





Patricia Hearst in 1968

Then portions of other tapes are played, and from a frightened child, Patty has become a tough-talking, defiant, revolutionary calling herself Tania, admitting a bank robbery, calling Weed a "clown," her parents "pigs," and finally, in a voice filled with cold hate, pronouncing the Symbionese Liberation Army threat — "death to the fascist insect that preys upon the life of the people."

**scor-pi-on** (skôr/pē-ŏn) *n.* 1. One of an order of arachnids found chiefly in warmer regions, having an elongated, lobster-like body and a segmented tail that bears a venomous sting. 2. An instrument of chastisement; a whip or scourge. [*Kings* xii 11. [*< OF < L < GK. skorpios*]]



SCORPION

The Hearsts have abandoned their handsome, 22-room Hillsborough house where they reared their five

(Continued from front page)

Now the girl from out in Hillsborough, California  
Fell in love with a young man by the sea  
In rebellion she quickly stood beside him  
With disregard for wealth and family  
So they moved out thru the night and lived together  
Out into a world she'd never known  
And the talk about the town was surely soundin'  
My, how this young girl sure has grown.

(refrain)

Oh, the background of her youth did come to haunt her  
On that darkest night that she stole away  
By the conscience of the misled and forgotten  
For another's crime she would have to pay  
But she opened up her eyes and looked around her  
And saw how often money takes the place of men  
Now she's runnin' from a world that doesn't want her  
Hidin' in the silence and the wind.

(refrain)

*'Patty fascinates and revolts the FBI men, wounds their pride, cuts to the core of every ideal they ever had about America.'*

# closin' time

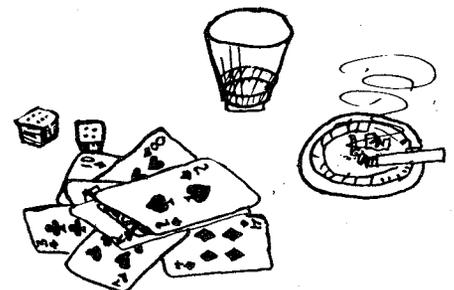
By SAMMY WALKER  
COPYRIGHT 1974 Sammy Walker

CAPO

On this, Sammy tunes low E-string to D, capo on 3rd fret. Here is the way he plays his G chord

Tell me who'll be left to cry as the funeral passes by  
The Statue of Liber-ty as she's  
crumb-lin' - Will we make her dy-in' bed and place a wreath up-on her head  
And say, it was  
(Refr.) bound to hap-pen sooner or later - 'The cur-tain's go-in' down  
And the feel of an  
old ghost town will soon make the clock quit turnin' 'round - Well the world ain't worth a  
dime when the Liber-ty Bell has ceased it's chime - I think then we'll know it's closin' time.

- How can a bluebird sing/In the middle of a spring  
With a broken heart of interfered direction  
How can a dew drop fall/On a mountain once so tall  
That's been covered with a blanket of deception. (Refrain)
- In the middle of a dream/I heard the helpless children scream.  
As they walked the plank of a disengaged tomorrow  
Though we know the graves are dug/ It's been swept beneath the rug  
But no more time will there be left to borrow. (Refrain)
- The testimony's read/ And the last regards are said  
While victorious moss is formin' in the alley  
The master's with the king/ In the center of the ring  
While the bugle sounds the doomsday grande finale. (Refrain)



# Voices of Revolution

## Woody Guthrie

*The following song, "Ludlow Massacre" by Woody Guthrie has relevance to the current people's struggles. It can be seen as a history of Vice President Rockefeller's family from massacre to massacre—from John D. at Ludlow to grandson Nelson A. at Attica.*

## Ludlow Massacre

It was early springtime, and the strike was on.  
They drove us miners out of doors,  
Out of the houses that the company owned,  
Moved into tents up at old Ludlow.

I was worried bad about my children,  
With your soldiers guarding the railroad bridge.  
Every once in a while, a bullet would fly,  
And kick up gravel under my feet.

We were so afraid you would kill our children,  
We dug us a cave that was seven foot deep,  
Put our young ones and a pregnant woman  
Down inside that cave to sleep.

That very night, your soldiers waited  
Til us miners was asleep.  
They snuck around our little tent town,  
And soaked our tents with your kerosene.

They struck a match, and the blaze it started,  
They pulled the triggers of your gattling guns.  
I made a run for the children, but a fire-wall stopped me,  
And thirteen children died from your guns.

I carried my blanket to a wire fence corner,  
Watched the fire 'til the blaze died down.  
I helped some people drag their little belongings,  
While your bullets killed us all around.

