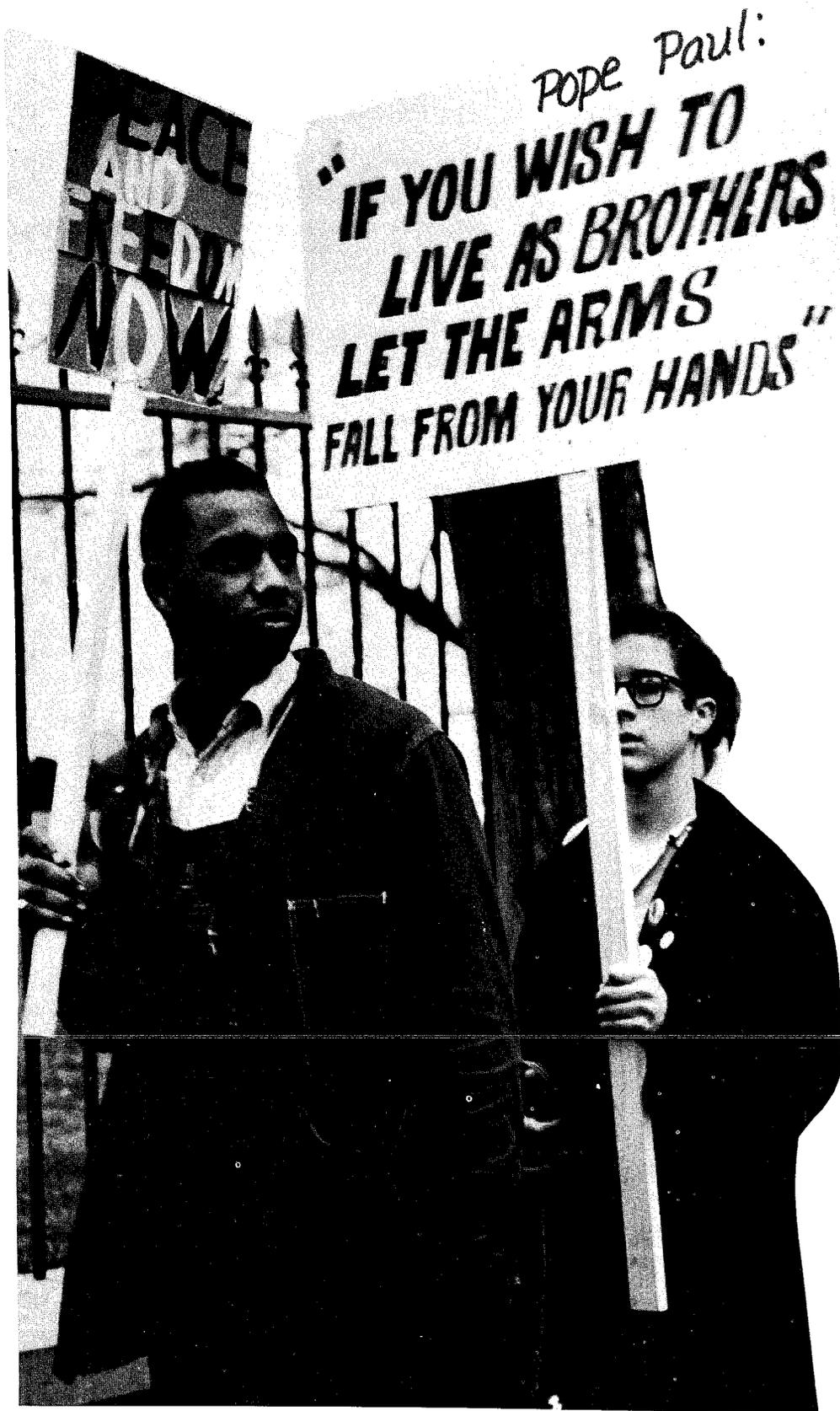


# Broadside #75

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1966

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T R I B U T E S  
T O

PETER

LA FARGE





# NO MORE WAR

Words & Music: Jacqueline Sharpe  
Copyright 1966 by E.B.Marks, Inc.

