

BOX 193
CATHEDRAL
STATION
NEW YORK
10025
N.Y.

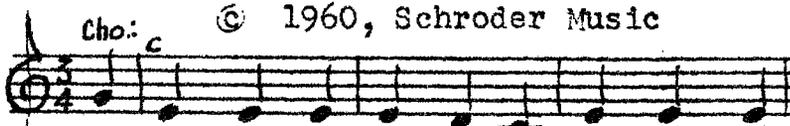
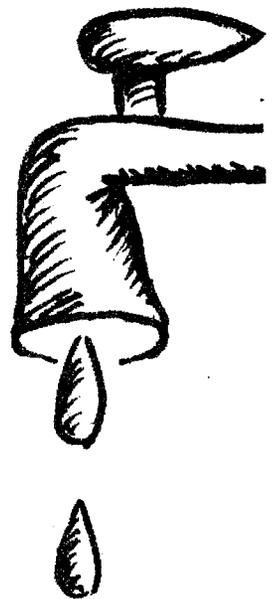
BROADSIDE

35
NOV. 20
1963
35¢

The Faucets Are Dripping

By Malvina Reynolds

Cho.: © 1960, Schroder Music



The fau- cets are dripping in old New York



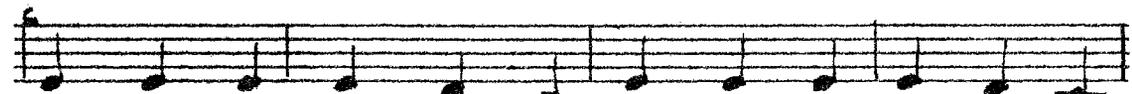
ci-ty, The fau-cets are dripping, and Oh, what a



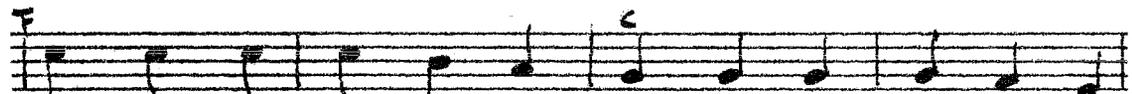
pi-ty! The re- ser- voir's dry- ing Be- cause it's sup-



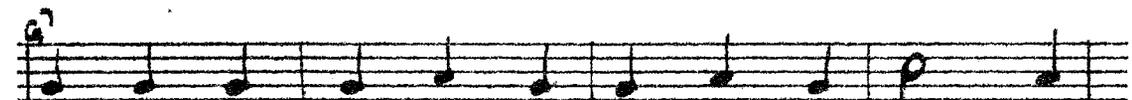
ply-ing The fau- cets that drip in New York. 1. You



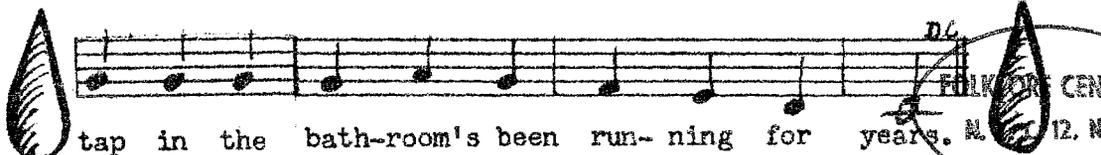
can't ask the land- lord to put in a wash-er, He'd



ra- ther you'd move than to put in a wash-er, The



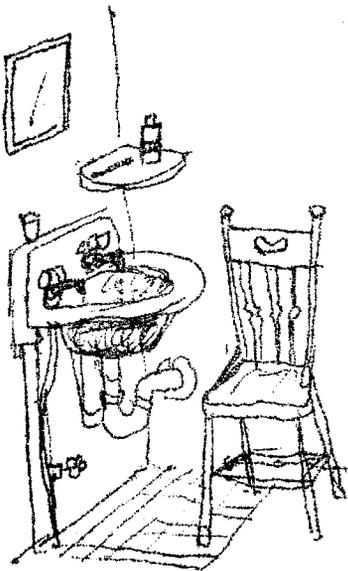
fau-cets are drip- ping, they sound in my ears, The



tap in the bath-room's been run- ning for years. N. Y.

