

BROADSIDE #33

Oct. 12
1963

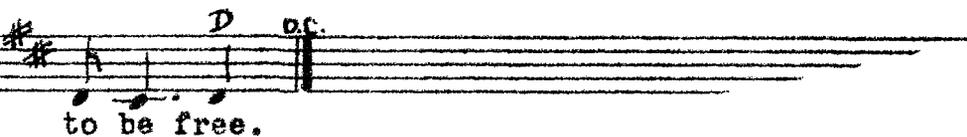
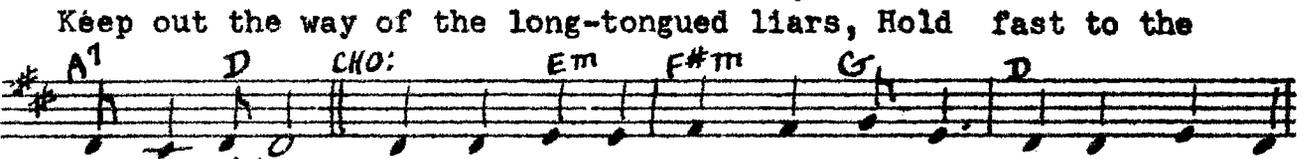
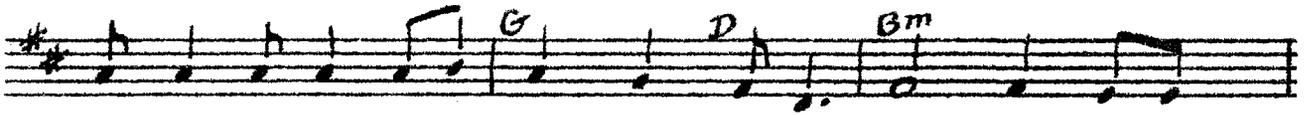
35¢

BOX 193, CATHEDRAL STATION, NEW YORK 25, N.Y.

If You Want To Go To Freedom

Tune:
Blood-Stained Banders*

New words adpt'd by
Charles and Peter Seeger
© by authors 1963



New 2nd line for each verse:

...Hold fast to the righteous
anger, Hold fast to the Free-
dom Cause. (CHO.)

...Hold fast to the love of
Jesus, Hold fast, etc. (CHO.)

Keep out the way of the
blood-stained banners, Hold
fast, etc. (CHO.)

Keep out the way of the
gun-shot devils, Hold fast,
etc. (CHO.)

* Collected by John A. and
Alan Lomax.



TOWN HALL GIVES A '99-CENT HOOT'

Malvina Reynolds Heard in
Second of Folk Series

Freshly composed folk and topical songs outweighed traditional material about 8 to 3 last night at Town Hall. The program by five performers was called "99-cent Hoot," the second in a series of monthly hootenannies presented by Norman J. Seaman.

One of the most prolific writers of songs in the folk vein, Malvina Reynolds, is visiting from the West Coast, and for many it was the first chance to hear her.

Mrs. Reynolds, white-haired and warm as a Norman Rockwell grandmother, has really little more than a parlor voice. But her songs are cheerful, witty, satiric, urbane and skillfully put together. The charm of her material in presentation made one less mindful of her vocal limitations.

The strongest impression of vocal ability coupled with song-writing talent was made by Len Chandler, a guitarist and baritone. His sophisticated "freedom songs"—"To Be a Man" and "Turn Around Miss Liberty"—especially commanded attention.

Danny Kalb, an excellent blues guitarist, worked in a traditional vein with great finger dexterity, a swinging beat and an understanding of the style. He was accompanied by Sam Charters on banjo or wash-tub bass.

Hedy West, playing the most dulcet of mountain banjos, sang beautiful old ballads and folk songs, giving a bit of background without being pedantic. She had the audience of 650 youngsters hanging on every twist and turn of the gory old ballad "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender."

