LONESOME DEATH OF
HATTIE CARROLL

By Bob Dylan
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William Zantsinger killed poor Hattie Carroll with a cane that he round his
diamond ring finger, At a Baltimore hotel society gathering, And the*
cops were called in and his weapon took from him As they rode him in custody down to the station
And booked William Zantsinger for first degree murder. [Repeat 4-bars as
many times as required in each verse.

murder. And you who philo-phize Disgrace and crit-i-cize our fears,

Take the rag a-way from your face, Now ain't the time for your tears.

2. William Zantsinger who at twenty-four years
Owns a tobacco farm of 600 acres
With rich wealthy parents who provide and protect him
And high office relations in the government of Maryland
Reacted to his deed with a shrug of his shoulders
And swear words and sneering, and his tongue it was smiling
And in a matter of minutes on bail was out walking. (CHO)

3. Hattie Carroll was a maid of the kitchen
She was 51 years old and gave birth to ten children
Who carried the dishes and hauled out the garbage
And never sat once at the head of the table
And didn't even speak to the people at the table
Who just cleaned up all the food from the table
And emptied the ashtrays on a whole other level
Got killed by a blow, lay slain by a cane
That sailed through the air and came down through the room
Doomed and determined to destroy all the gentle
And she never done nothin to William Zantsinger. (CHO)

continued →
4. In the courtroom of honor the judge pounded his gavel
To show that all's equal and that the court's on the level
And that the strings in the books ain't pulled and persuaded
And that even the nobles get properly handled
Once that the cops have chased after and caught 'em
And that the ladder of law has no top and no bottom
Stared at the person who killed for no reason
Who just happened to be feeling that way without warning
And he spoke through his cloak most deep and distinguished
And handed out strongly for penalty and repentance

William Zantzinger with a six month's sentence.

(Last Chorus):
And you who philosophize Disgrace
And criticize our fears
Bury the rag most deep in your face
For now's the time for your tears.

NEWS ITEM, Spring, 1963: "Mrs. Hattie Carroll, 51, a Negro mother of ten children, employed as a waitress at the Emerson Hotel, Baltimore, Maryland, died after being beaten with a fancy cane by gentleman socialite William Devereaux Zantzinger, 24. The death occurred at the exclusive Spinsters' Ball attended by some 200 of the wealthy elite of Baltimore's social register. Zantzinger, annoyed at what he considered Mrs. Carroll's slowness in delivering a drink to his table, leaped up and beat her about the head so savagely his cane was broken in three pieces. The other guests at the glittering ultra-exclusive white-tie event of the year looked on impassively and did nothing to interfere. Zantzinger's relatives in the Devereaux family are prominent in Maryland politics and his father is a member of the Maryland State Planning Commission.

NEWS ITEM, Fall, 1963: William Devereaux Zantzinger, 24, prominent Baltimore socialite, was sentenced to six months on a reduced charge in the death of Mrs. Hattie Carroll. He was immediately released so that he could oversee the gathering of the tobacco crop on his 600-acre farm near Marlsboro.

Ed. Note: See also "Ballad of Hattie Carroll", lyrics by Don West (in Broadside #23) and music by his daughter, Hedy (in Broadside #26).

SAME OL' MAN

Words: William Martin, © 1964 by author
Music: Something like "Leatherwing Bat"

Same ol' man sittin' by the mill
An the mill keeps a-turnin' of its
own free will
Yes, it's certainly great to be gone
New York City can get along alone

Same ol' woman a-hangin' out the wash
An now she's wearin' a macintosh
Jus' hangin' out the wash in the middle
of the rain
New York City done gone insane

(Ed. Note: a few verses of a nonsense song sung by lonesome "ramblers" going west.)

NINA SIMONE, who sings a goodly number of songs from Broadside ("Where else can you find them?" N.S.), is appearing at the VILLAGE GATE in N.Y.C. and will be there through April 27th. One of her most popular songs with college audiences during her recent tour of 30 or 40 campuses was "What Did You Learn in School Today?"... She is recording this song — also "Go Limp" and "Old Jim Crow." And included in her repertoire are "William Moore" and Bob Dylan's "Emmett Till" (tune by Len Chandler). We plan to have one of Nina's own songs in our #44 — "MISSISSIPPI GODDAM".
It isn't nice to block the doorways, Isn't nice to go to jail, There are
nicer ways to do it, but the nice ways always fail. It isn't nice, it isn't

nice, You told us once, you told us twice, But if that is Freedom's

price, We don't mind.