CONT'D →

FOLK CENTER
12, N. Y.



There's a wild streak of green in the sink in the kitchen,
It comes from the rill trickling out of the plumbing,
The streams from the mountain, the pools from the lea,
All run from my faucet and down to the sea. (CHO)

You can't ask the landlord to put in a washer,
You can't ask the landlord to mend the old stairs,
He takes in the rents, and he lives in Miami,
Where faucets don't drip and there's sun everywhere (CHO)

The faucets are dripping, the landlord's content,
With every new tenant he raises the rent,
The buildings can crumble, the tenants can cry,
There's a shortage of housing, you'll live there or die (CHO)

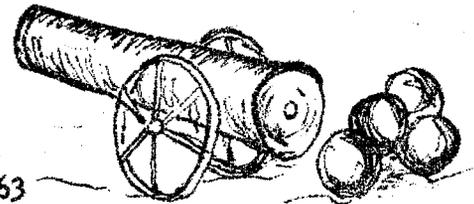
They're building some buildings and new Lincoln centers,
It's sure working hell with the low-income renters,
They're jammed into rooms with the rat and the fly,
Where the faucets all drip and the floor's never dry. (CHO)

SUNDAY NEWS, NOVEMBER 10, 1968

But suddenly, this fall, a great water shortage menaced New York and other big cities in the East—for real. City reservoirs fell to dangerously low levels. Mayor Wagner called for drastic water-saving measures.

**Six
Men
Riding**

By
TOM PAXTON
© Cherry Lane Music, 1963



Six men ridin' at great speed, Horses wet with foam
Through the forest, down the hill, Ridin' for their homes —
Ridin' for their homes to-night, Ridin' for their homes. —

Cho: Hush, hush, a mother sings, Dreams will come and find you.



Six men lately from the war
Six men fought so bravely
Six men comin' home again
Six remain from eighty
Six men out of eighty lived
Six remain from eighty. (CHO)

Six men home to plow the fields
Six to plant the corn
Six pretty ladies to weep for joy
Seventy-four to mourn
Seventy-four to mourn and weep
Seventy-four to mourn. (CHO)

THE DAN RYAN EXPRESSWAY

By Gene Kadish
(c) by author, 1963



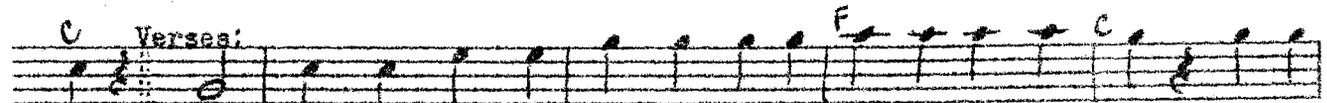
Chorus: Oh well the Dan Ryan Ex-pressway's a mighty fine ex-pressway, It's a



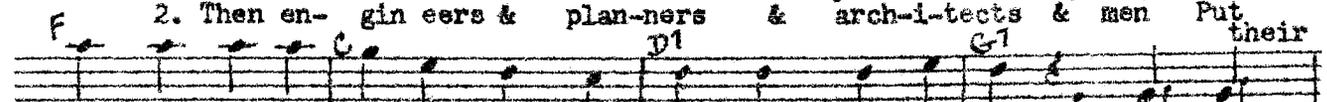
darn nice ex-pressway as far as it goes;- Well if you want an expressway the take



Dan Ryan Expressway, It-'ll take you up to heav'n or to the pla-(h)ace down be-



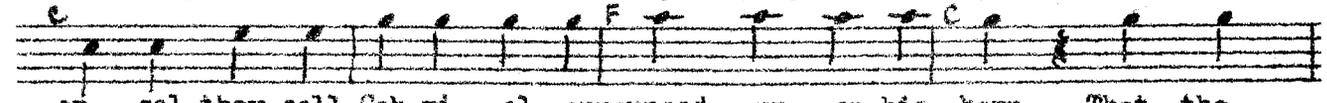
low. 1. The task was un-der tak-en in the year of fif-ty eight To in-



