Broadside #80



The Topical
Song Magazine

April - May, 1967

Tom Paxton
"The Cardinal"

Arlo Guthrie
"Alice's Restaurant"

Pete Seeger
"Lisa Kalvelage"

* * * * * *

"TWENTY TONS OF T.N.T."

"SKY OVER VIETNAM"

"THE SOUND OF WAR"

* * * * * *

RICHARD REUSS
visits
WOODY GUTHRIE'S
HOMETOWN

* * * 50¢

PAID BY THE C.I.A.

words: Richard L. Rodgers
tune: "Poor Boy" by W. Guthrie

My mother called me to her bedside,*
These words she had to say
The reason I've loved you these many long years
I've been paid by the C.I.A.

CHO: Paid by the CIA, Poor Boy, Paid by the CIA,
Everybody I've met in my life
Has been paid by the CIA. **

A former teacher came to call,
It was just the other day,
She said "I taught you your ABC's
With help from the C.I.A.

My friendly shop steward came around
My dues I had to pay
Although it's said the union rolls
With cash from the C.I.A.

See Norman Thomas on T.V.
Confessin' his sins away
Blushing about the hundred thou
He got from the C.I.A.

When I approach those pearly gates
When I am called away,
I'll bet St. Peter thumbs a roll of bills
He got from the C.I.A.

*stolen line
** adjust chorus to verse

Additional verses welcome. -R.L.R.

(Ed. Note: Dick Rodgers is editor of the Washington Folk Struma, from which the above song is reprinted. Subscription price is $1.50 per year and the address Box 1114, Silver Spring, Md., 20910.)

THE C.I.A. STORY: A press columnist the other day was defending the C.I.A. against the outcry raised when Ramparts magazine disclosed that the spy agency had been secretly subsidizing a national student organization. The C.I.A. had made some mistakes the columnist admitted, but, he ended triumphantly, "it has been very successful in the area of assassinations." Which reminded us of a story told by an interne in an East Coast mental instutution. His boss, the director of the hospital, said he had been an assassin for the C.I.A in South Vietnam 5 or 6 years ago. Before being sent there he was thoroughly "briefed" (some might preferably use the term brainwashed), taught that the killings he would do would be done for his flag and his country, that he should look upon himself as a soldier in battle. Firm in this belief, he became a skilled professional killer. His "targets" were not communists or NFL leaders but South Vietnamese politicians the U.S. feared might prove unreliable puppets if they got into power. A name would be given him, he would shadow the subject, pick out the most likely time and place, and make what the less noble gangsters call a "hit". He was paid $3,000 per assignment. At times when he felt he needed extra money his superiors would rummage through a file cabinet and come up with an extra name. One day he began to have doubts; he began to feel that he was enjoying his "work" not because of any sense of patriotism or the other things the briefers had told him, but simply out of the sheer pleasure of killing. His superiors noted that he was starting to crack up and shipped him back to the states for mental treatment. While undergoing analysis he became fascinated by psychiatry and decided to become a psychiatrist himself. And eventually, as we noted earlier, he became the head of a mental hospital, where he boasts to the internes about the time he was a successful assassin for the C.I.A.

G.F.

- -

OH, FREEDOM: While U.S. military might "preserves freedom" in Viet Nam and elsewhere, American individuals are increasingly hard put to save some of it in the field of song. When Joan Baez was touring Japan a few months ago a presumed C.I.A. agent called Harold Cooper followed her around inducing translators to mis-interpret her lyrics and remarks. When Joan told the audience she refused to pay taxes to support the war against Viet Nam the interpreter said, "Taxes are high in the U.S." When she referred to Hiroshima and Nagasaki he said, "This show will be televised." Back home, meanwhile, Pete Seeger finally got to give a concert at East Meadow, Long Island, after a year's battle in the courts for the right to do so. One of the Bircher types picketing the show was asked if he had ever heard Pete sing. "No," replied the picket, "but he sings with Joan Baez." Told this story by a reporter, Pete smiled and said: "And you know what they've got against Joan Baez? She sang with me."

There was even tougher sledding for Mr. and Mrs. Chester Holbrook of Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., when they undertook in March to stage a folk festival in that resort town. A few Birchers wrote letters to the mayor demanding the festival be cancelled because, they claimed, it was "Communist-tainted." Their evidence: Mike Seeger, Guy Carawan, and Tom Paxton were listed as performers, and Mike was a half-brother of Pete Seeger, Guy had been at Highlander Folk School, and a notice of a Paxton concert had once appeared in the Worker! After a court struggle, the Festival was finally held. But because of the campaign against it ("I never saw so much hate in my life," one of the performers said of the campaign), attendance was at half capacity. The Holbrooks took a financial beating, and may have to mortgage their home to meet the bills. SING OUT! magazine notes what it calls "perhaps the most ominous footnote to the entire bizarre episode." Birchites were heard telling each other that they must get their affiliates to wage similar assaults on "every folk festival in the United States."

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SONG OF THE HIPPIES: "Christopher Sunshine" in this issue might well serve as a theme song for young Americans like those who came to the New York Central Park Be-In on Easter and who gather in the Haight-Ashbury district in San Francisco. "Listen for the bell" which many of them wear to tinkle out a message of love... Some adverse comment was elicited by our publishing "Don't Talk To Strangers" in B'Side # 79. But MALVINA REYNOLDS responds: "I do not at all agree with those who call such songs 'degenerate.' I find these songs powerful and moving and true. The open-ness of young people of this generation in discussing things that our generation used to hide away under the rug, though we knew damn well they were curcial in every life -- this is a hopeful and healthy sign. And they are done with such fine poetic power -- sometimes stumbling and groping, but then these young people are just beginning to write. What is remarkable is the quality of much of this material, and I mean Janis Ian for one."

A Right to Sing the Blues

Nashville, Tenn., March 4 (AP) — Singer Cortelia Clark, winner of one of the record industry's top awards, is back selling shopping bags on a downtown Nashville corner.

Clark, 60, is blind. He won a Grammy on Thursday for "Blues in the Street" as the best folk recording of 1966.

Sales of "Blues in the Street," the only record ever cut by Clark, were unimpressive, but he won the Grammy over such folk artists as Peter Seeger and Peter, Paul and Mary.

"I lost my sight about 15 years ago, after an operation, and that's about the time I took up playing and singing," says Clark.

Mike Wesner, a 25-year-old music publisher and a graduate student at Vanderbilt University, is credited with bringing Clark to the attention of the record industry.

His album includes some songs that he's been singing for more than 30 years while sitting on a sidewalk in front of a department store.

Although the "best" folk singer is back at this usual place, singing and selling, he has high hopes for the future.

"I really am pleased," Clark said. "I hope now that they'll let me record some more."

And he's still got his shopping bags.

"Business has picked up here lately," he said yesterday. "This warm weather brings people out."

TWENTY TONS OF T.N.T.

From the Broadway Revue "AT THE DROP OF ANOTHER HAT"

Words and Music by MICHAEL FLANDERS

Rather slowly
in free rhythm

Verse

I have seen it es - ti - ma - ted, some - where be - tween death and birth,
There are now three thou - sand mil - lion peo - ple liv - ing on this earth. And the stock-piled
mass de - struc - tion of the nu - clear pow'rs that be E - quals for each
man or wo - man, TWEN - TY TONS OF T. N. T.

Chorus-Strong strict tempo

(Optional before 2nd and 3rd Verses knock instead of chords)

1. Ev - 'ry man of ev - 'ry na - tion,
2. Not for thir - ty sil - ver shil - ing
3. Fa - ther, moth - er, son and daugh - ter,
4. Ends the tale that has no se - quel,

TWEN - TY TONS OF T. N. T.

Shall re - ceive this al - lo - ca - tion,
Twen - ty thou - sand pounds a kill - ing,
"Give us land and seed and wa - ter,"
Now in death are all men e - qual,

TWEN - TY TONS OF T. N. T.

Tex - an, Ban - tu, Slav, or Mao - ri, Ar - gen - tine or Sin - gha - lee;
Twen - ty hun - dred years of teach - ing, Give to each his leg - a - cy;
Chil - dren have no need for shar - ing, At each new Na - tiv - i - ty;
Teach me how to love my neigh - bor, Do to him as he to me;

Ev - 'ry maid - en brings this dow - ry,
Pla - to Bud - dha, Christ or Len - in,
Come the ghost - ly Ma - gi bear - ing,
Share the fruits of all our la - bor,

TWEN - TY TONS OF T. N. T.

4. (Tacet) a tempo — (Knock - - - - - - - -)

mp a tempo

TWEN - TY TONS OF T. N. T.



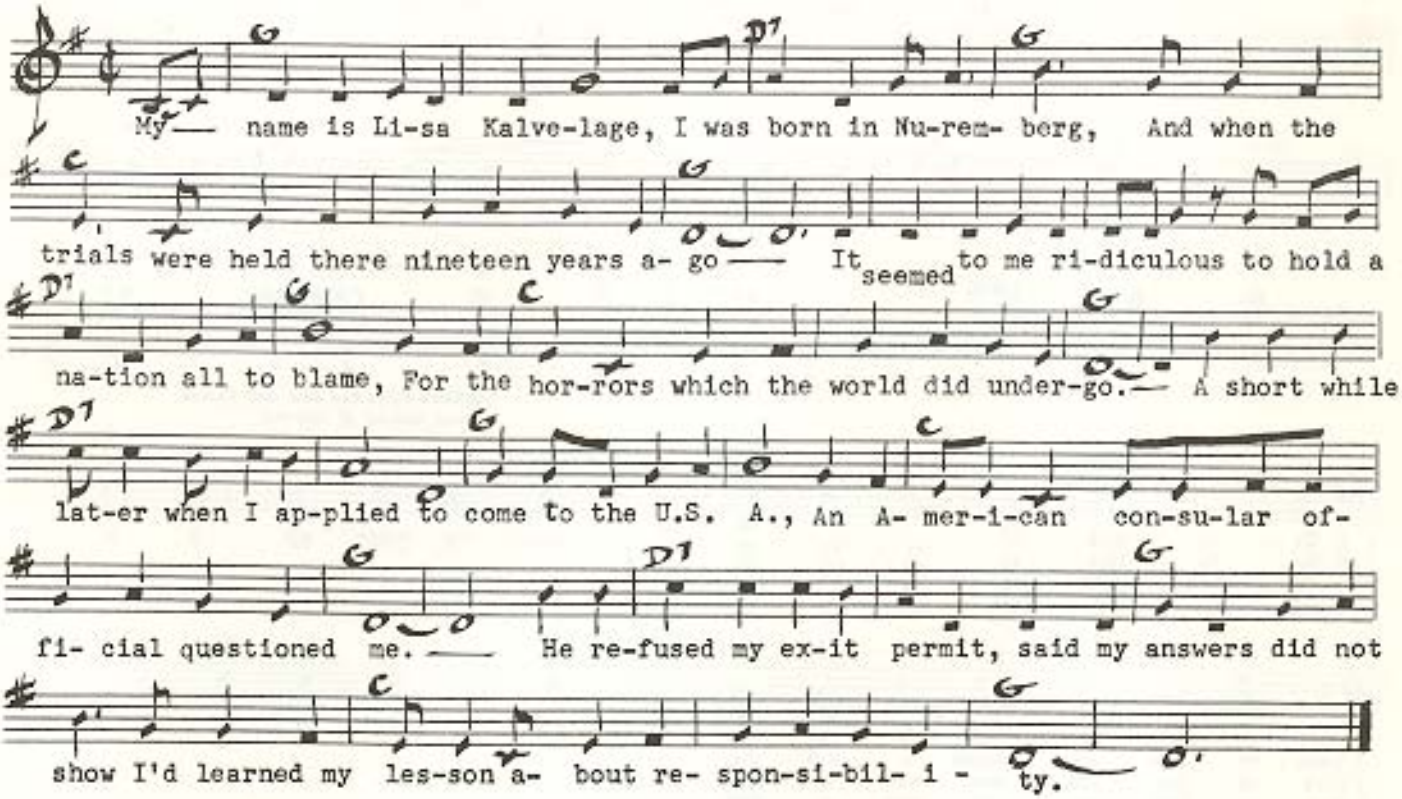
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Piano arrangement by DONALD SWANN may be obtained.

