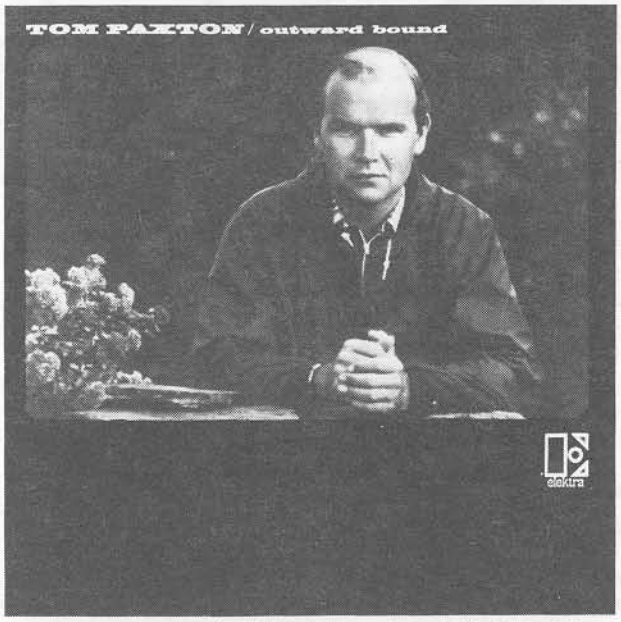


(Each verse follows above pattern of repeats)

2. Me gusta el parque Elysian! (Elysian park is my kind of park!)
3. El aire es libre, amigos. (The air is free, my friends.)
4. No queremos fincas en el parque.(We don't want building in the park.)
5. Queremos el zacate verde! (We want the green grass!)
6. El parque es suyo y miyo! (The park is yours and mine!)
7. Los niños necesitan el parque. (The children need the park.)
8. Preserven el parque Elysian. (Save Elysian Park)
9. NO PASARAN LOS BULLDOZERS! (Stop the bulldozers!)

(Note: Mike Kellin wrote this song for a rally to save Elysian Park in Los Angeles,used yearly by a million people,many of them Mexican-Americans. It was first printed in the West Coast Songmakers Almanac -- Mike is a longtime member. Pete Seeger recorded it on his L-P album "God Bless The Grass." Mike is an actor -- a lead role in T-V's "Wackiest Ship in the Army", and now in "The Odd Couple" on Broadway,N.Y.C.)

TOM PAXTON



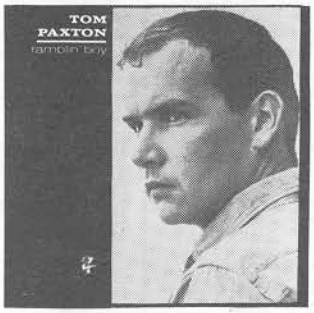
OUTWARD BOUND

Thirteen new songs by America's outstanding contemporary songwriter.

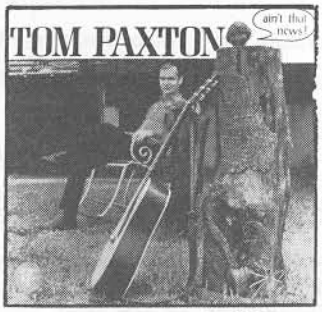
Leaving London • Don't You Let Nobody Turn You Round • My Son, John • The King of My Backyard • Deep Fork River Blues • One Time and One Time Only • Is This Any Way to Run an Airline? • All the Way Home • I Followed Her Into The West • This World Goes 'Round and 'Round • Talking Pop Art • When You Get Your Ticket • I Believe, I Do • Outward Bound

EKL-317 (mono) / EKS-7317 (stereo)

