

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

IN THIS ISSUE

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

A L S O

"'Cush' Holston"

By WILL McLEAN

"Cindy's Cryin'"

By TOM PAXTON

"Long Time"

By JOAN COSMAN

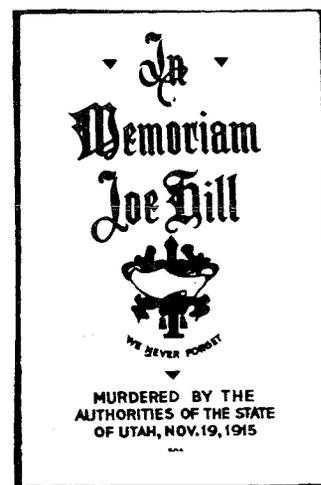
A N D

FRAN TAYLOR

MATT McGINN

MIKE KELLIN

PETE SEEGER



"The Ballad of Joe Hill"

By PHIL OCHS



Lots of Little Soldiers

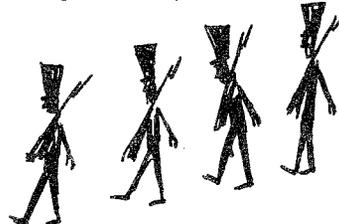
by
JOHN BRUNNER

Words: MATT MCGINN

© 1966 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
lit-tle 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. (Cho.)
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. (Cho.)
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. (Cho.)
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 he gave me down a bomb from off the shelf
It blew up every soldier, all me neighbors and meself. (Cho.)



BROADSIDE #76

PRIVATE McNEILL

Robert McNeill, aged 26, a scrap burner, was arrested as a deserter for failing to respond to calling-up papers sent to him 6½ years ago. However, he was later sent home.

Where have you been six years, Private McNeill?

Where have you been six years, man with no gun?

At my home, colonel,
At my home, colonel—

I've a wife and three kids and I want to go home.

* * *

Where are your orders, Private McNeill?
Where are your orders, man with no gun?

Didn't get them colonel,
Didn't get them colonel.

I've a wife and three kids, and I want to go home.

* * *

You're a deserter, Private McNeill,
You're a deserter, man with no gun.

I'm a scrap burner, colonel,
I'm a scrap burner colonel.

I've a wife and three kids, and I want to go home.

* * *

You could have burned people, Private McNeill,
You could have burned people, man with no gun.

But stay in your civvies,
But stay in your civvies.

There might be an outcry — you'd better go home.

Edward, My Son

VETERANS OF WORLD WAR ONE

Four U.S. veterans of the First World War have written to President Johnson offering to serve in Vietnam. They say they want to give younger men a chance to live.

Veterans of World War One —

Vi-et-Nam!

Veterans of World War One,

Vi-et-Nam!

We still know how to fire a gun,

Hanky-panky Vi-et-Nam!

In war we're in our element —

Vi-et-Nam!

In war we're in our element —

Vi-et-Nam!

In war we're in our element,

We wrote to tell the president,

Hanky-panky Vi-et-Nam!

We could have died back there in

France — Vi-et-Nam!

We could have died back there in

France,

Take us and give those kids a

chance!

Hanky-panky Vi-et-Nam!

Better that old men should be dead —

Vi-et-Nam!

Better that old men should be dead—

Vi-et-Nam!

Better that old men should be dead

Than youngsters with their lives

ahead,

Hanky-panky Vi-et-Nam!

Mademoiselle from Armentières



"Cush" Holston

Moderately Fast

G Em

In the town of Ce-dar Key lived a man so proud and free

Am D7 G

Na-ture learned him many se-crets of her ways Learned him

Em

how to know the fires burn-ing in the 'critters' eyes

Am D7

Fulled his heart with rest-less mu-sic sad and gay.

Creatures stirring in the night
 Stopped to listen with no fright
 To---Cush Holston
 As he sang and played.
 Fingers dancing on the strings
 Rosumed bow made fiddle ring
 Filled the air so softly
 With strange music.