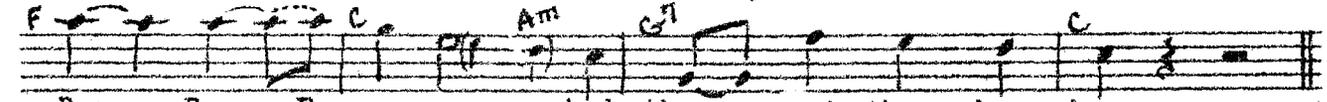
2. Then en-gin eers & plan-ners & arch-i-tects & men Put their



sure Chi-ca-go hus-bands that for work they'd not be late; Then the sweat & pick & shov-el there with pa-per, ink & pen, But it was



an-gel they call Gab-ri-el announced up-on his horn That the more like Sat-an working with his T-square & his winch 'Cause they



Dan Ryan Ex-pressway had then and there been born. built a su-per high-way with more ac-ci-dents per square inch.

3. Now the average city driver who drives with any skill
Will never use the Ryan 'cause if he does he knows he will
Be overcome with supernatural terror and stark fear
As he sees cars crash on every side he knows his day is near. (Cho.)

4. Well don't blame this freak of mankind on Satan or on God
It was built by minds and muscles out of concrete and steel rod
And someday city planners will learn what was their jinx
If they'll always remember that before one builds, one thinks. (Cho.)

BROADSIDE #35

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"Here's one about Chicago's great model of un-engineering. It has been reported, according to unofficial sources, that the Dan Ryan has been voted the world's most dangerous stretch of super-highway by three uninterested research committees. Whether these reports be true or not, I cannot say. However, I do know that the Dan Ryan is quite a hazardous bit of road, and Chicagoans know it as such. I wrote the song, appropriately enough, on the Labor Day Weekend, and the Dan Ryan contributed to the toll even as I was writing... Try it for audience participation."

- Gene Kadish

NOBODY KNOWS

By Dayle Stanley
(c) by author, 1963

Musical score for the song "Nobody Knows". It consists of three staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "No- bo- dy knows that I have a name - No- bo- dy knows but me - No- bo- dy knows that to- mor- row I will die for stealing a loaf of bread for the hun- ger in my side.-"

2. I have a woman and three little babes,
And they depend on me,
They have no food, no bed to lie,
They have no shoes, no coat to keep them dry...
3. One night last week I saw a grocery store,
And all the lights were out,
I knew my family had to be fed,
But all I took was a can of beans and one loaf of bread...
4. Early this morning there was a knocking at my door,
It was the sheriff and his men,
He said that I was the one to blame,
He dragged me downtown and sentenced me to hang...
5. We were three men a-standing in a row,
Two of us white but me,
Both of them murderers, both of them thieves,
But I had to hang while they were set free...
6. (Repeat first Verse).

THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1963.

**SUSPECT IS KILLED
IN MARKET THEFT**

A 31-year-old man was slain by a Bronx patrolman yesterday after he had allegedly stolen several packages of meat from a supermarket.

The suspect, Howard Bradley of 165-40 161st Street, Jamaica, Queens, was shot as he fled down a stairway leading to the platform of the River Avenue IND Concourse line at West 161st Street. He died an hour later at Morrisania Hospital.

The police said the man had grabbed the packages of meat from a counter at the Grand Union Market, 881 Gerard Avenue. The store manager, Carl Trappasso, saw him and chased him into the street.

Patrolman Anthony Marziano joined the pursuit and chased the man into the subway entrance. At the top of the stairs the patrolman grappled with the man. The suspect knocked the patrolman down and ran down the stairs.

The patrolman, the police said, then fired two warning shots. The man did not stop, they said, and the patrolman fired two more shots. Both struck the suspect in the back.

LOOK MAGAZINE · NOVEMBER 19, 1963

*About 12½ million
Americans are
utterly destitute*

CELIA

By Phil Ochs
(c) by author, 1963

When the wind from the Island is rollin through the
trees, When a kiss from a prison cell is carried in the breeze,
That's when I wonder - how sad a man can be; - Oh when will
Celia come to me. - me, Oh when will Celia come to me. -

I still remember the mountains of the
war
Sierra Madre and the Filipino shore
When will I lie beside my Celia 'neath
the trees
Oh when will Celia come to me.