MY NAME IS LISA KALVELAGE

Word adaptation and tune by
PETER SEEGER

(One of the four California housewives who in May 1966 made a personal demonstration, and prevented a load of napalm bombs from being delivered on time, made a statement as to why she had done it. I have simply tried to turn the statement into meter, rhyme and music. P. S.)



2.

Thus suddenly I was forced then to start
thinking on this theme
And when later I was permitted to emigrate
I must have been asked a hundred times:
where I was and what I did
In those years when Hitler ruled our state.
I said I was a child or at most a
teenager
But this always extended the questioning
They'd ask: where were my parents, my
friends and my neighbors
And to this I could answer not a thing.

3.

The seed planted there in Nuremberg in
Nineteen-forty-seven
Started to sprout and to grow
Gradually I understood what that judg-
ment meant to me
When there are crimes that I can see and
I can know.
And now I also know what it is to be
charged with mass guilt
Once in a lifetime is enough for me,
I could not take it a second time
And that is why...I'm here today.

4.

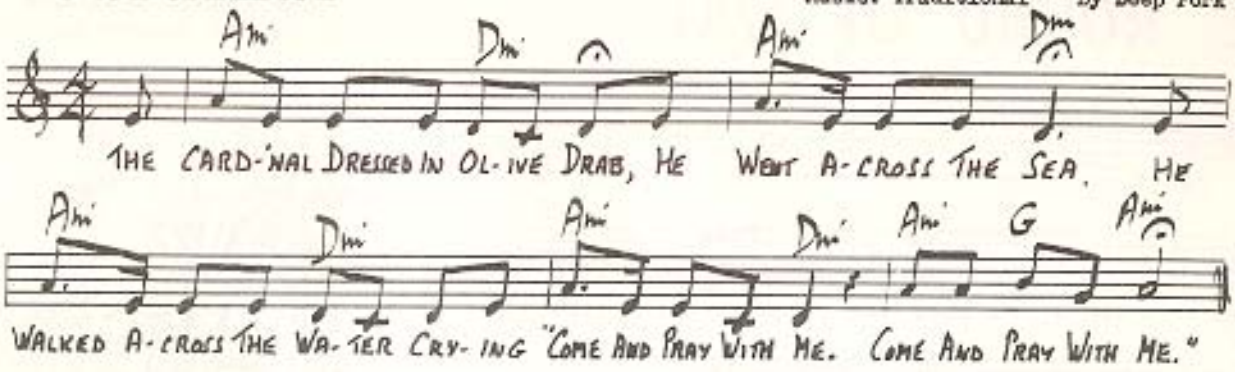
The events of May 25th, the day of our
protest
Put a small balance weight on the
other side
Hopefully, someday, my contributions to
peace
Will help just a bit to turn the tide.
And perhaps I can tell my children
six
And later on their own children
At least in the future they need not
be silent
When they are asked: Where was your
mother when.....?

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The Cardinal

Words: TOM PAXTON
Music: Traditional

Copyright 1967
By Deep Fork Music,Inc.



2. "For you are Christian soldiers
With Christ's own work to do.
And if Our Lord were living still
I know he'd be with you,
I know he'd be with you."

3. "For Jesus was no sissy,
But a strong and fearless man.
He'd lead you through this jungle
His M-16 in hand,
His M-16 in hand."

4. Then up there spoke a soldier,
"Oh, what am I to do?
I'd like to fight this Christian war
But, alas, I am a Jew,
But, alas, I am a Jew."

5. The Cardinal and his soldiers met
They found themselves at loss.
They found the best solution
When they hung him on a cross,
When they hung him on a cross."

6. Then up there spoke some Viet Cong,
"Oh, what are we to do?
We cannot join your army
But we are Christians, too,
But we are Christians, too."

7. Then consternation swept the ranks,
No answer could be found.
Till the Cardinal's dispensation came
And they mowed the bastards down,
And they mowed the bastards down.

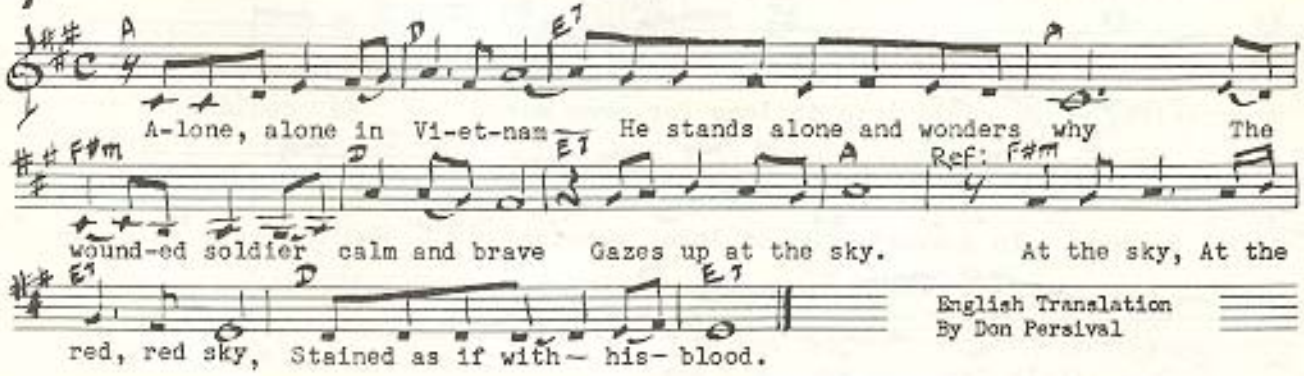
8. The Viet Cong shot his 'copter down,
He landed with his men.
But on the third day, suddenly,
The Cardinal rose again,
The Cardinal rose again.

9. And when he heard the Pope was mad
The Cardinal shook his fist.
"Don't trust the Pope!" the Cardinal cried,
The Pope's gone Communist!,
The Pope's gone Communist!

10. "Don't trust the Pope!" The Cardinal cried,
"This is a holy war.
You've killed a lot of Vietnamese,
For Christ's sake, kill some more.
In Christ's name kill some more!"

sky over vietnam

Words & Music by TADASHI HIDAKA
© 1966 Shinko Music Publ'ing Co.



English Translation
By Don Persival

The helicopters have flown away
The guns are silent since the fight
And the voices of buffaloes echo along
The Mekong River in the night.
(Cho) All the sky is a red red sky
Stained as if with his blood.

He doesn't think of the gun he holds
Only of home so far away
Of his mother's smile and the tears she shed
What was he fighting for today?
(No cho)

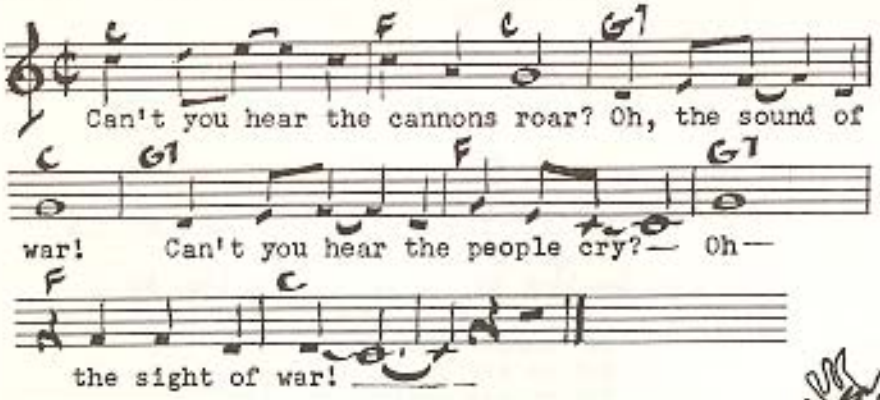
Alone, alone in Viet Nam
He knows he is about to die
And the burning village his funeral pyre
Sends it's smoke into the sky

(Cho) All the sky, etc.

The sky grows dark as before a storm
Why did the soldier have to die
For his blood is yours and his blood is mine
We share the same darkening sky
We live beneath the darkening sky.

THE SOUND OF WAR

Words & Music by RICARDO GAUTREAU
© 1967 by Ricardo Gautreau





Yes, I hear the cannons roar
And the bullets fly
And I see untimely death
Oh, the sight of war!

And I hear the widows cry
And the mothers weep
Lovers forever part
Oh, the sight of war!

Well, the night comes again
And the tears will fall
For the ones that bravely died
Oh, for you and I.

Let tomorrow come again
If there's to be peace
But if morning must bring war
Wish it would never be.

Well, the sun shall rise again
Shine on your back door
And it'll shine on the grave
Of the one I love.

- - - o - - -

transcribed by Agnes Cunningham

WHO'S AFRAID TO COMPROMISE

Words & Music by ELAINE WHITE



© 1967 by Elaine White

Who's afraid to sing a song? Just a little song to carry on
Who's afraid to sing a song? We could let the by-gones be by-gone. CHO.(new last line: We could let...)

Who's afraid to shake a hand, and let 'em know just where we stand
Who's afraid to shake a hand? We could shake a hand to understand. CHO.

Who's afraid to bear no arms? There'd be no fear of false alarms
Who's afraid to bear no arms? We could do away with all the bombs. CHO.

Who's afraid to pray for peace? We could pray for peace down on our knees
Who's afraid to pray for peace? With a little peace we'll be at ease. CHO.

REPEAT 1st VERSE and CHORUS

Note: The last line of each Chorus is the same as last line of preceding Verse.