1. No more war, war nev-er a- gain. — When Pope Nations, best hope of man-kind U-ni-ted Nations, best of man-kind. — What you

Paul came a-cross the sea, he brought this message for you and me. No more war built must nev-er fall, it must be big e-nough for all U-ni-ted Na-tions,

War nev-er a- gain. 2. U-ni-ted Best hope of man- kind.

3. You great powers, put away your pride (2x)  
Each new nation at its birth  
Must share the riches of this earth  
You great powers, put away your pride.

4. We can't be brothers till the weapons fall from our hands (2x)  
Let man be man's best friend  
Let the world's long nightmare end  
We can't be brothers till the weapons fall from our hands.

5. No more war, war never again! (2x)  
When Pope Paul came across the sea  
He spoke for you and he spoke for me  
No more war, war never again!

"Here is some background on NO MORE WAR. I wrote the song the day after Pope Paul made his historic United Nations speech on Oct. 4, 1965, in which he made his impassioned plea for "No more war, war never again!" I felt that these words could become a national slogan for the peace movements, and that a song essentially paraphrasing the Pope's speech might reach into areas which had not previously been reached with the message for peace.

"The song actually received its premier performance on Oct. 6, 1965, when Irwin Silber and Barbara Dane played a tape of it on their WBAI late evening show.

"And then I felt that I would like to present it to Pope Paul during the Christmas season as a tribute to his leadership for peace. We -- that is, representatives of Westchester Women for Peace (which is part of Women Strike for Peace), Arts for World Unity (Quakers), the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and a number of distinguished individuals in the religious and academic communities -- presented a beautiful album, designed by the artist John Urbain, to Pope Paul.

"The album was presented on Dec. 22 to the Permanent Observer of the Holy See to the United Nations, the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Alberto Giovannetti, who transmitted it to the Vatican by diplomatic pouch. Included in the album were a recording of the song, which I had made; a piano arrangement by Vally Weigl; and a dedication to His Holiness signed by the people mentioned above.

"I received official acknowledgement of the gift from the Secretary of State of the Holy See, together with Pope Paul's silver medal commemorating his United Nations speech. The inscription on the medal reads: Alumna Pax Amoris (Peace is the Child of Love).

"With the issuance of Pope Paul's new encyclical, in which he calls for peace observances during this month of October, and makes his plea to the world in even more passionate terms than last year, new attention has been focussed on his peace pilgrimage of last year. I will be singing NO MORE WAR at a number of observances this month, including a meeting of the Franciscan Third Order at St. Francis of Assisi Church in New York City on Oct. 4; a projected Women Strike for Peace response to the encyclical on Oct. 16; and a United Nations Day celebration in Tarrytown on Oct. 22."

... JACKIE SHARPE



# Lullaby

Lyrics: AARON KRAMER (from Four Peace Songs)

Music: WALDEMAR HILLE

© 1966 Aaron Kramer & Waldemar Hille

Dolce--plus

Hush-a- bye, ba- by — no sense in weep- ing: — If one more vil- lage burns while  
 — you're sleeping. Next year will come, — or the year aft-er — Ladybird Johnson with speech-  
 es and laughter. Into the grave that — once was a coun- try, —  
 — in- to hushed for- ests, Vul- tures for sen- try, past or-phan's eyes, Like —  
 — an An- gel of Mercy, — Lady- bird Johnson will come — with a curt- sy.  
 Magic white fingers this la- dy pos- sess- es; Love of all land- scape this  
 la- dy pro- fesses. She shall ad- vance, while the cam- er- as fol- low,  
 Thru the black fields, The ci- ties bombed hol- low. — Lady- bird Johnson — with a  
 wand like a witch- 's Soon will make whole the wounds of our hutch- es,  
 Soon will make green the woods and the mea- dows Un- der which lie the  
 loves of our wid- ows Hush- a- bye, ba- by

(continued →)



# a DREAM FOR FOREVER

Words & Music: LEN CHANDLER  
© Copyright 1966 E.B. Marks Music Corp.