Peter La Farge was the singing host. He, too, is a song writer. The most interesting of his offerings was a song in honor of his recently deceased father, Oliver La Farge, the author. **ROBERT SHELTON.**

Future Town Hall Hoots: NOV. 8, DEC. 6, JAN. 17, FEB. 14, MAR. 13, APR. 17. ALL SEATS 99¢. Mail orders to TOWN HALL (113 W. 43 St., New York City) or Norman Seaman (119 W. 57 St., N.Y.C.)

Songs of Our Times

PETE SEEGER



on BROADSIDE RECORDS
a product of Folkways Records
and Broadside Magazine

BR-301 BROADSIDE, Vol. 1, sung by Pete Seeger, New World Singers, Peter La Farge, Phil Ochs, Happy Traum, Gil Turner, Matt McGinn, The Freedom Singers, Mark Spoelstra, Blind Boy Grunt. 15 topical songs from Broadside magazine. Texts and music. 1-12" 33-1/3 rpm lp. \$4.98

BR-302 BROADSIDE, Vol. 2, sung by Pete Seeger (solo). Little Boxes, Fare Thee Well, We'll Never Turn Back, The Willing Conscript, Plastic Jesus, Ira Hayes, I Don't Mind Jail, Who Killed Davey Moore, The Thresher, William Moore, Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall, Business, What Did You Learn in School, Punch Press. Texts and music. 1-12" 33-1/3 rpm lp. \$4.98

FOLKWAYS RECORDS
121 West 43rd Street N.Y.C. 36

The singers of Moving Star Hall and Guy Carawan invite you to Johns Island, South Carolina, October 26 - 28, 1963 for a

Sea Island Folk Festival For Community Development

Featuring
The Georgia Sea Island Singers from
St. Simons Island, Georgia

For further
information
contact: —

Guy Carawan
Rt. 1, Box 69-B
Johns Island, S. C.
766-8263

VARIETY
Wednesday, September 25, 1963

Aussie Calls Pete Seeger One of America's Best 'Unofficial Ambassadors'

Melbourne, Sept. 24. Folk singing, which has been gaining Down Under, has been given a tremendous boost by the arrival of Pete Seeger, who has always been a hallowed name in such circles here.

Seeger's impact everywhere he goes is impressive. He's been mixing with Aussie folk singers, giving lectures, demonstrations, and of course, concerts. He's proving one of the best unofficial ambassadors for America ever to come Down Under.

His largest audience was at Melbourne's 2,500-seat Town Hall Sept. 12, with a followup on Sept. 18. Here he strummed away on his five-stringed banjo, a guitar, sang, chatted, encouraged the audience to sing and even accompanied himself in one number by the rhythm of his own chopping on a hardwood log.

It's Seeger's first visit Down Under, and already he's becoming acquainted with Aussie folk songs

and putting them into his repertoire. At the Melbourne Town Hall concert, completely unrehearsed, he called up Aussie recording folk-singer 19-year-old David Lumsden to join him in the Queensland drovers' song, "We'll Rant and We'll Roar," to help him out with the Aussie accent.

While in Melbourne Seeger is taping his whole two and a half hour concert show for a local commercial channel at a reputed \$1,800. It will be split into segments and screened here and in other Aussie cities at a later date. Top price at the Town Hall for his appearances there was \$2.70, but it's believed Seeger might not have been paid a great deal for these concerts.

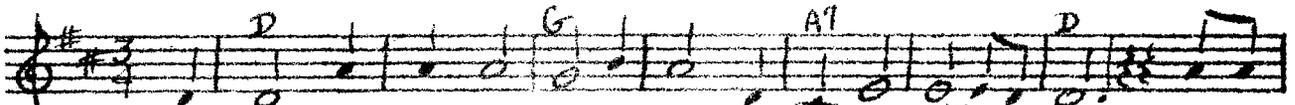
In Australia Seeger's appearances are being sponsored by Discurto, which holds Aussie distribution rights for all his recordings. Since Seeger's tour started, all his recordings — which are imported from the U. S. and not re-pressed Down Under as is the case with some other artists—have sold out.