It isn't nice to carry banners
Or to sleep in on the floor,
Or to shout or cry of Freedom
At the hotel and the store,
It isn't nice, it isn't nice,
You told us once, you told us twice,
But if that is Freedom's price,
We don't mind.

Well, we've tried negotiations
And the three-man picket line,
Mr. Charlie didn't see us
And he might as well be blind.
Now our new ways aren't nice,
When we deal with men of ice,
But if that is Freedom's price,
We don't mind.

How about those years of lynchings
And the shot in Evers' back?
Did you say it wasn't proper,
Did you stand upon the track?
You were quiet just like mice
Now you say we aren't nice,
And if that is Freedom's price,
We don't mind.

It isn't nice to block the doorways,
Isn't nice to go to jail,
There are nicer ways to do it
But the nice ways always fail.
It isn't nice, it isn't nice,
But thanks for your advice,
Cause if that is Freedom's price,
We don't mind.
On the South Pacific Islands

New York Post,

and the Iwo Jima sands

We raised the flag of freedom

over many distant lands

And every time I killed a man

my own heart felt the pain

Will you show me that I didn't die in vain. (CHO)

And I carried my old rifle

to the European shore

And every friend that died

made me die a little more

Remember all the people who rode

the Fascist train

And show that I didn't die in vain. (CHO)

When the Fascists started marching

many millions had to pay

We saw them rise to power

but we looked the other way

It happened once before

and it can happen once again

Will you show me that I didn't die in vain. (CHO)
I CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER
(WHERE I'M BOUND)

Words & Music by Tom Paxton
© 1963 Cherry Lane Music
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It's a long and dusty road, it's a hot and a heavy load And the folks I meet ain't always kind. Some are bad and some are good, Some have done the best they could, Some have tried to ease my trou-bl-in' mind. And I can't help but wonder where I'm bound, where I'm bound, And I bound.

2. I have been around this land
Just a-doin the best I can
Tryin to find what I was
meant to do.
And the faces that I see
Are as worried as can be
And it looks lik they are
wonderin too. (CHO)

3. I had a little gal one time
She had lips like sherry wine
And she loved me till my head
went plumb insane.
But I was too blind to see
She was driftin away from me
And one day she left on the
morning train. (CHO)

4. I've got a buddy from home
But he started out to roam
And I hear he's out by
Frisco Bay.
And sometimes when I've
had a few
His voice comes singin through
And I'm goin out to see him
some old day. (CHO)

5. If you see me passing by
And you sit and wonder why
And you wish that you were
a rambler, too.
Nail your shoes to the
kitchen floor
Lace 'em up and bar the door
Thank your stars for the roof
that's over you. (CHO)

Folk Singer Arrives But Without Voice
WARSAW, March 31 (AP) American folk singer Peter Seeger turned up in Poland today minus his most precious possession—his voice. The 45-year-old New Yorker said he had exhausted his vocal cords giving 11 performances the last eight days in Czechoslovakia. After seeing a physician, he hoped to be ready for the first of five appearances in Poland Thursday.
The children of the Top Group at Presidio Mill School in San Francisco have been studying the American Revolution and its heroes. They made up some new verses to "Yankee Doodle" and presented them in a program, with the other children joining in on the chorus. They sent a copy of the new verses to Pete Seeger. Here they are:

BEGINNING
Now all these revolutionists
Were very brave and true
That's why we stand before you
Wearing red & white & blue.

BEN FRANKLIN
Ben Franklin came from Boston town
He wanted to be a printer
His pockets were stuffed with all
his clothes
And three rolls were his dinner.
Ben Franklin was a scientist
He flew a kite in lightning
The key lit up & gave a shock
The experiment was frightening.