Musical score for the song "a DREAM FOR FOREVER". The score is written on two staves. The top staff is the melody, and the bottom staff is the accompaniment. Chords are indicated above and below the notes. The lyrics are written below the bottom staff.

Take me to your mar- ket place and I'll - display my dreams - With their jag- ged hand \ seams  
Tuck them in-to - some empty cor- ner of your show- case. - My poc- ev-er.

2. My pockets are a-jingle with the coins of subway fare, Hey my wallet's long been bare  
But my notebook spills unsifted silver dream dust.
3. My songs in textured umber tones lie waiting in the shade, Of the shadows that you've made  
There they will season for the seasons of tomorrow.
4. So you should stand the sitting and the waiting without fear, For this is a vintage year  
And the full grapes weigh the vine and hey anyway it's your vineyard.
5. My wine is only fortified with purity and grace, It just needs a little space  
And a tester with a tongue that's still unjaded.
6. Unjaded as the ears and eyes of all the ageless young, It's for them my dreams are spun  
And so for them I'll spin a dream that's for forever.



## for PETER LA FARGE

(And to Sis, Malvina & Len  
Whom I love so dearly  
Who are almost nearly  
And obviously clearly  
A little part of the  
Yellow Red Mouse).

By SARA ZIMMERMAN

Oh Great Spirit, corn is dying  
Send us mighty rain clouds down  
Let it thunder over our land  
Let the leaves grow green again  
Send us many caribou  
That we may build our new canoes  
And catch the fish, and plant many  
With the corn which grows a-plenty.

Oh Great Spirit, guns are booming  
Where has rain of water gone?  
Arrows fall beneath the gun's blast  
How long can the Red Man last?  
We have always sung to you  
Now you watch our people dwindle few  
Now you send us death, not babies  
Is it you who now betrays us?

Oh Great Spirit, We are dying  
Numbered by the Men of Death  
Raise your mighty fist of strongness!  
Bring it down on fire of wrongness!  
This, the land where we were born  
Now flows with blood, and the Red Ones  
mourn

And far yonder as the eye can go  
Are the great white bones of Buffalo.

Oh Great Spirit, corn is dead now  
Buried long by White Man's greed  
We were Red and better dead  
This is what these White Men said

Young braves had but a single creed--  
To dare to challenge White Men's deeds  
And White guns still march over these  
Young Braves  
In the missile bases which cover their  
graves.

Oh Great Spirit, rice is dying  
Where the rain runs red from the ones who die  
Poison comes down from the skies  
A mother burns, and her baby dies  
NOW strife tears the hearts of Yellow Brothers  
NOW they too are killed by Whites, no others  
And bitter tears from young men's eyes  
Fall over the land which the Yellow Men prize.

Oh Great Spirit, must we wait then  
Til we, the Poor, are finally freed?  
Humble slaves of greed await thus  
(Aggressors of the world They call Us!)  
Til our hungry babes are fed?  
(Not burned as "better dead than red")  
Til we're given grain to plant and nurture  
And land where we may build our future?

Oh Great Spirit, you must slumber  
But very soon you shall awake!  
And see the clouds of Freedom gather  
Tears of joy and the dove's white feather  
Will fall to earth with the season's change  
When finally White Man's guns are tamed  
The Hawk will die, the Sparrow feed  
Corn and Rice will fill the need.

Oh Great Spirit, Awake and wonder!  
Storm of Change is coming close  
Tamed will be the White Man's guns  
By the Black, Red and Yellow Ones  
When hands have felt the plow untied  
And all have learned why the Red Man died.

Remember the one in his great white house  
And Why the white cat fell  
To the Yellow Red Mouse.

© 1966 Sara Zimmerman

# those three are on my mind

Words By FRANCES TAYLOR  
Music By PETE SEEGER  
©1966 Fall River Music, Inc.

1. I think of An-dy in the cold wet clay. Those three are on my mind. With his  
2. There lies young James in his mor-tal pain. Those three are on my mind. While my

friends down be-side him on that bru-tal day, Those three are on my mind.  
tears keep fall-ing like the rain, like the rain, Those three are on my mind.