Seeger, who left the U. S. some three weeks ago, told VARIETY that he would visit 22 countries before his return home next August.

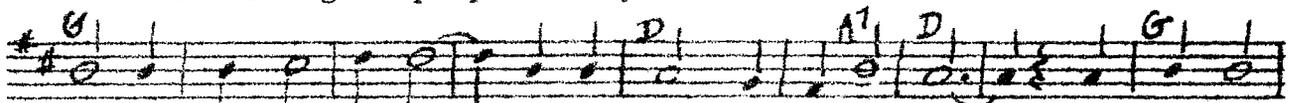
THE DOLA EXPLOSION

By Alex Lukeman
© by author -- 1963

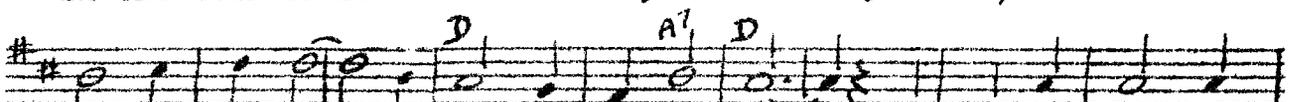
"Safety don't matter. We're in there for one thing -- tonnage." This brief statement by a surviving miner sums up the tragic explosion of April 25th, 1963, which took the lives of twenty-two men in the Clinchfield Company's No. 2 mine at Dola, West Virginia. -- Alex Lukeman



Come all good people everywhere & listen un- to me -- It was



in the town of Do-la -- in the year of sixty-three;-- At 'leven



in the evening-- a spark far under-ground - Set off a great ex-

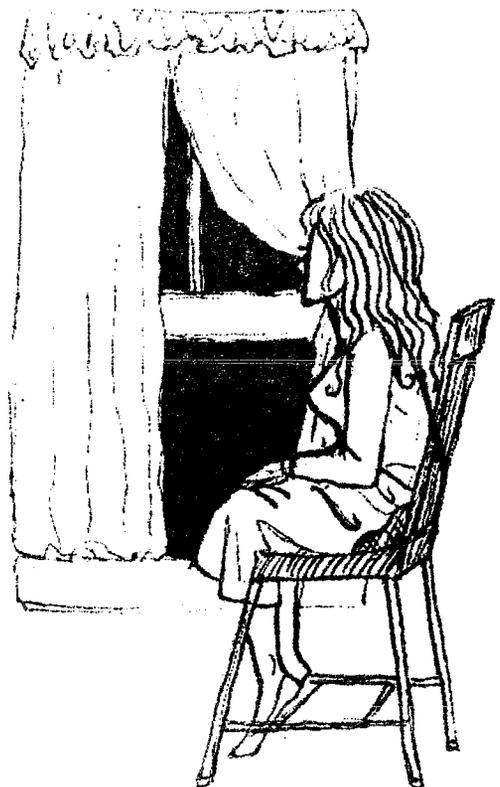


plosion that was heard for miles a- round. ---

The wives had supper waiting when a roar it filled the air
And straightway as they heard it, it filled their hearts with fear;
They knew their men were working in the Clinchfield Company mine
And well they knew that death was near -
that many soon must die.

The number two shaft filled with flames,
the air was burned away,
And twenty-two brave men & boys, they
lost their lives that day;
And forty-one the number of children
left behind,
For gas it took their fathers' lives in
that West Virginia mine.

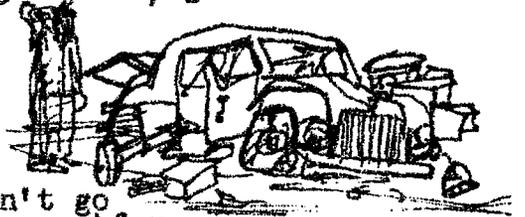
Now somewhere there are lights so bright
and somewhere children play,
And the April sun is shining in the
cities far away;
But in the town of Dola all is dark, no
laugh is heard
And the only singing that you hear is
the miners' funeral dirge.