Took his gun and he did go
 To a place where no one knows
 Vanished---like the cold mist
 Leaves the river's sand.
 Gone back to nature's own,
 Still living free, alone,
 Lonely is the mournful cry
 Of this sad man.

Got arrested---put in jail
 Caged up, this man did wail
 As the lordly horn-owl
 Wanting to be free.
 Come time to let him go,
 His face so full of woe
 People broke his heart
 With thoughtless mockery.

Will-o'-the-wisp was he
 Living so proud and free
 Cush Holston's gone back
 To nature's ways.
 She will no secrets tell
 Of Cush and where he dwells
 Will-o'-the-wisp
 He will ever remain!

Words & Music by WILL McLEAN and PAUL CHAMPION
 Copyright 1964 by Will McLean & Paul Champion

BROADSIDE #76

"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

Copyright 1966
Barricade Music
Inc.

1. Joe Hill came o-ver from Swe-den's shore, Looking for some work to do; —
 2. Oh, his clothes were coarse and his hopes were high As he headed for the promised land; —
 — And the Sta- tue of Li-ber-ty waved him by As Joe come a- sail- ing through,
 — And it took a few — weeks on the out of work streets Be-fore he be- gan to un- der —
 — Joe Hill; — As Joe come a- sail- ing through.
 stand; Be-fore he be- gan to under-stand. —

Salt Lake City Utah
Nov. 18th-1915

James Rohn, I.W.W. Hall, Cedar Avenue,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Wire received. I will die like a rebel.
Composed new song last week. Dedicated to the
"Dove of Peace." It's coming your way. My best
to everybody. Good-bye.
Joe Hill

Then he got hired by a Bowery bar sweeping up a saloon
 As his rag would sail o'er the barroom rail
 It sounded like he whistled on a tune
 You could almost hear him whistling on a tune.

And Joe rolled on from job to job from the docks to
 the railroad line
 And no matter how hungry the hand that wrote
 In his letters he was always doing fine (2 X)

The years went by like the sun going down, slowly
 turned the page
 And when Joe looked back at the sweat on his tracks
 He had nothing to show but his age (2X)

So he headed out for the California shore, there
 things were just as bad
 So he joined the Industrial Workers of the World
 Cause the Union was the only friend he had (2X)

The strikes were bloody and the strikes were black,
 as hard as they were long
 In the dark of the night Joe would stay awake and write
 In the morning he would wake them with a song (2X)

He wrote his words to the tunes of the day
 To be passed along the union vine
 And the strikes were led and the songs were spread
 And Joe Hill was always on the line (2X)

Then in Salt Lake City a murder was made, there was
 hardly a clue to be found
 Yes, the proof was poor but the sheriff was sure
 That Joe was the killer of the crime (2X)

Joe raised his hands but they shot him down, he had
 nothing but guilt to give
 It's a doctor I need and they left him to bleed
 But he made it 'cause he had the will to live (2X)

The trial was held in a building of wood, there the
 killer would be named
 And the days weighed more than the cold copper ore
 Cause he feared that he was being framed (2X)

Strange are the ways of the western law, strange are
 the ways of fate
 For the government crawled to the mine owners call
 And the judge was appointed by the state (2X)

Now, Utah justice can be had but not for a Union man
 And Joe was warned, by some early morn
 There'd be one less singer in the land (2X)

Oh William Spry was Governor Spry and a life was his
 to hold

On the last appeal fell a Governor's tear
 May the Lord have mercy on your soul (2X)

BROADSIDE #76

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.

Salt Lake City Utah
Nov. 18th-1915

W.D. Haywood
Chicago, Illinois

Goodbye Bill: I die like a true rebel. Don't
waste any time mourning--organize! It is a hundred
miles from here to Wyoming. Could you arrange to
have my body hauled to the state line to be buried?
I don't want to be found dead in Utah.
Joe Hill

(Ed. Note: Joe Hill's last letters on this page are
 reprinted from the book "The Letters Of Joe Hill"
 edited by Dr. Philip S. Foner, Oak Publications,
 165 W. 46 St., New York, N.Y. 10036. \$1.95)

Cindy's Cryin'

Words & Music by TOM PAXTON
©1966 Deep Fork Music, Inc.