Manhattan, Manhattan

Words & Music: PATRICK SKY





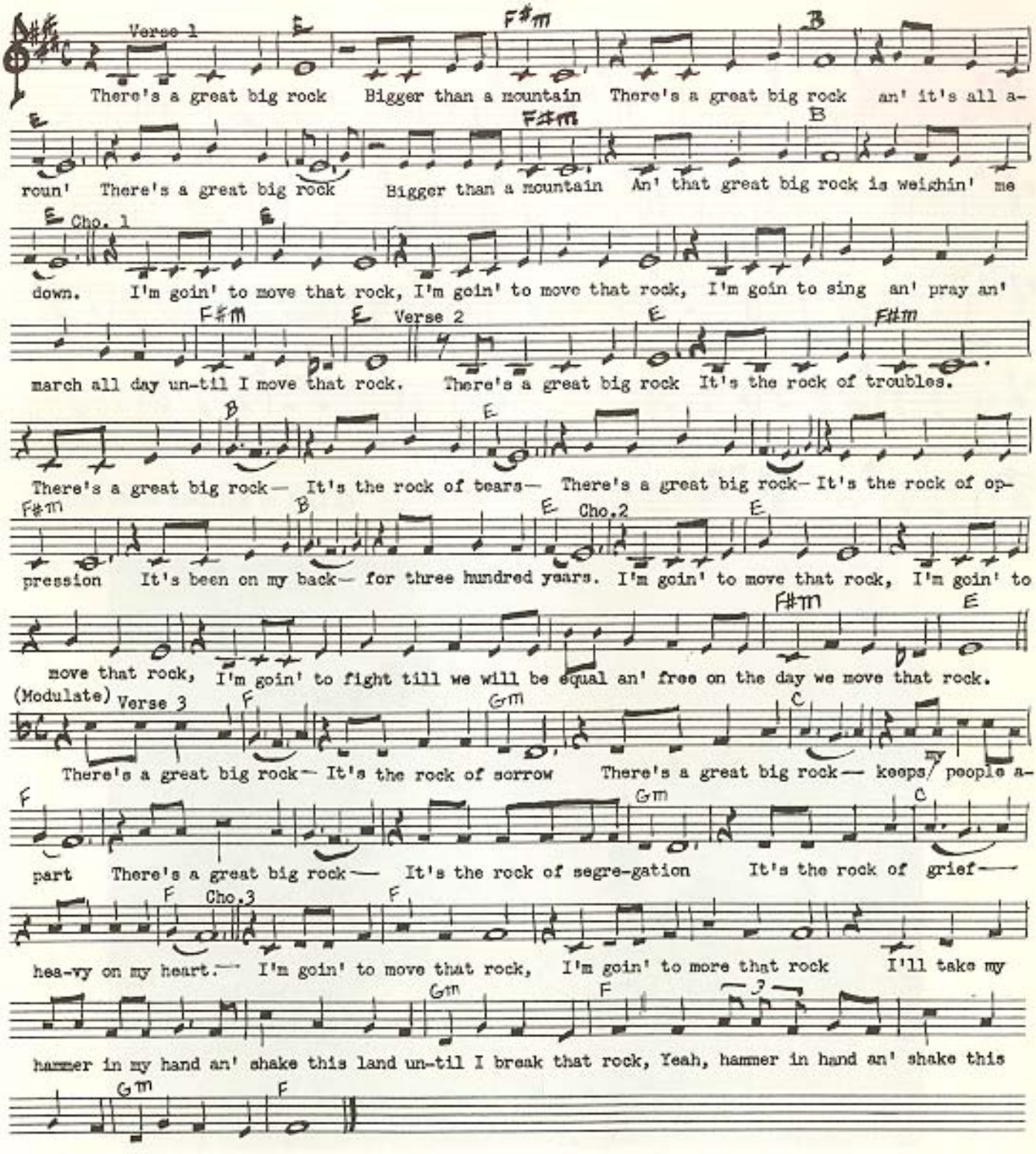
2. Con Edison, Con Edison, you beautiful thing
I dream of you each night from my
heart-lung machine
I dream as the undertakers gather my dust
There's a stone round their necks that's
inscribed "Dig we must". Cho.

3. East River, East River, your water's so pure
I'll take me a potful to the City Hall door
I'll scream in defiance right there in the yard
And as a protesting gesture I'll boil my draft
card. Cho.

BROADSIDE #80

THE ROCK

Words & Music by LEWIS ALLAN
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(Ed. Note: Lewis Allan wrote the words and music of Strange Fruit (1938) -- the "fruit" a lynching victim hanging on a tree — which the late Billie Holliday sang into a national hit. He also wrote the lyrics to "House I Live In" (music by Earl Robinson) which earned a Motion Picture Academy award, and librettos for several operas, including The Good Soldier Schweik. Lewis lives up the Hudson and continues to work hard, creating songs like "The Rock"; "If You Take The Gun" (B'side # 65), and "The Same Old Song" (#78).

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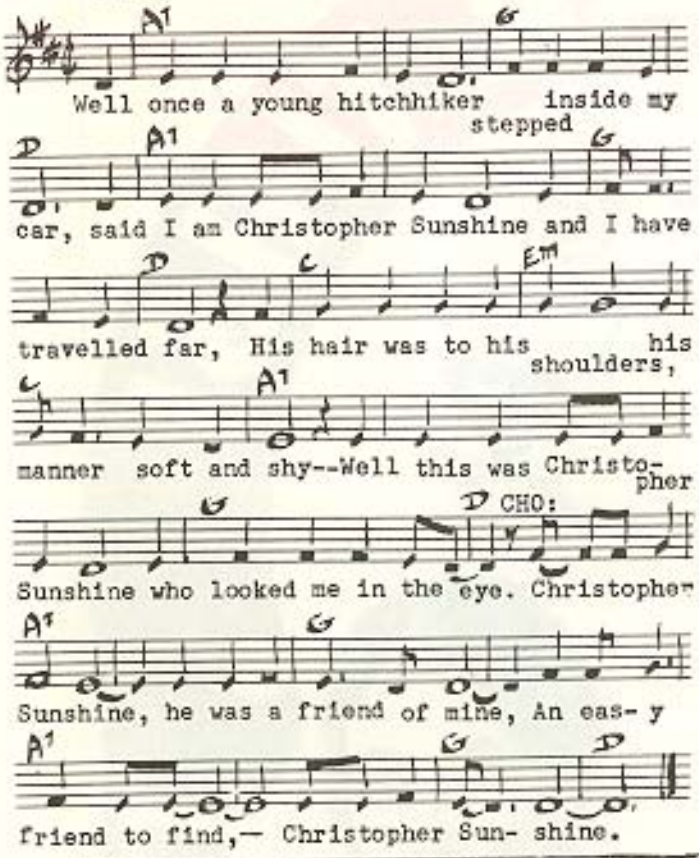
JANIS IAN FT/FTS-3017
Her latest single:
Younger Generation Blues
KF-5041

Verve FOLKWAYS

Verve/Folkways is a division of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Inc.

Christopher Sunshine

Words: RIC MASTEN Music: C.GAYLORD
©1967 by Ric Masten & C. Gaylord



He said I've things to tell you and gifts that I will give
For I am Christopher Sunshine and I've learned how to live
Rolling down the highway, singin' wheels they turned
And Mister Christopher Sunshine told me what he learned.
CHO.

Well, everyone's got their own life, you've got yours and I've got mine
And what makes life worth livin' is there's no two of a kind
Well, that's what Christopher Sunshine gave me as a gift
And then he stuck his thumb out and he caught another lift. CHO.

So if you're feelin' lonely and things ain't goin' well
Just look inside your loneliness & listen for a bell
The ringin' sound of happiness, and love is everywhere
And Mr. Christopher Sunshine is dancin 'round in there.
CHO.

Transcribed by Agnes Cunningham



NEW YORK TIMES, MONDAY, MARCH 27, 1967

10,000 Chant 'L-O-V-E'

By BERNARD WEINRAUB

"L-O-V-E, L-O-V-E, L-O-V-E."

They circled policemen and shrieked it. They strummed guitars and sang of it. They painted their foreheads pink with it. And they jumped up and down and hollered it.

"happening" (to squares) or the "Be-In" (to hippies) with the single aim to express love to mankind on Easter Sunday.

"Actually it's a hip Easter parade," said Sally Ordway, an off Off Broadway playwright strolling past two

TWILIGHT IN EDEN

(or ADAM'S FALL)

Words & Music:
ALLAN WESLEY

Copyright 1967
Allan Wesley



(Ed. Note: Above music appears just as written. If it seems a bit unconventional to you, try starting with an upbeat on "If" and go on from there.)

When Adam played the white man's game
He ended up with nought
Lots of them have done the same
But none of them got caught
And now they're all out after him
With justice as their howl
They're gonna make a martyr out of
Adam Clayton Powell.

When Richard Burton swung with Liz
While Eddie was elsewhere
People said that's just show biz
They didn't seem to care
But now they're so self eighteous
They say he's much too foul
They want to make a martyr our of
Adam Clayton Powell.

When Medgar Evers died that day
And met eternity
They let the killer get away
To laugh in mockery
And if they call that justice
I'm throwing in the towel
Cause now they've made a martyr
out of
Adam Clayton Powell.

If I ever get well known
I think I'll write a book
About all these contradictions
For people that get took
But just for now I'll sing my song
While hatred's on the prowl
About what these hypocrites have
done to
Adam Clayton Powell.

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WOODY GUTHRIE'S OKEMAH REVISITED

by RICHARD REUSS

It was August 15, 1966, a hot, dry day, temperature around ninety, when early in the afternoon we drove into Okemah, boyhood town of Woody Guthrie. "We" consisted of Rosan Jordan and myself, both graduate students in folklore at Indiana University. One of our purposes was to collect whatever data we could from longterm residents who remembered Woody which would contribute to the paper I was scheduled to read at the November meetings of the American Folklore Society. We were also interested in Okemah and its people in general: what kind of a town was it that produced Woody Guthrie; was Woody typical of its inhabitants, and what do the local residents think of Woody today? We had heard rumors that a corner of the Okemah Public Library was going to be set aside as a memorial to Woody, and we wanted to see what had been done to create a display of Woody's books and personal effects, if indeed this were the case.

Neither of us were under the illusion that we were the first northern citybillies to set foot in Woody Guthrie's hometown. I had heard stories of folkniks and others interested in Woody going to Okemah nearly five years ago. One group supposedly arrived at nine o'clock at night and were trying to locate Woody's old house by means of the landmarks vaguely described in Bound For Glory. They were stopping at almost every streetlight to reread another page, when a friendly cop finally took them in tow and showed them around. Rosan and I had no idea whether the trickle of visitors had created much interest in Woody over the years, perhaps even leading to some forms of commercial capitalization on his name, or whether Woody was still a subject of relative ignorance or indifference.

Before talking to anyone, or trying to find our way to the scene of any of Woody's former activities, we drove around Okemah a bit in an attempt to get the feel of the town: up Broadway ("Main Street" in the local vernacular), around some of the residential areas, along the outskirts and back into the center of the business district. As might be imagined, the town has changed some since Woody's day. The old Fort Smith and Western Railroad, slow as a snail by all accounts, which ran through Okemah from Oklahoma City to Fort Smith, Arkansas, has been gone since 1939. The high school Woody attended was torn down a few years ago, and a modern structure erected. The stores and public buildings are a mixture of new and old; a few Indians could be seen scattered among the white population coming and going about its business on the streets and in the shops. "Fireball 500," a Frankie Avalon movie was playing at the one theater which was functioning. Further on, we came to "Woody's Grocery," which we soon found out belonged to Mr. J.B. Woodard, and had no connection whatever with Woody Guthrie. Most of the residential areas are attractive and kept up well, especially the more affluent southern and western parts of town. The eastern section is the oldest part, and to judge from the quality of the homes and appearance of the neighborhood, many people living here are economically and socially less well off than their neighbors uptown (we were told later that many of those left in the wake of the nearby oil boom in the 1920s settled here in giving up their transient status). We were impressed by the number of churches we saw for such a small town, nearly twenty in all, of every conceivable denomination and sect; the Baptists alone had three.