3. I see blue-eyed Michael with his blue-eyed bride. Those three are on my mind  
And three proud mothers weeping side by side. Those three are on my mind.

But I breathe yet, and for some the sky is bright. I cannot give up hoping for a morning light. And

so I ask the killers, "Do you sleep at night?" Those three are on my mind, Those are on my mind.  
three

4. I see the tin-roofed shanties where my brothers live  
(Those three are on my mind)

And the burned-out churches where they sing "we forgive"  
(Those three are on my mind)

While on the backwoods road still ride the hooded bands  
Poisoning the air through the good southlands  
And so I ask the killers, "Can you ever wash your hands?"  
Those three are on my mind; Those three are on my mind.

5. There sit the mighty judges handing down the law  
(Those three are on my mind)

In their marble courthouse we are filled with awe  
(Those three are on my mind)

I know of Tom Paine's watered tree,  
I know the price of liberty  
But I must ask the question that must burn in me  
Did they also burn the courthouse when they killed those three?  
Those three are on my mind; Those three are on my mind;  
Those three are on my mind.

(Ed. Note: Frances Taylor first write the original lyrics of this song in the form of a poem about a year ago. Last summer Pete Seeger composed a tune for the words, which underwent some revision in the process, and this is the result. Pete introduced the song on the David Susskind T-V show Oct. 2, 1966. Harry Belafonte is recording it and plans to use it as the title song for his forthcoming new L-P album).

## THERE IS ONLY ONE NATIONAL FOLKSONG MAGAZINE

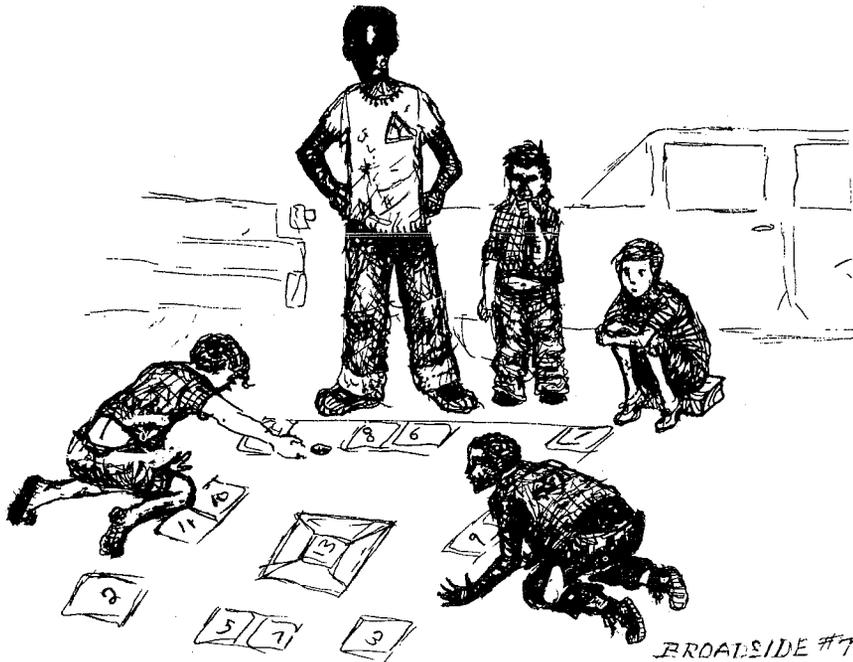
It's published six times every year. Each issue contains songs (folk, Topical, etc.) with guitar chords. There are also articles on folk music and folk musicians, informative and controversial, reviews of books and records, many provocative columns of news and opinion, our internationally-famous letters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

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## SING OUT!

165 West 46th Street / New York, New York 10036



BROADSIDE #75



Dear Broadside: -- I hope that you will devote part of your October or November issue to the memory of Peter La Farge. As "Chuck" wrote so eloquently in Broadside a year ago, "Another friend is dead I never met." Peter's songs comprise about a third of my repertoire, and slowly people here in Washington are beginning to realize how beautiful his songs were. This of course is small consolation to those of you who knew him and those of us who hoped one day to meet him, but it may perhaps in some small way further the cause that he and his father fought for. I am enclosing a poem (actually a song) that I wrote on Peter's death.

