

# BROADSIDE

#24 APRIL 1963 - P O BOX 193 CATHEDRAL STA., NEW YORK 25, N. Y. 35¢

THE  
INDIANA  
DUNES



BY  
RICHARD W.  
HAUPT

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# The Indiana Dunes

Written By: Richard W. Haupt  
May 9, 1962

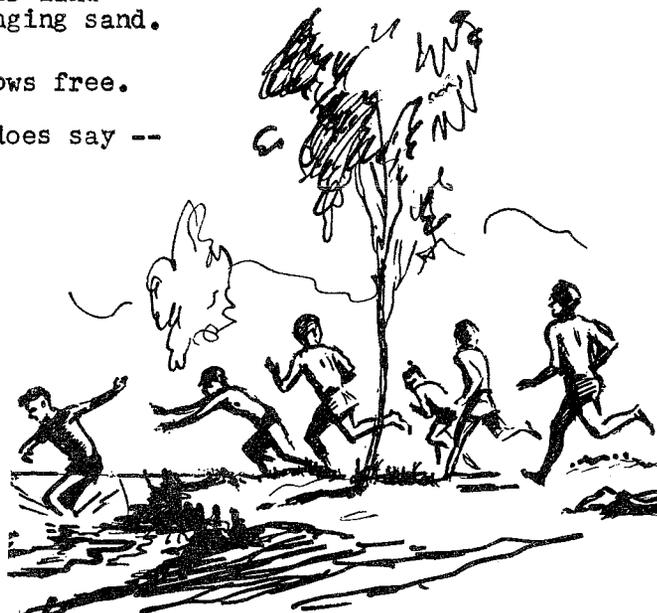
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Richard W. Haupt

'Twas a hot summer night in the middle of Ju-ly When I walked from  
Chesterton 'neath a moonlit sky. I'd been walkin' north an hour or  
two When those Dunes at Tremont came into view. I climbed to the  
top of the highest Dune & looked at the Lake shinin' in the moon,  
(free rhythm) & the wind blowin' in spoke with a sigh & I'll know those words  
'til the day that I die Cryin' Save 'em, Save 'em, Save our Hoosier  
home-- Save 'em, Save 'em, Wind & sand need a home.

2. My mind wandered back to the cent'ries before,  
To that same north wind pilin' sand upon shore.  
And the countless men who had walked this land  
Yet have left no paths on this ever changing sand.  
As those men past, others yet to be  
Will love these Dunes where the wind blows free.  
The threat to them will soon pass away  
If we'll only heed just what that wind does say --  
Cryin' save 'em, save 'em, etc.

## BROADSIDE # 24

From spring through fall the dunesland is a prism of beauty. The naturalist Donald Culross Peattie described the magic the seasons work on these dunes in loving fashion: "There spring, stepping tardily and shyly, brings hepaticas, anemones, violets, lupine, and phlox; after them troop buttercups, Jack-in-the-pulpit and blue flag . . . Crab-apple and dogwood flower, and with the coming of early summer an abundance of wild roses bloom, and the strangely beautiful dune cactus appears. Autumn is a triumph of foxglove, of more than a dozen kinds of sunflower, of the stately purple blazing star, of the wild asters that some call 'farewell summer.'"





THE INDIANA DUNES

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Powerful forces - Bethlehem and Midwest Steel, Indiana politicians and big business, even the Murchison multimillionaires from Texas - continue determined to despoil the beautiful Indiana Dunes. Just as determined to save them are such men as Senator Douglas of Illinois, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, Carl Sandburg, and Secretary of the Interior Udall. And a host of residents of the area like Hi Goldenberg, who sent us the song by Dick Haupt. Senator Douglas has said he will play a recording of the song on the floor of the U.S. Senate - which would indeed be a milestone in topical song... Clippings used are from "The Indiana Dunes and Pressure Politics" by William Peeples in the Feb., 1963, issue of The Atlantic Monthly.

No other coastline in the country boasts dunes so remarkable. They are migrating dunes, kneaded like gigantic piles of dough by the prevailing westerlies that blow off the lake, and they shift as much as sixty feet in a year. Dunes on other shores are often mere hills of earth covered with a veneer of sand, but the Indiana dunes are all sand. They are the creation of the lake's currents and waves, which erode shores far to the north, then grind the residue into sand, and in time deposit it on the Indiana shore.