BOSTON TEA PARTY
The tea came in from London town
The tax we would not pay
We dressed up like an Indian
And threw it in the bay.

PATRICK HENRY
Give me liberty or death
Our country must be free
If we don't fight the British now
We'll hang from the nearest tree.

JEFFERSON
"We hold these truths self-evident"
Wrote Jefferson the sequel
The Declaration says right out
"All men are created equal."

BETSY ROSS
Betsy Ross could cut a star
With one snip of her clippers
With thirteen stripes she made
a flag
And kicked off both her slippers.

PAUL REVERE
"Take arms" the British are on
their way
To Concord rode Revere
The minutemen said "if they
want war"
"Then let's begin it here."

BROADSIDE

LAFAYETTE
Lafayette came in from France
To help the revolution
His training on the battlefield
Was quite a contribution.
Lafayette was born in France
Very rich was he
He gave his money and his help
And now the states are free.

VALLEY FORGE
Our soldiers fought their very
best
The British troops were winning
That awful winter at Valley
Forge
Was only the beginning.

JOHN PAUL JONES
John Paul Jones was in the war
His sailors were downhearted
When asked "Do you give up?"
He said "I haven't even started."

NATHAN HALE
Nathan Hale was hanged a spy
He never cried for mother
He said, "If I had one more
life"
"I'd gladly give another."
And now we're free from British
rule
We have our Constitution
George Washington was president
How's that for a solution?

END
And now our program's at an end
The colonies have grown
We're 50 states both free and
strong
Thanks to the men we've known.

NOTE: *"Hanging On A Tree", the
compelling song against South
African apartheid has been re-
corded by the author, Vanessa
Redgrave, for Topic Records,
22 Nassington Road, London NW 3,
England. Other side of the
single: "Where Have All The
Flowers Gone." *In BROADSIDE #42
Dear Gordon & Sis: -- Here is a little thing I wrote to give you an idea of how I felt when I made certain decisions and I had no one really there to help me... Down in the finger lakes region where I went to school was a small depressed town... too small to be a city and too big to disappear. Outside of it ran a track off the main east-west line running south down to the lake. Nobody ever went down there 'cept a few of us and the railroad workers and sometimes even a few bums. When I'd got tired of highwinded lecture talk and low-winded student talk "up on the hills", I'd walk the tracks and try and forget the whirlwind of faces & exam-paper ideas to do some thinkin. Collectin My Thoughts... Though there's nuthin really deep in this little poem-song, it made me remember all the little times that helped me to decide things for myself. I tried to think of a title or somethin but the best I could come up with is what it really was...

**reflections in the gravel**

Late at night I used to walk the tracks
I'd walk & walk & walk... scared what's behind me and scared what's a-fore me.

It was always spring down there by the lake
Even the rusty switches and dirty gravel
became born alive every time a big coal hustler hally-hooed by.

Up on the hills
I always smolt somethin dyin.
People dyin with faces always smilin.

So I'd pick up & walk the tracks
Scuffle the gravel
Jump the ties
Balance the rails
till I got tired & forgetful

of the funeral hills and everybody carryin on.

I'd sit on the switchbox
and play with the padlock
so cold and silent

I thought of the darkness way up front that snaked its way to the coal fields

and I'd forget my fear of the big wheel-iron that might come on up from behind and split the dark.

In those days when the hills slept

I was sort of invisible & nobody knew I was there except blowin leaves and dust.

Then I'd turn to the lake that washed the gravel...
while on a moonlit night could always race a good five engines.

I'd see color in the dark ahead. I'd hum a weary tune and strain my eyes for better days. But the dark flooded in & my eyes were watery from strainin.

and I knew it was only color in my head yet the color always set me a-dreamin. I dreamt about warm waters and sunny skies and wonderin if I'd ever get out of my own skull long enough to move to the highway places.

Then I breathed a longer breath as the road stopped a spell & I saw my woman was standin by her door.

Hey woman!
I shouted... Hey woman!
She kept her smilin
I said -- hey gonna let me
Poetry -- 2

love you and try'n
to keep you drom dyin
then I jumped in her
bed and smelt her
body of a purfumed
woman.
I breathed & breathed
the musky warm
turned wet and cold in the night.
I sneezed

November leaves stuffed
my nose and gravel
bit my neck.

