ABERFAN, Wales, Oct. 22 (AP) —
Heavy rain fell on this grieving Welsh village today, bringing fear that a death-dealing mountain of coal slag might move again and imperil nearly 2,000 exhausted rescue workers toiling in the ruins of a buried school.

Police said the death toll in this greatest tragedy of modern Wales may rise to 220 — most of the victims the young children of miners.

"The Aberfan Coal Tip Tragedy" by TOM PARROTT

***

ALSO

"Cush Holston" By WILL McLEAN
"Cindy's Cryin'" By TOM PAXTON
"Long Time" By JOAN COGAN

AND
FRAN TAYLOR
MATT McGIDIN
MIKE KELLIN
PETE SEEGER

"... a land of Pain and Death." Artwork by GARY DARK

"The Ballad of Joe Hill"
By PHIL OCHS

MURDERED BY THE AUTHORITIES OF THE STATE OF UTAH, NOV. 19, 1915

"The Ballad of Joe Hill"
Lots of Little Soldiers

Words: MATT McGinn
Tune: "I Am A Little Beggarman" as sung by Tommy Makem & the Clancys

My name is what you may call me and me father's was as well, Of a
little game he taught me, now the story I will tell; We had lots of little
soldiers and as sure as the day would come, I sent into battle with the
rattle of me drum. I put up-on the table and I marched all around then I
battered them with cannonballs and watched falling down; I had lots of little
crosses that I laid up-on the dead, Then I patched up all the wounded ones &
sent them home to bed.

2. I went round and asked the neighbors for a nickel or a dime
So that I could buy some soldiers just to help me pass the time
They were always very kindly in supplying me with guns
And some of them even let me play at soldiers with their sons.

3. Whenever I went to the shop to buy me guns and tanks
The man there always smiled and patted me head and whispered Thanks
If it wasn't for your soldier game I don't know what I'd do
You keep me business busy, Son, so here is an extra few.

4. One day I bought some aeroplanes but here was what I found
When I sent them in with bombs to help me army on the ground
They bombed up every soldier there and proved a sorrowful flop
I had to buy another hundred crosses from the shop.

5. I would very much like if I could teach this little game of guns
To my seven beautiful daughters and my fourteen lovely sons
But the man in the shop gave me down a bomb from off the shelf
It blew up every soldier, all me neighbors and meself.

BROADSIDE #76
The Aberfan Coal Tip Tragedy

Words & Music by Tom Parrott

© 1966 by Tom Parrott

The mining men of Wales are hardy, strong and bold And they tunnel in the earth and make it its yield coal, But in the town of Aberfan it's dearer now than gold For one generation for profit has been sold. How many died in Aberfan when the slag heap came tumbling down; How many children will never grow old And how many lives purchase how many—tons of coal.

The little school of Pantglas* lay where the mountain loomed, And some two hundred children took their classes in its rooms, But the day fell recess was to begin, they went to meet their doom, Not knowing "the green hollow" would soon become their tomb. (Cho.)

It was just 9:00 A.M. when they opened up the door, And in came the students, two hundred, maybe more, But nobody knew what the mountain had in store, The lucky ones were tardy, the others are no more. (Cho.)

"I played with my big dog and I played with my cat," Signed "Paul, October 21," there's nothing after that, For the coal tip came down, and everyone was trapped, And now there's only coal slag where little Paul once sat. (Cho.)

In eighteen hundred and seventy-four, the first pit shaft went down, And they started piling mining waste on the slopes above the town, And everybody knew that the practice was unsound, But for ninety-two years no better place was found. (Cho.)

The men of the National Coal Board said that they'd known from the first, That the coal tips they had permitted were a worry and a curse, But I've heard that speech so many times, and it always sounds rehearsed, If the coal tip was a murderer then the Coal Board's crime was worse. (Cho.)

The children were pretty, the children were fine, The children went to school in the shadow of the mine, But with the coal tip up above them they were running out of time, And they were "buried alive by the ministry of mines." (Cho.)