At one time the Indiana dunes marched in dazzling array for twenty-five miles along Lake Michigan between East Chicago and Michigan City. Today only about seven miles of lakefront dunes remain unspoiled - two and one half miles of them in the Indiana Dunes State Park (whose beaches, according to the National Park Service, would probably be polluted if any industrial-port complex were built nearby), and four-odd miles in the Burns Ditch area just to the west of the park. The remaining stretch of Indiana dunesland is prized not only by vacationers but by biologists, botanists, ecologists, geologists, zoologists, and ornithologists. Wildlife and more than one thousand species of plants and trees, including twenty-six members of the orchid family, thrive there.

**W**HY is such a widely recognized natural asset threatened with destruction? The story begins in 1929, when Midwest Steel purchased 750 acres astride Burns Ditch, which drains the Little Calumet River into Lake Michigan. From that day to this, Midwest Steel has been a driving force behind the attempt to build a deepwater port near Burns Ditch in the heart of the finest dunesland left on the shore.

## Folk Singers Returning to the Park



Washington Square in New York

On Sunday they will arrive as they have for eighteen years, carrying guitars, banjos and fiddles, recognizable by their uni-

form—heavy sweaters and blue jeans. They will get off at the Sheridan Square stop of the 7th Av. IRT and head east to Washington Square Park.

This Sunday marks the first day of the season's hootenanny, an informal gathering of folkniks with the emphasis on volume.

Folk singing in the park began in the early 1940s. For many years it was a quiet, relaxed affair. Then the numbers grew and the Park Dept. decided that the sessions should be licensed. So it went until two years ago

NEW YORK POST,  
FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1963

when the license was refused. The municipal rebuke touched off the Great Washington Square Park Riot. This, in turn, led to reinstatement of the license.

Though the hootenannies are informal and there is great crowd participation, several singers have found their first audiences among the Sunday listeners. Such musicians as Pete Seeger, Oscar Brand, and the Rooftop Singers have been heard in the park.

This Sunday's singing will continue from 2 to 7 p.m. The hootenannies will continue until the last Sunday in October.

# HUNTING SONG

Words & Music by John Brunner  
© by author, 1963

Musical notation for the first three lines of the song. Chords: A7, Dm, Bb, Gm, A7, Dm, Bb, Gm, A7, Dm, F, C, C7, F, C, C7, Bb, Am, G, A7, Dm, A7, F, G7.

Let's all revert to Nature, boys, she's red in tooth & claw, So

we'll put on our gay red coats & go & spill some gore! We'll

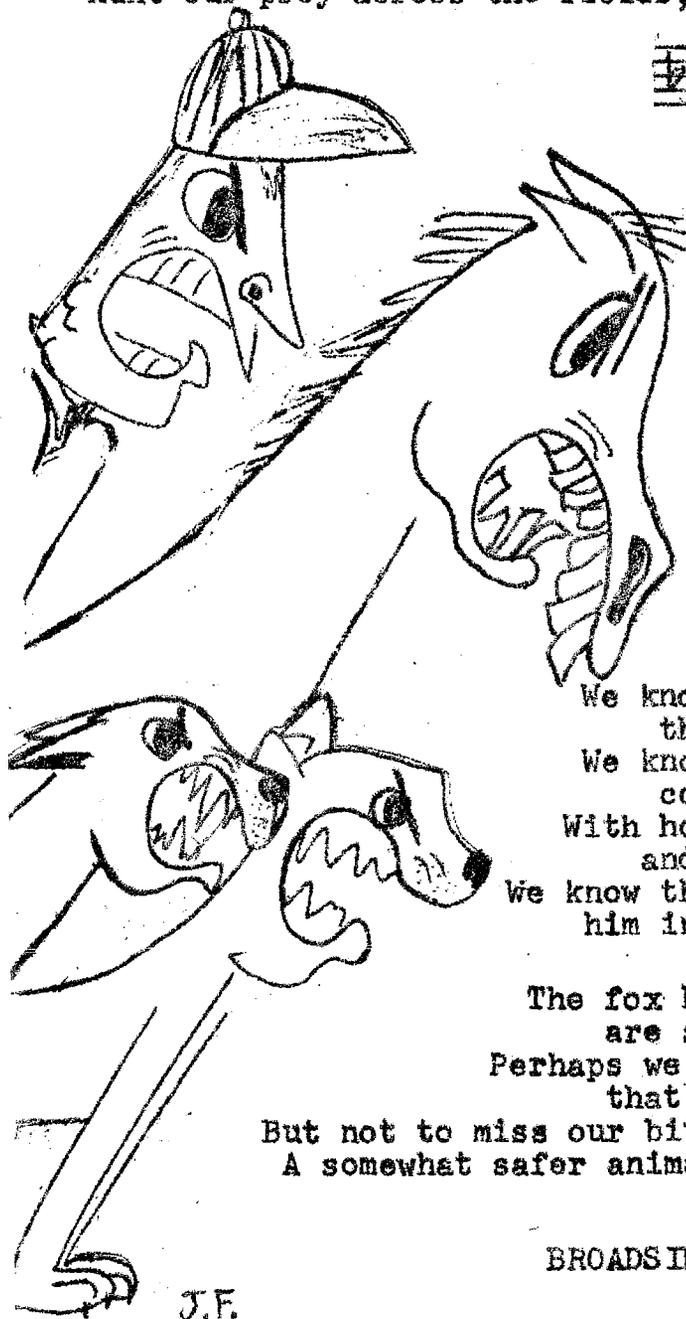
hunt our prey across the fields, we'll follow 'til it falls--We'll