I rubbed my burnin
eyes dirty with blowin
dust. I gave the grey--

dawn lake a shivered
look... tryin to
warm up the place.

I stared & stared
(feelin my pants to see if
my legs were still there & givin
my head a long scratch) I saw
the color rise in the east.

I bid the hills farewell
where they stood -- like
darkened silhouettes
of a cemetery
& made my way to the highway
whistlin.

ERIC ANDERSEN
March 17, 1964

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AN ANSWER TO BOB

Read Bob Dylan's letter
What he said was mighty fine
Stuff I been wantin' t say
for a long time
He said it for all of us
Showed me the way
What he said about Pete
"So human I could cry"
Those were his words
Mine would be
"He's comfortable"
Bob's were
"He's a saint"
Sure is

Everybody's rushed
Runnin' so fast they forget why
Why?
Funny word... why?
What's it mean
Who's t say?

What's the sense in believing
in somethin'
If y' don't stand up for it
Y' gotta sing out
Somebody's gotta
Aren't many willing anymore

Blacklist makes me sick
Causes me real pain
I mean it ain't hurtin' Pete
But I feel sorry
for those poor fools
Glued t the idiot box

I mean they really dig
this folk music scene
I mean everybody on campus does
It's in the in

No more human people
Everybody worried about themselves
Everybody's runnin' a mad,
weird race
Last one t finish really wins
I mean what's this life anyway
Poets say just a gateway
To bigger n' better things
Hope t Hell it ain't more
of what we been gettin'
Who's t say
Ol' Scratch sure got a mighty
hold on us
Maybe he's t say
What's love?
A feelin'
Somethin' y' say or do
A way t be
A state of mind
Who's t say?

Ignorance Shall Prevail!
Down With Brotherhood!
Up With Barnett And Wallace!
Prejudice And Hatred!
Long May They Reign!
Is this the way things
Should be
Are gonna be
Poetry -- 3

Who's t say
Maybe me
Maybe you
Maybe Jesus
If He was
to come back now
He'd be locked up
People'd call Him
a fanatic...
a lunatic
Who's t say?

Will Brotherhood
ever come to be
For everyone
Everywhere
Politicians
been sayin'
that y can't
legislate
Men's hearts
N' feelings
Are they t say?
Hearts represent
a lot
Valentines
N' love
N' broken promises
N' memories
N' feelings
Who's t say?

God can't
legislate
men's minds either
Maybe His mistake
was givin us
minds
Ours was thinkin'
with 'em
Trouble is
Didn't think
deep enough
Men too shallow
Lazy excavators
The Trouble?
Who's t say?

Not sure anymore
Where lies value
of human soul
In Chinatown
On Bowery
In the brothels

In "hearts of
Americans"
Me... I'm only seven-
teen
What do I know
about life
Who am I to say?
Money's the root
of all evil
That's what some say
Are they t say?
Am I t say?
I say it's the root
of many things
Maybe the root of evil
But also root of
Poverty
Of Millionaires
Of slums
Of mansions
Of hunger
Of satisfaction
Of desire
Of success
Of failure
Who's t say?
Bob Dylan maybe
Me maybe
Pete maybe
Who's t say?

A few parting
words
Listen t everyone
Give everyone a
chance
Do somethin'
Accomplish anythin'
Broadside's good
Gives everyone
a fair deal
Maybe Broadside's
t say
Who's t say?
Maybe I'll write
again
Maybe die first
Or give up
in despair
Maybe we'll all be
blown t bits
Who's t say?

Here's hopin'
For the best, that is
Just remember
Who's t say?
EVERYBODY! ... We all
gotta say
So ................
Keep up the good work
Broadside
N' Bob
N' Pete
N' all of you
PLEASE!