Inside the school children prayed before classes,
"Thank you for the world so sweet
"Thank you for the food we eat
"Thank you for the birds that sing
"Thank you, God, for everything.

BROADSIDE #76

This portion of Broadside paid for by Folkways Records, 165 W. 46 St., N.Y.C.

(advt.)
"I first heard the story of 'Cush' Holston 4 or 5 years ago from 'Cousin' Thelma Bolton, a fellow traveler -- in folksong -- and director of the annual Florida Folk Festival. It was on a sunny afternoon near Branford, Florida, when we were returning from a Negro school where we had sung a few of my Florida folk songs. It was a beautiful story. 'Cush' Holston was (is?) one of the greatest fiddlers ever heard. His music was strange and haunting. Varmits were entranced by it and would creep up to where the light shone through the cracks of his shack to listen. It is said that even bees, wasps, scorpions, etc., would not sting him.

"The commercial world started to hear of him and many collectors sought him out (I do believe, though, that Alan Lomax missed him). 'Cush' could not cope with liquor and soon flattery plus whiskey -- plus collectors -- done the job. (Somehow they missed getting him on records or tape).

One night he was jailed for drunken-ness. He cried loudly all night, like a Horn Owl, who as everyone knows will take his own life if caged. The townspeople gathered to mock and laugh, and 'Cush' walked past them, his head down, took a few 'possibles' from his cabin and vanished, apparently forever into one of Florida's largest swamps. That was ten years ago. It is said on still nights he can still be heard playing his fiddle," WILL McLEAN.
JOE HILL

Words: PHIL OCHS
Tune: Adapted from traditional
by Phil Ochs

President Wilson held up the day but even he would fail
For nobody heard the soul searching words
Of the soul in the Salt Lake City jail (2X)

For thirty-six years he lived out his days
And he more than played his part
For the songs that he made he was carefully paid
By a rifle bullet buried in his heart (2X)

Yes, they lined Joe Hill up against the wall
blindfold over his eyes
It's the life of the rebel that he chose to live
It's the death of the rebel that he died (2X)

In his time in the cell he wrote to his friends
His wishes all were plain
My body can't be found on this Utah ground
So they laid him on a fast departing train (2X)

The rebel rode to Chicago town, there were thirty
thousand people to mourn
And just about the time that Joe lay dying
A legend was just a-being born (2X)

Now some say Joe was guilty as charged, some say
he wasn't even there
And I guess nobody will ever know
Cause the court records all have disappeared (2X)

Now, wherever you go in this fair land in every
Union hall
In the dusty dark these words are marked
In between all the cracks upon the wall (2X)
It's the very last lines that Joe Hill wrote
When he knew that his days were through
Boys, this is my last and final wish
Good luck to all of you, Good luck to all of you.

Copyright 1966
Barricade Music Inc.

Phil Ochs

(The Letters Of Joe Hill) edited by Dr. Philip S. Foner, Oak Publications,
165 W. 46 St.,New York,N.Y. 10036. $1.95)
Three own congregation not...  

2. Police got her on the street today  
She was holdin' and they took her away,
Threw her in jail and they made her wait
She was cryin' "Oh, Jesus, let me just get straight,
Let me just get straight. Honey, can't you see I'm cryin'? 
Said you'd leave it but you ain't even tryin',
Said you're livin'; I can see you're dyin'.

3. Cindy loves me but she has to go
Down to the corner in the wind and snow
Standin' on the corner till the man comes 'round
Till the man comes 'round, (etc.)

LONG TIME  
Dedicated to PAULINE MITER *
© 1966 Joan Cosman

Three hundred years is a long time, Three hundred years is a long time
To live in your land and never be allowed to call it yours; Three hundred years is a long time.
SPECIAL: THREE LP's FOR $5.79! Mono or Stereo! A basic library of blues. Lightnin' Hopkins, Sonny Terry, Brownie McGhee, "Big" Joe Williams, Jimmy Witherspoon, Groove Holmes, others.

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Here's the man who made the news at Newport! Discover why—in this exciting debut album.
MEN of PRINCIPLE

We will open wide the gate in any other state, Cause I'm for open housing, sure I am.