show the world that Man is king of

all the animals! We'll -mals

Musical notation for the end of the song. Chords: Dm7 (or Dm7+g), Fina, Dm (D.S.).

- WAR! -



We know our hounds are hungry for we feed them twice a week,

We know our mounts are healthy for their coats are fine & sleek

With horse & hounds & merry horn we'll go and hunt the fox

We know there's one to hunt because we brought him in a box! (twice)

The fox he is a vicious beast, his teeth are sharp & white --

Perhaps we shouldn't hunt the fox for fear that he might bite

But not to miss our bit of sport, we'll go & try to bag A somewhat safer animal -- a vegetarian stag! (twice)

Continued



## HUNTING SONG -- 2

The stag he is a mighty beast, he weighs much more than us:  
Perhaps we shouldn't hunt the stag because of all the fuss,  
And stags have hoofs and stags have horns and stags are getting rare -  
So's not to miss our bit of sport, we'll go and hunt a hare! (twice)

The hare she is a timid beast, she will not stand and fight;  
This is the kind of hunt for us, the hare is our delight!  
We'll set the hounds upon her scent and when they've done with her  
We'll go back home and tell our friends how brave we huntsmen are!  
(twice)

Whoever says that hunting's wrong's a sissy and a fool -  
Of course the quarry loves it and of course it isn't cruel!  
Ask any fox or stag or hare, I'm sure that they will say  
That tearing them to bits with hounds is much the kindest way! (twice)

Come fill your glass and drink a toast in brandy or in port,  
Come drink a toast to hunting, boys, the manliest of sports!  
And when the season's over, boys, and hunting grows a bore,  
To satisfy our taste for blood, perhaps there'll be a war!  
Mm-hm-hm-hm hm-hm-mm-mm - PERHAPS THERE'LL BE A WAR!

\* \* \* \* \*

AUTHOR'S NOTES: (Ideally, this should be sung by at least 3 voices, taking vv. 2, 3 and 4 solo and suggesting each a different quarry, with all chiming with vociferous enthusiasm on the repeat of the last line of each vv. The payoff should be shouted with gusto, of course)... Scene: A concert (in aid of the Seeger Defence Fund) some time ago at St. Pancras Town Hall, London. That fine group the Liverpool Spinners have just sung John Peel. Obvious conscientious objections among the audience. Says compère Tom Driberg, MP: "If you don't like that, you'll have to write a better song against hunting." So... The tune has been described as "determinedly minor". That's what I was after... something as minor, plaintive and far-removed from the usual jolly hunting tune as possible. It's not easy to sing, but it sounds good once you have the hang of it. Ray Edwards (formerly of the London Youth Choir, which grew up and became the London Festival Choir) does it and likes it... Unpublished previously.. As to the chord sequence: it may be elaborated with as many diminisheds, 13ths and other way-out and un-hunting-horn-like harmonies as you care to screw into it. Anything bar a plain 3-chord accompaniment suits - the more suspended and unresolved, the better... JOHN BRUNNER

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Dear Broadside:

After reading an issue of the Golden Egg, the California poultry people's magazine (yes, Virginia, there is a National Egg Month) I wrote another Non-Ad (Broadside # 23):

National Egg Month comes but once a year,  
Eat another egg and a million hens will cheer.  
Tho' half the world is starving, the farmers  
have to beg,  
"Save us from our surplus; eat another egg."