Thanks for giving
me a chance to say

CELESTE JARRETT

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LETTERS

Dear People: -- I just
got to thinkin about some
things after reading #'s
38 & 39. I thought I'd
write & tell you what I was
thinkin for a couple of
reasons:

1. My dog is groovy. But
he doesn't understand
English.

2. To get to the nearest
person I'd have to walk a-
about 4 miles and it's
rainin here in California
today.

3. Your magazine is re-
sponsible for makin me think
right now -- so-o-o-o-o-

The first time I ever
heard of Bob Dylan was when
he sang at the Monterey
Folk Festival last year.
First of all I dug him, be-
cause he was about the
earthiest lookin guy I'd
ever seen -- he started sing-
in in this real funky voice
that really turned me on --
and he sang "Masters of War"
I could hardly hear the
words (it cost $4.00 to
sit where you could hear).
... I finally got my hands on the words to "Masters of War" from a SING OUT -- well, they really hit me hard and I started lookin all over for his songs (heard a lot of people really make mush out of them too), bought his records, and started readin everything that came out about him... then I met Joan Baez, and although I haven't met Bob Dylan I almost feel I know him from his writings. These people (and many others I'm sure) are really good, strong people... What better persons for the young of today to admire -- lock up to -- then those like Bob & Joan and Malvina R., etc., who speak so loudly for what is right & good...

TO BOB

There's a magazine called Hootenanny that makes like movie stars out of you and others -- that ain't right, cause that's what keeps people from realizing you are one of them, and then they don't listen to what you say -- they just float away in dreams of being what you are. I think it's O.K. for kids to flip and stuff like that -- but when you write letters like in BROADSIDE it makes you seem like a friend, like you really want to know people & love em -- and the money and the fame take second place to the person and his feelings instead of the other way around.

Well, I'm just a people, not a writer, or an artist, poet, or a musician, just a people -- I see, hear, taste, smell, hurt, like, love & hate, breathe -- and I been doing a hell of a lot better job of it since I first heard you sing "Masters of War".

R.J.G.
Big Sur

Dear Broadside: -- Hide your head -- your reference on the last page of Broadside # 41 to what "The Weavers did to Woody's "SO Long, It's Been Good To Know You", emasculating it", etc, etc. Woody rewrote The Weavers' version of that song. And if anyone takes the trouble to really look at the new lyric, it's a pretty damned good one -- with just enough protest in it to mark Woody's work.

BARRY KORNFIELD

DEAR SIS CUNNINGHAM:

Got your Broadside # 38. I feel sorry for the kind of publicity Bob Dylan gets, like he was some kind of a freak, as he notes in his article. But I am glad that here is a human being with the strength of character to take it. GOOD LUCK to him.

HE IS BEING HEARD...

Patrick Sky, Peter La Farge, & your husband have sure said the truth about what's going on with the Indians. My little brother told me something you should tell Peter La Farge -- it's Ira Hayes all over again. He was hanging around Anadarko after dark when the police picked him up. Down at headquarters they asked "Are you part Indian?" He said, "Yes, some" and they took him off to a cell. Over in a corner of the cell a voice said "You're white, aren't you, kid?"

"Yes."

"Well, you'll be out of here tomorrow morning. I'm here for the week."

The voice was that of an Indian named Alfred who had been going tipsy up and down the sidewalks with his wife. She was in a cell across the hall and worried in a soft voice about her husband. My brother gave Alfred a cigarette. Alfred told my brother that he had a hip shot up in Italy during World War II and even after that he went to fight in the Pacific. Now here he was. He asked my brother to play on his harmonica. My brother started to play some-
thing fast by Hank Williams -- but he got quieter because he saw the whole jail was crammed with sleeping Indians, there on drunkenness, some of them old people. But Alfred couldn't get to sleep because of his ruined hip against the iron bunk, and my brother was too nervous to sleep, so he kept playing quietly all night. When he got out that morning he went home to Duncan. He had to take baths for two days to get rid of the filth and bugs -- he said he must have picked up a couple of hundred...

I heard some tapes of Len Chandler and think he is a great guitarist. He should make a record as soon as possible...

JOE BATEMAN
Oklahoma

Dear Friend:

Warm greetings on the kind of material being produced by your journal, the songs being encouraged, and your writers; it is a very great contribution to the struggle for survival and decent human values...

