

BROADSIDE  
P.O. BOX 193  
CATHEDRAL  
STATION  
NEW YORK 25  
N. Y.

# BROADSIDE # 23

LATE  
MARCH  
1963  
PRICE  
35¢

## Train a-travelin'

ILLUSTRATION  
By  
SUSIE ROTOLO

by  
**BOB DYLAN**

There's an iron train a-travelin' that's been a  
rollin' thru the years, With a firebox of hatred & a  
furnace full of fears. If you e- ver heard it's  
sound or seen it's blood-red broken frame, Then you  
heard my voice a-singin' & you know my name.

CONT'D →

TRAIN A-TRAVELIN' - - - 2

Did you ever stop to wonder  
'Bout the hatred that it holds,  
Did you ever see its passengers,  
Its crazy mixed-up souls,  
Did you ever start a-thinkin'  
That you gotta stop that train,  
Then you heard...etc.

Do you ever get tired of the  
Preachin' sounds of fear,  
When they're hammered at your head  
And pounded in your ear,  
Have you ever asked about it  
And not been answered plain,  
Then you heard...etc.

Have you ever had it on your lips  
Or said it in your head,  
That the person standin' next  
to you  
Just might be misled.  
Does the raving of the maniacs  
Make your insides go insane,  
Then you heard...etc.

Do the kill-crazy bandits  
And the haters get you down,  
Does the preachin' & the politics  
Spin your head around,  
Does the burning of the buses  
Give your heart a pain,  
Then you heard...etc.

I'm a wonderin' if the leaders  
Of the nations understand,  
This murder-minded world  
That they're leavin' in my hands,  
Have you ever laid awake at night  
And wondered 'bout the same,  
Then you've heard my voice a-singin'  
And you know my name.

(Note: In the notation, the "2" by the "hold" sign means 2 extra beats)

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I T A I N ' T R E A L L Y T R U E words: Pete Crabtree  
tune: "Nelly Gray"

Well I met a man this morning,  
He was looking mighty blue,  
And he said "We're bound to have  
a war,  
"We are heading for disaster,  
And there's nothing we can do,  
And there's no use in trying  
anymore."

CHO: Well it ain't really true,  
Cause it's up to me & you,  
It's the pathway of peace  
We've got to find.  
If we all keep on tryin'  
We can save the world from  
dyin',  
Cause it ain't that hard  
to save mankind.

Well I met another buddy,  
He was looking mighty mad,  
And he said, "It looks like war's  
the only way,  
"Cause the world situation,  
Is so bad in every nation  
Might as well get it over with  
today." (CHO.)

I can't help but have the notion  
That the folks across the ocean  
Don't want to fight a war  
no more than me,  
If they all go out to fight it  
I don't want to be invited.  
Cause the point of it is more  
than I can see.

LAST CHO: Let's decide what to do, Cause it's up to me and you,  
It's the pathway of peace we've got to find,  
If we all keep on tryin' We can save the world  
from dyin',  
Cause it ain't that hard to save mankind.

# ON MY WAY

Words and Music by  
PHIL OCHS

Bright  
Verse

1. Well, some-times I am hap-py, some-times sad, Think-in' of the  
good times I have had, Think-in' of the plac-es I have  
been, Some-times down, some-times up, some-times in.

Refrain

On my way to an-oth-er work-in' day, On my  
way and I wish that I could stay, On my way but I  
have no time to play And I hope that I will see you on my way.