NANCY SCHIMMEL

FARE - THEE - WELL  
(My Own True Love)

By Bob Dylan  
© 1963 by author

Oh it's fare-thee-well, my darlin' true, I'm a-leavin' in the  
first hour of the morn. I'm bound off for the Bay of Mexico, Or  
maybe the coast of Cal-i-forn. So it's fare-thee-well, my  
own true love, We'll meet an-other day, an-other time; It's not the  
leavin' that's a-grievin' me, But my darlin' who's bound to stay be-  
hind.

Though the weather is against me and the wind  
blows hard  
And the rain, she's turnin' into hail  
I still might strike it lucky on a highway  
goin' west  
Though I'm travelin' on a path-beaten trail.

CHORUS

I will write you a letter from time to time  
As I'm ramblin' you can travel with me too  
With my head, my heart and my hands, my love  
I will send what I know back home to you.

CHORUS

I will tell you of troubles and of laughter  
Be it somebody else's or my own  
With my hands in my pockets and my coat collar high  
I will travel un-noticed and unknown.

CHORUS

T H E R E ' S   N O   B L A C K L I S T  
I N   H E A V E N

By Gordon Friesen

NEWS ROUNDUP: After several well-attended meetings in New York, the newly-formed Folksingers Committee to End the Blacklist has decided on a course of action. It is circulating a petition protesting the ABC network's refusal to hire Pete Seeger for the program series called "Hootenanny". The Committee is also considering calling on Newton Minow, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, to issue a directive to the networks declaring that the FCC is in favor of ending blacklisting of artists. This is seen as providing the networks with a means of "getting off the hook". Also under consideration is a proposal to the American Federation of Television & Radio Artists union that it amend its code to add a non-blacklist clause to its present non-segregation clause.... The FCEB steering committee is led by Bill Faier, former Folk Music Director at WBAI, and includes Judy Collins, Leon Bibb, Erik Darling, Tommy Makem and Israel Young.

EDITORIAL: It is heartening to see the growing support for Pete Seeger's right to appear on network television. T-V critic Jack Gould, in the April 8th issue of the New York Times, in a review of the initial "Hootenanny" show, says:

"Television's belated recognition of interest in folk singing, however, is accompanied by one disquieting note. Apparently Pete Seeger's private political opinions continue to keep him off all network shows of folk singers. Since he is at complete liberty to appear on stages and can be heard at home on recordings, why should TV prolong its blacklist? Mr. Seeger's credential for TV is his art, which is in order."

In Franco Spain the laws provide that even musical notes (.but first the lyrics) in songs have to be approved by the censors. Here we don't have as yet a "Handbook on Un-American Musical Notation". But we do have people who would no doubt like to get one out and put it into use. The stand of ABC, and the other networks, only encourages such characters, leaves them licking their chops...

ABC, and the other networks, should be reminded once more that the airwaves still belong to the American public; the TV industry is only chartered to use these airwaves so long as its output serves "the interests of the public". We all have the right to see and hear Pete Seeger on TV, regardless of how Mr. ABC or any other TV outfit feels about it...

It must be pointed out that Pete Seeger is far from being the only individual involved in this matter.. As Alice Conklin points out elsewhere in this issue of Broadside, "hundreds and hundreds of actors, directors, producers and other performers...are not able to work on the television networks and haven't since the McCarthy era." The existence of such a situation makes a mockery of the loud and oft-repeated claims that America is a bastion of freedom and deserves to be "the leader of a free world." Of course it is not the TV blacklist alone which makes Uncle Sam seem a sanctimonious, simpering

hypocrite in the eyes of the world. It is only one manifestation of a widespread denial of liberties. Some of the same people who would keep Pete Seeger off TV also would deny 20,000,000 American Negro citizens their constitutional rights. Witch hunters have operated in many fields, bringing fear, stagnation, decay, paralysis. Many Americans have become ashamed of our present condition. Some feel increasing alarm at the prospect of where continued denial of liberties will eventually lead. More are mainly concerned that our "posture" will create further embarrassment for the nation. All should feel the need of doing something to reverse the drift. The eradication of the TV blacklist might well be an opening wedge to reclaiming some of our dignity and freedom in other fields.