OTHER OUTSTANDING RECORDS BY TOM PAXTON



RAMBLIN BOY
EKL-277/EKS-7277



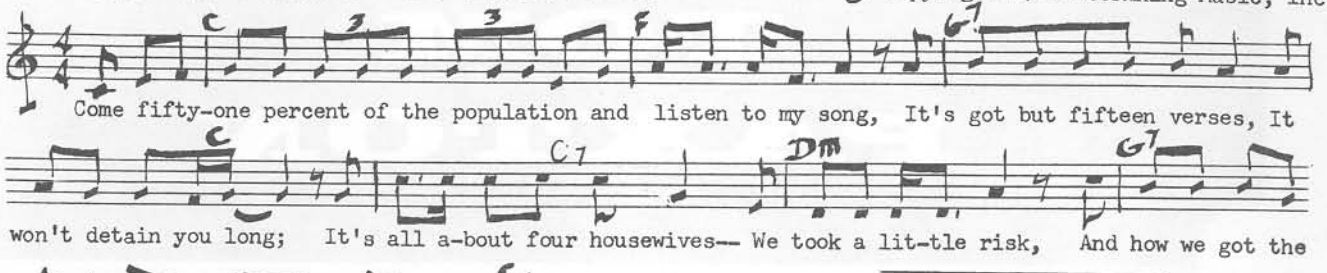
AIN'T THAT NEWS
EKL-298/EKS-7298

elektra

51 WEST 51 STREET NEW YORK CITY, N. Y. 10019 • 7, POLAND STREET, LONDON W. 1 ENGLAND

The Housewife Terrorists

Words & Music: PETER SEEGER
© Copyright 1966 Stormking Music, Inc.



On a sunny day in the month of May in 1966
Right near the town of San Jose
We dressed in our best nylons, high heels
and white gloves
And drove down to the shores of 'Frisco Bay.

There was Joyce and Aileen, Beverly and Lisa
We'd each made our decision on our own
We hand-painted the lines
On our homemade picket signs
And arranged for baby sitters back at home.

When we entered the storage yard down on the bay
We saw the loading ramp and the bombs
Little did we know the consternation we'd be
causing
For the folks who'd rather not discuss Napalm.

We saw a fork-lift truck bringing out a
bomb load
Lisa walked over and spoke up to the man
Then she said I want you to stop what you are
doing
And in front of his truck we all did stand.

"We came to stop murder," Joyce explained po-
litely
He stopped his truck and stared in disbelief
And just as another operator mounted the machine
Along came Pat Chew, the local Chief.

Chief Chew went to his radio, he said "Send
reinforcements'
There's four women here, you gotta help me out."
Loud whined the siren, two squad cars drove in
Chief Chew said, "Now ladies, you clear out."

Still we wouldn't move, the owner shouts "You're
trespassing!
Here's your last chance to leave of your free will"
We said "Please tell us which is the most import-
ant law:
'Thou shalt not trespass' or 'Thou shalt not kill'".

The owner said "Ladies, why don't you think of your
children?"
"We are," says we, "and yours as well
And we're thinking of those children in far off
Viet Nam
For whom these bombs will make a burning hell."

They said "Why don't you go through the legis-
lative process?"
That's when our politeness very near gave way
"Why doesn't the President go through the
legislative process?
If he did, this war could end today."

They must have given us 8 or 10 last chances
"Don't you realize that you do break the law?"
We said, "Don't you realize what you yourself
are doing?
It's you that commits the crime of war."

"You're under arrest," he said at last
"Each of us?" says we
Distinctly he said yes, and closed his eyes
We had held our ground for over one hour
And the Napalm barge had missed the tide.

Perhaps you read the papers, we got a suspended
sentence
As long as we would obey the law
But we feel it's our government that's really
breaking laws
And that's what we demonstrated for.

So when school starts again we may find our-
selves
Taking some other little risk
And we hope that other women will shed their
small fears
And join the Housewife Terrorists.

"The above amounts to a draft; after it has been sung a while I'm sure it can be improved in many small ways & perhaps some big ways. I am not even certain this is the best tune for the song; it is one I have pieced together, and the words have to be squeezed in or stretched considerably to fit. For example the 1st verse uses many more syllables for the 2nd & 4th lines!"
-- P. Seeger, September 16, 1966

THERE IS ONLY
ONE
NATIONAL FOLKSONG MAGAZINE



It's published six times every year. Each issue contains songs (folk, Topical, etc.) with guitar chords. There are also articles on folk music and folk musicians, informative and controversial, reviews of books and records, many provocative columns of news and opinion, our internationally-famous letters to the editor, advertisements of specialized interest, and always a surprise or two.

The best writers and most knowledgable musicians we can get hold of write for Sing Out! - people like Pete Seeger, Sam Hinton, Julius Lester, Israel Young, Barbara Dane, Tom Paxton, Tony Glover, Charles Edward Smith, and many, many more.