## Additional Lyrics

2. And I got me a job in Buffalo  
And it's cold when those chilly lake winds blow,  
And it's hot when that steel furnace glows  
It was dirty when that steel smoke rose.  
(Refrain)
3. Then California called me for a while,  
And the sun was shinin' every single mile.  
It was gettin' so darned crowded I could cry,  
Crossin' land and sea and fallin' from the sky.  
(Refrain)
4. And I've been all along the Southern shore,  
And the people there were lookin' mighty poor,  
They were waitin' for some factories to arrive,  
And some of them were fightin' to survive.  
(Refrain)
5. Yes, I've been all up and down the line,  
But somehow my money stayed behind,  
A good payin' job is hard to find,  
And the graveyard's lookin' for another sign.  
(Refrain)

## BROADSIDE # 23



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Several years ago a large crowd of South African Negroes assembled peacefully at a town called Sharpsville to petition for a redress of grievances (of which they had -- and have -- many). Police suddenly opened fire on them. As they turned to flee, many were ruthlessly shot in the back. Many of us have seen pictures of the Sharpsville street full of bodies, men, women and children, lying sprawled in pools of blood. It was a deliberate slaughter, calculated to terrorize the African Freedom Movement... "The massacre at Sharpsville has passed unatoned": this reminder applies sharply to Americans, too, for U.S. businessmen, attracted to the immense profits to be made from the use of slave labor, yearly take out of South Africa tens of millions of dollars, all stained with the blood of the innocents slaughtered at Sharpsville.

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THE SHARPSVILLE MASSACRE  
(Tune: "Streets Of Laredo")

By John Steele  
c 1963 by author

As I walked out in the hot streets of Sharpsville,  
Through the hot streets I did walk one day,  
I spied a young Negro, digging and filling,  
Digging and filling a grave he did say.

I asked him the reason he appeared so troubled,  
I asked him why his eyes were so dim,  
His words were whispered as he tried to tell me  
The grave he was digging his child would lie in.

Chorus: So beat the drums slowly  
And play the fife lowly,  
Play the dead march for the murdered and gone,  
A man wants his freedom,  
He'll die for his freedom,  
Shot in the back for doing no wrong.

They make us use passes, we're slaves to white classes,  
The Africaner protects us they say,  
We toil in his fields and sweat in his factories,  
He shoots us down when we get in the way.

( CHORUS )

The wise men gathered together in London,  
Three thousand miles from the blood and the moans,  
But a stand was not taken to save their brothers,  
The massacre at Sharpsville has passed unatoned.  
The jails are all crowded, the bodies are shrouded,  
Husbands and wives have been taken away,  
A nation is rising and brave men are dying,  
The massacre at Sharpsville will bring a new day.

( CHORUS )

The world grows small. Eighty-three men, women and children lie dead in the hot streets of Sharpsville in South Africa. On the other side of the globe a Canadian writes a song so that they shall not be forgotten... "A song is one of the most effective ways of keeping alive an event in history... Sharpsville is a symbol...of dynamic change and we sing it to remind the many people who enjoy South African fruit, holidays and wealth that the change is a reality," John Steele.

## BALLAD OF HATTIE CARROLL

By Don West  
c 1963 by author

(May be sung to tune of "Wayfaring Stranger" or similar.)

Come all you poor & honest people  
If you would like to understand  
And listen to a sad, sad story  
Of happenings in this awful land.

A story of a brutal murder  
Done by a rich & powerful man  
Who beat to death a maid of color  
With stylish cane held in his hand.

Hattie Carroll, an honest worker  
Left her home that fateful day  
But little did she stop to ponder  
That she would never draw her pay.

She went to work that cold gray  
evening  
As she had often done before  
Serving food & drink to rich men  
At the big hotel in Baltimore.

The big man pounded on the table  
She hardly heard what he did say  
When Hattie went to get his order  
He took his cane & flailed away.

She bent down & then she  
staggered  
Her eyes could barely see the  
lights  
But no one turned a hand to help  
her  
--It was a ball for socialites.

They took her to a place called  
Mercy  
The doctor checked & shook his  
head  
There's nothing now I can do/for  
her  
--Alas she was already dead.

The church was crowded at the  
funeral  
Good people mourn, her children  
weep

She left a family filled with  
sorrow

-- And to us all a pledge to  
keep.

A pledge that we shall end such sadness  
Brought on by men of powerful name  
Nor ever forget this honest mother  
For we must end this awful shame!