Yes, integrate our schools, let's start at once
Education is for all, I've always said
(I'm Mayor Head)
We will start with grade thirteen
A grade no one has seen
Cause I'm for integration, sure I am.

Yes, I stand for low-cost homes, I surely do
I assure you I will build some very soon
(I'm Commissioner Moon)
But I'm in a sorry plight because
I cannot find a site
I'm for low-cost housing, sure I am.

I will fight for jobs for you, yes, every day
I will help you to leap the hurdle
(I'm Senator McCurdle)
Still, I cannot act today
While the president's away
But I'll see that you get jobs next year, sometime.

No, I'm not for sending armies overseas
I will work to keep your sons right in their homes
(I'm General Soames)
Still, that Vietnamese affair
Needs a soldier here and there
It's the only way to peace, you know, my friends --

preserven el parque elysian

Que lindo el parque Elysian! Que lindo el parque Elysian! Que lindo! (Que lindo! Que lindo! Que lindo el parque Elysian!)

(Each verse follows above pattern of repeats)
1. Me gusta el parque Elysian! (Elysian park is my kind of park!)
2. El aire es libre, amigos. (The air is free, my friends.)
3. No queremos fincas en el parque. (We don't want building in the park.)
4. Queremos el zacate verde! (We want the green grass!)
5. El parque es suyo y mio! (The park is yours and mine!)
6. Los niños necesitan el parque. (The children need the park.)
7. Los niños necesitan el parque! (The children need the park!)
8. Preserven el parque Elysian. (Save Elysian Park)
9. NO PASARÁN LOS BULLDOZERS! (Stop the bulldozers!)

(Right: Mike Kellin wrote this song for a rally to save Elysian Park in Los Angeles, used yearly by a million people, many of them Mexican-Americans. It was first printed in the West Coast Songmakers Almanac - Mike is a longtime member. Pete Seeger recorded it on his L-P album "God Bless The Grass." Mike is an actor - a lead role in T-V's "Wackiest Ship in the Army", and now in "The Odd Couple" on Broadway, N.Y.C.)
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AIN'T THAT NEWS
EKL-298/EKS-7298

51 WEST 51 STREET NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10019 • 7, POLAND STREET, LONDON W.1 ENGLAND
The Housewife Terrorists

Words & Music: PETER SEGER
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Come fifty-one percent of the population and listen to my song, It's got but fifteen verses, it won't detain you long; It's all about four housewives—We took a little risk, And how we got the title of the Housewife Terrorists.

On a sunny day in the month of May in 1966 Right near the town of San Jose We dressed in our best nylons, high heels and white gloves And drove down to the shores of 'Frisco Bay.

There was Joyce and Aileen, Beverly and Lisa We'd each made our decision on our own We hand-painted the lines On our homemade picket signs
And arranged for baby sitters back at home. When we entered the storage yard down on the bay We saw the loading ramp and the bombs Little did we know the consternation we'd be causing For the folks who'd rather not discuss Napalm.

We saw a fork-lift truck bringing out a bomb load Lisa walked over and spoke up to the man Then she said you want to stop what you are doing And in front of his truck we all did stand.

"We came to stop murder," Joyce explained politely He stopped his truck and stared in disbelief And just as another operator mounted the machine Along came Pat Chew, the local Chief.

Chief Chew went to his radio, he said "Send reinforcements! There's four women here, you gotta help me out." Loud whined the siren, two squad cars drove in Chief Chew said, "Now ladies, you clear out."

Still we wouldn't move, the owner shouts "You're trespassing! Here's your last chance to leave of your free will" We said "Please tell us which is the most important law; 'Thou shalt not trespass' or 'Thou shalt not kill' The owner said Ladies, why don't you think of your children?"

"We are," says we, "and yours as well And we're thinking of those children in far off Viet Nam For whom these bombs will make a burning hell."

They said "Why don't you go through the legislative process?" That's when our politeness very near gave way "Why doesn't the President go through the legislative process? If he did, this war could end today."