JOHN BAKER
Australia

Dear Editor:

...I feel that Broadside Ballads Vol. 2 is undoubtedly the finest topical folk song album ever released, far superior to Pete Seeger's Gazette L-P's....

BOB BLACKMAR
California

To the Editors and Staff of BROADSIDE: ---

Best wishes for continued success with your magazine. Our members await with interest the arrival of each new issue...

GUILD OF CANADIAN FOLK ARTISTS

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Dear Sis:

... I consider Broadside Ballads Vol. 2 the most moving L-P record I have ever heard...

G. O'BRIEN
Australia

Dear Sis & Gordon:

... I enjoy your daughter Aggie's drawings in Broadside as much as I enjoy the songs...

MATT MCGINN
Scotland

Dear Sis:

... I was very impressed with the drawings your daughter did for "The Times I've Had" -- I think the drawings were better than the song...

MARK SPOELSTRA
California

RECORD REVIEW

The ice broken -- but good -- by Bob Dylan's successful L-P's of his own material, more and more topical songs are finding their way onto recordings nowadays. For instance, the last few days have seen the release of two such new albums: THE THINGS THAT TROUBLE MY MIND; DICK WEISSMAN SINGS AND PLAYS FOLK SONGS OF PROTEST; (Capitol T2033) and PHIL OCHS: ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO SING (Elektra 269). Ochs, of course, has had his songs in Broadside from away back; we'll try to get Josh Dunson to write a review of his first L-P for our next issue....

Interesting liner notes for the Weissman record are by Harry Tuft, proprietor of the Denver Folklore Center. He begins his introduction:

"All over the country lives are overrun by smooth young men on the make; by propaganda campaigns for soapflakes, for military spending, against fluoridation. Any sort of individ-
Dick sings a number of other songwriters' material on this L-P: Jimmy Driftwood's "He Had A Long Chain On"; Darryl Adams' "Portland Town"; an abridged version of Dylan's "Hard Rain"... But about half the dozen songs are his own (one is Dick's rewrite of Blind Lemon Jefferson's "Wartime Blues"). His songs deal with the hard life of farmers, and miners, and there is a tribute to the assassinated Negro Freedom leader, Medgar Evers, songs about (as Tuft notes): the "troubled areas of the society we live in." This is Dick's first solo album; for the past three years he has been a part of a popular folk group, the JOURNEYMEN. He is considered one of the top 5-string banjo players in the country, and almost equally good on the guitar. Tuft is the 2nd voice on this L-P, David Dyson is on bass, and on guitars Steve Young and Frank Hamilton, the latter a former WEAVER and former musical director of Chicago's Olde Town School of Folk Music.

NOTES -- "In the 'Plastic Jesus' vein, here is a short song that I do not know the author of. I understand it came from a church newspaper in Pennsylvania." -- Ernie Marrs.

On some crepe paper moss lay an old chocolate cross,
   with a sign: "Won't you buy one or two?"
On its fresh cellophane was this happy refrain:
   "Only ten cents, and so good for you!"
So please dig down and buy one today
   for it's in the American way!
Celebrate Eastertide (it's got peanuts inside),
   all through Lent you'll be happy and gay.

And another verse for "Plastic Jesus", from Mike McInerney who runs a "fanzine" on N.Y.'s Lower East Side:
   I don't care if it rains or pours
   Long as I'm not caught outdoors
   Ridin' on the rooftop of my car!

Mike's latest compilation of "Songs For Any Occasion" (No. 2 of Number One) carries this series of slogans: GOLDWATER IN 64, HOTWATER IN 65, BREAD 'N WATER IN 66.

John Brunner writes from London a good French translation of Bob Dylan's "Blowin' In The Wind" has now been recorded:
   "En bien mon ami, écoute dans le vent,
   Ecoute la réponse dans le vent!"

JULIUS LESTER, who has had several articles on Negro Freedom Songs in Broadside, will give a concert, "American Negro Songs -- Secular & Religious", Sat. April 25, 1964, at KOSGUTH HALL, 346 East 69 St., New York City (8:30 P.M. -- all tickets $2).