Cin-dy's cry-in' but it ain't no use, She's got a habit and she can't break loose,
Stop-pin' each and ev'ry man she meets, Gon-na be a hooker on Bleecker Street, On Bleecker
Street, Hon-ey, can't you see I'm cry-in'? Said you'd leave it but you ain't ev-en tryin'
Say you're liv-in' I can see you're dyin'.

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',
Say 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.)

4. Cindy, Cindy watcha gonna do?
Got no money and you're way past due;
You got every last penny I had,
The man is leavin' and your credit is bad,
And your credit is bad...(etc.)
5. Cindy went south and took the cure,
"This time, Honey, I'm straight for sure".
Went to the corner to the grocery store,
Gone ten minutes and I know you scored,
I know you scored...(etc.)
6. (Repest first verse)

LONG TIME

Dedicated to PAULENE MYERS *

Words & Music by JOAN COSMAN
© 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.

2. One hundred years is a long time
One hundred years is a long time
to have to wait for a promise to be kept
— and to wait in vain
One hundred years is a long time.
3. A single year is a long time
A single year is a long time
when a little one stands at a padlocked door
that once was a public school
A single year is a long time.
4. A single day is a long time
A single day is a long time
when you must tend another mother's child
while yours is home alone
A single day is a long time.
5. Two thousand years is a long time
Two thousand years is a long time
for the brotherhood creed whose people cry
they're still not yet prepared
Two thousand years is a long time.

(*See Notes page)

BROADSIDE #76

Special to The New York Times

GRENADA, Miss., Sept. 18—
There was a public display of
contrition here today over the
beating of Negro school chil-
dren by white mobs last Mon-
day and Tuesday.

At a call from the minister
in the First Methodist Church,
more than half the members
of a congregation of nearly 500
came before the altar to kneel
and pray for forgiveness. Some
were weeping.

In the sermon, the Rev. C. B.
Burt lashed out at the "besti-
ality" of the white adults who
whipped and stomped the Ne-
gro children as they integrated
two schools.

Mr. Burt said he had wit-
nessed some of the mob action.
He said he had seen Negro
children stumble in terror as
they tried to evade pursuit from
a crowd brandishing clubs and
chains. "I could hardly believe
my eyes," he said.

"Mr. Burt recalled that, as a
chaplain in World War II, he
had entered Buchenwald a few
hours after the Nazi concentra-
tion camp was liberated. There
he had seen "corpses stacked up
for the furnaces," as well as
"more than 50,000 living dead."

As for himself, he said, he
felt "a deep sense of guilt and
shame" for not having been
more outspoken on behalf of
righteousness, law and order.

The churches of Mississippi
have done too little to prepare
the people for inevitable social
change, he said, while the Mis-

"Somewhere, somehow, the
church has failed when there is
this kind of hate and bestiality
in a city of this size," Mr.
Burt said. "Where was the
church when these seeds were
planted?"

Mr. Burt warned that Gre-
nada was "in desperate trouble
and will be for days to come."

None of the larger Protestant
denominations has desegregated
here and Mr. Burt said he did
not think his own congregation
was "ready" for it.