THE WORLD IS A MERRY-GO-ROUND

Hans U. D. Wiesendanger
(c) by author, 1963

Your car breaks down beyond repair
 You buy another in despair
 The payments break you & your heart
 When it's paid off it falls apart!
 Have you paid your car? - Then it won't go far
 The world is a merry-go-round;
 Wherever you start, with a goal in your heart
 You're riding the merry-go-round.



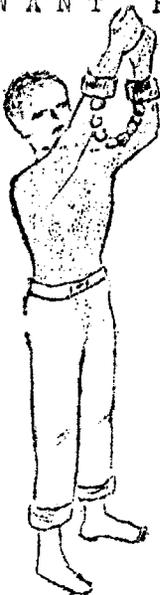
Released from jail, you're not a slob
 To no avail, look for a job;
 You don't find work, so you steal some dough
 You stupid jerk - right back you go.
 You don't pay a fare but they'll take you there
 The world is a merry-go-round;
 As you were taught, once you get caught
 You're riding the merry-go-round.

You have no money, you work like heck
 And in a week you get your check;
 You take it home to your dear honey
 And in a jiffy -- you have no money!
 You couldn't pay a fare -- but you're back right there
 The world is a merry-go-round;
 No matter how brave, you just cannot save,
 You're riding the merry-go-round.

You never go places - you stay at home
 Minding your kids till they are grown
 Then - what do they do? - Go out and pair off
 And soon you have -- new kids to take care of!
 You have done your share, but they don't care -
 The world is a merry-go-round;
 According to Freud, it is hard to avoid
 And you're riding the merry-go-round.

I WANT FREEDOM NOW

By Jim Garland
Tune: I Ain't Got No Home In
This World Any More



I want my freedom now, I don't want to wait
Everywhere I go there's prejudice and hate;
Lincoln freed the slaves a hundred years or more
But I don't feel free in this world any more.

O Lord, you know I am just a working man;
Everywhere I go throughout this great big land
The bosses cut me off and they try my patience sore
And I can't feel at home in my land any more.

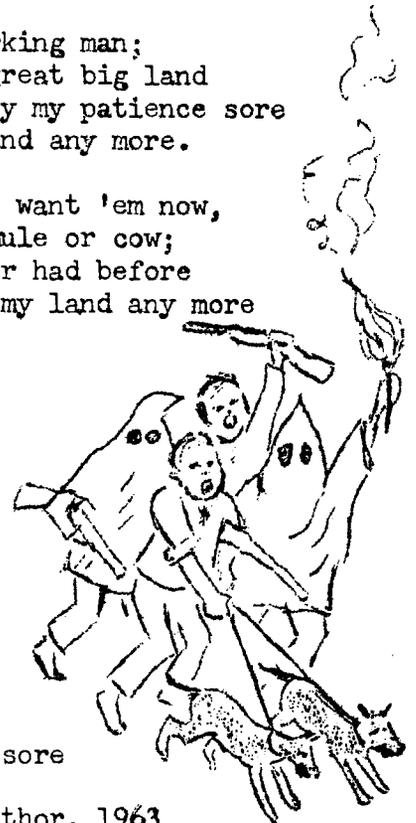
I want my civil rights and I want 'em now,
I am not a dog, a horse, a mule or cow;
I fought in every war we ever had before
But I can't feel at home in my land any more

When I ask for my rights in the democratic way
And when I march and sing or even when I pray
They put the dogs on me and try my patience sore
And I can't feel at home in my land any more.

When we ask for a job or we travel through this land
They always say to us are you a union man;
The union keeps us out and they try our patience sore
Brothers, don't keep us out in the cold any more.

Now, come one and all who wish to be free
And believe in civil rights in this democracy -
If they keep the black man bound and try his patience sore
No one can be free in this land any more.