REVIEW: Jack Gould of the N.Y. Times thought well of the first "Hootenanny" airing, marking it down as "the hit of the spring". Some other critics weren't too impressed. Bob Williams of the N.Y. Post's "On The Air", said:

"If ABC expects to make its college 'Hootenanny' series a TV success, somebody may have to start rehearsing the student audiences... the searching cameras turned up nothing in the undergraduate gathering suggesting unrestrained enthusiasm or total absorption. The viewer was left wondering whether shyness or disinterest... may have been responsible. 'Hootenanny' must capture the student audience if it is to capture living-room interest..."

And in the N.Y. News veteran reviewer Ben Gross found what could be a related fault:

"I don't know about you... but as far as I'm concerned I've had my fill of folk singing. It has become too civilized since leaving the farms and backwoods to become 'sophisticated' night club entertainment."

We seem to have here another example of why TV has become such a "vast wasteland". They gambled their money again on "slick professionals". ABC's pre-show publicity left the impression they weren't really interested in bringing real folkmusic to its viewers; their release spoke of a goal of "a fast-paced show, 26 minutes of screaming kids in the studio audience." They didn't achieve even this limited goal (it seems a poorly-thought-out beginning when you start by insulting university students by calling them "screaming kids" and then expect them to yell their heads off for the benefit of your ratings). Perhaps these "kids" need more than "rehearsing." ABC should put them on the payroll of its show like the other performers, same basis. But before you could do that you'd probably have to bring out that old blacklist book and screen them all. That might take all summer. And God knows what you'd find.

ABC could have held Ben Gross' interest if they had taken some advice from none other than Pete Seeger. In his Johnny Appleseed, Jr. column in the latest (April-May 1963) SING OUT, Pete suggested that a folkmusic show use real folk musicians, such as Doc Watson, Horton Barker, Bessie Jones and the Sea Island singers:

"When will TV producers learn that some of the greatest music in our country is made by unlettered farmers, miners,

housewives, people with generations of folk traditions in their veins? The great thing about the old Hootenannies was their ability to put together on one stage the old-timer and the new-timer, the citybilly and the hillbilly. The professional and the amateur. But the TV networks have not learned this lesson."

And the main reason the students remained bored probably was that they were sick and tired of the songs sung, having heard them only about three million times (the big number of the evening was "The John B. Sails", a sort of Amos 'n Andy dialogue set to music; to perform it was not only an insult to an entire people but to the intelligence of the University of Michigan students). As Phil Ochs noted in his article "The Need For Topical Music" in Broadside # 22 today's folksingers badly require new material. New blood must be transfused into the folksong revival if it is to last and grow, and not vanish as just another passing fad, so familiar in America. In the Broadside concert given recently at CCONY it was Ochs, singing about Billy Sol and Lou Marsh and the Cuban crisis who was particularly interesting to the audience. (He is being very favorably received in Florida, singing these songs plus new ones he adds almost nightly -- "The Great Plane Disaster", "Davey Moore" -- which, the latter, we will have soon).

In this connection, it was interesting to see the use of folksinging groups, long-necked banjos and all, in the recent Canadian national elections. Mr. Pearson's trio made a big hit with a parody of "Tom Dooley" aimed at Mr. John Diefenbaker. They sang "Hang down your head, John Dee Bee", but didn't predict that he was "bound to die", only "bound to lose" (which he did, in a way). Meanwhile, a similar group performing for the New Democrats was going to town with a song about "Strontium Ninety" with a chorus declaring Canada has plenty of this stuff already and doesn't need to have any more imported from the U.S.

SUMMATION: It is hoped that the drive against TV network blacklisting started by Nat Hentoff's article (See Broadside # 23) will lead to common sense and reason prevailing and this evil kicked into the ashcan. To continue it runs against the whole grain of Americanism, and ABC should stop kidding the public about this business of who is a better and who is a worse folksinger (they're not kidding themselves; this flight to take refuge behind the smoke-screen of "artistic level" argument is completely understandable after the Faulk verdict)... "Hootenanny" could stand some improvement... We need more topical songs, topical songwriters and topical songsingers. In the old days when the people found conditions intolerable, their songwriters often soothed them by proclaiming that things would be better in heaven. So during the thirties we had a lot of songs to the effect that "There's No Depression in Heaven". More than anybody else, a guy named Woody Guthrie changed the emphasis around. He took a song called "I Ain't Got No Home In This World Anymore", a lament bewailing this fate but resigned to it with nothing left to do but be carried up to a new home in the skies. Woody came along and re-wrote it, pointing out that the earthly home was taken away by the banker and lordlord and others who "rob you with a fountain pen." Never mind dreaming about heaven. Get the thing squared away here on earth. Things haven't been the same since.