From talking to some of the local inhabitants, and checking into a few documents in the library, we picked up some bits and pieces of local history. Okemah was founded in 1902, five years before Oklahoma became a state, and is located in Creek Indian territory, although the town itself is named after a Kickapoo Indian. Chief Okemah (d. 1936) is honored as the town's namesake because of his honesty and integrity, and help to the early settlers. On the Library of Congress Recordings (Elektra), Woody says the population of Okemah in his early youth was about a thousand; this went up to between five and seven thousand (figures vary) a little later when oil was discovered in quantity nearby. In terms of huge oil deposits being found under its land, Okemah never did strike it rich, but to this day produces "black gold" in limited but paying amounts; and at the time derived considerable trade from the crowds attending the oil booms elsewhere in the area. When the wells dried up, the population statistics shrank accordingly. The Great Depression hit a year or so later than in the Northeast, but when it did, its effects were severe. One unconfirmed report had one-third of the local work force unemployed during the worst period. The town has had its ups and downs since, too, but things have leveled off in the past few years, and Okemah today is fairly prosperous, economically stable, and moderately optomistic about its future. The economy is a mixture of small business, oil, and farming. According to an unofficial source, current combined deposits of the two local banks total between nine and ten million dollars. Some years ago, another relative boom period was experienced while Interstate 40 was being constructed in the Okemah vicinity. For about two years, houses for rent were scarce, and the additional business was a boon for the town. Since then, the road has been completed, the roadbuilders have moved on, and the boom has deflated, but there is hope that the four-lane superhighway, which carries traffic past Okemah's door at 70 m.p.h., will bring in new commercial ventures from the outside.

Politically, the town is traditionally Democrat, no surprise since Oklahoma is a part of the deep South. In its early days, however, there was somewhat greater political diversity: both Republicans and Socialists got an occasional hearing, and in some instances, a few votes. Local factionalist politics, nevertheless, has always counted for as much or more than national party labels. Recently, Goldwaterism has found many supporters in Okemah, and the town 1964 presidential vote was fairly evenly divided between Barry and LBJ. Socially, Okemah has its hierarchy and informal caste system, as do all long-term congregations of people to one degree or another. We became aware of this when we asked people to give us further leads as to who could tell us about Woody. Some individuals, regardless of social position, were known throughout the town as having been associated with woody, but others, not among the town's political and social leaders, were unknown to or seldom recommended by these same people, even though their knowledge of Woody in some cases was superior. One of our most outstanding informants was just such a person; a childhood friend with a sharp memory for detail, and a candid honesty about the Guthrie family, the town and its history. Yet this individual was unfamiliar

in this capacity to all but one of what we could judge as the "leading citizens" of Okemah, who tipped us off as to the value of this person's recollections. In terms of racial attitudes, the town is no different from most others in the South. Apparently, there is somewhat less prejudice against Indians than Negroes, though it is hard to say what this means. Actually, race is not a major issue in Okemah because no Negroes live in town, or figure prominently in its economy, and in any event are not militantly organized. Through long custom, Negroes have always lived in two or three nearby towns comprised solely of members of their own race; the few that work in Okemah commute. Token desegregation has taken place with little resistance in the public school system and in the nearby hospital; federal government monies are valued too highly and the Negroes in the immediate vicinity are too few to cause major problems of adjustment.

As Okfuskee County's seat, Okemah's population today numbers about 2800, and has remained constant for ten years. We found the townspeople, taken as a whole, to be courteous and helpful, and quite friendly. In most respects it could be said that Okemah is no different from hundreds of other towns in Oklahoma and the Southwest — with one major difference — it produced Woody Guthrie. In fairness, however, it should be said that Woody is not Okemah's only famous product. One of the astronauts recently chosen by the nation's space program hails from Okemah. There have been others, athletes and political figures, who have achieved some prominence. But it is Woody who has become most widely known, and it is he whom the town is still trying to determine its own attitude towards, although the eventual outcome seems fairly certain.

Rosan and I found our way over the the library on First Street, and were greeted cordially by Miss Wyatt, a pleasant middle-aged woman, who was the head librarian. "Yes," she said, there had been talk of establishing a corner of Guthrie memorabilia in the library, but nothing had been done about it yet, partly because the town was still awaiting a promised visit by Marjorie Guthrie (Woody's wife) and a representative of the Guthrie Children's Trust Fund to help organize things. She did, however, show us the library's collection of Woody's best known books and records, and brought out the most unique thing in the library pertaining to Woody. It was the 1929 high school yearbook, the Creekehoma, which on p. 26 has a photo of a neat-looking Woody Guthrie, about age 16, in suit and tie. The byline of activities listed under his name includes the Panther (high school newspaper) staff for 1928, and the Publications Club and Glee Club for 1929. (Woody, however, is not shown or listed on the Glee Club page further on in the yearbook.) We were then directed to Woody's old house, scarcely a block away (303 S. First Street). Woody describes it in some detail in Chapter II of Bound For Glory. Then and now it is still known as the London House, named after its principal residents prior to the Guthrie family's ownership. It is said that relatives of the London family almost sued Woody when Bound For Glory came out, because of his many references to the empty snuff cans left around the grounds. The Londons, we were told, were pretty clean people, and resented the contrary implications in Woody's book. The house is now old and ramshackle, but it commands a certain respect anyway, perhaps because of its imposing dominance of the hill on which it stands, and possibly because of the fame of one of its occupants. The view it affords of the broad expanse of flatland off to the southwest is indeed impressive, although the old Fort Smith and Western no longer chugs by. We took some pictures, but did not go on the property as it was privately owned. There has been some talk about the town buying the house and converting it into a Guthrie museum of sorts, but the owner reportedly is dissatisfied with the current market price of his property, and for the moment is disinclined to sell.

Afterwards, Rosan and I began to look up some of the people whose names we had been given, and made arrangements to talk to them about their recollections of Woody. In the four days we were in Okemah, we interviewed some thirty-five persons: Woody's childhood friends and neighbors, schoolmates and schoolteachers, members of some of the families with which he stayed, and oldtime residents in general who remembered the Guthrie family. Colonel Martin reminisced about the boyhood gang he and Woody belonged to (see Chapter VI of Bound For Glory), and recalled Woody's brief crush on a girl named Blanche, for which he was unmercifully kidded; he was always carving or drawing his initials some place, the Colonel recalled, only instead of WWG it became, for a time, WBG. Colonel Martin also says that Woody, in his early teens, put together a chorus to "So Long, It's Been Good To Know You", based on a favorite phrase with the same words. We did not find anyone else who remembered this, but the idea is plausible, if not provable. Byron Potter and his mother told us of some of the hard times the Guthrie family experienced as Woody's mother became ill, and of the tragic death in a kerosene stove fire of Woody's sister Clara. Mrs. Minnie White Story recalled Woody as a virtual orphan, who lived with her family of fourteen for a year or two, and proudly recounted his regular dedication of a song to the Sam White family of Okemah in later years when Woody was singing over California and Los Angeles radio. J. "Cotton" Smith leaned back in his chair at the S&S Store and told us that Woody once sang in a high school operetta entitled Bella Barcelona, although he couldn't recall whether as a member of the chorus or in a bit role.

Mrs. Glenn Dill, proved to be of great help with her recollections of the Guthrie family and filled us in on the current local interest in Woody. Besides running a household and being a grandmother, she has gone back to college to obtain her teaching certificate, is an active participant in most of the women's clubs in town, and, as Okemah's unofficial but widely recognized historian, has amassed a sprawling, truly gargantuan amount of local history collectanea. Her husband, who remembers young Woody and his father Charley well, proved to be a first rate raconteur, in spite of being slowed somewhat by the effects of a stroke. Mr. Dill remembered a temporary business collaboration at a young age with Charley Guthrie, when the two bought a bunch of shoes which had been damaged by fire. The insurance company piled the shoes in the alley, and sold them for ten cents a tubfull. The two carted away four loads in the Dill's Model A truck (which explains Mr. Dill's participation in the venture), shined the shoes up with homemade shoe polish consisting of turpentine, beeswax, lamp oil, and other ingredients — the light shoes came out dark, and some with paper soles were completely ruined when they dried — and sold almost all of them at a dollar a pair. Mrs. Dill politely complimented me on my dammyankee accent and, incidentally, also made quite an impression on Rosan (a Southerner too, I might add). She later told me that she thought he was more sophisticated than I was, which, while flattering to him, did wonders in reverse for my ego. (But he has a few years on me, so that should be taken into account, right, Rosan? Rosan? No...??? Okay, skip it! But do you have to be so damn supercilious about it?)

As it happened, everyone we spoke to, even people we met by accident, had at least heard of Woody, altho it was stated now and then that there were still many in town who were totally unaware of him. Undoubtedly, in part this was because we were specifically looking for individuals who had known Woody, but the recent publicity given him locally and nationally had also done much to alter the picture. Since there is not time or space to summarize the words of everyone we talked to, what follows is a composite, at best partial, sketch of Woody as he is remembered in Okemah.

Woody's musical talent became evident early. Almost everyone who remembered him as a youngster also recalled his ability with the harmonica (French harp), and to a lesser extent the Jews harp and bones. He occasionally is also described as trying to pick out tunes on the mandolin, which he evidently did learn at an early age, the guitar, and the family piano which the Guthries owned during his father's palmier days. But it is the harmonica that is best remembered. He was frequently called upon to perform at high school assemblies, and between acts of high school dramas and musical productions (it was customary to have such performers during intermissions). One woman, then a classmate, recalled with pleasure her anticipation of Woody's getting up during assembly programs, playing "I've Been Working On The Railroad" and then giving an imitation of the Fort Smith and Western train that ran by a short distance from the school. He would also play on the streetcorners for nickels and dimes his audience would give him, and entertain for free in the schoolyard and among the boys in his gang. He often would accompany his music by dancing jigs. On one occasion, we heard that he donned blackface and, with some others, put on an impromptu minstrel show on the street. There are few, however, who recall him singing much, and only one or two who claim that he was making up songs at this point.

Drawing was another major talent of the young Woody. His connections with the Panther staff, regardless of whatever his official position was, seem to have been mostly artistic. (Unfortunately we could not locate a surviving file of the high school newspaper for the years Woody was in school.) His ability to caricature and amuse with his drawings is remembered by many, whether centered around study hall or political events. With regard to this last, one oldtimer told us that Woody's father once came up with an idea for a cartoon spiritually and visually hooking the corrupt governer neatly in a vital part of his anatomy. Woody drew up his father's idea, and sent the cartoon to one of the major Oklahoma City newspapers. The cartoon was returned with the remark that it was very good, but, unfortunately, unprintable.

As a high school student, Woody was very ordinary. As he himself admitted, and we confirmed from talking to others, he played hooky quite a bit. He never did graduate. The school superintendant kindly allowed us to examine Woody's high school record, and we found him to be, for the most part, a C student, with only an occasional higher grade. His two A grades were in Industrial Geography and Typing (he had had typing a year earlier as well, and at that time had gotten B-). The only subject Woody flunked in high school was, interestingly enough, psychology. Socially, Woody did all right at school. He was witty, talented, and apparently well liked by most of his peers, although few were really close to him in later years. He did not engage in sports, although most of the boys participated in them to some degree, but we have already noted his extracurricular activity with regard to music and his still somewhat obscure connections with the Panther. Yet, he is also invariably characterized as being somewhat distant or removed in his thoughts, a "deep thinker," and, at times, moody.

If this was so, certainly Woody had good reason to be that way. His mother had been taken away to the insane asylum at Norman, Oklahoma, in 1925, although she had been ill for years before then, and one tragedy after another had broken up and scattered his family. Smalltown gossip had no conception of the disease attacking his mother (and now him), and the whispers, even taunts of young children, who can be fiendishly cruel in their innocence, must have left their mark on the adolescent Woody Guthrie. From his writings it is obvious that he was an observant child, and increased by the misfortunes of his own life probably recognized the hardship, sufferings, and inhumanity of his fellow man earlier than his more stabilized contemporaries, his own age.