## ***Rich Brute Slays Negro Mother of 10***

By ROY H. WOOD

BALTIMORE — Mrs. Hattie Carroll, 51, Negro waitress at the Emerson Hotel, died last week as the result of a brutal beating by a wealthy socialite during the exclusive Spinsters' Ball at that hotel. Mrs. Carroll, mother of 10 children, was the deacon of the Gillis Memorial Church. She died in the hospital where she had been taken after being felled from blows inflicted by William Devereux Zantzing, 24, owner of a 600-acre tobacco farm near Marlboro, Md.

Mrs. Carroll was one of two waitresses whom Zantzing struck with a wooden cane at the society affair. He first struck at Mrs. Ethel Hill, 30, Negro waitress who was cleaning a

table near him, then, without being restrained by any of the other members of the social register present at the white-tie affair, he strode to the bar and rained blows on the head and back of Mrs. Carroll who was working there. The cane was broken in three pieces.

At this point other hotel employees called the police.

Mrs. Carroll was taken to the hospital, where she died from internal hemorrhages.

As police were taking Zantzing down the stairs from the ballroom, his wife, one of the socially prominent Duvall family, leaped from the landing and struck a policeman, who had to be hospitalized with a leg injury.

A Negro bellman at the hotel reported that earlier in the eve-

ning, Zantzing struck him across the buttocks with his cane.

Zantzing's father is a member of the state planning commission in Maryland. Others of his relatives in the Devereux family are prominent in politics here.

The judge who released Zantzing on bond has already permitted his attorney to claim that Mrs. Carroll died indirectly as a result of the attack rather than directly.

There is speculation here that attempts will be made to get Zantzing off with a slap on the wrist.

Recently a "cat burglar" caught in the wealthiest section here, Guilford, received a 99-year sentence. He never once committed violence.

# Non-Ads

Words by Malvina Reynolds

Music traditional

© 1963 by Malvina Reynolds

De - ter - gent, de - ter - gent, it gets your laundry  
Use X or Y brand gaso - line, it doesn't matter

white, It backs up in the water pipes, you drink it day and  
which, It all comes from the same big tanks, and makes Old Tex - as

night, It makes your kitchen spot - less, it keeps your bathroom  
rich, It fills the freeway up with cars, it fills the air with

clean, it bubbles from the water tap and turns / li - ver green.  
lead, If you in - sist on breathing / have octane in your head.  
you'll.

"Here's 'NON-ADS'. I propose it as a kind of zipper song with which people can have some fun kicking back at Madison Ave." Mal Reynolds.

AND - PRESTO! - HERE ARE SOME OF THE FIRST ZIPPER VERSES TO REACH US:

Smoking a cigarette will make  
you think you're in,  
Put a tattoo on your hand  
and whiskers on your chin,  
It makes you feel older,  
and here's the reason why:  
It fills your lungs with cancer,  
and that's how old men die.

Brushing your teeth takes  
so much energy,  
Better get some help  
from electricity.  
Who's that in the bathroom  
gives everyone a shock?  
Better put your bathrobe on,  
it's Reddy Kilowatt!

Making a million  
can be done with ease,  
Just use our deodorant  
and you'll be sure to please.

But if you use the other kind,  
you'll be sure to smell,  
And B.O. is a sin  
so you will go to \_\_\_\_\_.

BY NANCY SCHIMMEL

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AND BY FAST ROCKET MISSILE MAIL  
FROM ENGLAND:

And if you want the living proof  
it's tide that washes best,  
Go to the nearest window  
and apply the window test.  
Hold up your tide-washed garment;  
you'll say: "Well, I'll be blest!"  
When you see the daylight streaming  
thru the holes in Granny's vest.

BY ERIC WINTER

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*Breadside #23*



# ESKIMOS IN PERIL OF FALLOUT TAINT

Contamination of Reindeer  
Exceeds Safety Point

Special to The New York Times.

VANCOUVER, B.C.

The safety limit of fallout contamination has now been exceeded in the bodies of reindeer, especially the caribou of Northern Canada and Alaska, according to a Canadian biologist. He says that this contamination has already been passed on to man in those areas.