I never will forget the look on the faces  
Of the men and women that awful day,  
As we stood around to preach their funeral,  
And to lay the corpse of the dead away.

We phoned the Colorado governor to phone the president,  
Told him call off his national guard.  
But the National Guard belonged to the governor,  
So he didn't try so very hard.

Well then our women hauled some potatoes  
Up to Wallensburg in a little cart.  
They sold them potatoes, and brought some guns back,  
And they put a gun in every hand.

The state soldiers jumped us in the wire fence corner  
They did not know that we had them guns.  
And the red-necked miners mowed down them troopers.  
You should have seen them poor boys run.

We took some cement and walled the cave up,  
Where you killed our thirteen children inside.  
I said, "God bless the mine-worker's union"  
And then I hung my head and cried.



(Ed. Note: In this song  
Woody Guthrie again  
stresses the fact that  
only when they are armed  
do the people have a  
chance to win their rights.  
Is it a co-incidence that  
Bob Dylan, a great admirer  
of Woody, has his auto-  
biographical hero, JOHN  
WESLEY HARDING, carry a  
"a gun in every hand."?  
G.F.

# DESPERATE MEN SHALL RIDE AGAIN

Words & Music by GARY PARIS

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We are the league of jes-per-ate men— A-waiting only the



word, Read-y to ride— and to spread the a-larm, Desperate



men shall ride a- gain.

(Suggested by "Paul Revere's Ride"  
by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)

We are the men that don't fit in  
We are desperate, daring, alone  
We ace out in the streets  
Wearin' shoes off our feet  
And we roll with the rollin' stone.  
We are the soldiers who stayed behind  
And we got the inside view  
We took to the hills to calm our  
chills  
And to search for some way new.  
We are the men that walk the night  
Embittered, empty, on edge  
Only the moon has seen our fright  
And the girl by the window's ledge.  
We are the ones who feel the shame  
For our country and her deeds  
We are highly displeased with our  
leaders  
Who seem to rule this land for greed.

We are the long-haired lovers  
of life  
Cursed by our countrymen  
We stand on the line  
With the outlaws and kind  
We're ready to ride again.  
We didn't like living beneath  
the crown  
And we'll never do it again  
Never a crook or a king or a  
clown  
For a President ever again.  
We are the dreaded, the desper-  
ate ones  
And we number a million & ten  
Now we are down  
At a shout we will mount  
Desperate men shall ride again.

(Ending) Desperate men shall ride, desperate men shall ride  
Desperate men shall ride again.

The above song first appeared in Number 3 of NORTH STAR wherein also appeared the following thumbnail sketch of Gary Paris and his work:

"I am not so dead set against music that is commercial, but most of it says absolutely nothing about the conditions under which we live. When a songwriter does comment about today's situation, he finds himself often censored, many times chastised for singing the song in public places. More power to Gary Paris -- he is brave enough to write these songs and sing them in public and in addition wants to break the barrier between him and the powers that control the commercial music industry."

-- F. G.

This song may not be a "broadsheet" ballad in the standard sense, but it does fit as one of those songs that I outlined as to tell about the past. So in that way it is a BROADSIDE.

THE MURDER OF ELLA MAY WIGGINS words & music © 1974 by: Gary Green

chorus: A hobo must ramble, a cowboy must ride...and every train has tracks upon which it must glide. While some will choose the mountain crest, some will choose the shore. But some will jump the tracks and say, "I'll run for you no more."

Come with me to Loray Mill in Gastonia, North Carolina to a woman and her story that History forgot to tell. Ella May Wiggins lived alone with her 9 little children--each one she loved oh so well. She had to work the grave yard shift to tend them in the day--hard work and little pay.

chorus

Then 4 of her babies came down with whooping cough and needed their mother in the nights. She asked the supervisor to let her work the day. He said NO, so she left her job at Loray. Then her 4 babies died, though Ella May had tried--what's her power against the super at Loray?

chorus

Now Ella May told and sung her sad story. She said we'll always be the slave unless we organize. Gaston County needs a union of the workers; then our voices they would recognize!

Soon all Gaston workers were talkin' union... and old Loray had a strike upon its hands. Ella May led every union meetin', singin' her songs to clappin' hands.

The newspaper and the big mill bosses said "this is gettin' out of hand". So on the 14th day of September, they put a bullet through Ella May's brain.

chorus

**CHORUS:**

A ho-bo must ram-ble. And a cow-boy must ride.