His mother's illness did a great deal to contribute to the negative impression many townspeople have held of Woody until recently (and still do in some cases, although they don't necessarily say so). Another contributing factor was the "never-do-well" characterization Woody cut for himself in terms of a town image. As a loner, and a bit of a drifter in Okemah, he was not always in most presentable condition. He was just another down-and-outer, a drifter, in all honesty a "bum" in the eyes of many.

Woody made about three visits back to Okemah in the next decade, but the first notice the town took of him was when Bound For Glory appeared in 1943. Many people, however, were excited about the book more because it was written by Woody Guthrie. Others were curious because they or their relatives had been mentioned by Woody, usually as posessing some outlandish characteristic, which he overstressed, presumably for literary effect. On the whole, though, most people accepted the book as a fair enough description of the town in its earlier days. Bound For Glory was discussed in the literary groups and over the back fence, and then gradually the excitement subsided and the town eased back to normal, and Woody dropped again into semi-obscurity. It is said that when Woody visited Okemah in the mid-1940s, he dropped in at the library, and flew into a rage when his book wasn't on the shelf. It seems that copies of Bound For Glory had kept disappearing, and for a time the library had just given up trying to keep them on hand. When he made his final visit to Okemah in 1952, some of his old friends did invite him to a party as a guest of honor, but at the appointed hour he could not be found, and was later seen in another part of town in a state of inebriation. He did spend a day or two with his boyhood chum Colonel Martin, and the two drove around to the sites of their old haunts and reminisced. For another ten years afterwards, the town remained relatively indifferent to Woody, and seemed not to know or care that his songs were spreading across the country, and that he and his life were becoming a legend, even a cult in some quarters.

Today, however, a new generation is pushing to the fore in Okemah. Not tied so emotionally to the past, and more able to place in perspective the various aspects of Woody's personality, including his nonconformist ways, it is this group, composed of members of the town's intelligensia and young people, which is doing most to promote Woody as something Okemah can and should be proud of. One or two of the schoolteachers have become interested in Woody, and have taught him to their classes, going so far as to assign class reports on his life and writings. Mrs. Dill has lectured on Woody at assembly programs. Miss Bernie Warden, a free-lance journalist, has written several articles for the Oklahoma City papers (not always getting credit for her work), and even the Okemah Daily

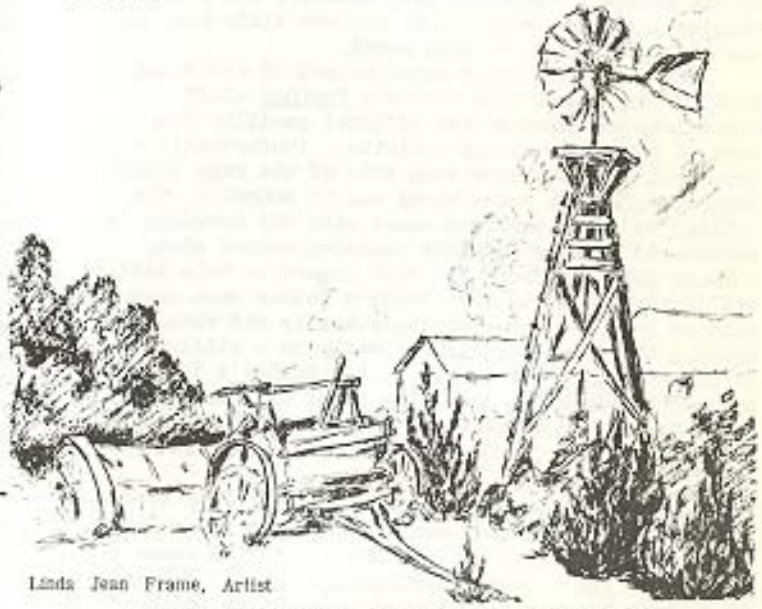
Leader, hitherto rather indifferent to Woody, is running more frequent items on him. Guy Logsdon, librarian at Oklahoma State University, and one of the few to do original research on Woody Guthrie, has given several concerts of Woody's songs in the vicinity. On Pioneer (Founders) Day, last April 22, a "Woody Guthrie float" was included in the annual parade through town, with a youngster holding a guitar sitting on top of the back seat of the car to represent Woody; a storefront display of his books and records was put up in the window of the Public Service Company. Some of the leading clubwomen in town have taken an active role in stimulating interest in Woody. At their invitation, in October, 1965, Mrs Mary Jo Edgmon, Woody's younger sister, was invited to speak to all interested Okemahans on the subject of her brother. Mrs. Edgmon, whom we were fortunate enough to meet, is a darkhaired beauty, very much a Guthrie in looks, and the epitome of the best in southern gentility, courtesy, and hospitality. Several hundred people filled one of the churches to listen to Mrs. Edgmon build her talk around the theme "He Dared To Be Different." Her speech, delivered without notes and with a great deal of poise for one not used to public speaking, was very well received. As for the future, a "Woody Guthrie Day" is being planned. A corner of the library is to be set aside in Woody's name as a children's record and listening library. Some of his papers and personal effects may be presented, and publicity given to a fund started under the sponsorship of Marjorie Guthrie for medical research into the causes and cure of Huntington's Chorea and thirteen other related illnesses.

Thus Okemah today is awakening to Woody Guthrie, and beginning to accept him in absentia, but not without some uneasy qualms. The dilemma is in recognizing his widely heralded talents as a writer and song composer, and accepting him as a town hero, yet reconciling these things with his longterm behavior and attitudes which often very definitely went against deeprooted cultural norms. (Born To Win, for example, is universally condemned in Okemah for its offensive sex passages. The "liberal" viewpoint is that it is a good book in spite of these sections.) This dilemma has rested expecially heavily on the various members of the Guthrie family, none of whom were ramblers, radicals, non-conformists, or disposed to flout the time-honored conventions of the society in which they were raised, yet who have been faced with the task of defending Woody and his work to a skeptical world on precisely these grounds. It is Mrs. Edgmon who apparently has solved the difficulty, after what I would guess to be a period of much thought and anxiety. Her synthesis "He dared to be different" is in some respects a rationalization, but it is an excellent one, and very close to the truth. Her interpretation is likely to be the philosophical bridge between the old and new Okemah views on Woody, allowing many who remember him affectionately enough, yet as one "from the wrong side of the tracks," to resolve their conflicting feelings about him and to accept him proudly as one of Okemah's own. However, it will be years, in all probability, before the whole town values Woody as much as he is valued in urban folknik circles, and hopefully longer than that before the myths surrounding him in these centers get out of hand in his old hometown.

Okemah welcomes visitors interested in Woody, although the tourist trade as yet could hardly be called a major staple of the economy. Those planning to stop by (the town is fifty miles southwest of Tulsa), however, might remember that they are guests and act accordingly, which in brief means respect the ways of those living there. Beatnik garb is not appreciated; several people told us they had refused to talk to other individuals they deemed to be such who had approached them about Woody. Neither is boisterous or ostentatious behavior. Townspeople still tell, with a mixture of amusement and disgust, of the young man who came to town and persuaded one of the local clubwomen to take him out to the cemetery where Woody's parents and sister Clara (and now brother Roy, recently deceased) are buried. She huddled in the car on a freezing February night, while he took his guitar, fell on his knees before the graves, and for over an hour crooned Guthrie songs to the tombstones. Nightlife in Okemah, except for the movies and bars, is nil, so partygoers should head elsewheres; "nice women" we were told, don't go in bars anyhow. If all of this sounds stuffy to some readers, remember it is their way of life, they are fairly well satisfied with it and are entitled to their opinions, and aren't insisting you adopt their habits where you live. On the bright side, Okemahns are friendly people, full of small town hospitality, and most will be glad to tell you what they know of Woody, if they have the time and aren't too busy (many people we talked to took time off from work to answer our questions).

Okemah, Oklahoma, is still a little uncertain about how to go about formally recognizing Woody. A date for the "Woody Guthrie Day" which has been under discussion remains indefinite; it is felt that some considerable time for preparations is yet needed before such an event comes about.

There is an ancient saying which states that "a prophet is without honor in his own country." If Woody Guthrie has been unrecognized in Okemah up until recently, it is also true that the prophet is now finally coming home to find welcome among his own people.



Linda Jean Frame, Artist

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, MARCH 12, 1967

SEVERE DROUGHT A MOUNTING PERIL TO WINTER WHEAT

Growers Fear March Winds in Kansas and Oklahoma Will Ruin Entire Crop

In the major wheat producing regions of Kansas and Oklahoma, the topsoil is dry and powdery, exposing the poorly rooted plants to the March winds.

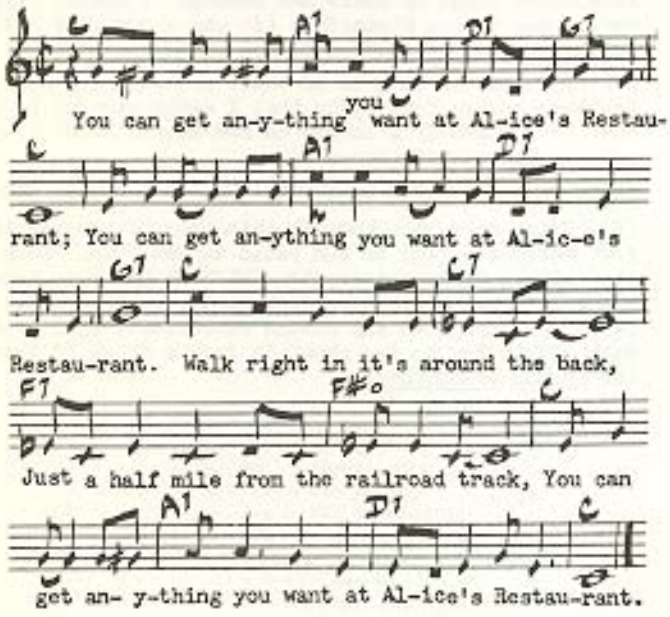
"If we have 50 or 60 mile an hour winds for seven or eight hours out of the north, which we get here sometimes, that could be the end of the wheat crop. Fields that are holding now couldn't hold through one of those hellers that turn the country loose."

ALICE'S RESTAURANT

Words and Music by Arlo Guthrie

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(Ed. Note: Woody and Marjorie Guthrie's son Arlo, now 21, turned professional performer about a year ago and has worked steadily since. He writes much of his own material. One of his pieces most popular with audiences he calls "Alice's Restaurant." There is an introduction with music which he also uses as a sort of chorus, but the body of the song is a long monologue telling a story. He plays a guitar background as he talks, using the same progression of chords he has in the introduction. Arlo's first story was about all his troubles in trying to get rid of a half-ton of garbage. He dumps it in a place that turns out to be illegal. The police find an envelope in the trash with his name and address on it and with this clue track him down and arrest him. He is tried, convicted of littering and forced to retrieve not only his own garbage but a pile dumped there by someone else. Arlo has composed several other "Alice" stories since -- in fact it has been suggested he do enough of them to fill up an L-P. Below is one of his latest):



This song is called "Alice's Restaurant". It's about Alice--and the Restaurant. But "Alice's Restaurant" is not the name of the restaurant. It's just the name of the song. That's why I called the song "Alice's Restaurant".....
.....But that's not what I came to tell you about. I came to tell you about the draft.

They got a building here in New York City -- it's on Whitehall Street. That's where you walk in, they inject you, inspect you, detect you, infect you -- and select you.