The biologist is Dr. William O. Pruitt, Jr., a specialist in the ecology of northern mammals. He made the statements in an article appearing in "The Beaver," the quarterly magazine of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Dr. Pruitt reports that tests among Eskimos in Alaska and among Lapps in Sweden have shown that these population groups have from 4 to 30 times as much strontium 90 in their bones as the average concentration in the bones of people in the United States.

The Eskimos and Lapps eat reindeer, or caribou. The chief food of caribou consists of lichen and sedges. Lichens have an abnormally high radiation content. The second highest are sedges.

The reason, Dr. Pruitt argues is simple. The lichen receives its nutrients directly from the air, from dust and other wind-blown material. "Thus it feeds on a kind of natural fallout. In all the years of time before 1945 it was a harmless kind of fallout. Lichens grow slowly. While a blade of grass may contain fallout particles deposited on it during a two-or-three months growing season, a fragment of lichen of similar size may contain fallout particles deposited during many years. They will probably remain 'hot' for many years."

The caribou is the basic food of the Eskimo. Some natives kill the animal only for the tongues. Observers have seen the carcasses of hundreds of beasts with the tongues cut out. Others regard the velvet from the horn as a tidbit when scorched over a fire, a delicacy said to taste like jellied caviar.

The sinews are used for

thread and string, the skins for beds, cloths, mittens and socks, parkas and tents, and the fat for wax. The preservation of the animal is therefore vitally necessary for the north of Canada and Alaska. Alaska is the only area under the United States flag where the caribou is known.

How many caribou still exist? The answer traditionally given by Eskimos and Indians of the Far North is always the same, "six million." There has been a massive decline in their numbers in recent years because of the destruction of the lichen caused by forest fires as civilized man has gone farther north. Wolves have been their chief enemy. It is estimated that a wolf kills 100 a year, often only for the lust of killing.

The days are probably past when bush pilots have seen migrations of caribou "50 miles wide, taking three days and nights to pass one point." One observer reported a five-week passage of herds, the first two weeks seeing only the bulls, the next three weeks the cows and calves.

Dr. Pruitt describes the link between contamination and the lichen as a "neat demonstration of the interdependence of all living things."

All people who eat reindeer or caribou meat have higher whole-body radiation counts than people who never eat them, Dr. Pruitt reports.

"SANTA'S LAST  
RIDE."  
BROADSIDE # 23

NEW YORK POST,  
MARCH 21, 1963

ABC's running into trouble with folk singers over its apparent refusal to cast Pete Seeger and The Weavers on its new Saturday night "Hootenanny" series, which bows April 6. Some 40 folk singers met this week in the Village Gate to decide on protest measures.

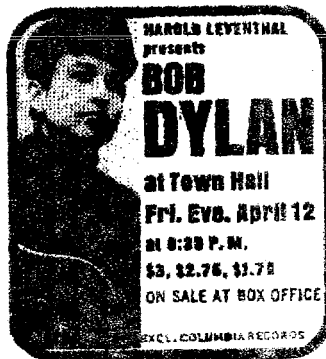
Harold Leventhal, who manages Seeger and The Weavers, said the network has rejected both acts but has given no reason why. "The term 'Hootenanny' was virtually invented by Seeger," he said. "But all

ABC tells us is they can't put him on. They never put anything in writing."

The Weavers were dropped from an NBC "Tonight" appearance a year ago when they refused to sign a standard loyalty oath. Seeger was recently cleared of a contempt conviction for refusing to discuss his politics with Congressional investigators. Leventhal said one leading folk singer, Joan Baez, has refused to appear on the program until Seeger or The Weavers do.

Richard Lewine, producer of the program, did not respond to phone messages last night at the University of Michigan, where he is taping a future program.