So many years were stolen, so many
years are gone
And the vision of my Celia made dreams
to dream upon
Each hour as a day filled with memories
Oh when will Celia come to me.

I wake each morning and I watch the sun
arise
Wonder if my Celia sleeps, wonder if
she cries
If hate must be my prison lock then
love must be the key
Oh when will Celia come to me.

The guns have stopped their firing, you
may wander through the hill
They kept my Celia through the war,
they keep her from me still
Now she waits upon the Island, a prison-
er of the sea - Oh when, etc.

(Repeat 1st verse, then to final ending)

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William J. Pomeroy, an American writer, and beautiful Celia Mariano, a teacher, were married in Celia's native Philippines in 1948. Involved with the Huks, they were captured in 1952 by government troops and sentenced to life imprisonment. They served ten long years before world-wide protests brought a pardon. Pomeroy was deported at once back to the U.S. but Celia was forbidden to leave the Philippines. Again there were world-wide protests and finally President Macapagal gave Celia a passport. But the Walter-McCarran act forbade her entry into the U.S. So they arranged to meet in London, and were recently reunited there, after more than eleven years of cruel separation... Phil Ochs had been thinking of this song when he learned Celia had at last been freed. But he finished the song anyway, that same night.

BROADSIDE #35

TALKIN' PEACE

By Bill Frederick
(c) by author, 1963

Gonna tell you the story of disarmament
And how to build a world government.
How to build a world without wars or fears,
How to build it now, not in a thousand years...

Won't be Utopia...people won't be perfect...just have full bellies. (Burp)

Once I talked to my buddy in the R.O.T.C.,
Told him how rotten a war would be.
Got carried away with my tales of doom;
My buddy refused to leave that room...

Just sat & looked at T.V. all the time...waitin' for the war to start.

I went to see the President in Washington
He said a "Peace Race" had begun.

Now anybody with any brains knows that nuclear war is just insane...

Even them inscrutable Reds...even the "bearded dictator"...even Goldwater...
in his lucid moments.

Talked to the Captains of Industry
About buildin' a peaceful economy.
They say they're willin', and they're not afraid
That they might have to ask for Federal aid...!Why not?

If arms contracts ain't socialism, peacetime planning ain't socialism either.

Asked the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O.

How many jobs would have to go
If we had peace; and all they could say
Was "We'd lose those jobs anyway..."

Got big problems...overproduction, automation...this economy needs an
overhaul whether there's peace or not."

Think about the new world we could build,
And the people that wouldn't have to be killed;
We should be singin' out all over this land,
Tell the people 'bout peace, they'll understand...eventually...

Don't just tell 'em about war...They know "War Is Hell"...Cold war is Hell
froze over...Give 'em more to fight for than just their skins, or "free enter-
prise"...Give 'em peace and world law.

The power of the atom is in our hands;
We can bring abundance to starving lands,
Cure all diseases, teach all to read,
We got 2 billion minds and bellies to feed...

And now we can do it...first time in history...get the bombs and missiles
off our backs...let us support the people.

In the year two thousand sixty-three,
Picture a guy standin' here like me,
Singin' a song of the ancient past
About war and hate and fire and blast...

And a little kid in the audience gets up and says, "Hey, what's a missile?"
...And the singer thinks a minute...and mutters, "Hell if I know."...
Ain't peace wonderful?