GRANT CARRINGTON

L A M E N T F O R L A F A R G E

Word has come to our town  
That Pete La Farge is dead  
Of a stroke at thirty-four;  
That's what the paper said  
I can't believe it's true;  
That Peter's really gone;  
Who'll fight for the Indians now,  
And who will sing their song?  
  
As long as the grass shall grow  
On the grave of Ira Hayes  
There's a people who will remember  
This boy from Sante Fe,  
Cisco waits to shake his hand,  
To tell him it's all right:  
He fought hard and he fought well,  
And it was an honest fight.  
  
The peace pipe now is shattered;  
The lance is on the wall;  
The mocassins are empty;  
There's no one here at all.  
But though the room is empty  
A song is ringing in the night;  
Peter's not forgotten us  
Or given up the fight.  
  
Why did you leave us, Pete?  
Why did you go?  
You still had songs  
To sing and write, I know.  
I still sing your songs;  
I always will.  
Why did you leave us, Pete?  
Why is your voice still?

Copyright 1966 by Grant Carrington

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Dear Broadside: -- Have you noticed, as I have (and I'm sure many others too) the almost listless silence that is characteristic of our peace marches in New York and Washington? We march, yes. We carry signs. Occasionally someone with a lot of "chutzpa" will start a shouted slogan like "END THE WAR IN VIETNAM, BRING THE TROOPS HOME". Other people will join in for a few minutes and then everyone loses heart, and there is the silence again. Songs? Music? Well, of course, there's the good old "Down By The Riverside." But that staunch old song is longing for company.

The fact is, the peace movements need good marching songs, lots of them, stirring ones with simple structure adapted to the fashioning of new verses according to the circumstances. And then, we need people who will teach the new songs to the marchers.

We have seen the powerful effect of truly good songs in the Civil Rights movement. These songs are part of the blood and bones of that movement, and have given it, and the people participating in it, strength, purpose, fervor, a sense of the beauty and solemnity of their struggle together. This should be no less true of the peace movement, which involves the very survival of the human race.

What about a contest for peace songs especially suited to marches and demonstrations, a contest to be launched by Broadside? Perhaps a single issue might be devoted to the best of those sent in.

JACQUELINE SHARPE

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DEAR BROADSIDE: -- The original seventh verse of "Mahogany Row" was left out of the version in B'Side # 74. Since it ties in so well with the clippings you used to accompany the song, here it is:

"The doctor man comes, the doctor man goes,  
And soon you'll be seeing some more  
little clothes  
Hung on a line where the breezes may blow,  
Behind a house on Mahogany Row."

I suspect that no matter how many verses to that song are ever printed, there'll always be another important one in somebody's head which wasn't included.

ERNIE MARRS

WILL SOCIETY ACCEPT "SOCIETY'S CHILD"?

Back in February Broadside printed a song by 15-year-old Janis Fink which she called "Baby, I've Been Thinking." Since then she changed her name professionally to Janis Ian and gave the song a new title: "Society's Child." But the lyrics remain the same: they tell the story of a white girl forced to relinquish her love for a Negro youth due to the pressures put on her by white society, reflected through her parents.

"Society's Child" was released last Sept. by Verve-Folkways as Janis' first single. Its controversial nature made it into a real test for the nation's disc jockeys: would they be man enough to play it, or would they chicken out? Well, the results so far indicate that the record has run up against if not exactly a wall of censorship, certainly quite a number of road-blocks of silence. One of those who suspects "Society's Child" may have been ambushed in the "shadowy corners of censorship in the pop-music field" is Robert Shelton, folk music critic of the New York Times, although he adds that it is still too early to evaluate that point accurately. In his article on Janis and her recording in the Times of Sept. 25, Shelton writes:

"The fate of Society's Child was hinted at in a cynical capsule review of the disk in the Sept. 6 issue of the Tip Sheet for disk jockeys... It said: "Magnificently done, but will probably never see the light of day. Too bad."