(c) by author, 1963



NEWS REPORT

The bomb exploded at 10:22 A.M. The pastor was hurled from his pulpit by the force of the blast. A yawning hole opened in the wall of the church. Splintered timber, chunks of plaster and fragments of stained glass windows showered down upon the worshippers who were scattered about the floor amidst upturned pews in eerie disarray.

In the basement, the horribly mangled bodies of the four little girls lay buried under the rubble. The head of little Denise McNair, who had taken the full blast of the explosive, was severed from her body; the rest of her was cut up in little pieces in the shambles of rubble that once was a Sunday School class.

HE'S ONLY A PAWN IN THEIR GAME

By Bob Dylan
© by author 1963

FREE METRE

A bullet from the back of a bush took Medgar Evers's blood / A
finger fired the trigger t' his name / A handle hid out in the dark /
A hand set the spark / Two eyes took the aim <many times>
Be- hind a man's brain as verse<requires*>
But he can't be blamed

He's only a pawn in their game.

The south politicians they preach
T' the poor white man
You got more'n the blacks, don't
complain
Yer better'n them, you been born
With a white skin they explain
An the Negro's name
Is used, it is plain
For the politician's gain
As he rises t' fame
An the poor white remains
On the caboose of the train
But he can't be blamed
He's only a pawn in their game.

The deputy sheriffs, the soldiers
The governors get paid
An the marshalls an cops get the
same
But the poor white man's used
In the hands of 'm all like a
tool
He's taught in his school
From the start by the rule
That the laws 're with him
To protect his white skin
To keep up his hate
So he never thinks straight
'Bout the shape that he's in
But he can't be blamed
He's only a pawn in the game.

From the poverty shacks he looks
From the cracks t' the tracks
An the hoofbeats pound in his
brain
An he's taught how t' walk in
a pack
Shoot in the back
With his fist in a clinch
T' hang and t' lynch
T' hide neath a hood
T' kill with no pain
Like a dog on a chain
He ain't got a name
But it ain't him to blame
He's only a pawn in their game.

T'day Medgar Evers was buried
From the bullet he caught
They're lowerin him down as a
king
But when the shadowy sun
Sets on the one
That fired the gun
You'll see by his grave
On the stone that remains
Carved next t' his name
His epitaph plain
Only a pawn in their game.

A T R U M P E T B E A C O N

By Gordon Friesen

This writer and the editor of BROADSIDE were both born in Oklahoma in what a few years earlier had been Cheyenne and Arapaho Indian country, he in the county named after General George Armstrong Custer, she 35 miles away near Watonga and not far from Roman Nose Canyon, named for the great Cheyenne warrior chief; the parents of each were homesteaders on virgin prairie. The writer grew up there and in western Kansas some 22 miles southwest of Dodge City and close by Crooked Creek (where Marshal Dillon still rides nowadays to kill Indians and outlaws). Thus his entire boyhood and young manhood was lived on land from which the original dwellers, the Indians, had only very recently been driven. The knowledge of this triumph, proving the superiority of the white race, was always with us kids. The signs were still all around us. Near Dodge, after a windstorm had swept away another layer of topsoil, we hunted and found arrowheads and heavy lead slugs from the superior weapons which had overcome the primitive flint and bow. We still ran across an occasional bleached buffalo skull, or at least a stumpy buffalo horn. In the pastureland were buffalo wallows in which grass had not yet had time to grow. We crouched back to back in the shelter of these wallows and like our white heroes before us fought desperate battles with attacking savages riding around and around us in howling circles. We remembered well the battle of the Arikaree and how the Cheyenne charge was broken and thrown into confusion when a white sharpshooter picked off its leader, Roman Nose. We shot many Roman Noses squarely between the eyes and then charged out to slaughter his followers with lathe-stick sabers as they milled around helpless without their leader. Even when the Indians stood their ground and fought back with all the animal skill and treachery at their command we superior white men were always the victors. One of our greatest heroes, Buffalo Bill Cody, only killed one Yellow Knife in hand-to-hand combat; we exterminated scores of Yellow Knives, the same way.