—for Dave Glover

by Bob Dylan

Yuh ask in the last letter how come I aint wrote lately—
Yuh say that writin t me's like blowin words at a stone wall—
Yuh ask in a quiet way if I changed my ways so hard that I don
remember old friends—
Yuh even ask if I'm mad at yuh for somethin—
An with each letter sent yuh never got a one back—
An I know how yuh mus' feel—
Dave Glover—harmonica sidekick an guitar pardner—
Dave Glover—best friend in the highest form—
Dave Glover—true rebel an unconcious outlaw—
Dave Glover—ramblin do-gooder a the best breed—
Dave Glover—who knew me before I bit or got bit by Neu York City—
Dave Glover—who's everythin I stand for or am a part of—
An I don even answer a letter from 'm—
I don even answer one little lousey letter—
An I ask m'self am I crazy—
This is Dave writin t you, man—
This's somebody you love—
We used t make music t'gether—
We used t drink cough medicine bottles a vodka t'gether—
We used t stay up all nite laughin an singin—
An we did that when there weren't too many people doin it—
Hey man—I'm sorry— // I mean I'm really sorry—
I wrote many lines in the past feu years but there aint no letters in
none a the words t spell out how sorry I am—
It's a complicated day—
I keep rememberin the songs we used t sing an play—
The songs uritten twenty thirty fifty years ago—
The dirt farm songs—the dust bowl songs—
The depression songs—the down an out songs—
The ol blues an ballads—
I think a Woody's songs—
I think a Woody's day—
"This land I'll defend with my life if it be"
An I say t myself "Yeah that's right—
Hitler's on the march
I don wan' 'm takin my ground
I don wan' 'm livin on my land"
An I see two sides man—
I see two roads t pick yer route—
The American way or the Fascist way—
When there was a strike there's only two kinds a views—
An two kinds a tales t tell the news—
Thru the union's eyes or thru the bosses eyes—
An yuh could stand on a line an look at yer friends—
An stand on that same line an see yer foes—
It was that easy—
"Which Side're You On" aint phony words
An they aint from a phony song—
An that was Woody's day man—
Two sides—
I don know what happened cause I wasn' aroun but somewhere along
the line a that used t be day things got messed up—
More kinds a sides come int' the story—
Folks I guess started switchin sides an makin up their own sides—
There got t be so many sides that no eyes could see the eyes facin 'm—
There got t be so many sides that all of 'm started lookin like each other—
I don preten t know what happened man but somehow all sides lost their
purpose an folks forgot about other folks—
I mean they must a all started goin against each other not for the good
a their side but for the good a jes their own selves—
An them two simple sides that was so easy t tell apart bashed an
boomed an exploded so hard an heavy that t'day all 'ts left and
made for us is this one big rockin rollin
COMPLICATED CIRCLE—

Nowadays folks brains're bamboozled an bouled over by categories—
labels an slogans an advertisements that could send anybody's
head in a spin—
It's hard t believe anybody's tellin the truth for what it is—
I swear it's true that in some parts a the country folks believe the
finger-pointers more'n the President—
It's the time a the flag wavin shotgun carryin John Birchers—
It's the time a the killer dogs an killer sprays—
It's the time a the billboard sign super flyin highways—
It's the time a the pushbutton foods an five minute fads—
It's the time a the white collar shirt an the white sheeted hood and the
white man's suntan lotion—
It's the time a guns an grenades an bombs bigger'n any time's ever seen—
It's the time a Liz Taylor fans—sports fans an electric fans—
It's the time when a twenty year ol colored boy with his head bloody
don get too much thought from the seventy year ol senator who
wants t bomb Cuba—
I don know who the people were man that let it get this way but they
got what they wanted out a their lives an left me an you facin a
scared raped world—
They drained the free thinkin air an left us with a mental institution
circle—
They rotted the poor wind and left us with a mixed up mislead
puny breeze—
They stole Abraham Lincoln's road an sold us Bill Moore's highway—
They shot down trees—buried the leaves an nailed "Progress" t the
gravestone—
They damned up the clear runnin river of "love thy neighbor"
said by Jesus Christ a Bethlehem an poluted us with "I'll guard
the school door with my body" said by Governor Wallace of
Alabama—
They robbed the Constitution of the land an snuck in the censors of
the mind—
They bought up everythin at the auction an left us with a garbage
market a fools an fears an frustratin pboniness—
Yuh ask how I'm doin Dave—
I'm still singin—I'm still writin—
I'm still doin all a things I used t do I guess
But the difference is probably that now I really aint thinkin
about what I'm doing no more
I don worry no more bout the covered up lies an twisted truths in front
a my eyes—
I don worry no more bout the no-talent criticizers an know-nothin
philosophizers—
I don worry no more bout the cross-legged corner sitters who try an
make rules for the ones travelin in the middle a the room—
I'm singin an writin what's on my own mind now—
What's in my own head and what's in my own heart—
I'm singin for me an a million other me's that've been forced t'gether
by the same feelin—
Not by no kind a side
Not by no kind a category—
People hung up an strung out—
People frustrated an corked in an bottled up—
People in no special form or field—age limit or class—
I can't sing "Red Apple Juice" no more
I gotta sing "Masters a War"—
I can't sing "Little Maggie" with a clear head—
I gotta sing "Seven Curses" instead—
I can't sing "John Henry"
I gotta sing "Hollis Brown"—
I can't sing "John Jobannah" cause it's his story an his people's story—
I gotta sing "With God On My Side" cause it's my story an my
people's story—
I can't sing "The Girl I Left Behind" cause I know what it's like to
do it—
I gotta sing "Boots a Spanish Leather" cause I know what it's like
to live it—
But don get me wrong now—
Don think I go way out a my way not t sing no folk songs—
That aint it at all—
The folk songs showed me the way