I walked in 6:30 one mornin to be injected, infected, selected, detected, neglected and all kinds a other stuff. I got good and drunk the night before so I felt and looked my best that mornin when I got up. Spent $25.00 on Irish whisky and it looked it. I was hung down, brung down, swung down and just nasty and mean and cold and terrible and I walked in, they sat me down gave me my papers, said "Kid, go see the Shrink, room 604."

I went in, spoke to the German Shrink there. And he said "What's wrong with you?" I said "Shrink, I wanna kill, I wanna kill! (shouted) I wanna kill, I wanna kill! -- I wanna see blood and gore-- and veins and muscles -- in my hands! Rip flesh, eat dead burnt bodies. I wanna kill kill kill KILL!" And he started chantin with me, and he got up on the desk, and he was yellin "kill KILL."

And he pinned a medal on me and sent me down the hall-- said "YOU'RE OUR BOY!" And I was feelin kinda bad about it. I didn't want to get him excited like that, I was tryin to get out, you know. Nasty episode.

They started takin blood samples, feet samples, leg samples, all kinds a nasty samples....and these wierd things were happenin. I want to tell you how smart I really am tho, cause I came to the written examination, sat down. They gave me a piece of paper and a pencil, said "Kid, fill out the examination." I want to tell you that's where you look at one picture and tell 'em what other picture it reminds you of, or some other kind a thing...I don't really know too much about it cause I didn't even look at the pictures, or the instructions, or the questions...I just started fillin in spaces. And I passed. That's when I knew that I was really smart -- brilliant.

But it was about this time that I was gettin upset by my brilliancy. Time was passing, and things were getting worse and worse. Five and a half hours a bein subjected injected, infected, detected, neglected, and the ultimate was selected. They were goin to send me. And I was gettin up tight. And things...things were rushing by. All kinds a nasty things till I came, the very last man. And I walked in and I sat down. And he looked at me and he said "Kid, kid, kid -- kid, have you ever.....been arrested?" I proceeded to tell him the story of the Alice's Restaurant Massacree, with full orchestration, four part harmony and all kinds a groovy things. He stopped me right there and said "Kid, did you go to court?" And I proceeded to tell him the story of the 27 eight by ten colored glossy pictures with the circles & arrows, paragraphs on the back (Here Arlo is referring to the evidence brought against him in the "Garbage" case). He stopped me right there and said "Kid, I want you to go over and sit down on that bench, under the sign that says Group W -- NOW!"

I walked on over to the bench, and I sat down. That's where they put you if you've committed a crime and they have to decide if you're moral enough to join the Army-- after committin your crime. And there was all kinds a mean nasty ugly lookin people on the bench next to me: mother stabbers, father rapers, FATHER RAPERS sittin there on the bench next to me. I was gettin upset, and one was comin over to me, and sat down next to me, and he said "Kid, whad'ya get?" I said "I didn't get nothin, I had to pay 50 dollars, and pick up the garbage."(Arlo refers again to the "Garbage story") He said "What was you arrested for?" I said "Litterin". And they all moved away from me, sat down, stared at me with their hairy eyeballs. Wierd things, until I said "...and creatin a nuisance." And they all came back, shook my hand, and I was glad to be there with 'em and we was havin a great time smokin cigarettes, talkin about crime, who killed what, all kinds a groovy things -- until the sergeant came over.

He held out a piece a paper and said "Kids! This piece a paper's got thirty seven words, twenty seven sentences, and we wanna know all there is to know about the crime that you've committed, we wanna know details of the crime time of the crime, arrestin officer's name and any other kinds a things you've got to say pertainin to the crime.

(here Arlo accelerates and crescendoes to a high pitch) an account of any other kinda thing you've gotta say, we wanna know all the details, arrestin officer's name, judges name, district court, arrestin time, and location of the actual scene of the crime!.....

And he talked for forty-five minutes -- nobody understood much a what he was sayin. But we had fun fillin out the forms and playin with the pencils there. All kinds a groovy things were happenin. I'd filled out my form, and I'd turned over the paper. (Spoken softly:) I put my pencil down, because there....in the middle of the other side of the piece a paper....all by itself....in parenthesis....underlined....read the followin words: "Kid, have you rehabilitated yourself?"

I went over to the sergeant and I said, "Sergeant, you've got a lot a goddam gall to ask me if I've rehabilitated myself. I mean, you send me over on the Group W bench to find out, after committin my crime of litterin, whether I'm moral enough after bein a litterbug to go over to Vietnam, burn women and houses and villages. Right? I mean, the men may not want to be with me...I mean they may not want to be next to a litterbug while doin this great work. I mean I may not be moral enough to do it with the other men. They may be upset, and they may not want to train with me." The sergeant turned a little different coloration there in his cheek. He looked at me and said "Kid, we don't like your kind; we're gonna send your finger prints off to Washington."

Friends, somewhere in Washington, in some cabinet drawer, in some folder, enshrined, is a beautiful set of my finger prints. And the only reason I'm singin this song is cause if you know anybody in a sililar situation, or maybe you're in a similar situation yourself, you just go down to the Shrink at Whitehall Street and you sing him a few bars of Alice's Restaurant. I mean just walk in and go like this (sings first four bars of Chorus) and walk out. See what he does -- he may join you. But like if one person does it and walks out, they may think he's sick and they won't take him. If two people do it they might think they're both fagots and won't take either of them. If three people do it, they might think it was an organization. Can you imagine fifty people a day walkin in, singin a bar a Alice's Restaurant and walkin out? They might think it's a movement.

And friends, that's what it is. It's the Alice's Restaurant....Massacree Movement, and all you got to do to join is to sing it the next time it comes around...on the guitar...with feelin. Here it is...how about that:
(Chorus all the way through)

That wasn't good enough at all. If you don't want to go you got to sing loud. All right, maybe there's someone here that wants to go... anybody here? There's a bus out front. Now you don't have to go. So when it comes around again there's no excuse this time. We want four or five part harmony, with feelin and all. It may save your life. Somebody may come up to you on the street and say "What am I doin? I'm gettin drafted. What should I do about it?" And you can actually help-- by knowin the words to Alice's Restaurant. So when it comes around again--and it's comin quick--here it is:

Cho: You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant (excepting Alice), You can get, etc.

---------- O ----------



LETTERS

Dear Editor: I was puzzled by the uncaptioned photograph on the cover of your Feb-March issue (#79). Is this Janis Ian or is it Joan Baez? It could be either, the similarity is so great.

R.H., Brooklyn

(Ed. Note: It is Janis Ian. We had assumed she was so well known by now that a caption was unnecessary).

- - - - - - - - - - -

Dear Broadside: Your section on Janis Ian in the Feb-March issue was great. I feel that Janis has a very important talent in the current music scene. I have purchsed her album, and thought it was good. As a teen-ager I can identify with some of the situations Janis writes about. Broadside should be congratulated for continuing to give its publication over to the topical songs of writers such as Janis Ian, Phil Ochs, and the others.

May there always be a Broadside.

PETER SIMON
Brooklyn

- - - - - - - - - - -

Dear Broadside: Congratulations on your fifth anniversary. I hope you have many more years of good fortune. We'd be lost without you -- don't ever leave us.

Keep those songs by Janis Ian coming. I missed hearing her at the Boston Winterfest (it was a complete sell-out). I'm looking forward to her album.

What I'd like to know is if there are any folk music programs on New York radio that I could pick up in Boston. I've heard of a couple on F-M stations but I would not be able to pick those up...

Thank you, and "Keep On Keepin' On."

FRANCIS SALVATI

(Ed. Note: We do not know at this time of any regular folk music programs on A-M radio in New York. Some of the college F-M stations, like WKCR at Columbia University, play quite a bit of folk music. As for Janis Ian's appearance at the Boston Winterfest, this is what Ralph Earle had to say about it in the March 15 issue of the Boston Broadside):

> As Bob Jones notes elsewhere, Bill Monroe got things off to a traditional, lively start Saturday night. He was followed by Janis Ian, who, if you have not yet heard her, is a frighteningly gifted girl of fifteen. She sang three of her more effective works, "Don't Cry, Little Girl," "Younger Generation Blues" and "Janey's Blues." To me the most impressive thing about this girl is not so much her writing ability, which is formidable enough, but the combination of her sense of timing and vocal technique which has gone beyond being merely a good admixture of popular singing styles and has developed into a consistent, tasteful style of its own. When she sheds her vestiges of precocity she will be an outstanding performer.

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Dear kind, loving 'soul', Broadside: -- thank you thank you thank you for the subscription. I have waited to reply until I have 1)a poem and 2) money to send. By the way, the money is not mine, it's from the people who read my broadsides after I read my broadsides. One of whose father owns a restaurant, which has a good deal to do with my diet.

Again, it was wonderful hearing from you. It is really a genuinely painful experience for someone who regards himself (or herself) as an artist or poet to send their sweat and tears in to some huge, iron-jawed furnace which burns them all away. So you can see how deep the appreciation for the response from you. Thanks.

Things are going well here. The 'weekly vigil for peace'

is growing and out-numbering the counter demonstrations. The english department says a play I wrote 'Eulogy For A Tired Rebel' is publishable, so I may even get some money.

I'd like to vote support for Malvina Reynolds' 'Ring Like A Bell' (B'Side # 78) and Len Chandler's 'Shadow Of The Magic Dancer' (same issue). The latter, incidentally, has great room for an interlude. I do it with tenor and soprano recorders and my guitar, occasionally a mandolin. Anyway, it's great!

TO THE UN-BORN CHILD

The un-born child,
waiting in your mother's womb
for a birth that comes too late,
a death that comes too soon --
will you live just to be buried
in an early tomb?
Will you find happiness on earth?

The un-born child,
daughter of humanity,
son of all it's rights and wrongs,
child of an error's error --
You are caught up in the tangle,
on the last turn, in the last lap,
never having yet begun.

The un-born child,
waiting in the memory
of times not come, which may not be,
wondering if mankind will see --
that we must live in peace,
we must Love each other someday, soon,
or you might never even be conceived.

CHARLES KOPP
California

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Dear Broadside: — Tonight from a friend at a local radio station I picked up a copy of Len Chandler's single "Song of the Mind"/ "Shadow of the Magic Dancer". It is the 2nd side I felt compelled to write about. Somehow I passed it over in B'Side # 78, but it leaped at me from the record. This is Len's finest single recorded performance yet. The vocal soars, and the backing builds and builds to the end of the song and culminates in one of the most moving endings I have ever heard. Everything is in its perfect place, including the poetry, which includes some of the most evocative phrases Len has written to date. It's the kind of song everyone should hear over and over. Any idea when a second Chandler L-P will be out? Hope this single plus songs like his "Lovin' People" and "Bound To Fly" will be on it.

By the way, belated fifth anniversary congratulations from one who's been with you for most of it.

MIKE ESTERSON
Pennsylvania

(Ed. Note: Len has been working for several months now on his 2nd L-P at Columbia, but there is no definite word on when it might be finished).

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Dear Broadside: -- Could you supply me with info about the European scene as far as topical and folk-blues type magazines and contacts go? I'm working in West Germany this summer & plan to travel around for the next 8 or 10 months after that. I would be interested in knowing of any particular 'concentrations' of those that follow European counterparts of Broadside. I gather from things you've printed in the past and the overseas tours of people like Tom Paxton that there are some signs of life in the Old World....