And e-very train has tracks up-on which it must glide. While some

will choose the mountain crest, some will choose the shore. Some will

jump the track and say "I'll run for you no more". Come with me to

Loray Mill in Gas-tonia, North Car-o-lin-a to a woman and her story

his-tor-y for-got to tell.

G I L T U R N E R

Gil Turner, who helped us found Broadside, died September 23, 1974, in San Francisco. At the time we started Broadside in the winter of 1961-62, Gil was ~~smce~~ at Gerde's Folk City down in the Village here in New York. Gerde's was then in its heyday, and all the young topical singer/songwriters gravitating to New York would show up there more sooner than later. Gil would put them on the show and then bring them with their songs up to Broadside. In this way he introduced us to people like Bob Dylan, Phil Ochs, Len Chandler and others. Sometimes when he couldn't bring the performers he'd bring the tapes -- Bonnie Dobson, Mark Spoelstra and his own group, New World Singers. Later in '62 he rounded up some of these people, herded them down to Moe Asch's Folkways studio and all together they did the first Broadside benefit LP. So you can see that Gil Turner was very instrumental in setting the course that Broadside was to follow; without him it would have been a completely different magazine.

In Faith Petric's Folknik Newsletter (885 Clayton, San Francisco, CA 94117) of Nov-Dec 1974, there is a long story about Gil. He had gone to the West Coast in the middle sixties and remained there. We suggest you write and ask for a copy of this Newsletter. It tells of Gil's acting career, his involvement with the folksong movement and of his last days before illness struck him down just as he was preparing for a role in a segment of The Waltons, TV serial. Of his hundred or more songs, he will probably be most remembered for his song "Carry It On" (Broadside #45). It has been widely sung and was the theme song of Joan Baez's movie using that same title.

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L E T T E R S  
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Dear folks at Broadside: I am certainly glad we have established communication -- because I think Broadside is just great! I expected to like it, but not as much as I do. You deserve all kinds of compliments and congratulations; your magazine is exactly what I think a topical song magazine should be. (Except not big enough!) Enclosed is my check for all back issues, and in the future I do not want to have to say I've missed a single issue; send me them as they come out. I'm really sorry to hear Broadside is not able to publish regularly and often. What are the problems? Is there any way I can help?... I live near a couple of colleges; perhaps I can stir up interest in the magazine on the campuses. I have been lucky enough to become fairly well known in this area as a folk-style music maker who uses lots of "anti-establishment" topical material. I am also involved rather thoroughly in such radical-left politics as we have in this area..... I love folk music, folk tales, and folk. I believe in love, in music, in people, -- and I'm very sorry to see a magazine which shares my feelings have trouble. Let me know what I can do to help. -Charley, N.M.

P.S. Can't say it enough. Broadside is beautiful!  
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Broadside: Wow, I sure hope this letter gets to you, that is, your magazine is still around so as to get this letter. I have been an ardent folk music supporter for about 14 years here in Southern California. I have just gotten the "job" as librarian for the Folk-Life Center which is being created on our campus. I am presently donating my collections of folk music to the Center. Among the magazines I have are many copies of Broadside. I spent many a happy hour learning all the new songs I could find in it's pages from 1963 to '65. Now what I need are the back copies to fill in. Send me info, price, etc. - Jay, California

My dear friends: What has happened to Broadside? I've moved around so much that I hope it's only an address mixup. If it's financial trouble, here's a \$10 check. There's nothing like Broadside and no one like you. I hope you're all right -- health and the like. These are trying times in so many ways. I'm working against nuclear power plants and trying to write a song about the danger. I can't find any such songs. Have you? Much love to all. - Helen, N.H.  
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## NOTES

"Your article about Broadside in Ms. certainly caught on with a lot of people that I know. It was called to my attention by a friend of mine, who, with me and some others, has been caught up in singing music by and for women. She came over, waving the article and saying, at last I know what we are -- we're topical." - Carolyn McDade, Maine. Carolyn and friends have issued an all-woman LP: Honor Thy Womanself, Gyn Records, 355 Boylston St, Boston Mass 02116. From the liner notes: "Our being together is a message. We could be building a house, or climbing a mountain. We're singing because we happen to enjoy it. This is a celebration of our womanselves. We offer these songs to encourage you to explore your potential as women, knowing that you are supported by sisters everywhere." Among the ten songs are "Bread and Roses", written in 1912 and inspired by the women of the Lawrence, Mass. textile strike. And two songs by Carolyn McDade, "Time-O" & "We Might Come In A Fighting", which appear in Broadside.