They must have given us 8 or 10 last chances "Don't you realize that you do break the law?" We said, "Don't you realize what you yourself are doing? It's you that commits the crime of war."

"You're under arrest," he said at last "Each of us?" says we Distinctly he said "Yes" And closed his eyes We had held our ground for over one hour And the Napalm barge had missed the tide.

Perhaps you read the papers, we got a suspended sentence As long as we would obey the law But we feel it's our government that's really breaking laws And that's what we demonstrated for.

So when school starts again we may find ourselves Taking some other little risk And we hope that other women will shed their small fears And join the Housewife Terrorists.

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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

The above amounts to a draft; after it has been sung a while I'm sure it can be improved in many small ways & perhaps some big ways. I am not even certain this is the best tune for the song; it is one I have pieced together, and the words have to be squeezed in or stretched considerably to fit. For example the 1st verse uses many more syllables for the 2nd & 4th lines. — P. Seeger, September 16, 1966
"A friend of ours was shot in the Texas Tower shootings here in Austin on Aug. 1, and I've been haunted ever since. This poem is an attempt to put the thing in relatively concrete terms, as it's easier to deal with." — Judith Addams

August 1, 1966
for Bob Boyer

A state of violence.
A state of cruelty.
The mid-day sun
beats on the body
of a friend.

Dying.

A madman shoots with cool aim.
Biting,
Staccato,
Punctuating the slow sentences
of academe.

We now mourn the dead
and grieve for the living.
I cannot drive on campus
without
Expecting to hear shots.

What song is there now I can sing
For my grief?
What comfort can I give
His wife?
What songs sing
His children?
What tell myself in the
Sorrow of my dreams?

(C) 1966 by Judith Addams

LATE NEWS BRIEFS: Ramon Padilla, author of the article on the U.S. topical songwriting movement in the Madrid magazine triunfo (see notes page) has been commissioned by a Spanish publisher to do a full-length book on the subject. Mississippi John Hurt died in Grenada, Miss. Nov. 2.

TOM Paxton, Ronnie Gilbert & Joe Frazier will perform at a THANKSGIVING EVE FOLK CONCERT Nov. 23 sponsored by the N.Y.C. W.E.B. DuBois Club. At the Hunter College Assembly Hall... Tom Rush at N.Y.'s Town Hall Dec. 17th.

(Ed. Note: Atlanta Ga.'s topical songwriter-performers — Bud Foote, Ernie Marrs, Eleanor Walden, etc. — composed and sang many songs in the write-in campaign for Ellis Arnall against the Dem. & Rep. gubernatorial nominees: Lester "Axhandle" Maddox, arch-segregationist supreme, and Bo Callaway. Here's one of Ernie's songs that should last well past election):

THE MADDOX CANNONBALL (Tune: Wabash Cannonball)

From the golden glow of Tybee Light to the rocks
of Reuben Gap,
Old Georgia tells the story of a simple-minded sap
Who climbed aboard a freight train as it made
its final haul —
Bo Callaway was a hobo on the Maddox Cannonball.

That train rolled into Georgia on a cold November day
With a boxcar-load of Birchers mixed with the K.K.K.
An all-white human cargo that spoke with a Dixie drawl
When Callaway swung onto the tail of the Maddox Cannonball.

Jim Gray was the conductor, Calvin Craig kept up
the steam
While Lester Maddox yanked the cord and made the
whistle scream
A dozen or more were firemen — they shoveled, one
and all
But there wasn't any brakeman on the Maddox Cannonball.

The walls of the firebox were as hot as they could be
Where half the Federal Government was burned in effigy
Five thousand cardboard Kennedys were burned, as I recall
And it almost blew the safety valve off the Maddox Cannonball.

The red caboose light shone in front, the headlight
shone behind
As on they highballed in reverse, the whole bunch
Flying blind
And several sparks and cinders on Bo Callaway did fall
As he held to the cow-catcher of the Maddox Cannonball.