1-year subscription to SING OUT! ($5.00)
2-year subscription to SING OUT! ($8.00)

SING OUT!
165 West 46th Street / New York, New York 10036

"A friend of ours was shot in the Texas Tower shootings here in Austin on Aug. 1, and I've been haunted ever since. This poem is an attempt to put the thing in relatively concrete terms, as it's easier to deal with." -- JUDITH ADDAMS

August 1, 1966

for Bob Boyer

A state of violence.
A state of cruelty.
The mid-day sun
  beats on the body
  of a friend.
Dying.

A madman shoots with cool aim,
Biting,
  Staccato,
Punctuating the slow sentences
    of academe.

We now mourn the dead
And grieve for the living.

I cannot drive on campus
      without
  Expecting to hear shots.

What song is there now I can
      sing
  For my grief?
What comfort can I give
  His wife?
What songs sing
  His children?
What tell myself in the
  Sorrow of my dreams?

© 1966 by Judith Addams

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

LATE NEWS BRIEFS: Ramon Padilla, author of the article on the U.S. topical songwriting movement in tha Madrid magazine triunfo (see notes page) has been commissioned by a Spanish publisher to do a full-length book on the subject... Mississippi John Hurt died in Grenada, Miss., Nov.2. ... TOM PAXTON, RONNIE GILBERT & JOE FRAZIER will perform at a THANKSGIVING EVE FOLK CONCERT Nov. 23 sponsored by the N.Y.C. W.E.B.DuBois Club. At the Hunter College Assembly Hall... TOM RUSH at N.Y.'s Town Hall Dec. 17th.....

(Ed.Note:Atlanta Ga.'s topical songwriter-performers -- BUD FOOTE, ERNIE MARRS, ELEANOR WALDEN,etc.-- composed and sang many songs in the write-in campaign for Ellis Arnall against the Dem. & Rep. gubernatorial nominees: Lester "Axhandle" Maddox, arch-segregationist supreme, and Bo Callaway. Here's one of Ernie's songs that should last well past election):

THE MADDOX CANNONBALL (Tune:Wabash Cannonball)

From the golden glow of Tybee Light to the rocks
  of Rebun Gap,
Old Georgia tells the story of a simple-minded sap
Who climbed aboard a freight train as it made
  its final haul --
Bo Callaway was a hobo on the Maddox Cannonball.

That train rolled into Georgia on a cold November day
With a boxcar-load of Birchers mixed with the K.K.K.
An all-white human cargo that spoke with a Dixie drawl
When Callaway swung onto the tail of the Maddox
  Cannonball.

Jim Gray was the conductor, Calvin Craig kept up
  the steam
While Lester Maddox yanked the cord and made the
  whistle scream
A dozen or more were firemen -- they shoveled, one
  and all
But there wasn't any brakeman on the Maddox Cannonball.

The walls of the firebox were as hot as they could be
Where half the Federal Government was burned in effigy
Five thousand cardboard Kennedys were burned, as I
  recall
And it almost blew the safety valve off the Maddox
  Cannonball.

The red caboose light shone in front, the headlight
  shone behind
As on they highballed in reverse, the whole bunch
  flying blind
And several sparks and cinders on Bo Callaway did fall
As he held to the cow-catcher of the Maddox Cannonball.

Their speed was nearly ninety and the night was
  inky black
The train went on a de-rail, and then it left the
  track
A muddy, rolling river drowned the whistle's lonely
  squall --
They polluted the Chattahoochee with the Maddox
  Cannonball.

So here's to Ellis Arnall, whose vision was so keen
In the dark old days behind us when the shore was
  dimly seen
The smoke and fog are lifting, and I hear the future
  call --
"Let's go clean up the wreckage of the Maddox
  Cannonball."

Copyright 1966 Ernie Marrs

- -

NOTE: PETE SEEGER's 2nd appearance on CBS-TV's "Lamp Unto My Feet" scheduled for November 20th...