NEW YORK



HAROLD LEVENTHAL  
presents  
**BOB  
DYLAN**  
at Town Hall  
Fri. Eve. April 12  
at 8:30 P. M.  
\$3, \$2.76, \$1.75  
ON SALE AT BOX OFFICE  
EXCL. COLUMBIA RECORDS

NEW YORK POST,  
MARCH 22, 1963

Charges by folksingers that

ABC is barring some performers from its "Hootenanny" series on political grounds brought this formal reply from the network: "No comment." An inquiry as to whether performers were planning to boycott the program brought this reply from one big-name folksinger: "There's no boycott just as there isn't any TV blacklist."



**That Ole McCarthy Hoot**

by Nat Hentoff

"Hootenanny," a weekly folk-music series, starts on the American Broadcasting Company on April 6. In the current issue of "Broadside" (East Coast version), the charge is made that Pete Seeger has been blacklisted by the new program. The story goes on to report that Joan Baez was approached to appear, but her answer was that she would go on only if Seeger were hired. Miss Baez is not going to be on the show.

I've checked out the story at ABC and with several other sources, and it's true. Worth adding is the fact that this is not the first time Joan Baez has turned down television offers because Pete isn't "pure" enough politically to be on the same show with her. As is disgustingly customary in the blacklist syndrome (which exists at the other networks as well), no one professes to know who turned the definitive thumb down. As one conscience-sore consultant to the

program put it, "It's always somebody else who made the decision, but you can never find out who that somebody is." The Kafkaesque judge at ABC, by the way, has also ordained that the Weavers do not belong in "Hootenanny." The term "hootenanny," incidentally, was first popularized in its present context by Pete Seeger and Woody Guthrie. (The irony of Pete's exclusion is similar to those years when Charlie Parker was banned from Birdland.) I'm sure, incidentally, that if Woody were well enough to appear, he wouldn't pass clearance either.

The Tarriers, on the other hand, will be seen on "Hootenanny." It looked for a time as if they too were to be banned because the group is racially mixed. In their case, however, "Hootenanny" was threatened with public disclosure of its apparent reason for their exile, and the program yielded.

**'Why This Show?'**

It is also true that a couple of performers who once were blacklisted are now "safe" enough to be hired by "Hootenanny," and I have heard it said in the past few days that "at least we've broken the blacklist to this extent, and that's a sign of progress." Another, non-musical participant in "Hootenanny" added, "Well, at least we'll be getting folk music to a lot more people than ever before through this series, and that's a sign of progress. It's tough on Pete, but after all, he's been turned down by all three networks. Why pick on this show?"

It seems to me that it's not necessary to dwell long on this grubby, upwardly mobile morality. Joan Baez is absolutely correct in her position. I do wonder, however, whether some of the other performers who have agreed to be on "Hootenanny"—and they include a number of resplendent liberals—know about the Seeger blacklisting. And I wonder how, if they do know about it, they rationalize their abandonment of Pete. It's a sim-

ple question of solidarity. The only way this faceless corroding of civil liberties is going to be effectively countered in this kind of situation is by reverse boycott. It would be far better for folk music, for the performers involved, and for public moral health if there were no "Hootenanny" series rather than a series from which one man has been egregiously excluded.

Some of the singers who are going to appear have called fiercely for the abolition of the

House Un-American Activities Committee. But by being part of "Hootenanny," they have aligned themselves with exactly the same vigilante "justice" which the HUAC represents.

**With the President**

Pete Seeger and the Weavers were also involved in another rainbow sign of our times. This past January, "Dinner with the President" was seen on CBS under the auspices of the Anti-Defamation League of the B'nai

B'rith. The program was a corollary of the ADL's fiftieth anniversary and of its award to the President for "his distinguished contributions to the enrichment of our democratic heritage" (The Bay of Pigs? The case of William Worthy? The carefully ineffectual Executive Order prohibiting racial discrimination in certain areas of federally supported housing? The management of news?).