Their speed was nearly ninety and the night was
inky black
The train went on a de-rail, and then it left the
track
A muddy, rolling river drowned the whistle's lonely
squall —
They polluted the Chattahoochee with the Maddox Cannonball.

So here's to Ellis Arnall, whose vision was so keen
In the dark old days behind us when the shore was
dimly seen
The smoke and fog are lifting, and I hear the future
call —

"Let's go clean up the wreckage of the Maddox Cannonball."

Copyright 1966 Ernie Marrs

NOTE: PETE SEEGER's 2nd appearance on CBS-TV's "Lamp Unto My Feet" scheduled for November 20th...
NOTES

LONG TIME: "Long Time" is dedicated to the incomparable Paulene Myers whose one-woman show, 'The World Of My America', portrays the Negro world as it was and is. Implicitly, her poignant vignettes add up to the same inescapable 'j' accuse!'', JOAN COSMAN

... THE TEMPEST OF FOLK-SONG: Under this title the Sept. issue of the popular Spanish magazine, triunfo (triumph), publishes an excellent article on topical songs in the U.S. Discussing Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton, Pete Seeger, etc., and the influence of previous songwriters like Woody Guthrie and Joe Hill, it is a more comprehensive article than has yet appeared in the American press. It reprints Phil's song "Santo Domingo" and Tom's "We Didn't Know," triunfo is published in Madrid...

SONGS FOR PEACE: This is the title of a new book of peace songs just published by Oak PUBLICATIONS (145 West 46 St., New York, N.Y.). Compiled and edited by the Student Peace Union with an introduction by Pete Seeger it has close to 100 songs and sells for $2.95...

THE BIG MUDDY (see B'Side #74): Pete Seeger has recorded a single of this new song of his for Columbia Records. It is to be released in a couple of weeks...

LEN CHANDLER has also made a single for the same company ("Song Of The Mind"; flip side: "Shadow Of The Magic Dancer"). Meanwhile, Columbia and Len are hard at work on a 2nd Chandler L-P....

PATRICK SKY will perform with Nina Simone in a concert Dec. 10th at Brooklyn College. Pat, who records for Vanguard, has recently completed a series of recording sessions, acted, narrated, and composed music for a film, and is working on a script for a musical drama....

OLIVEA'S ATELIER (directly opposite Gerde's Folk City on 4th St., in N.Y.'s Greenwich Village) is giving a series of Sat. (2:30 P.M.) Folksong Happenings, Nov. 27: THE BERGER FOLK. Nov. 10: ED BADEAUX (Managing Editor of SING OUT!) Nov. 20: SHELLEY GORDON. And Dec. 4: EVELYN CHALLIS. OLIVEA'S also has Folksays For The Kids programs Sun. afts. at 2:30 P.M. Admission for the Folksays and Happenings is .99....

BOBBY DYLAN: ABC-TV has postponed the 1-hour Dylan folk music show originally scheduled for Nov. 16. Some segments of the show had been filmed but the rest could not be completed in time. Dylan canceled several concerts after being injured in a motorcycle accident.

JUDY COLLINS and TOM Paxton on a concert tour abroad are scheduled to appear in England, Scotland and Ireland. Their joint concert at the ROYAL ALBERT HALL was sold out before they left the states. They will tape several television shows while overseas... PETE SEEGER will also make his annual visit to London and is scheduled to be at the ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL Nov. 11th.

He will appear in Dublin Nov. 17th and in Belfast Nov. 18th. Pete will do a special show for BBC Television before returning to the U.S. around the 19th....

WOODY GUTHRIE: An AP story about Woody brought him a flood of mail from admirers all over the U.S. Woody has been transferred to Creedmor Hospital in Queens, N.Y. Harold Leventhal, Terry Sullivan, and Marjorie and Arlo Guthrie visited him there recently and showed him the Dept. of Interior Award he received last spring. The doctors reported that Woody's condition remains unchanged...