N O T E S

LONG TIME: "Long Time is dedicated to the incomparable Paulene Myers whose one-woman show, 'The World Of My America', portrays the Negro world as it was and is. Implicitly, her poignant vignettes add up to the same inescapable 'j'accuse!'", JOAN COSMAN .... THE TEMPEST OF FOLK-SONG: Under this title the Sept. issue of the popular Spanish magazine, triunfo (triumph), publishes an excellent article on topical songs in the U.S. Discussing Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton, Pete Seeger, etc., and the influence of previous songwriters like Woody Guthrie and Joe Hill, it is a more comprehensive article than has yet appeared in the American press. It reprints Phil's song "Santo Domingo" and Tom's "We Didn't Know." triunfo is published in Madrid... SONGS FOR PEACE: This is the title of a new book of peace songs just published by OAK PUBLICATIONS (165 West 46 St., New York, N.Y.) Compiled and edited by the Student Peace Union with an introduction by Pete Seeger it has close to 100 songs and sells for $2.95... THE BIG MUDDY (see B'Side # 74): Pete Seeger has recorded a single of this new song of his for Columbia Records. It is to be released in a couple of weeks.... LEN CHANDLER has also made a single for the same company ("Song Of The Mind"; flip side: "Shadow Of The Magic Dancer"). Meanwhile, Columbia and Len are hard at work on a 2nd Chandler L-P.... PATRICK SKY will perform with Nina Simone in a concert Dec. 10th at Brooklyn College. Pat, who records for Vanguard, has recently completed a series of recording sessions, acted, narrated, and composed music for a film, and is working on a script for a musical drama.... OLIVEA'S ATELIER (directly opposite Gerde's Folk City on 4th St. in N.Y.'s Greenwich Village) is giving a series of Sat. (2:30 P.M.) Folksong Happenings. Nov. L2: THE BERGER FOLK. NOV. 19: ED BADEAUX (Managaing Editor of SING OUT!) NOV. 26: SHELLEY GORDON. And Dec. 4: EVELYN CHALLIS. OLIVEA'S also has Folksay For The Kids programs Sun. afts. at 2:30 P.M. Admission for the Folksays and Happenings is .99¢.... BOBBY DYLAN: ABC-TV has postponed the 1-hour Dylan folk music show originally scheduled for Nov. 16. Some segments of the show had been filmed but the rest could not be completed in time. Dylan canceled several concerts after bing injured in a motorcycle accident.

P H I L O C H S
PRESENTS A CONCERT
("Revolution In Songwriting")
In CARNEGIE HALL, N.Y.C.
Thanksgiving Day
Nov. 24, 1966 8:30 P.M.

JUDY COLLINS and TOM PAXTON on a concert tour abroad are scheduled to appear in England, Scotland and Ireland. Their joint concert at the ROYAL ALBERT HALL was sold out before they left the states. They will tape several television shows while overseas... PETE SEEGER will also make his annual visit to London and is to be at the ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL Nov.11th He will appear in Dublin Nov. 17th and in Belfast Nov. 18th. Pete will do a special show for BBC Television before returning to the U.S. around the 19th.... WOODY GUTHRIE: An AP story about Woody brought him a flood of mail from admirers all over the U.S. Woody has been transferred to Creedmor Hospital in Queens, N.Y. Harold Leventhal, Terry Sullivan, and Marjorie and Arlo Guthrie visited him there recently and showed him the Dept. of Interior Award he received last spring The doctors reported that Woody's condition remains unchanged... MALCOLM X: Dudley Randall (author of the poem "Ballad of Birmingham" to which Jerry Moore has put music -- see B'Side # 69) and Margaret Burroughs are preparing a memorial volume of poetry about Malcom X. They invite such poems; send to BROADSIDE PRESS, 12651 Old Mill Place, Detroit Mich., 48238...

WRVR-FM, the radio station of the Riverside Church in N.Y.C. (490 Riverside Drive), will present an 8-hour live folk music show Sat. Jan.7, 1967 (11 AM to 7 PM). Theme: "... an exploration and investigation of the changing American scene." The Folk Festival will present "the various schools, influences and varieties of folk music." They welcome "the professionals and the unknowns." Call PETE FELDMAN at RI 9-5400 about auditions. (1st audition date is Sun., Nov. 20th, 3 P.M. - another is Dec. 22). Tickets are free to the general public on request....



Associated Press
Marine carries rocket and launcher through swollen creek south of Vietnam's neutral zone

(See Pete Seeger's "Waist Deep in the Big Muddy" in BROADSIDE # 74. Pete has recorded this song for Columbia.)