There were, of course, only imaginery Indians left in western Kansas when this writer was a kid; but quite a few remnants of once proud tribes remained in western Oklahoma, pushed down into the creek and river bottoms. We could see their teepees, made out of brush now that the buffalo were gone, and the red strips of government beef hung out on long poles to dry into jerky. Sometimes we would pass an Indian family coming along some dusty country road and now the sight inspired laughter and ridicule instead of fear. The family was in a buckboard, invariably ancient and rattling, invariably drawn by a team of scrawny ponies -- "crowbait". The father was in the seat, a high-crowned dusty black hat on his head, a pair of long, thick black braids ending in wisps of red ribbon hanging down his back. The mother and a bunch of staring, black-eyed kids huddled in faded blankets in the bed of the buckboard; keeping up with the moving patch of shade underneath by running at a shambling trot invariably were 4 or 5 gaunt, stringy mongrel dogs (which, as we had been told by our more informed elders, the Indians later on would cook and eat). We hid snickers and when the spectacle was past turned around and shot the whole pitiful works in the back with imaginery six-shooters.

We laughed at the Indian names, especially that of the Heap O' Birds family. There was another thing we thought hilariously funny. The Cheyennes had a cemetery near the South Canadian river about 20 miles north of us, not far from the town of Thomas. It was a surviving custom of the Indians to leave enough food on the grave to see the dead to the Happy Hunting Grounds, a trip of a week or so. One of the benefits of civilization the Indians shared with us was such goodies as cracker-jacks, candy bars and chewing gum. At the funeral they would place some of these items on the grave. After dark, white highschool kids from Thomas would sneak out there and steal and eat them. The biggest part of the joke, of course, was that

the dumb Indians would assume the missing crackerjacks, baby ruths and gum had been consumed by the departed. We almost burst our sides laughing.

It all adds up to this: we white kids inherited and grew up saturated with the propoganda created over generations by the white man to justify slaughtering the "savage Indian" and stealing his land. We accepted the Big Lie that the Indian was inherently inferior, once to be feared because of his animal savagry, now -- his fangs pulled -- to be held in contempt, but never to be considered as a fellow human being. We grew up feeling the superiors, actually the rightful inhabitants of this land, contradictory as that may seem; the Indian was the "stranger", the "alien", the interloper; he had been around so long only because we were slow in coming to take what God really wanted us to have. This writer remembers being sad as a child about the disappearance from the plains of the prairie chicken and bear and antelope; he does not recall once having this same feeling toward the Indians.

This writer was 20 years old before he experienced the first intimation that the Indian, after all, might be a human being like himself. It came when he read a novel, "Laughing Boy", by Oliver La Farge. The book is about a Navajo, but it could as easily have been a Cheyenne, an Arapaho, a Caddo, Kiowa or Commanche. It was only the beginning of the long fight Oliver La Farge waged to help undo the insidious work of generations of fellow white men. There must be tens of thousands of other Americans who, because Oliver La Farge lived, can never again think of the Indian in the old way. This is what his son, Peter La Farge, is singing about in the song below, begun on the plane taking him to his father's funeral in New Mexico last summer, and finished while flying back to New York.

MY FATHER

By Peter LaFarge
(c) by author, 1963

Verses slowly and freely

(Octave higher optional - - - - -)

The musical score is written on four staves. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written on the top staff, with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated by letters (A, E7, D) above the notes. A 'CHO:' section is marked with a 'D' chord and the instruction '(regular steady beat)'. The lyrics are: 'Is it dim, burning low? Is it dark fading slow? Has it gone from your reach, Your war eagles of speech. -- Father, oh my fa- ther, The torch you lit burns high, And the trumpet beacons of free- dom char the sky. free- dom char the sky.' There is a handwritten note 'BROADSIDE #33' in the bottom right corner of the score area.

Is it far where you're gone? Is it still falling long?
Has it gone from your eyes -- Your war Indian cries? (Cho.)