cont'd on following page

They showed me that songs can say somethin human—
 Without "Barbara Allan" there'd be no "Girl from the North Country"—
 Without no "Lone Green Valley" there'd be no "Don Think Twice"—
 Without no "Jesse James" there'd be no "Davy Moore"—
 Without no "Twenty one Years" there'd be no "Walls a Red Wing"—
 Hell no—
 Them ol songs're the only kinda picture left t show the new born
 how it used t be in them times—
 Them ol songs tell us what they had t run thru or walk thru or
 dance thru
 The ol songs tell bow they loved an how they kissed—
 They tell us what they rejected an objected to—
 They laid it down an made the path—
 They were simple an tol the story straight—
 They said who they fought an what they fought for an with what they
 fought with—
 An who they fought against—
 Now's a complicated day—
 An all I'm sayin is 'at I gotta make my own statement bout this day—
 I gotta write my own feelins down the same way they did it before
 me in that used t be day—

An I got nothing but homage an holy thinkin for the ol songs and
 stories—
 But now there's me an you—
 An I'm doin what I'm doin for me—
 An I'm doin what I'm doin for you—
 I'm writing an singing for me—
 An I'm writin an singing for you—
 I'm writin an singin for me cause I'm human an I'm breathin
 In a world that was made for me—
 I'm writin an singin for you cause yer a part a me an everythin I
 stand for—
 I don know why I aint written t yub—
 Maybe cause I never write letters t m'self—
 Yeah maybe that's why—

See yub when I get there
 yer friend

Bob Dylan

the Big March

I say to you today, my friends,
 so even though we face
 the difficulties of today and
 tomorrow,
 I still have a dream.
 It is a dream deeply rooted
 in the American dream.
 I have a dream that one day
 this nation will rise up
 and live out the true meaning
 of its creed.
 We hold these truths to be
 self-evident
 that all men are created equal.
 I have a dream that one day
 in the red hills of Georgia
 the sons of former slaves
 and the sons of former slave
 owners
 will be able to sit down together
 at the table of brotherhood.
 I have a dream that one day
 even the state of Mississippi,
 a state sweltering with the heat
 of injustice,
 sweltering with the heat of op-
 pression,
 will be transformed into an oasis,
 of freedom and justice.
 I have a dream that my four little
 children
 will one day live in a nation
 where they will not be judged
 by the color of their skin
 but by the content
 of their character.
 I have a dream today.
 I have a dream that one day
 in Alabama, with its vicious
 racists,
 with its governor
 having his lips dripping
 with words of interposition and
 nullification,

one day right there in Alabama
 little black boys and black girls
 will be able to join hands with
 little white boys and white girls
 as sisters and brothers.
 I have a dream today.
 I have a dream that one day
 every valley shall be exalted,
 every hill and mountain
 shall be made low,
 the rough places
 will be made plain
 and the crooked places
 will be made straight
 and the glory of the Lord
 shall be revealed
 and all shall see it together.
 This is our hope.
 This is our faith that I go back
 to the South with.
 With this faith, we will be able
 to hew out of the mountain of
 despair
 a stone of hope.
 With this faith we will be able
 to transform
 the jangling discords of our
 nation
 into a beautiful symphony
 of brotherhood.
 With this faith we will be able
 to work together,
 to pray together,
 to struggle together,
 to go to jail together,
 to stand up for freedom together,
 knowing that we will be
 free one day.
 This will be the day—
 this will be the day
 when all of God's Children
 will be able to sing
 with new meaning:
 "My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing.
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrims' pride,
 From every mountainside
 Let freedom ring."