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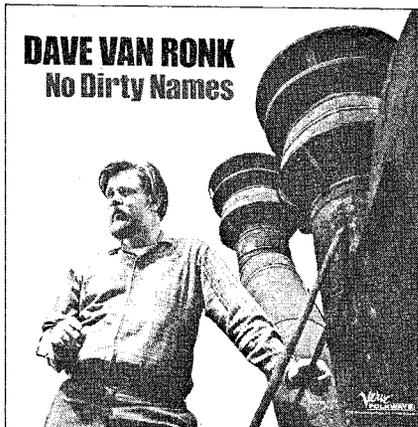
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MEN of PRINCIPLE

Words by FRANCES TAYLOR
Tune by PETE SEEGER
©1966, Ludlow Music

Oh, I'm for o-pen housing, yes I am, I welcome every person to each town (I'm Governor Brown)

We will open wide the gate in an-y oth-er state, Cause I'm for o-pen 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 --



preservan el parque elysian

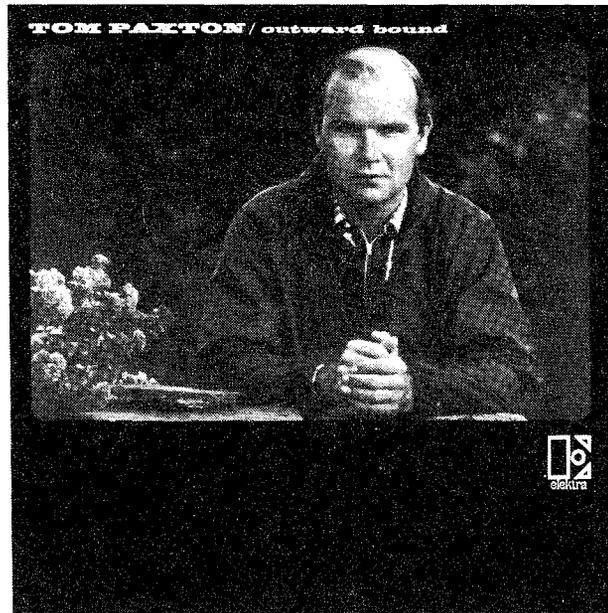
By MIKE KELLIN
© 1956 Amrita Music, Inc.

Que lin-do el par-que E - ly-sian! — Que lin-do el par-que E - ly-sian! — Que
lin-do! (Que lin- do!) Que lin-do! (Que lin- do!) Que lin-do el par-que E - ly - sian! —

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

(Note: 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.)

TOM PAXTON



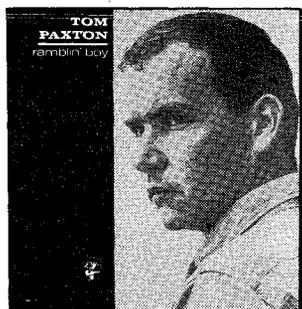
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I Followed Her Into The West • This World
Goes 'Round and 'Round • Talking Pop Art •
When You Get Your Ticket • I Believe, I Do
• Outward Bound

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

The Housewife Terrorists

- 10 -

Words & Music: PETER SEEGER
© Copyright 1966 Stormking Music, Inc.

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 a-bout four housewives-- We took a lit-tle risk, And how we got the

ti-tle of the Housewife Terror-ists.—

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 I want you to stop what you are
doing
And in front of his truck we all did stand.
"We came to stop murder," Joyce explained po-
lately
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 import-
ant 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 legis-
lative 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 our-
selves

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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"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?

© 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 Rebut 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, triumfo (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." triumfo is published in Madrid... SONGS FOR PEACE: This is the title of a new book of peace songs just published by OAK PUBLICATIONS (165 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. 12: THE BERGER FOLK. NOV. 19: ED BADEAUX (Managing Editor of SING OUT!) NOV. 26: SHELLEY GORDON. And Dec. 4: EVELYN CHALLIS. OLIVEA'S also has Folksay 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.

PHIL OCHS
PRESENTS A CONCERT
("Revolution In Songwriting")
In CARNEGIE HALL, N.Y.C.
Thanksgiving Day
Nov. 24, 1966 8:30 P.M.

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 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 Malcom X. They invite such poems; send to BROADSIDE PRESS, 12651 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 RI 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....



Associated Press

Marine carries rocket and launcher through swollen creek south of Vietnam's neutral zone

(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 Liuzzo, 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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