In the music notation of Gary Green's beautiful tribute to labor heroine Ella May Wiggins, you'll find some bar lines that need rearranging. Those "upbeats" do present a problem. But we believe you'll want to figure this one out and sing it.

NEWS ITEM, California. As a result of a long series of hearings which, among other things, brought conclusive evidence of permanent back injuries to thousands of farm workers, the use of the short hoe, El Cortito, has been banned in that state. It remains to be seen whether this extremely important ruling will be enforced. (See the song "El Cortito" by Malvina Reynolds in Broadside #126.)

ANOTHER DYLAN BOOK. A new book simply titled Dylan has been published in France by Albin Michel Editions, 22, rue Huyghens, 75014 Paris. It's the work of four authors including Jacques Vassal who did a book a few years ago on the protest song movement in the U.S. The new volume has a comprehensive bibliography, noting the extant albums, pirated as well as legitimate, books by and about Dylan, the concerts Dylan has given and the songs he sang there, etc.... Dylan's new album Blood On The Tracks consists mainly of songs which sound like he wrote them in New Mexico at night after a days work on the Billy The Kid movie. It's full of fierce winds, dust, storms and dark skies. "Jack Of Hearts" is a western film in song without technicolor and is reminiscent of "Rambling Gambling Willie" which Dylan wrote early in his career. Several critics have interpreted the wailing "Idiot Wind" as Dylan's reaction to the shattering of his marriage.... The trial of the Tulsa Con-man who ripped off Dylan and several hundred entertainers for an estimated twenty million dollars is scheduled to come up soon. Dylan is supposed to have been took for \$78,000 which he sunk into the dry hole scheme as a tax shelter. We suggest it would be more human if this "friend of the poor" had laid the bread on a foundation for starving young protest songwriter/performers (we could proffer an immediate dozen applicants). .... A court has awarded \$200,000 damages to the real author, an old time Kentucky folksinger, of the banjo jam Eric Weissberg did for the flick "Deliverance"; changing the title from the original, "Feuding Banjos", to "Dueling Banjos", didn't cover enough tracks. "I did it for all the little people" said the recipient of the award, whose name must now also appear on all sheet music of the piece.

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THIS ISSUE DEDICATED TO  
SUE ORESKES  
LONG TIME FRIEND AND SUPPORTER OF BROADSIDE

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# CATCHER IN THE RYE

By SAMMY WALKER  
© COPYRIGHT 1974 by SAMMY WALKER

1. I'm gonna catch me a ride on a subway car that's headed for the old North Star and  
\* I would glad-ly sail a-way ...  
leave my troubles stranded on the mainland - I'm gonna crown the god of night with light and  
pull myself clean'out-a sight and turn the phony world I left to sand. (insti-)tu-tion.  
(CHO) Why, lord, why were the mountains built so high And the shoals of the sea sometimes get  
lone-ly - Why, lord, why must I learn to testify when all I want to be is just a

catcher in the rye.

(Verse 1 is a double verse; here is the last part:)

\* I would gladly sail away and never mind a word you say  
They're just the figments of your imagination  
Cast your riddles at my head about the way I must be fed  
Upon your rules and schools of institution. (CHO)

2. It's hard to dream within a scheme that says your soul can't be redeemed  
And Silent Night is heard outside my window  
Days are long and ways are short and nights are left with no resort  
Except to listen to the lonesome wind blow. (CHO)
3. If you can't seem to find the aim of the rules set for the game  
They'll throw you in a school of restitution  
They'll look you in the eye and grin and say, "I'd like to be your friend"  
And wear a sign that reads "Long Live Execution." (CHO)

## A LETTER FROM SAMMY WALKER

Dear Broadside:

As far as by background goes, I could say I grew up an orphan and have bummed around the world twenty times, but of course that would be a lie. My background is pretty much I guess like millions of other middle class kids who grew up in the "unbiased" sunny south. I was born in Atlanta on July 7, 1952 which makes me 22 years old. I have lived in Norcross all my life. It is about 25 miles north of Atlanta. Norcross has a population of about 2,000 bitter-sweet people -- some bitter, some sweet. Of course, I guess it's pretty much that way every where. I grew up listening to and playing music ever since I can remember. My mother, who is a school teacher, taught us all piano at an early age (me and my three sisters). And my father was always bringing home records & phonographs, guitars, harmonicas, flutes, clarinets and every music thing you can think of. I can remember us all sittin' around in the kitchen when I was four or five and playing the spoons to old records and stuff. My family is all broke up now, but I'll never forget some of those times we had. We always had a couple of guitars around the house; but I didn't seriously start learning to play till I was twelve.