Anyway, some weeks before "Dinner with the President," Harold Leventhal, the manager of Seeger and Weavers, was told by CBS that there was some interest in those two of his clients for the program. Afterwards, however, a man from the Anti-Defamation League called and said it was "unlikely" Seeger and the Weavers would be used. The conversation was such that it was quite clear the man meant that the blacklist was on. Then this same functionary of the ADL had the chutzpah to ask Leventhal if he would try to get Joan Baez for the program. To his credit, Leventhal explosively refused.

The "Dinner with the President" went on with, among others, Odetta, the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, Josh White, Judy Collins, and Will Holt. All of them, I expect, regard themselves as admirers, in one way or another, of Seeger and the Weavers. And I don't know if they knew what had happened behind the scenes of our democratic heritage (tv-network divi-

sion). I wonder whether they will now ask, as does Joan Baez, what the exclusionary quota is on future television shows on which they are invited to appear.

As a further footnote to the "end" of McCarthyism, there is the invitation Pete Seeger received on December 5 from the Director of Cultural Activities of the Queens College Student Council. Pete was asked to participate in a folk festival there starting April 10. One of the students subsequently informed Pete's manager that Seeger was not going to "pass" the scrutiny of the college administration.

Leventhal wrote to Dr. Harold Stoke, President of Queens College, and Dr. Stoke's predictably evasive answer denied that Seeger had even been invited.

Pete is indeed becoming an invisible man in some areas of the current renaissance of interest in folk music. But I expect that the absence of his presence will gnaw at some of the folk singers who are cooperating in the expunging of his voice from network television. It'll be extremely interesting to see if any one of them, however, joins Joan Baez in the act of saying "No" to scared power. But then again, there is all that bread and all that exposure. On the other hand, what are you exposing when you go out there and leave Mr. Seeger behind?

**BROADSIDE**

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23

Whenever I hear the Boll Weevil song -- about the little bug just a-lookin' for a home -- I think of Carl Sandburg and how he sang it at the University of Michigan forty years ago. Over and over, too, for we roared and clapped for encores. It was in the big new Hill Auditorium, where all the university concerts and lectures were held. Sandburg twanged his guitar and sang and smiled with pleasure at our pleasure. His longish, reddish hair hanging over his forehead seemed a natural setting for the sad, salty, satirical ditties that came from his throat.

Sandburg was the first folksong singer I ever heard. Since then I've heard Margaret Larkin, Leadbelly, Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger, Bob Dylan, Phil Ochs -- quite a few. Sandburg, I think, was one of the pioneers of folksong.

Hazily I recall other songs of that long-ago evening: John Henry and Lydia Pinkham, certainly, and one with "little dogies" in it, and almost certainly Casey Jones. These songs were old then, too, but new to us.

Sandburg's concert was one of a series of poetry readings given in 1922 and 1923, when I was in Ann Arbor. Vachel Lindsay -- himself called a troubadour, though he declaimed, he did not sing -- was one of them, and he recited a poem dedicated to Carl Sandburg and his guitar. Lindsay heard that Sandburg was going to lecture in New York City, so he exhorted him to march on Babylon with his guitar twanging and bring down its wicked walls.

Another poet in the series was Alfred Kreymborg, who brought along his "mandolute"-- a combination of mandolin and lute. Kreymborg recited a series of free verse "tone poems", which he had set to music, while he accompanied himself on the mandolute. They could hardly be called folksongs, but might be related to "talking blues".

Sandburg, however, was the only real people's singer I ever heard in my college days. But even he did not compose topical songs, as is done now, though he wrote volumes of verses; he collected, popularized, discussed them, sang them. And thereby did us all a great service.