A D D : B L A C K L I S T

Dear Miss Cunningham:

... Mr. (Nat) Hentoff did a great service in writing his articles (see Broadside # 23)... there are many people now on a committee to do something about having the blacklist situation investigated that didn't even know what the blacklist was before reading the (Hentoff) article. I don't know if you are aware of it or not, but there are hundreds and hundreds of actors, directors, producers and other performers who are not able to work on the television networks and haven't since the McCarthy era. Many of them are extraordinarily talented men and women whose names would be meaningless to you and even to myself because they have not gotten publicity. Not having another craft they are reduced to taking menial tasks. Zero Mostel, a great actor, has never been able to be on a network show because of the blacklist... he is now scheduled to appear this week on local TV, a Westinghouse station...

...Be well and keep writing about the blacklisting, the current Mississippi shooting incidents, etc... you can't say enough.

Sincerely,  
Alice M. Conklin  
Private Secretary to Mr. Theodore Bikel

"Hundreds of performers, writers and directors have been excluded from the networks because their names appear on a list of persons whose present or former opinions might offend the American Legion. Despite some easing of the blacklist in movies, it continues in force on TV... In the entertainment business, the blacklist is denied in public and deplored in private, but nobody does anything about it. The 'Hootenanny' case may be an exception. The program is filmed at colleges before student audiences and about six shows have already been taped.\* The producers are anxious to have Joan Baez at one of the 'hoots' because she is the most popular performer in the field. But when she learned that Pete Seeger was blacklisted from the show, she refused to perform at any price... Some student groups, having learned of Seeger's exclusion, are considering picketing the taping sessions when they come on campus. Letters from the public to Minow, ABC and the show's sponsors would help the campaign."  
-- Robert E. Light in The Guardian, April 11, 1963.

"The American Broadcasting Company, 6 West 67th Street (New York City), has been charged with 'political blacklisting' by Harold Leventhal, business manager for Pete Seeger and the Weavers. The charge stems from the banning of these folk artists from the new network television program, 'Hootenanny'... Richard Lewine, producer of the show, denied the blacklisting charge, saying: 'They (Seeger and the Weavers) were not invited because we wanted better folk singers... We used the Smothers Brothers because they are far better than the Weavers'... Harold Leventhal told the West Side News that he plans to appeal to the FCC against the use of the blacklist. He termed Lewine's comparison of the Weavers and the Smothers Brothers 'nonsense', and added, 'How can they say Pete, who originated the term 'hootenanny' in concerts 15 years ago, and the Weavers, with six million records sold, are not as good as other groups?' Neither Seeger nor the Weavers have appeared on network television for more than five years..." Jack Newfield, Editor, West Side (New York) News.

\* at least 7, and maybe more, shows are still in the works.

FAUBUS FOIBLES

By Peter La Farge  
© 1962 by author

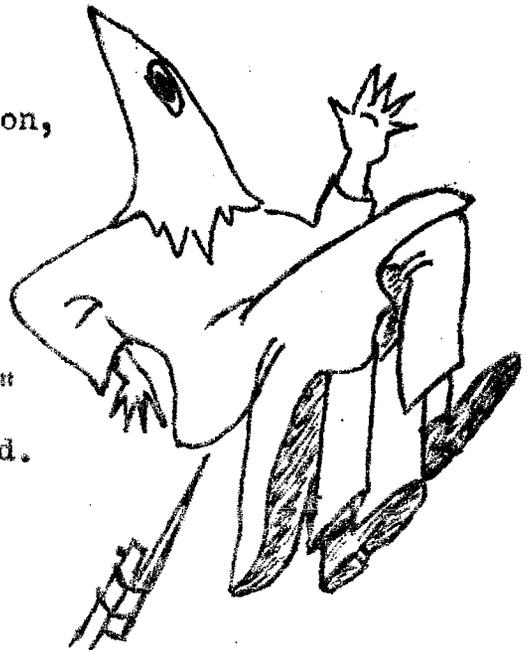
Well, suthin gentlemen been a-gettin' their jollies With a  
 new minstrel show called the Faubus Follies; The newest song in the  
 Chorus:  
 guv'nor's collection Ra-ted the Supreme Court inspection. Oh  
 well the U. S. has an eagle, Missouri has a mule, A-laska's got a  
 (spoken)  
 bear, Arkansas --- has a fool.