I graduated from High School at 17 but didn't go to college. So I got a job in a cardboard factory and worked there till 500 pounds of boxes fell on me and put me in the hospital. I only weigh 120 pounds so they had to dig me out from under is all.

I started getting interested in folk & topical music when I was about fifteen. After I finally figured out what "Where Have All The Flowers Gone" was really about, I was hooked for life. The more songs of this type I heard, the more fascinated I became with this music, which I realized was much, much

more than just music -- like I grew up on. When I was sixteen, I started playing the clubs and coffee houses at the University of Georgia and in Atlanta, which were the only places for a folk singer to perform around here. I started writing my own songs four and a half years ago and perform them now at the Great Southeast Music Hall in Atlanta, and different colleges in the area. My biggest influences have been Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger, Phil Ochs, Bob Dylan, Tom Paxton, Jack Elliott, and lots of smaller influences.

Topical music has never left us, we've just been hiding from it lately. But it's never gonna let us go (thank goodness). I realize that the commercial music industry is as fouled up as everything else. Those guys can't see any further than the \$\$\$ signs. Things are gonna start looking up when we get the music industry back in the hands of the people and out of a few greedy pocket books.

- SAMMY WALKER

A Federal judge in San Antonio, Tex., sentenced Chad Mitchell to five years in prison for conspiracy and possession of 400 pounds of marijuana but left him free on \$15,000 bond pending an appeal. The 38-year-old founder of the folk-singing Chad Mitchell Trio, popular during the nineteen-sixties, told the court he had been "at a low ebb" when arrested in 1973 and was "terribly, terribly sorry it happened." But Judge Adrian Spears said that "no one will ever convince me you didn't know" that such a large quantity of marijuana was destined to be sold.

NO GAMES  
are allowed to be  
played on this ground

# 104th STREET BLUES

Words: LUCY VARGAS - Music: LUCY VARGAS & LARRY ESTRIDGE  
© Copyright 1974 Lucy Vargas & Larry Estridge

Free blues style; this is not a strict notation.

No one's got any money, No place to go for free--- Hot nights sittin' on the stoops  
 stick ball in the street I'm a bird without hor-izon, I'm a fish without a sea--- I'm a  
 long lost ci-ty street cat But I stalk the nights with ease, Cut off from all welfare  
 Few jobs to be found--- And the price of rice and beans is two-fifteen a pound And the  
 landlord tried to burn my building down Because we wouldn't let him kick us out, The  
 cost of living is goin up - Odds a-against dyin' are comin' down  
 CHO.: And Papo's gone to get his gun, I said Man don't do it please - And me, I'm goin half  
 cra - zy, I'm waitin' for a breeze - I know he'll do it any - way, I know he'll do it an-y  
 way--- 'Cause every heart is cry- in' And every day does bleed.

2. Junkies in the hallway take a short reprieve  
 Joe thinks he's Tito Puente  
 Magda's tellin off her pimp in some gangster scene  
 If Carlos were the president he'd give the rich OD's  
 While the cops around the corner  
 Move in to make their weekly squeeze  
 Stretched out on some rooftop we hear the sirens scream  
 I remember love in forests, swimming naked in a stream  
 Philippe's early Oakland days, Enrique's latest scheme  
 Getting high, late hours die, we try for some relief.

3. CHO  
 Cármen's in bed crying for a man who hasn't come.  
 Mr. Soto got laid off & the damn war killed his son  
 Jonny got thrown off the roof for a crime she never done  
 Donna Marta does her voodoo, Victor chants poems  
 to his drum  
 Shepherds gone plum crazy howl at spirits on the run  
 Rats race through the garbage cause the trucks they  
 never come  
 Street gangs in the alley ways fight wars that can't  
 be won  
 Cats dream in cardboard boxes waitin on the sun. CHO

**HELP HALL  
 EVICTION**

**BROADSIDE**  
 SPECIAL: Complete set of back issues of BROADSIDE, Nos. 1-127... \$30.00. Order from BROADSIDE, 215 West 98th St., New York, N.Y. 10025

BOSTON - WBCN-FM/Norm Winer. MOST REACTIONS: (June 1974) My only goodie to recommend this month is the new BROADSIDE No. 7 album from Folkways (45 W. 61 St, NYC 10023). It includes some tunes by Larry Estridge and "The Ballad Of Frank Wills" the scrutiny guard who brought us Watergate and lost his job.  
 - Danny Schecter, News Dissector

(Note: This is a "Songs from Broadside" LP, produced by A.Friesen. "Frank Wills" is by Ron Turner)