Shelton concludes his article by saying:

"In any case, the disk has cast down a challenge to the recording, broadcasting and juke-box industries. Society's Child marks a new boldness in popular music while also proclaiming the radiant new talent, Janis Ian. Those who care about the upgrading of popular music and its freedom of expression will watch closely both Miss Ian's song and the issue of censorship it has so forthrightly raised."

We recently asked Janis to tell us something of how the record came into being, what is happening to it, and what Broadside readers could do to give it a helping hand. Here is some of her answer:

"I remember 5 months ago when I first started going around to record and music publishing companies I didn't have time to say hellow before a door slammed in my face. I must've tried at least 10 or 12 companies. Then it was 'well, you write good songs, but...' and they'd give me 10 or 12 records to show me how I should write. (I think ive collected all my records that way, so maybe it pays off in the end)..."

"Finally, we cut Society's Child last June and July. We really worked hard on it a long time -- because of the content of the song the record had to be perfect musically, or as near perfect as possible. Then they couldn't have that as an excuse not to play it. Then Shadow (Morton), my producer, took it around to record companies -- it seemed all these people who refused to release the record took dubs home for their private collections. h-m-m-m-m.

Then Verve-Folkways took it and released it Sept. 12. It is getting played in Los Angeles and many other places, but not in New York yet, unless you count WOR-FM and WBAI-FM. What can people do to help it get a hearing, Well, some don't understand that you can't wait until a record is in the shops to buy it. If all the broadside readers began going into record stores and demanding it, and writing postcards to radio stations, asking them to play it, maybe....

"While i'm at it, would like to say we want to put out an album, depending how the single does, and am desperate for a title to it. So would appreciate any titles anyone can think of and send to me (c/o Broadside)."

JANIS IAN

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"Several songs in BROADSIDE have said in effect: 'You shot Medgar Evers in the back, you son of a bitch, and his wife and children grieved.'

"So what? You surely did not expect them to laugh, did you.

"Move me, topical songwriter, get me mad, make me cry, make me laugh, but for god's sake don't bore me with facts. I know them already and have thought about them already. Your job is to prejudice my evaluation. And you gotta be good to do that!"

V.A.

Walkin' In The Parlor -- Jack Guy & Tab Ward (available from Guy's Folk Toys, Beech Creek, No. Carolina -- write for information and the price). MFT 101.

Jack Guy makes folktoys and Tab Ward makes fretless banjos and is considered one of the finest banjo players in the Beech Mountain area. The two of them have gotten together to produce their own album of songs, stories, and interviews. From that standpoint alone it is an interesting recording for folklorists, and for the general listener it is just a good "fun" record. Mr. Ward's banjo picking is indeed excellent, the singing good, the interviews informative or funny, or both, and the tales concern one Liehue Yants, a central figure in all Beech Mountain lore. Mr. Ward plays two of his own compositions, one especially good -- "Tweetsie Railroad Train" in which the sliding action of the fretless is used to imitate a train. Other songs include "Cripple Creek", "Tom Doola", "Shoot Little Lular", "Beech Mountain Fox Chase", "Walkin' In The Parlor", and others. The record ends with a discussion of mountain crafts and folk toys.

STU COHEN

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NOTES

HAPPY PAPPY: In the "War On Poverty" unemployed being "retrained" are paid a small subsistence by the gov't. Checks are based on family size. So with each new addition the sum goes up, causing the father -- we don't know the mother's reaction -- to rejoice. Anyhow, this is the way Jim Garland explains the term "happy pappy" which he says now has wide currency in Appalachia... CRUCIFIXION: (in #74) This Phil Ochs song is performed by JIM & JEAN on their new Verve-Folkways, titled with another Ochs song: CHANGES... MAHOGANY ROW: (also #74) PAT SKY's singing of this Ernie Marrs song is one of the highlights of Pat's latest Vanguard L-P, A HARVEST OF GENTLE CLANG... TOM PAXTON's latest album, containing many of his finest songs -- all new -- has been released by ELEKTRA. The title: OUTWARD BOUND... FROM OKLAHOMA: "I enjoy the lapel button illustrations you use. In keeping with that, here is a suggested "bumper sticker:"