MALCOLM X: Dudley Randall (author of the poem "Ballad of Birmingham" to which Jerry Moore has put music -- see B'Side #69) and Margaret Burroughs are preparing a memorial volume of poetry about Malcolm X. They invite such poems; send to BROADSIDE PRESS, 1261 Old Mill Place, Detroit, Mich., 48238...

WRVR-FM, the radio station of the Riverside Church in N.Y.C. (490 Riverside Drive), will present an 8-hour live folk music show Sat. Jan. 7, 1967 (11 AM to 7 PM). Theme: "... an exploration and investigation of the changing American scene." The Folk Festival will present "the various schools, influences and varieties of folk music." They welcome "the professionals and the unknowns." Call PETE FELDMAN at RT 9-5400 about auditions. (1st audition date is Sun., Nov. 20th, 3 P.M. -- another is Dec. 22). Tickets are free to the general public on request....
Dear Sirs,

We the undersigned request that your station present Pete Seeger's program, "The Rainbow Quest," as a regular addition to its programming schedule, because this show has proven itself to be entertaining while also being educational. Furthermore, Pete Seeger's personality will attract a large viewing audience.

Respectfully,

Broadside
215 W. 98 St.
New York, N.Y. 10025

Bernie Lane
2130 E. 24 St.
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11229

NAME

ADDRESS
(See Pete Seeger's "Waist Deep in the Big Muddy" in BROADSIDE # 74. Pete has recorded this song for Columbia.)

"It was bound to happen -- a FORT HOOD THREE song to the tune of Green Beret. This one is special because it is written by Grace Mora Newman, sister of Dennis Mora -- one of the three. She is quite a strong character -- sings this song on visits to the boys. She wrote it out for me after a meeting in Philadelphia where we raised $200 to help defend the three G.I.'s."

...Bill Frederick

FT. HOOD THREE'S ANSWER TO THE GREEN BERETS

We were asked to fight a war,
We were told to pledge our lives,
We stand firm, said the Ft. Hood 3,
We won't kill the Vietnamese.

Side by side we walk as men,
Brothers one, until the end,
Black and white we think alike,
We will save but not take lives.

For all those who heed our cause,
Tell the world we're not alone,
Rally 'round and help us win,
Stand with us and we'll all come home.

We won't fight a war of lies,
Help us fight for what is right,
We want all the peoples free,
Shout the valiant Fort Hood Three.

-- GRACE MORA NEWMAN

by

John Brunner

FOUR-WHEELED COFFIN

The car in which Mrs. Viola Luzzo, the white civil rights worker, was murdered last year, is advertised for sale in a Birmingham, Alabama, newspaper for $1,250. "Bullet holes and everything still intact. Ideal to bring in crowds."

There was blood on the cushions
And holes in the steel
And a girl named Viola
Lay dead at the wheel.

Now the folks love a murder—
They'll pay cash to stare
At a four-wheeled coffin
With holes everywhere

Don't pity the lady
All bloody and bowed,
Just you paste up posters
And bring in the crowd.

Blood on the Saddle

Ed. Note: Soldiers like to use sarcasm when they make up their own songs. David Halberstam, N.Y. Times correspondent in Vietnam, reports an American helicopter pilot writing this parody to the tune of "Old Smoky":

The paratroops landed
A magnificent sight
There was hand-to-hand combat
But no VC's in sight.

Then there's DRAFT DODGER BILL, written by G.I. David Bradley to the tune of "Railroad Bill":

Draft Dodger Bill
Draft Dodger Bill
Never went to war
and he never will
So it's run, Draft Dodger Bill.

Draft Dodger Bill
He never learned to kill
Seduced the general's wife
with a five dollar bill
And it's run, Draft Dodger Bill.

Draft Dodger Bill
He's a mighty mean old man
Stuffed his first sergeant
in a garbage can
And it's run, Draft Dodger Bill.

Shine up all your brass
Starch your fatigues
Polish up your boots
and blunder through the weeds
We'll go chasin' old Draft Dodger Bill. (repeat 1st vs.)

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Alas: Broadside Songbook Vol. 1 (74 songs reprinted as they appeared in the pages of the magazine) ... $2.50.

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