And about Josh Dunson's question in his Judy Collins review (#79)... Cohen is Leonard Cohen, one of the leading contemporary Canadian poets. He is in his mid-thirties and his been writing and publishing for quite a few years. Several volumes of poetry: The Space-Box of Earth, Let Us Compare Mythologies, Parasites of Heaven. And a couple of novels, like Beautiful Losers. Anyhow, he's in in Canadain "hippy intellectual"circles. And famous, or notorius, depending on your point of view. Josh Dunson is right, Cohen does write well. Cheers to Judy Collins for singing him.

(Ed. Note: We suggest you write to Rolf Dekeler, Editor SONG, 852 Erlangen, Friedrichstr.51, Germany.)

GEORGE TILLMAN
356 Yale Avenue
Winnipeg 9, Manitoba
Canada

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Dear Sis & Gordon: -- You might be interested in what songs are most popular among the young Americans who travel the earth (by hitch-hiking and similar means) in search of something they feel their own country now cannot offer them. When I and some scores of others made our way to Katmandu in Nepal several months ago we all mainly sang "Folsom Prison" from the Johnny Cash record and Bob Dylan's "She Belongs To Me",which has that great line in it "She wears an Egyptian ring that sparkles before she speaks." Somehow these young people identify with the Folsom prisoner because they feel that the U.S. itself has become one big prison.

Because of what the U.S. is doing to the Vietnamese there is now an intense hatred for Americans all over the world. Only if you are recognized as a so-called "beatnik" do you find any welcome among the common people of foreign lands.

GARY DARK

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Dear Sis: There's a wildcat strike that has been going on for some months at Blue Ridge, Georgia. Two unions are being sued for nearly 13 million dollars by Levi Strauss & Co.; about 285 scabs cross the picket line. Less than 40 of the 460 who walked out in a seniority dispute Aug. 10 have gone back in. Old hands say they were treated badly for years; they're out to make this poverty-hit town a better place for their kids. ILGWU can't legally offer strike relief. Some strikers took temporary jobs and help support others, and some of these women take buckets and accept donations for the strikers from workers at factory gates in nearby towns -- contributions from individuals are legal. I've written the strikers' side up and sent it to The Appalachian South, Box 4104, Charleston, W. Va. If any Broadside readers want to donate to this cause, they can mail their contributions to Irene Whittenberger, Box 322, Copperhill, Tennessee. Here's the first of several songs on that situation -- Tune: John Brown's Body:

If the breeches that you buy become too tight across
the rear,
When they get their second washing, and if dangling
threads appear,
If the stitches split asunder for the world to
see and hear
They might be made by scabs.

Chorus: Take two looks if you buy Levi's,
Take two looks if you buy Levi's
Take two looks if you buy Levi's
They might be made by scabs.

There's a little union label put out by the I.L.G.,
Whose members are on strike at Levi's Blue Ridge
factory,
And when pants lack union labels,it's might plain
to see,
They might be made by scabs.

ERNIE MARRS

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Letters con't -

Dear Sis: — I thought you might like to know that I got a letter from Prof. Shibata in Japan in which he told me that more than a half-dozen organizations are sponsering a meeting during which my song "Alice Was Her Name" (B'Side # 66) will be sung. He asked me to send a message which will encourage and strengthen the friendship between the Japanese and American people in our common struggle.

RUTH JACOBS
Flushing

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Dear Agnes Cunningham: — Thank you very much for your quick response to my request for material. I am most grateful. The programs we are doing here in Berlin looks like will be quite good because of the wonderful heritage of songs. Besides the traditional American songs, we plan to introduce Berlin audiences to the work of Joe Hill and the labor movement, Guthrie, Paxton, Ochs, etc. It's quite exciting. We will probably deal mainly with Civil Rights and most especially the Vietnam war... Broadside might be interested to know that there is a growing folksong movement here. It borrows heavily from tradition, but a lot of good German topical songs are being written. If possible, I will try to send Broadside some of this new material.

BOB LUMER
Berlin

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Dear Mrs. Cunningham: — I am a great enthusiast of Phil Ochs, ever since I went to the Newport Folk Festival last summer; I thought that he was the most outstanding singer there. As soon as I got back to New York I bought all three of his records. Though I felt, and still feel, that his syncopated guitar isn't as good as Bob Dylan's, his words and themse are definitely better.

Could you send me a few of the printed Ochs songs? A group of Americans and I have decided to sing topical songs for a concert we are going to put on. We are not singing for money, but just want to enlighten people over here who have heard only of Dylan.

THIERRY SLESZYNSKI
Switzerland

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Dear Sis: — I have just received my January copy of Broadside and was surprized to see that my subscription is up already. Time moves kind of funny over here in Africa, especially when the mail falls 2 or 3 months behind. Enclosed find $5 for another year's subscription.

I would like to say that your magazine is a high point out here where there is not terribly much to read and people have to talk to each other instead of watching the "boob tube". Next to the BBC (who listens to VOA with the crap they put out), and PLAYBOY, Broadside is tops out here.

B.R.
Peace Corps, Africa

- -

Dear Friends: — The copies of Broadside have now arrived; it's heart-warming to see songs written with humanism and feeling for ordinary people, and protest against the brutal killing in Vietnam. I have just sent a copy to a friend of mine in Queensland who has fought for song and music all her life... Here the Vietnam protest movement has been strong enough to organize powerful protests against the visits of President Johnson and Marshal Ky, but we are still a minority. It is good to read of protests in America itself. And that leads up to the fact that I haven't yet cashed the dollar bill you sent for a few of my booklets of poems. I have always looked on the American dollar as a symbol of greed and imperialism, and yet here is a dollar that speaks of friendship and humanity — and it is so that I take it around and show it to people!

LEN FOX
Australia

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

Dear Sis (and Sirs):

Enclosed please find a check for $5.00 for one year's subscription to Broadside. Please spend it wisely—folk music's future is in your calloused hands!

Yours truly,

Tom Schreiber

Tom Schreiber

BLACK POWER & "SOUL" MUSIC

BY

JOSEPHINE SCHWARTZ

Dear Broadside: — What a bleak, stark summary you printed on the 1966 "vanishing of folk music!" "Black Power is not a singing movement" is a pretty flat statement considering all the talk I hear about soul. "Soul" is a word that keeps taking on new definitions, but when I last heard, it had not been cut loose from its deep roots in the past of American Negro music. Soul also links with the newer word Negritude, and Negritude has everything to do with Black Power.

True, it's quite a spell since I saw any singing demonstrations on TV. But you know, those demonstrations were, musically, only the visible tip of a very big iceberg.(For an inkling of how big, try tuning in Charles Hobson's weekly Negro Music show on New York's WBAI.) If you want me to believe that Stokely Carmichael and his friends are living in a condition of frigid musical silence, you'd better offer some proof.

I've long been moved by the strains of protest and solidarity which permeate the folk Negro tradition. What has excited me about Hobson's presentations is to realize how much of these strains carries over into pop, gospel, etc., which are most current among city Negroes of today — mainly the solidarity and community feeling; but the latent protest is always there too, and sometimes not so latent.

I must reread Julius Lester's article in SING OUT! In his context I interpreted the sentence about " not a singing movement" more or less as follows: "We no longer care about expressions of protest which are easy for white people to admire and sympathize with, but will concentrate on styles of organizing and communicating which count the most in the Negro community" — which is in a way the message of Black Power in general. My feeling has been that the appropriate response for whites who know "where it's at" would be to broaden and deepen our sensitivity to the content and meanings of Negro music and life in general — going beyond and behind the overt protest songs which were so exciting a couple of years ago.

JOSEPHINE SCHWARTZ
Bronx

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My Oklahoma Home

(IT BLOWED AWAY)

Words: Bill Cunningham Music: Sis Cunningham



I planted wheat and oats, got some chickens and some shoats
Aimed to have some ham and eggs to feed my face
Got a mule to pull the plow, got an old red muley cow
And got a fancy mortgage on the place.

It blowed away, it blowed away
All the crops I planted blowed away
You can't grow any grain
If there isn't any rain
All except the mortgage blowed away

It blowed away my rooster and it blowed away my hens
The pigs and cattle went astray
All the crops that I sowed went a-foggin' down the road
My Oklahoma farm it blowed away.

It blowed away, it blowed away
Everything I owned blowed away
I hollered and I cussed
When my land went up in dust
When my Oklahoma farm it blowed away

It looked so green and fair, when I built my shanty there
I figured I was all set for life
I put on my Sunday best with my fancy scalloped vest
And went to town and picked me out a wife.

She blowed away, she blowed away
My Oklahoma woman blowed away
Just as I bent and kissed her
She was picked up by a twister
My Oklahoma woman blowed away.

Then I was left alone a-listenin' to the moan
Of the wind around the corners of my shack
So I took off down the road when the south wind blowed
A-travelin' with the wind at my back.

I blowed away, I blowed away
Chasin' a dust cloud up ahead
Once it looked so green and fair
Now it's up there in the air
My Oklahoma farm is overhead.

Now I'm always close to home no matter where I roam
For Oklahoma dust is everywhere
Makes no difference where I'm walkin', I can hear my chickens squawkin'
I can hear my wife a-talkin' in the air.

It blowed away, it blowed away
My Oklahoma home blowed away
But my home is always near
It's in the atmosphere
My Oklahoma home that blowed away.

I'm a roamin' Oklahoman, but I'm always close to home
And I'll never get homesick 'til I die
No matter where I'm found, my home is all around
My Oklahoma home is in the sky.

It blowed away, it blowed away
My farm down upon the Cimarron
But all around the world
Wherever dust is whirled
Some is from my Oklahoma home.

Spare Tire Chorus:

It blowed away, it blowed away
My Oklahoma home blowed away
Oh, it's up there in the sky
In that dust cloud rolling by
My Oklahoma home is in the sky.

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The lyrics of the song on this page were written a couple of years ago by Bill Cunningham, older brother of the editor of Broadside. Bill died in New York City Feb. 20, 1967, at the age of 65. He had lived here for the past 25 years, but never forgot the state where he was born.

Bill gave Sis her nickname when they were kids on the western Oklahoma farm their father homesteaded in what had been Cheyenne Indian country. Their grandfather Cunningham had gone west after the Civil War, where he served as a captain in the Union Army. Sis' and Bill's father was an oldtime fiddler who played for pioneer square dances and other social gatherings, drawing on the some 500 fiddle tunes he had committed to memory.

Bill started in journalism as editor of the University of Oklahoma newspaper at Norman in the 1920's. At Norman he met and began a lifelong friendship with the noted folklorist, Ben A. Botkin. Bill contributed to Folksay, a series of four volumes edited by Ben. The first of these, Folk-Say/1929, was the first book printed by the University of Oklahoma Press.

Working at the Press at the time was another Oklahoman and student who went on to become a writer — George Milburn, who also died this winter here in New York, where he had been living for a number of years.

(continued)

IN MEMORY OF

Paul Howard Jaffe

1955 - 1965

"What shall we do
with such brief beauty?

Bill Cunningham — 2

George, who came from Coweta, Okla., not far from where Woody Guthrie was born, was "discovered" by H.L.Mencken and his first work appeared in Mencken's Mercury. He wrote the "Hobo's Hornbook" (which may be reissued as a paperback) and two collections of short stories, "Oklahoma Town" and "No More Trumpets."