"THOU SHALL NOT KILL"

... UNLESS LBJ SAYS YOU WILL

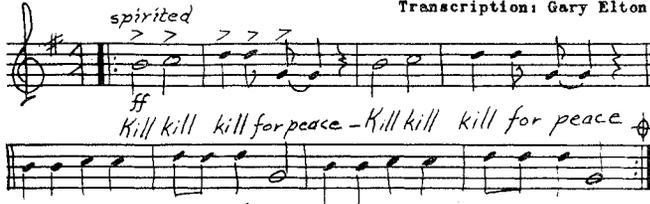
This should be printed in "New Testament gold" or "Old Testament black." Also,

it should shine in the dark, since there are so many people in the dark as to why our government has involved us in Viet Nam" J.C. .... FROM ATLANTA: "Thanks for printing some of my songs in the past year. The prospects for a real revival of folklore study in Atlanta look good -- first the Atlanta Folk Music Society and now folklore courses at Georgia State College (Atlanta) under John Burrison, who used to edit at FOLKWAYS. Plans for state folklore archives and a quarterly are afoot & I plan to help in collecting -- don't think I'll let them leave topical song in the red-headed stepchild dept., either. Keep putting them out." KAY COTHRAN.... ALSO FROM ATLANTA: "Saw Pete Seeger on Susskind's show and he was really great. I think he's written the two best songs about Vietnam: 'Bring Them Home' (B'Side # 71) and 'Big Muddy' (#74)." JULIUS LESTER.... MALVINA REYNOLDS (back from England): "My very best show in England was at the JUG O PUNCH in Birmingham, with a tremendous hall full of young working people. They were very kind to me... Swinging singing audience, wonderful spirit... England is fabulous. Maybe next year I'll go back again -- I promised." MALVINA has an L-P and a new songbook in the works... PETE SEEGER concerts: At LISNER AUDITORIUM in Washington Oct. 21 & 22; at CARNEGIE HALL, N.Y.C., Dec. 23... SING OUT! (165 W. 46 St., N.Y.C. 10036): A fine article in the Nov. issue on the LA HUELGA grape strike pilgrimage in Calif. By Ed. Irwin Silber. Some songs of the marchers... WKCR-FM radio station at COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, New York City has a half hour folksong show Sat. evenings 7:30 - 8 PM. Director Paul Shapiro is anxious to present new young topical song talent. Call him at MO 6-3182... MIKE KELLIN, topical songwriter ("Nervous Nellie" B'Side # 71) and veteran T-V actor ("Wackiest Ship In the Army"), now on Broadway in N.Y.C. in the stage play "The Odd Couple"... GLENN YARBROUGH, ex-Lincolner, in a solo concert in CARNEGIE HALL Dec. 2 ... Good new book BALLADS, BLUES, & THE BIG BEAT by Donald Myrus (Macmillan. Traces the development of folk into topical song in the 60's (Dylan, Ochs, Seeger, Chandler, SING OUT!, BROADSIDE, Izzy Young, Julius Lester, Tom Paxton, Baez, & so on and so forth (longer review soon) ....END NOTES.

# Kill for Peace

(FUGsong No. 29)

Words: Tuli Kupferberg  
Tune: Yenims  
Transcription: Gary Elton



1. near or middle or very far east - far or near or very middle east
2. If you dont like a people or the way that they talk  
If you dont like their manners or the way that they walk
3. If you dont kill them then the Chinese will  
You dont want America to play second fiddle
4. If you let them live they may subvert the Prussians  
If you let them live they might love the Russians
5. The only Gook an American can trust  
Is a Gook what got his yellow head bust
6. Kill kill it'll feel so good  
Like my captain said it should
7. Kill it will give you the mental ease  
Kill it will give you a big release