("It was bound to happen -- a FORT HOOD THREE song to the tune of Green Beret. This one is special because it is written by Grace Mora Newman, sister of Dennis Mora -- one of the three. She is quite a strong character -- sings this song on visits to the boys. She wrote it out for me after a meeting in Philadelphia where we raised $200 to help defend the three G.I.'s."
...Bill Frederick

FT. HOOD THREE'S ANSWER TO THE GREEN BERETS

We were asked to fight a war,
We were told to pledge our lives,
We stand firm, said the Ft. Hood 3,
We won't kill the Vietnamese.

Side by side we walk as men,
Brothers one, until the end,
Black and white we think alike,
We will save but not take lives.

For all those who heed our cause,
Tell the world we're not alone,
Rally 'round and help us win,
Stand with us and we'll all come home.

We won't fight a war of lies,
Help us fight for what is right,
We want all the peoples free,
Shout the valiant Fort Hood Three.

-- GRACE MORA NEWMAN

---

by
John Brunner

FOUR-WHEELED COFFIN

The car in which Mrs. Viola Liuzzo, the white civil rights worker, was murdered last year, is advertised for sale in a Birmingham, Alabama, newspaper for £1,250 "bullet holes and everything still intact. Ideal to bring in crowds."

There was blood on the cushions
And holes in the steel
And a girl named Viola
Lay dead at the wheel.

Now the folks love a murder—
They'll pay cash to stare
At a four-wheeled coffin
With holes everywhere

Don't pity the lady
All bloody and bowed,
Just you paste up posters
And bring in the crowd.

Blood on the Saddle

Ed. Note: Soldiers like to use sarcasm when they make up their own songs. David Halberstam, N.Y. Times correspondent in Vietnam, reports an American helicopter pilot writing this parody to the tune of "Old Smoky":

The paratroops landed
A magnificent sight
There was hand-to-hand
combat
But no VC's in sight.

Then there's DRAFT DODGER BILL, written by G.I. David Bradley to the tune of "Railroad Bill":

Draft Dodger Bill
Draft Dodger Bill
Never went to war
and he never will
So it's run, Draft
Dodger Bill.

Draft Dodger Bill
He never learned to kill
Seduced the general's wife
with a five dollar bill
And it's run, Draft Dodger
Bill.

Draft Dodger Bill
He's a mighty mean old man
Stuffed his first sergeant
in a garbage can
And it's run, Draft Dodger
Bill.

Shine up all your brass
Starch your fatigues
Polish up your boots
and blunder through the weeds
We'll go chasin' old Draft
Dodger Bill. (repeat 1st vs.)

BROADSIDE SPECIAL

Here is an opportunity to complete your file of BROADSIDES. Or to start building up a collection. We are offering the FIRST 70 ISSUES made up into three separate sets (with indexes) as follows:

1. Numbers 1 thru 25 ... $6.00
2. Numbers 26 thru 50 ... 6.00
3. Numbers 51 thru 70 (larger issues) ... 7.50

Order from Broadside, 215 West 98 St., New York, N. Y. 10025. Postpaid

Also: Broadside Songbook Vol. 1 (74 songs reprinted as they appeared in the pages of the magazine)...$2.60.

- - - - - -

"Broadside has exerted a tremendous influence on the American folk-song scene."
-- AUSTRALIAN TRADITION

BROADSIDE , 215 West 98 St.,New York, N.Y. 10025. All contents copyright 1966 by Broadside Magazine. Topical Song Monthly. Editor: Agnes Cunningham; Advisor,Pete Seeger. Contr. Eds: Josh Dunson, Julius Lester, Len Chandler, Gordon Friesen, Phil Ochs. Subs. Rate: One year (12 issues) $5.00. Single copy .50¢.

Exclusive on
VANGUARD

Bert Jansch "Lucky Thirteen"



Angie
So Long
Running From Home
Tinker's Blues
I Have No Time
Lucky Thirteen
Needle Of Death
Ring A Ding Bird
Casbah
Courting Blues
Oh My Babe
Veronica
Rambling Gonna Be
The Death Of Me
The Wheel

A creative British song writer who has poetry not only in his lyrics and melodies but in his guitarists' fingers. Bert Jansch is a voice of the anguished but affirmative sixties, and the decisive influence in his work is his "free," interpretative blues style.

VRS-9212 mono, also on stereo, VSD-79212

VANGUARD RECORDING SOCIETY, INC., 71 West 23rd Street, New York, N. Y. 10010