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SING OUT! HOOTENANNY. (Folkways Album #FN 2513, 121 W. 47th St, NYC, NY) Here is the genuine Hootenanny, a record put together from tapes made at NY Hoots held 1950-1955. Doesn't go all the way back to Sandburg, but sometimes feels that way. Spirited singing and playing of the kind we had almost forgotten in these sophisticated times. Determination to live and be free expressed with a youthful, uninhibited drive. (Is this the same Leon Bibb?). Betty Sanders making the whole thing sound so stupid and ridiculous, but how many good and innocent people have been washed over the HUAC dam in the years since ("Talking Un-American Blues")... Bibb & group assuring us "This Land Is Our Land." Bibb, Pete Seeger & Fred Hellerman vowing "All I Want Is Union." Bibb & Seeger inviting us all to "Get On Board." Betty Sanders & group dreaming of the day when "the nightmare of the present fades away" ("Commonwealth Of Toil"). Hellerman & group throwing Jim Crow in the ash can (God, it's hard to keep him there!) "John Henry" with Seeger driving home the steel, "Gray Goose." "Another Man Done Gone." As a finale Bibb & group promising "Solidarity Forever"... All beautifully sung and beautifully played. And it was only yesterday.

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A MEMORY: Pete Seeger and the WEAVERS toured the college circuits to pave the way for the KINGSTON TRIO, the LIMELIGHTERS, CHAD MITCHELL TRIO, and many, many more (new groups of folksong singers are being formed even as you read these words). But it is sometimes forgotten that the original ground breaker in this field was Carl Sandburg. Furthermore, much gold has been mined from his "American Songbag", published in 1927. Time passes, and many of the exuberant college students who cheered Sandburg are now as white-haired as he is..... The review of SING OUT! HOOTENANNY in this issue was written by Oliver Friesen.....The NEW WORLD SINGERS have just finished recording a batch of singles for Atlantic. Their "It's All Right, Babe" (BROADSIDE #20) should be a real hit..... Phil Ochs has gone off to Florida for a month's engagement. He promised to write us a lot more new songs as he basks on the beach sands in the afternoons. Phil left behind in the hands of his agent the tape of a recent live performance at Gerde's to which some of the bigger recording companies are going to listen. Let's hope a contract will be waiting when he gets back. Many of the songs have appeared in BROADSIDE..... Bob Dylan has written a four page poem to Woody Guthrie, and has promised BROADSIDE a chance to publish it, which we will the minute we lay hands on it..... We should receive a lot of verses to Malvina Reynolds zipper song -- considering how wild the commercials are becoming.... "Santa's Last Ride": As we started to do a couple of issues back, we are getting our Christmas songs in early -- just in case.... To have a thing called "Hootenanny" without the man who, with Woody Guthrie, invented it is as ridiculous as putting on a show about the invention of the electric light bulb without mentioning Thomas A. Edison. What we need here is some good old he-man American guts like those of Admiral David Farragut's("Damn the torpedoes! Full speed ahead!")

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND: "News Item: On February 9, 1963, Mrs. Hattie Carroll, a Negro housewife employed as a waitress at the Emerson Hotel Baltimore, Maryland, was beaten to death with a fancy cane by 'Socialite gentleman' tobacco planter William Devereaux Duvall Zantzinger. Some 200 others at this glittering ultra-exclusive Baltimore society event of the year looked on impassively without making any effort to interfere"..... It is appropriate that "The Ballad of Hattie Carroll" should appear in the same issue with "The Sharpville Massacre."

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BROADSIDE, P.O. Box 193, Cathedral Sta., New York 25, N. Y.  
A publication (with a twice-monthly goal) of topical songs & pertinent articles. Sis Cunningham, editor; co-editors: Gil Turner, Phil Ochs, Bob Dylan. 1-yr (or 22 issues)...\$5; 5-issue trial....\$1.50.

TO YEARLY SUBSCRIBERS WHO BEGAN WITH #1, LAST CALL FOR RENEWAL !

Also, those of you whose subs began with #2 or #3, don't ever let it be said that we didn't remind you -- in plenty of time so that you shouldn't have to miss a single exciting issue of

# BROADSIDE

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LATE FLASH: "Folksingers are meeting here today to plan the next step in their protest against the alleged ban on some performers by ABC's 'Hootenanny' series. The Limelights headline the April 6th opener, taped at the University of Michigan." New York Post, March 26, 1963. Watch BROADSIDE #24 for later developments.