Kill kill kill for peace  
Kill kill kill for peace  
Kill kill kill for peace (soft out...  
Kill kill for peace (softer)  
KILL! (Huge shout-scream & then more  
ad libitum kill kill kill! & cillera

(Ed. Note: The above song is reprinted from an obscure paperback thing put out a year ago last summer by Birth Press in N.Y.'s Greenwich Village. It was edited by Fugman Tuli Kupferberg and called KILL FOR PEACE, being YEAH 10. How many people could it have possibly reached? 500 is probably an over-estimation. But then the FUGS recorded the song on their L-P album, and at last count that album had sold over 60,000 copies! Is any further comment necessary?)

## SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS

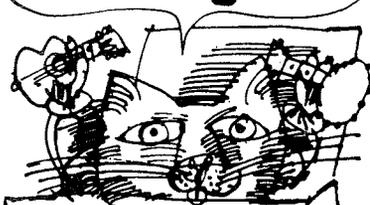
By Gordon Friesen

In the newest (Nov., 1966) issue of SING OUT! magazine there is a bitingly deep article by Julius Lester with the self-explanatory title of "The Angry Children Of Malcolm X". In brilliant, often fiery, prose Julius joins those fellow Negroes who have been forced by events into the conviction that they can no longer expect justice -- or anything else -- from U.S. whites, including white Liberals (or radicals?). The American Negro must simply go it alone. There is something about this viewpoint, which is not limited to Julius, that more than hints that somebody is falling into the age-old trap of "divide and conquer". The last successful practitioner of that policy was Adolf Hitler. With Hitler it was knocking off first the "communists", then the socialists, the intellectuals and the trade unionists, and capping it all off with "the final solution to the Jewish problem". (There were no Negroes in Germany to speak of, but when Hitler spoke of Negroes in general he referred to them as "black apes", a phrase which he must have picked up from white Americans). Here in the U.S. in 1966 the ultra-right (unaware that history does not repeat itself) has closely studied Hitler's methods. Everything they want to exterminate is lumped into one package they call "Communism": Negro civil rightists (led by that Kremlin agent Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr.), all Negroes, all Jews, white liberals, white radicals, all progressives, members of the A.D.A., the Kennedy family, people on welfare, people getting unemployment and social security benefits, those supporting medicare, (and fluoridation), folksingers, folksong magazines, etc. ad infinitum. Sticking to the Hitler formula the U.S. rightists hope to divide each from the other and knock them off (continued >)



separately -- beginning with the Negroes. When George Lincoln Rockwell tries to invade the Negro ghettos to start a blood bath -- and many signs say this country is ready for such a blood bath -- his real aim is the Jews (Max Lerner please note)... Julius says that for some Negroes "the white man no longer exists. He is not to be lived with and he is not to be destroyed. He is simply to be ignored..." Well, the black man may want to ignore the white, but the white man isn't yet ready to ignore the black; there is still too great a demand for shoeshine boys, maids, porters, professional baseball and football players and -- above all -- for black-skinned soldiers willing to kill, and be killed, by yellow-skinned ones (as, for example, in Vietnam). America tends to depend heavily on black troopers when other colored "hostiles" need exterminating; some two score Negroes were awarded Congressional Medals of Honor in the 80's for slaughtering Indians, but Southern Congressmen saw to it that not a single Negro got the nation's "most coveted award" in World War II, which was considered essentially a white man's war. Now that Negroes are killing colored "gooks" in Vietnam the flow of Congressional Medals has started up again... No, Julius, it's not as simple as that -- U.S. whites kill Negroes to keep them in their "place", but that doesn't mean a place of their own.

**folksingers!**



JOAN BAEZ  
 CHARLES RIVER VALLEY BOYS  
 REV. GARY DAVIS  
 JESSE FULLER  
 MITCH GREENHILL  
 FLATT & SCRUGGS  
 and the Foggy Mountain Boys  
 JOHNNY HAMMOND  
 SPIDER JOHN KOERNER  
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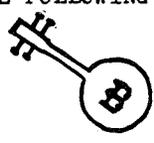
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