Is it soft, at last, the bed? Is it hard lyin' dead?
Has it gone from your side -- The freedom and pride? (Cho.)

NOTES: The Folksingers' Committee to Abolish the Blacklist has called on all interested persons to join its picket line at ABC-TV in New York Sat., Nov. 2:

"WE ASK FOR YOUR PARTICIPATION IN A NON-VIOLENT DEMONSTRATION URGING BETTER PROGRAMMING ON ABC-TV "HOOTENANNY" AND PROTESTING ABC'S ADMITTED BLACKLISTING POLICIES WHICH BAR PETE SEEGER AND THE WEAVERS FROM "HOOTENANNY". THE DEMONSTRATION WILL TAKE PLACE AT THE ABC-TV STUDIO, 7 W. 66 ST. (BETWEEN BROADWAY AND CENTRAL PARK WEST), NEW YORK CITY, ON SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1963, FROM 12 NOON UNTIL 4 P.M. IN THE AFTERNOON." ... From announcement issued by the Folksingers' Committee to Abolish the Blacklist.

PETE SEEGER got together with his father on the west coast and readied the adapted words for "If You Want To Go To Freedom" a day or so before the Seeger family left on its world tour last August. Pete taped the song in Honolulu and sent it to us. He notes it is the kind of song to which any number of new verses can be added... JIM GARLAND, of course, is the author of such classic folksongs as "I Don't Want Your Millions, Mister" and "Harry Simms". He's been too busy running a small broom factory in Washington state these past 12 or 15 years to do much songwriting. But he got inspired at Newport last July and wrote the song in this issue coming back on the bus to New York... PETER LA FARGE is taking up the fight for Indian rights begun by his father. Pete is founder and President of FAIR (Federation for American Indian Rights) -- 120 E. 56 St., New York City. FAIR is a broad organization with membership open to everyone interested. It draws its inspiration from the Negro peoples' fight for freedom, and its aims are to apply the principles of CORE to bringing attention of the similar problems of the American Indian and put on the pressure for some alleviation. Says its president, "We are not interested in politics. We are interested only in freedom. We want an end to broken treaties, to discrimination and poverty, an end finally to the long 'trail of tears'. We want a very simple thing for the American Indian: his right to full-fledged American citizenship..." The 3-day Georgia Sea Islands Festival which Guy Carawan is helping put on (see notice elsewhere in this issue) is being held in an area where exists the oldest form of Negro folk life still alive in the United States. These islands remained in relative isolation up until the '30's, when the first bridges and causeways leading there were built. Some are still accessible only by boat. The islands are low and flat, covered with swampy marshes, black farmland and forests of oaks draped with Spanish moss. Participating groups in the songfest will be from Wadmalaw, Cain Hoy, Brantaw, Sugar Hill and Johns Island... ALEX LUKEMAN is one of 3 new writers appearing in this issue of BROADSIDE. He is a young man especially attracted to mining songs. In fact, Alex is to have a Folkways L-P out very soon devoted entirely to songs about mines and miners... The other 2 songwriters appearing for the first time in BROADSIDE are JIM GARLAND and Hans U.D. Wiesendanger. In our last issue we also had 3 new songwriters. When we first started BROADSIDE one of our main goals was to provide a place for songs in which the "commercial music world" showed little or no interest but which we felt nevertheless deserved to be printed and circulated around, where a young songwriter could say what he or she wished to say with no holds barred. We are still trying to stick to that aim. We haven't checked recently, but we estimate that by now close to 100 different writers have appeared in BROADSIDE. We plan to have at least 3 more in our next issue, and so on.....

BROADSIDE, Box 193, Cathedral Sta., New York 25, N.Y. A topical song publication, twice monthly; Editor, Sis Cunningham; Contr. Editors, Gil Turner, Phil Ochs, Bob Dylan; Advisory, Pete Seeger (all the way from Japan). Rates: 1 Yr. (22 issues) - \$5. 5-issue trial - \$1.50. Back issues 35¢ ea. plus few ¢ postage.