Bill Cunningham's books, as described in his obituary in the New York Times, Feb. 21, 1967:

> Mr. Cunningham wrote "The Green Corn Rebellion" and "Pretty Boy" during the nineteen-thirties, and "Danny" (in collaboration with his wife, Sara) in 1953. His most widely read book, however, was one for children, "The Real Book of Daniel Boone."
>
> Mr. Cunningham's knowledge of his native Oklahoma led him to write "The Green Corn Rebellion," about a local farmer's protest against American participation in World War I, and "Pretty Boy" as a fictionalized biography of Pretty-Boy Floyd, an Oklahoma farm boy turned bank robber.

A simple service was held for Bill Wed., Feb.22. Pete Seeger came and sang his song "To My Old Brown Earth." Ben Botkin, who lives and works at Croton-on-Hudson (editing books on folklore and contributing regularly to the New York Folklore Quarterly, of which he is a member of the editorial board), gave the eulogy. In it he said:

> "I have always felt that Bill did his best writing when he combined his feeling for people with his feeling for folklore — in poems like Old Time Fiddler and A Farm Wife Watches the Train Go By, and in the story The Codder, which is about a farm boy who is being 'codded' — kidded — with tall tales told by a neighbor after the fashion of lonesome pioneers who took their time getting down to business and passed the time of day swapping stories and 'codding' youngsters as 'part of the Western code that the young and tender should be taught the great verities by generous untruths.'
>
> "Bill (a great storyteller himself) may have subscribed to this Western code by dealing in prankish humor and ironic whimsey. But he was essentially the social realist... In his two social novels of the Thirties, The Green Corn Rebellion (1935) and Pretty Boy (1936), he combined realism with contemporary folklore, as the farm people's problems were coupled with the people(s speech, beliefs, and customs."
>
> G.F.

RECORD REVIEW: NO DIRTY NAMES

Dave Van Ronk

Verve-Folkways FT-3009

Dave Van Ronk's latest album after several years, on the fourth record label in so many moons, although worthy of being (explicitly) called no dirty names makes one think that Mr. Van Ronk could try still harder -- not to imitate -- but to create a unique blues sound while maintaining that singular Van Ronk enthusiasm and dynamics.

Performing other peoples' definitive and popular material without interpretative revision, textual or melodic or both, is a form of creative incompetancy. This generally accepted premise negates immediately the eclectic's interest in 4 of the 13 tracks. Van Ronk has neither the tastefulness to perform McTell's Statesboro Blues nor the accompaniment for Yeats' Wandering Aengus; Midnite Hour Blues is another 12-bar blues and D.V.R. cannot drive my Carr; One Meatball should be left to its antecedent sauce, Josh White.

Two songs in a pessimistic mode tug at the listeners' speaker wires: The Old Man, attributed to Dylan, and Zen Koans Gonna Rise Again, with a title derived (beyond the obvious pun on the minstrel song) from a reason known only to Van Ronk and a small circle of his friends.

Brecht's Alabama Song seems significant as I can't think of a performer more suited than Mr. Van Ronk to sing the inferential condemnation "Oh show us the way to the next whiskey bar...." The guitarwork is a faithful transcription of the orchestration.

Where he used to predominate in country blues, Van Ronk has turned to its urban jazz equivalent with editorial preference for Lipscomb, Allison and Gillespie (Blues Chante'). The last piece is performed in a particularly rhythmic signature of an improper fraction, and sports a fine scream duet.



'Bout a Spoonful, by Gary Davis, and Keep It Clean are raggy blues showcases for fancy fingerwork. The latter is played in open tuning and has been cleaned up just for the record.

The most striking notch on this man's revolver is Mean World Blues by Niela Horn. A girl has written a fine original blues! A totally good performance (finally) by Van Ronk meets a Gm-Am-D / G-Bb-C-D / Gm-Bm-C-D-Gm progression. Ecstacy!

Back to reality. Dave Van Ronk should not have sold out his definitive blues ax, Miss Gibson J-200, for a Guild imitation. A J-200 never forgets!

In addition to some fine screaming on Blues Chante' by Mrs. Van Ronk and John Court, the studio men include B.G. Kornfeld who ought to have played 2nd guitar and not organ. Chuck Isreals who, it will be remembered, played good bass and better cello on Judy Collins' concert album plays good bass and no cello on this one. Finally there is Dave Woods, whom I, for one, wish wouldn't.

Someday Dave Van Ronk will produce a perfect city blues disc. It will not have the words "I" or "my" repeated in the first-person liner notes 55 times (count 'em, folks). And, when the 1st cut on the second side is listed as Statesboro Blues, I would like to find that the featured performer of the album, in all altruism and without excuse, has directed that the original 78 recording of Blind W. McTell be mastered unto those grooves, making them groovier.

Van Ronk's new record is for Van Ronk collectors. However, if one wishes a pre-fab compendium of otherwise (separately) great original material, as performed by a venerable blues-revival singer-guitarist who just hasn't made it recently -- then pick up this album -- and, if you are sorry later, please, no dirty names!

by Stan Jay

A TIME FOR PLANTING
By Shelly Halpern

We are young and full of life:
The world is all before us
Full of strange new things.
It is our spring,
And winter is a long way off.
We plant the seed of things
Yet to come
And wait the time of their fruition.

And yet there is talk of an
   early winter...
In place of green fields
Covering land once bleached and dry,
In place of trees,
Friends of the earth,
Shading the land and bowing
   with the wind,
There is only the persistent whisper
Of death.

How long will mothers rock their young
In the heat of the sun?
How long will the music
   of children's voices
Ring sweet?

They talk of war:
A war that will efface the past
And halt the future
An early winter...

Must each new day begin with a prayer
For one more day of peace?
Are the plowshares to be beaten
Into guns,
And bullets,
And bombs?

We want to grow
And not be broken;
We want to build
And not destroy.
Let us make of the work of man
A way for life.
Let us make the wastelands green
And save the dying.

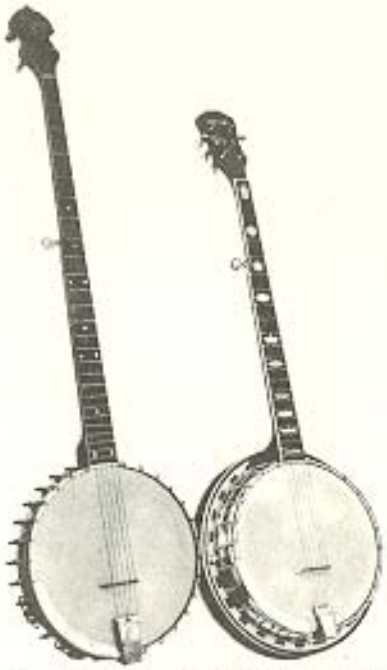
Let us plant the seeds of tomorrow
And know that we,
And our children,
And our children's children
Will pluck its sweet fruit.

sooner or later every banjoist (and guitarist) reaches the same decision

nothing compares to a Vega

so they buy a Vega

if you haven't reached this point yet hasten the day . . . just say "Vega" to your musical instrument dealer—he will understand.



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NOTES

NOTHING ON? "Sometimes the present development in pop music -- rock, folk-rock, etc -- reminds me of the old story of 'The Emperors New Clothes.' There are all kinds of articles and magazines analyzing it and finding all kinds of profound meanings in it, like musical existentialism, but when one looks closer he finds the lyrics meaningless and all you have left is one big, bare -- beat." J.S., California.... THEODORE BIKEL was married April 2nd to Rita Weinberg. In New York City... People from across the nation who love the folk traditions of the Ozarks will be heading for Mountain View, Arkansas, to attend the FIFTH ANNUAL ARKANSAS FOLK FESTIVAL, April 21-22-23. JIMMIE DRIFTWOOD will again be Master Of Ceremonies...THE KHROME KAZOO, a new "folksong" magazine, has appeared on the West Coast. Subscription offices are at 1247 Florence St.Imperial Beach, California.Lead article in # 1 traces the tradition of adversity from which Negro folk music developed. Editor Lou Curtiss writes that a big influence in starting KAZOO was GIL TURNER, one of the founders of BROADSIDE but who is now based in the San Diego area. Ads Lou: "We live in an area which is somewhat similar to Bavaria in the early 20's and thinks of folksingers in no uncertain terms. So we might have to defend ourselves!... THE NATIONAL OLDTIME FIDDLER(S CONTEST & FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL will be held in Weiser, Idaho, the third week of June. For reservations write the Chamber of Commerce, Weiser, Idaho 83672...

ISRAEL "IZZY" YOUNG is now presenting regular weekly olk music concerts at his FOLKLORE CENTER, 321 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.C. On his upcoming schedule: PETER STAMPFEL, April 17; CHARLES O'HEGARTY, April 24; STEPHAN GROSSMAN, May 1; and ED BADEAUX, May 15. IZZY says of his concerts, which have been going on some months now: "I'm doing this, now that folk music is dead, to bring back the feeling of the old days in 1957." Seating is limited, so get tickets ($1.50) early (at the CENTER).... AL SILBERMAN of New York is giving lessons in basic folk guitar, in the styles of Spiritual & Country Blues, Ragtime, etc., after the manner of Rev. Gary Davis and Elizabeth Cotten. AL'S phone is (212) VA 1 - 7149....

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ONE

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MALVINA REYNOLDS . . . SINGS THE TRUTH

Columbia CL 2614 (M), CS 9414 (S)

Malvina Reynolds is a 66-year old folk singer/writer but she fits right into the taste and style of the youngest generation. Some of her songs, like "Little Boxes" and "What Have They Done To the Rain," have been performed by more established folk singers but she makes them live anew. It's doubtful if "I Don't Mind Failing" could ever be done better.

MARCH 18, 1967, BILLBOARD

MALVINA REYNOLDS' Columbia record was released at about the same time as her new songbook, THE MUSE OF PARKER STREET (can be gotten for $2.45 from Oak Publications, 701 7th Ave., N.Y.C. 100-36). Meanwhile , Malvina will appear in concerts at St.Peter's Church in NY May 12th, and at the Philadelphia Folksong Society, International House, 15th and Cherry Sts., Philadelphia, May 14th...

MIKE KELLIN has won the first annual WILLIAM E.OLIVER award for a group of five songs, several of which have been in BROADSIDE. The awards are being presented jointly by THE SONGMAKERS OF CALIFORNIA, and the music committee of THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH IN LOS ANGELES, for "Songs that express the forward spirit of our times." MIKE, who is acting in "The Odd Couple" here in NY, recently made his first appearance as a songwriter-performer here on the East Coast (at a benefit for Radio Station WBAI)...LEN CHANDLER is scheduled to be on the program "An Evening With GOD" at the Village Theater in NY (105 2nd Ave.) Sat., May 13th. Along with DICK GREGORY, DR. TIMOTHY LEARY, & others.... Former Weaver RONNIE GILBERT is in the cast of the long-running "America Hurrah" at the Pocket Theater in NY."America Hurrah" consists of three one-actors by Jean-Claude van Itallie and Ronnie plays a sort of American Everywoman in a pre-packaged, cliche-ridden society... THE JEFFERSON AIRPLANE will begin a 2-week gig at THE UNICORN in Boaston, April 18...

TOM PAXTON will give a concert Sat. April 29 in Washington, at the Lisner Auditorium, 21st and H Sts., N.W. The concert is sponsored by the FOLKLORE SOCIETY OF GREATER WASHINGTON & STANLEY-WILLIAMS PRESENTATIONS.... The expanded 1967 NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL (it will run July 10 thru 16) will devote one of its four large evening concerts to "Topical Songs from Colonial Times to the Present." This will be on Thurs. evening. The Sun. afternoon concert will be devoted to the increasing number of contemporary song-writers who perform their own material...

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