And if America is to be a great
 nation,
 this must become true.
 So let freedom ring.
 From the prodigious hilltops
 of New Hampshire,
 let freedom ring.
 From the mighty mountains
 of New York,
 let freedom ring.
 From the heightening Alleghenies
 of Pennsylvania,
 let freedom ring.
 From the snow-capped Rockies
 of Colorado,
 let freedom ring.
 From the curvaceous slopes
 of California,
 let freedom ring.
 But not only that;
 let freedom ring
 from Stone Mountain of Georgia.
 Let freedom ring
 from Lookout Mountain
 of Tennessee.
 Let freedom ring
 from every hill
 and molehill
 of Mississippi.
 From every mountainside,
 let freedom ring.
 And when this happens,
 and when we allow
 freedom to ring,
 when we let it ring
 from every village
 and every hamlet,
 from every state,
 and every city,
 we will be able
 to speed up that day
 when all of God's children,
 black men and white men,
 Jews and Gentiles,
 Protestants and Catholics,
 will be able to join hands
 and sing in the words
 of the old Negro spiritual:
 "Free at last, free at last!
 Thank God Almighty,
 we're free at last."

"Some singers should try performing 'The Big March'.
 It could have a strummed guitar accompaniment which
 should not be hard to work out." ... Pete Seeger.

NEW FOLK SONG BOOKS

By Josh Dunson

As Phil Ochs has pointed out in these pages, Woody Guthrie is receiving tributes from folk singers and folk listeners throughout the land, many of whom do not grasp the scope or depth of the man's genius. Two books have just been published which I think will, in their own separate ways, give more substance to the man, Woody Guthrie: "The Nearly Complete Collection of Woody Guthrie Folk Songs" (Ludlow Music, 10 Columbus Circle, New York, 1963, \$4.00) which will be more fully reviewed in a later issue of BROADSIDE; and "Young Folk Song Book" (Simon & Schuster, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, 1963, \$2.95).

The "Young Folk Song Book" is dedicated to Woody Guthrie in spirit as well as in fact, for in it are the songs of life, struggle, and hope, and the country music of the oldtime and newtime singers that was so much a part of everything Woody did. After a general introduction by Pete Seeger there is a musical introduction by Earl Robinson, who has arranged all the songs in the volume as well as writing brief sketches about the outstanding numbers of the young city singers. Five songs each are taken from the arrangements on the records of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, Jack Elliot, the Greenbriar Boys, the New Lost City Ramblers, and Peggy Seeger. These songs are among the best of what is today in the Guthrie tradition. Politically with Bob Dylan's "Masters of War", Malvina Reynolds' "What Have They Done to the Rain" as sung by Joan Baez; Woody's own songs "Hard Traveling", "Little Sack of Sugar" and "Howjido" as sung by Jack Elliott; and the country music on which Woody drew for so many of the songs he sang, and almost all of his tunes, is well represented by the interpretations of the Greenbriar Boys and Peggy Seeger and the transmissions of the New Lost City Ramblers.

But it would be a great mistake to give the impression that these artists as presented in "Young Folk" are just copies of Woody's music. They are all musical giants in their own right, each with his or her own individual way of creating, each doing things in a new way. The profiles of the artists done by Robert Shelton, Irwin Silber, Nat Hentoff, and Alan Lomax add greatly to the book for with these word pictures (there are also photographs) they become recognizable people -- not just sounds on a disk. The musical notation is a work of love by Earl Robinson, and it recognizes the musical complexity of much of the material. Arrangements are for guitar, mandolin and banjo where fitting; and the piano settings are done with a conscious recognition of the necessary changes that must occur for songs that were sung never having that instrument in mind.

All the singers and writers in this book have donated their royalties to the Friends of Old Time Music (FOTM), a non-profit organization that has done a wonderful job of bringing the great traditional singers into the big cities, paying them properly, and charging a reasonable admit price. (Their next concert has Doc Boggs and Mississippi John Hurt in their first New York appearance, on Dec. 13, 1963 -- tickets \$2 at Folklore Center, 110 MacDougal St.). Ralph Rinzler, a leading force in FOTM and a member of the GreenBriar Boys, writes a careful appreciating in the "Young Folk" book of Elizabeth Cotton, one of the most important traditional singers that FOTM has introduced to the city folk music following.