Guv'nor Faubus passed him a new resolution,  
 Gotta re-write the U. S. Constitution;  
 There's gonna be a brand new law,  
 No de-segregation in Arkansas.

CHORUS

Well, Guv'nor Faubus had a hard row to  
 hoe,  
 When the whole damned Army told him "NO!"  
 When he took on Uncle Sam  
 He found the Ku Klux Klan was undermanned.

Oh well, the U. S. has an eagle,  
 Missouri has a mule  
 Alaska's got a bear,  
 Arkansas -- hah! -- has a fool.



Well, those who voted for Faubus they've got no education,  
 Can't even read the laws of this nation.  
 So if they can't learn, why send their babes --  
 Let's make all of their schools for the darker shades.

CHORUS

TALKING PLANE DISASTER By Phil Ochs  
c 1963, author

Well, once I heard some people say, if you gotta travel  
There's just one way. You gotta leave the ground,  
Gotta fly through the air. Gotta find a pilot and pay your fare.  
Gotta sail through the sky in an automatic bird.

Yes, statistics show it's the way to go, it's safer than a car,  
You know. It's safer than your home, it's safer than your street  
It's safer than anywhere you put your feet.  
Statistics don't lie -- but statistics don't die, either.

Well, once I heard a feller say, you gotta take a train.  
It's the only way. Accidents don't happen to trains at all.  
There was just one accident he could recall,  
A plane crashed into it -- people flyin' in all directions.

Well, one day when the sky was blue, I boarded a plane, and off we flew.  
I tightened my seat belt, gritted my teeth.  
I was strapped so tight I could hardly breathe.  
My lungs was gaspin' for air,  
My eardrums was gaspin' for a depressurizer.

Then one of them stewardesses ambled by,  
And suddenly I wasn't afraid to die. She brought me coffee, pillows  
And tea, Said we're safe as we can be, Said there's nothing to  
Worry about.

Then she flew out the door somebody forgot to close tight.

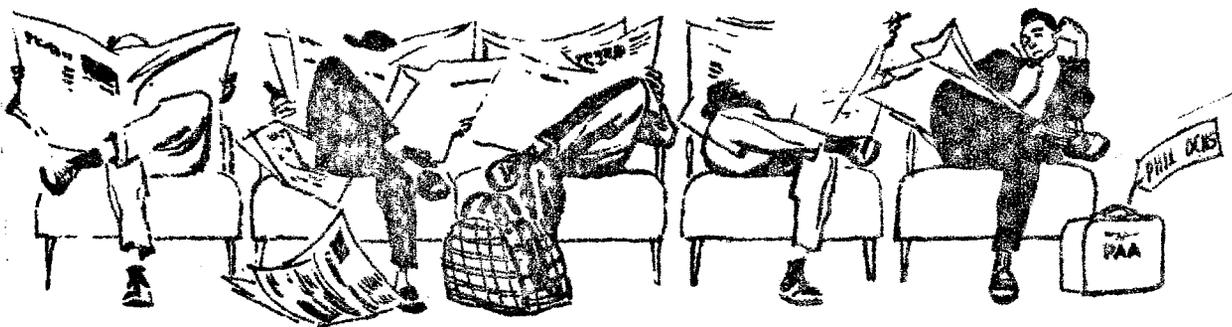
Then the plane dropped down a mile or two,  
She lurched about, I swore I was thru. She was twistin' and turnin'  
Like a dog in heat. I was searchin' for a Bible beneath my seat.  
Pilot said we hit an air pocket.

Must have been a pocket with a mighty big hole in it.

At last the trip was near the end, The airport was comin' 'round the  
bend. But all my unfortunate eyes could see  
Was a thousand planes in the vicinity. They was landin' and leavin',  
And wavin' at each other, wing to wing and brother to brother.  
The pilot was swearin' and swervin' around,  
But he said, "Don't worry, they have radar on the ground."  
I wasn't worried - I was crawlin' up the aisle screamin' Jesus Saves!

Well, the trip didn't do me too much harm, But I did spend a year  
On the happy farm. They couldn't understand why I kissed the ground,  
Chewed the concrete, swallowed it down.  
Sure tasted good -- like safe ground should.

BROADSIDE #24



In the airport