There is a whole spirit about this book that makes it much more than just a collection of songs and articles. It synthesizes the best of city folk music and stands straight as a light tower in the present murky sea of commercial "folknik" publishing.

P E T E C R A G O

Pete Crago, folksinger, will present a program of Blues & Ballads on Friday, Nov. 29, at KOSSUTH HALL, 346 East 69th St. at 8:30 P.M. He will accompany himself on the Guitar, Autoharp, & Harmonica. Pete Crago has just returned from a coast to coast folksinging tour.

ALL STAR CONCERT FOR SNCC

The Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee will receive the benefit proceeds of an "All Star" concert at Carnegie Hall, NYC, Sat. evening, Nov. 23. The country's most celebrated jazz performers will be featured -- The Dave Brubeck Quartet, Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan, The Clark-Terry-Bob Brookmeyer Quintet.

BILL MONROE & DOC WATSON

One of the highlights of the NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL was the Bluegrass Music of BILL MONROE & His Boys and the Country Music of DOC WATSON. Harold Leventhal will present them together in their only New York appearance Fri. Eve., Nov. 29, at TOWN HALL.

A report on the recent SEA ISLAND FOLK FESTIVAL is to appear in BROADSIDE soon. Meanwhile, Guy Carawan is planning some kind of Christmas Festival there for the holiday season. It will feature a dusk-to-dawn Watchnight Service at Moving Star Hall on Christmas morning. Anyone interested should write to Guy Carawan, Rt. 1, Box 69-B, Johns Island, S. Carolina -- or phone: 803-766-8263.

On Christmas Eve, 1961, some 100 New Yorkers gathered at Washington Square Arch to begin an evening of singing "Carols for Brotherhood". It was repeated in 1962, with about 300 singers participating. Plans for the coming Christmas Eve are now underway, with small groups starting out from various parts of the city and merging at some central point (permission has been asked to meet at the Rockefeller Center tree). Contributions to go to SNCC will be accepted along the way. Carolers interested should get in touch with Gil Turner, 18 Spring Street, New York 12, N. Y. Out-of-towners welcome.

NOTES: NOBODY KNOWS -- Dayle Stanley is a young folksinger appearing frequently in the Boston area, mainly at the Club 47. She was inspired to write this song after reading James Baldwin's "Nobody Knows My Name", and has been performing it with many plaudits since April, 1963. Several months ago she was selected Boston's best female "folksinger" in a poll taken by the BOSTON BROADSIDE ... The Oct. 30 issue of BB is an exceedingly interesting one with articles about Bob Dylan, Denise Kennedy, reviews of the SING OUT HOOTENANNY and the magazine FOLK WORLD, plus a fine essay on the obligations of folksingers by dick waterman. (address: 248 Harvard St., Cambridge, Mass. -- twice a month, 10¢ a copy, \$3 a year)...BOB DYLAN's "letter" in this issue is reprinted from the 1963 Newport Festival brochure...THE WEAVERS have announced they are disbanding at the end of 1963, ending a 16-year career that was a prime factor in the development of today's folksong movement. Their last concert will be given Dec. 29 at Orchestra Hall in Chicago... FAUCETS -- This song, so applicable today, is from Malvina Reynolds' Folkways LP "Another County Heard From".*

BROADSIDE, Box 193, Cathedral Sta : N.Y.C., N.Y 10025. A topical song publication, about twice a month; Editor, Sis Cunningham; Contr. Editors, Gil Turner, Phil Ochs, Bob Dylan, Josh Dunson; Advisory, Pete Seeger. Rates: 1-year (or 22 issues) - \$5. 5-issue trial - \$1.50 - Back issues 35¢ each plus few ¢ postage.

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PETE SEEGER sings Broadside songs --BR-302 BROADSIDE, Vol. 2 - Folkways Records
121 W. 47th St., NYC 36 (\$4.98) Fourteen songs from Broadside Magazine.

* ANOTHER COUNTY HEARD FROM, Folkways FN2524, Fifteen songs composed and sung by Malvina Reynolds.